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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The principal interest of last week's fighting centred on the dying struggle of heroic Belgium. Her courage was undaunted to the end, but her final resistance found her hopelessly outnumbered. Her army, or the remnant of it, was able to make good its escape from the ruined and burning city of Antwerp, and is said to have arrived at Ostend, resolved to block the progress of the Germans as long as there remains a man to put in the field. She has gone down to utter defeat in glory, and even her enemies yield to her their tribute of admiration. Even as it is she is still holding out in a number of the forts. She has ceased, however to be an important factor in the war. Anything like serious cooperation with the Allies is now an impossibility as far as she is concerned, but she has not yet paid the full price of her refusal to allow Germany to march through her territory. Liége, Namur, Louvain, Termonde, Malines, have been destroyed, but the end is not yet. Ostend, Ghent, Brussels and Bruges still remain. Most of her people are refugees, and the whole country is in desolation.

Bulletin, Oct. 6, p.m.—Oct. 13, a.m.

Belgian's Defeat

The fall of Antwerp came with surprising rapidity. The operations which reduced it to the necessity of surrender lasted just ten days. On September 29, according to the reports of the German staff, the siege proper began, although remote preparations in the form of the capture of towns included in the general plan, began long before. Antwerp was very strongly fortified with three lines of defences, made up of great forts and redoubts, besides other defences recently constructed by the Belgians in anticipation of the siege. The rivers Nethe and Scheldt offered a further bar to the Germans. Great carnage on both sides marked the German progress, as the Belgians disputed every step of the way and the Germans hesitated at no sacrifice in order to accomplish their object. What contributed most to the victory was the deadly fire of the heavy German guns. The fall of the city was inevitable, even the Belgians foresaw this, unless reenforcements were received in numbers large enough to beat off the besiegers. The reenforcements, however, did not come. The flag was hauled down on Friday, October 9, from the Cathedral spire, and the last and strongest of the Belgian fortresses is now in the hands of the Germans. King Albert is reported to have been constantly in the field, and to have left the city among the very last.

Fall of Antwerp

What advantage precisely Germany had in view in their attack on Antwerp is not certain. One thing, however, is clear. A very large body of German troops, composed, it is claimed, of upward of 400,000 men, who have been hitherto operating in Belgium, are now free to be used in either of the two principal theatres of the war. The morale of the entire German fighting force must have been greatly improved by the victory; and a new and strong base of operations has been created. Antwerp has become a standing menace to England. It is true that the neutral waters of the Scheldt River preclude the possibility of utilizing it as a naval station, but the fact that it is not more than 100 miles distant from the English coast, brings British possessions, which have so far been immune, within easy striking distance of the German airships. It is no wonder that London's anxiety has greatly increased, especially as it is reported that the Germans are already making for Ostend and Calais.

Its Effects

The campaign in Northern France has undergone no important change. The Germans have been making desperate efforts to break through the left wing of the Allies, but have nowhere succeeded.

Northern France

The principal points of attack have been Lassigny, Roye, Arras and Lille. There have been gains and losses on both sides at all these places, but the results of the week's fighting have left the situation very nearly what it was eight days ago. The Allies have pushed forward to the north in large numbers as far as Cassel, which is within twenty miles of the coast. All about Lille there have been numerous engagements between the French and German cavalry, but with little effect except that the Germans have been prevented from blocking the progress of the Anglo-French army toward Belgium. Indeed, it is reported that the extreme French left has already crossed the Belgian border. On the other hand, General Joffré failed to push forward in time to cooperate with the Belgian and British forces at Antwerp, and the German right wing is no longer in danger. It looks now as though the line of battle, which is already 350 miles in length, would be steadily extended until it reaches the coast, probably at a point beyond Ostend, and that both sides would settle down in the trenches for the winter. The heavy guns used in the bombardment of Antwerp are said to be on the way to the army of the Crown Prince, and it is expected that they will soon be employed for a more vigorous attack on the Verdun-Toul barrier.

With regard to the Russian campaign, it seems fairly certain that Austria is more than holding her own. In her dispatches she claims that she has driven back the invaders and has recaptured Rzeszow.

Russian Operations

Przemysl, according to Austrian dispatches, has been relieved, and the besieging army driven across the San. Russia, which has been so active in chronicling her advance in Galicia, has contented herself with declaring that recent events have compelled her somewhat to modify her original plans, otherwise she has maintained complete silence as to the movements of her left wing. In Northern Poland there is still fighting of a very serious character along the East Prussian border. It is reported that the Germans are still engaging the Russians in Suwalki, but have been obliged to fall back to Thorn and beyond Lyck. There is little news of what is going on at the centre of the long line of battle to the west of Warsaw. Contradictory reports confuse the situation in Hungary. Russia claims that the invasion is proceeding satisfactorily; Austria asserts that she has successfully checked the Cossacks in the passes of the Carpathians. The Servians and Montenegrins have made no real progress in Bosnia, and the bombardment of Belgrade still continues. The deadly German submarines have sent another warship to the bottom. This time it was the Russian cruiser Pallada. They met in the Baltic sea, two Russian ships opened a heavy fire, but a torpedo soon sent the cruiser to the bottom.

Holland is being overwhelmed by Belgian refugees, and is doing her best to provide them with hospitality, a thing which has been made more difficult by the impoverishment due to the cutting off of most of her foreign trade. She is confident that her neutrality will be respected, and has no intention of entering the war.

Other Items of Interest

Japan and China have come to an agreement about the Shantung railroad. Japan has temporarily assumed control; and the ownership which China claims to be vested in herself and not in Germany, is to be decided at the close of the war. The Japanese fleet continues to seize German territory. Jaluit, the German island on the Marshall archipelago, which lies midway between Hawaii and the Philippines, and Yap, the largest of the Caroline group of islands, which are situated to the east of the Philippines, have both been occupied. The operations in the vicinity of Kiao-Chow are progressing slowly. Japan has, it is reported, mounted guns on Prince Henry Mountain which overlooks all three forts at Tsing-Tao. If this be true, a regular and destructive bombardment should now be in progress. In other respects the situation in the far east is unchanged. Bulgaria, while still maintaining her army on a war footing, has declared for neutrality, without, however, having been able to allay Russia's suspicion that she favors Austria. Portugal, although she has not yet joined the conflict is constantly reported to be on the point of doing so. A propaganda similar to that which has been carried on in Portugal apparently with success, has failed in Spain, which has declared that she will not enter the war. The war cloud that has been hovering over Roumania has grown blacker as the result of King Charles' death. The late King as is well known threw all his influence against the war party. He would have preferred to help Germany, but his people were bent on attacking Austria. Failing in his desire to help the Hohenzollerns he worked for peace. King Ferdinand, his successor, is not expected to be able, even if he so desires, to keep his country from joining fortunes with Russia. Relations between Russia and Turkey are still very strained. Constantinople fears that Russia will overrun Asia Minor. Apparently Turkey would like to attack Greece, but is afraid to do so, owing to her failure sufficiently to enlarge her fleet and also to her anxiety about the intentions of Russia. The Italian attitude toward the war has been further complicated by two events of serious importance. Two men who worked to keep Italy out of the war have ceased to exert their influence: the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marquis di San Guilano is dying, and the Minister of War has resigned.

France.—By the death of the Comte Albert de Mun, Academician, and leader of the Conservatives in the Chamber of Deputies, the Church in France has lost one of her greatest sons. A man of splendid intellect, brilliant attainments, and simple faith, in Comte de

Death of a Catholic Champion

Mun were realized the finest traditions of old Catholic France. Against the ignoble crowd of politicians whose highest constructive efforts during the last decade have manifested themselves in a war against Christianity, the Comte stood out like a paladin of old, in the defence of justice and true political reform. Comte de Mun was the author of several works on social and patriotic themes, and for years generously devoted his time, and his splendid abilities, to the foundation and maintenance of societies for French workingmen. The great services of this modern Knight of the Cross will never be forgotten.

If the French people are on their knees in prayer, the atheistic Government of their country still retains its attitude of hostility to Christianity. While the Government has graciously consented to the presence of chaplains in the army and navy, it obstinately refuses them all official recognition, as well as the slender stipend granted by most civilized governments for the support of the representatives of religion. The French press regrets that the action of President Wilson in asking prayers for peace will not be imitated by the Government of a Catholic people. "The American Republic," says the *Gaulois*, "is not ashamed to kneel before the Most High. May our own Republic soon follow the example of the United States, and not fear to show its faith and confidence in God!"

The French Government and Religion

Germany.—A problem for Germany will be the employment of her prisoners of war. According to an official statement issued by the German Ministry of War on September 11, and published in the German press, the number of prisoners in Germany at that time amounted to roundly 220,000, among them 18 generals. By September 24, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Berlin, it had risen to 240,000, and may now exceed a quarter of a million. But little manual labor has hitherto been assigned to them. It is thought that hereafter they will be employed in the building of roads and the reclaiming of marsh land. An exchange of prisoners will, of course, likewise take place.

Prisoners of War

German Catholics demanded the evidence for the accusations which had been made against the Belgian clergy in connection with the events in Louvain that brought about the destruction of a considerable portion of the city. Such evidence was not forthcoming; instead it was found that the clergy had made great efforts to prevent the shooting. The religious Orders in particular are praised by the German soldiers, and the fact that religious houses have suffered little or no harm shows that they had excited no suspicion. The Jesuit college in Louvain is likewise intact. It is acknowledged that Belgian priests have done heroic service in tending to the wounded German soldiers in the hospitals. German military officials in Belgium have strictly forbidden the further publication of such calumnies. The German Catholic clergy have received the Emperor's testimony that his trust in them is founded "firmly as the hills." Cardinal von Bettinger recently issued a protest against the wide-spread reports about atrocities against priests, remarking that a large proportion of the German army consists of Catholics, implying at the very least that the atrocities were exaggerated.

The Clergy and the War

Ireland.—The original Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers issued a manifesto declaring that the nominees Mr. Redmond imposed on it are dismissed from its membership, and summoning a Convention for November 24 to elect a permanent governing body. The reason assigned is that Mr. Redmond had declared it the duty of the Volunteers to take foreign service, which is contrary to their accepted aims and pledges, as they were enlisted for national defence in Ireland only, a condition on which Messrs. Redmond and Devlin had previously insisted. Mr. Redmond replied by organizing the rejected nominees into a governing committee and also calling a convention. Colonel Moore accepted appointment as Inspector General in the new organization on the understanding that foreign service shall be not a duty but a choice. It is not yet clear which body has the largest support, but recruiting is not popular. Its advocates seem to be chiefly those who are not eligible for service. Cardinal Logue was quoted in its favor and also as violently anti-German; he repudiated the interview, saying, he had merely spoken in sympathy with Belgium, and against the destruction of Louvain and the Reims Cathedral. As to Home Rule he said: "I don't trust your politicians in England very much. They have an amending bill to bring in. What that will be I don't know."

The Volunteers and Mr. Redmond

Mexico.—Indubitable information with regard to the relentless warfare that is being waged on the Church in Mexico is being put on record by archbishops, bishops, priests, and lay people. In Orizaba all the churches have been closed except one, in which, however, Mass is not allowed to be said; the priests, without exception, have been banished. In Puebla all the canons are under sentence of banishment, many confessionals have been burned; on the confessionals of the cathedral were painted Masonic signs. The cathedral itself was converted into a hall. A ball was given in the chapel of the Jesuit College and a naked woman was put on the altar in place of the statue of Our Lord. The house of the archbishop was changed into a barracks. In Mexico City, Carranza appointed Father Vandes vicar-general. More than thirty priests are in prison, and one priest was publicly beaten. All the bishops are being persecuted, or have already been banished or put in prison. In the whole of Toluca and the surrounding districts there is not a single priest. The state of affairs may be judged from the following decree:

DECREE OF TOLUCA.

This Decree is in force in the City of Toluca, Capital of the State of Mexico.

Conditions under which Catholic worship is allowed in Mexico:

(1) It is forbidden to preach, as has been done until now, exciting people to fanaticism. (2) Fasting and all penances are forbidden. (3) All kinds of revenues, such as offerings for baptisms, marriages, etc., and any other alms to the clergy or to the Catholic Church are forbidden. (4) Requiem Masses are entirely forbidden. (5) Two Masses only are allowed on Sunday; but it is not allowed to ring the bell to call the people. (6) Confessions are absolutely forbidden, either inside or outside the churches, and any priest who hears a Confession is liable not only to banishment, but also to capital punishment. Churches may be open on Sunday morning only. (7) Only one priest (designated by the Governor of the State) is allowed to say Mass on Sunday in Toluca City, and he must not live near the church but in some private house. (8) This priest must wear the same attire as an ordinary civilian; he may not wear even the Roman collar or anything that will denote that he is a priest. (9) This priest is to be the oldest priest in the town, even though he should have been retired on account of old age. He may select only one fixed church in which to say Mass on Sunday, and this must have the approval of the Governor. (10) All are forbidden to salute any of the men who formerly were priests, or even the sole priest allowed in the town, by kissing the hand, a custom which has been observed up to the present time. (11) With the exception of the one Mass allowed on Sunday, all ceremonies, services such as baptisms, services for the dead, blessing of the grave, etc., are entirely forbidden. The priest appointed by the Governor must sign a statement attesting his obedience to the civil authorities in Church affairs.

The following letter, sent to the Secretary of State, speaks for itself. It will be noted that it is the letter of a non-Catholic:

To his Excellency, Hon. W. J. BRYAN,

SIR:—On July 22 last, I had the honor of addressing your Excellency on the subject of the persecution of the Catholics in Mexico, as practised by the revolutionary parties now in power in that country. The Third Assistant Secretary of State, under date of July 24, acknowledged receipt of my letter. Since then I have made the acquaintance of Rev. R. H. Tierney, Editor of the Catholic paper AMERICA, published in New York City, who writes me that he visited your Excellency concerning this subject, and that you wished to hear me on the same matter. I have thought well, therefore, to note down for your Excellency's convenience the principal points, and I wish to say that I have written down nothing that I am not fully aware of and can personally vouch for. I have lived in Mexico twenty-three years, am a German by birth, by religion a Lutheran, and am sixty years of age.

(1) I know of Catholic clergymen who, under pain of death, were made to sweep the streets of a city and do menial work for common, illiterate soldiers. (2) Of a bishop, seventy years old, deported to the penal colony on the Pacific coast. (3) Of a parish priest, eighty years old, so tortured that he lost his mind. (4) Of several priests in the Monterey Penitentiary as late as August 30 last. (5) Of many deported to Texas, both foreigners and Mexicans. (6) Of priests and teachers tortured by hanging and strangling. (7) Of a priest in hiding who was enticed out to hear a confession and instead was thrown into a dungeon. (8) Of forty Sisters of . . . who have been violated, of which number four are known to me, and one of these four has become demented. (9) I have been instrumental in saving six Sisters and seven girl pupils from the same fate. (10) Of an Englishman, who tried to save the personal effects of these thirteen women, being fined $2,000 for the attempt. (11) Of all the confessionals of the Monterey churches being piled in a public square and burned. (12) Of valuable paintings stolen from churches, and supposedly brought to the United States by filibusters. (13) Of Constitutionalist soldiers, led by a man who is now Governor of a State of Mexico, doing on the altar what decency does not permit me to say. (14) . . . [too vile to print.—The Editor.] (15) Of decrees published by the present Governors of States, prohibiting the practice of religion and closing the churches, convents and schools.

I am respectfully your humble servant,

MARTIN STECKER.

General Maytorena, the commander of the Villistas at Naco, has been vigorously attacking the town, alleging that General Hill, the commander of the Carranzistas, has violated the armistice. The town is still holding out. General Villa himself is refraining from hostilities and apparently intends to do so until after the close of the peace conference at Aguascalientes. The delegates have not yet met. Villa persists in his demand that Carranza should resign. Carranza, on the other hand, is now resolved not to do so. There seems to be little likelihood of an understanding being reached. Steps, however, are being taken, so it is reported, to set up a government at Mexico City, despite Villa's protest. The withdrawal of the American forces from Vera Cruz has been indefinitely postponed, according to the statement of Secretary Daniels, owing to the unsatisfactory state of Mexican affairs. The United States Government has signified its intention of maintaining a strictly neutral attitude toward both factions. De la Barra, the Mexican Ambassador at Bordeaux, has stated that he does not understand his country's recent declaration to mean that the loans negotiated by previous governments will be repudiated.

Death of a Great Cardinal

Rome.—After a short illness Cardinal Ferrata, the newly created Secretary of State, died in Rome on October 10. The deceased prelate had a most distinguished career, fruitful in great work for the Church. To learning and zeal he united such wonderful tact that he was regarded as a most able diplomat. It was he who smoothed over difficulties in Switzerland and Belgium, that at one time threatened to cripple the Church. He was Nuncio at Paris during a most critical period and conducted himself with so much dignity and honesty of purpose that the crisis which later became inevitable, was postponed many years. In Rome itself his activity was little short of marvelous. He held positions of trust on many Congregations and was tireless in his efforts to promote every good cause. Pope Benedict XV appointed the dead Cardinal, Secretary of State, a little over a month ago. His demise at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven is a great blow to the Pontiff and the whole Church.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and Teaching*

Teaching as a profession has never strongly attracted young men, and few deliberately select it. It has been, and to some extent it still is, a stepping-stone to some other line of endeavor. Sometimes it offers the means of continuing studies or of support while the young man is establishing himself in law, medicine or business. But there are advantages in the career of teaching which should make it attractive to those who are not too much dazzled by dreams of wealth and power.

Teaching has the advantage over other occupations in offering to the beginner a salary sufficient to cover his immediate needs, with a promise of increase as he gains experience. The long vacations, with the comparatively short hours of prescribed active service, hold out the prospect of leisure for study to those who enjoy intellectual work, and of recreation to those whose zest for athletic sports has not lost its keenness. There are prizes to be won, even though they are small in comparison with what may be gained in other occupations after efforts or sacrifices no more arduous than those of the conscientious and able teacher. There is the realizable opportunity of advancement to higher position. In many places, a pension is available when old age or illness brings incapacitation. Another advantage attached to teaching is that its exercise does not impair growth that may be useful in other professions, so that if the young man finds some other outlet for his genius or predilection, he is but slightly hindered and greatly benefitted by the time he has spent in the classroom. Success in teaching brings with it attainments of value in other directions. The power of concentration, the personality which is of such moment in teaching, the ability to look at matters from the standpoint of others, the moral attributes which the successful teacher is expected to possess, all have a wide application to affairs of the active world. A census of successful business or professional men would reveal a great number who laid in teaching the foundations of their success.

In determining to become a teacher the young man should not make the foregoing considerations the deciding ones. If he seeks temporary employment, there are other fields in which his efforts may be utilized without the possibility of harm that comes to pupils taught by a person whose sole object is to earn a little money. Teaching is more than an occupation; it is a calling. It demands peculiar qualities of heart, mind and temperament. St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle defined the twelve virtues of a good master, and his category, as well as his definitives, can scarcely be amended to-day. He has in mind more particularly the elementary teacher, but the high-school teacher or the college professor would be a rarely perfect being who could not study the virtues with profit.

No person should become a teacher who does not love teaching, who does not fully sympathize with those he engages to teach, who does not know the subject-matter which he is to teach, or at least is not willing to learn it before trying to teach it, who does not purpose to prepare fully and carefully what he is to teach, and who is not inspired with the ideal of benefiting his pupils. To fail in these respects is not only dishonest, and unworthy of the teacher, but it places on him the responsibility for the effect of his omissions on the character of his pupils. The lazy teacher is a poor teacher, and the bad teacher is more than the bad man.

The young man who feels that his vocation is in the classroom should set about diligently to prepare himself. In some of our large cities teaching can not be taken up without due preparation. Such preparation is now offered by most colleges in courses more or less extensive, covering work during the senior and junior years. In preparing to teach, the young man should be guided by the kind of teaching in which he expects to engage. The elementary teacher concerns himself with the foundations of all studies, and with minds of the least maturity. The studies are the three R's, with such additions as social conditions have demanded. Simple as the studies may appear, to teach them requires careful preparation. The high-school teacher requires greater scholarship as to subject-matter, as his work is to a greater or less extent that of the specialist. The college instructor ought to have made special studies in advance of the high-school teacher. In our large cities, the salaries often attract to the high schools men of the scholarship of college professors, or college professors themselves, and to the elementary schools men competent to render satisfactory service in high schools. When these men are able to temper their instruction to the ability of their students, their scholarship and culture are not without a salutary effect on the students.

The number of young men in the elementary schools employed as teachers is becoming less every year. Women are employed not only because men are not greatly attracted by the salaries, but because, as a rule, women prepare their work better and are not so impatient of promotion. In high schools the number of men teachers is growing proportionately less by slower degrees, but there still is a wide field open to men of scholarship and teaching ability. In most colleges, where high-school teachers are not appointed directly to professorships, the novice begins as tutor, and if successful gradually advances to a professorship through the positions of instructor and assistant professor. In large high schools there is a corresponding progress from novice to teacher-in-charge or principal.

The opportunity for advancement constitutes an important factor in entering a profession or remaining in it. The elementary teacher has open to him, according

*The seventeenth of a series of vocational articles.

to certain tests of ability and experience, promotion to principalships or superintendencies. It is unfortunate that here and there politics still intrude, and perhaps it is still more unfortunate that the influence of bigotry is by no means quiet. But even where these prevail, it is not impossible for the able teacher to secure adequate recognition. The large cities are generally freer from religious and political prejudice than the smaller ones. Sometimes promotions are denied to persons in the system, and these have to seek advancement elsewhere.

Superintendencies, principalships, and professorships are the prizes of the profession. They do not compare favorably with the prizes in other professions for no greater relative ability or experience. But the teacher who begins his career with the idea of becoming wealthy is doomed to grievous disappointment. The rewards of the teacher, even of him who has attained the highest rank, are seldom material. He may be able to save a little money and to invest it profitably, or he may happen to write a successful book; but for the great number of teachers, the greatest hope must be that of modest comfort, just escaping penury.

It would be unjust and untrue to have it appear that the time spent by many men in teaching has been to the detriment of their pupils. Temporary service in the classroom does not merit condemnation. The tenure in many places is uncertain, and teachers have the responsibilities of other men. If they engage in new lines of employment before they become too old to be adaptable, they are not to be blamed. Many men who have left their impress on the affairs of the world have spent their day in the classroom, and to the advantage of their pupils. Their ambition for a career outside the classroom has not stood in the way of devotion to their present occupation, nor of the careful preparation for the conscientious discharge of their duty which successful teaching demands.

But the young man who takes up teaching with the view to making it a stepping-stone to some other activity, has a trying and difficult task ahead of him. Many successful lawyers and physicians have taught school successfully while studying for their profession. But severe study and close application are demanded by law and medicine, and it happens that where the demands of professional study are greatest, there also the greatest demands are made on the teacher. Not only is the actual work of teaching very exhausting, but the conditions attending teaching in our large cities are growing increasingly difficult. It thus becomes very hard for the young teacher to divide his attention between his class and other interests. To attempt to study for a profession while teaching usually means that the teaching will be unsatisfactory or the study unprofitable, or both. If teaching is to be used as a stepping-stone, the young man should devote himself to teaching exclusively until he has accumulated sufficient means to enable him to devote himself entirely to preparation for his chosen profession.

Teaching begun as a temporary employment not infrequently develops a love for the work and reveals to the young man his true vocation. He may not have chosen deliberately to become a teacher, and he may only have accepted the opportunity to teach in the hope that after a time he would be able either to take up a chosen profession or to discover some other occupation which might appear more congenial. He may not even have made any adequate preparation for the work of teaching. But he had the habit of doing well whatever he undertook. What was lacking in pedagogical equipment was supplied by youthful enthusiasm, knowledge of subject-matter, ability of presentation, power of control and influence, and that sympathy with young minds which leads to an understanding of them. Perhaps he has reaped success and gained promotion. He has won the respect of his community, and honors and responsibilities have come to him. He has gradually come to be regarded as a leader in his profession, for he has made up his deficiencies of professional training, and his studies have been all the more comprehensive and satisfying, because they had the substantial background of experience. The material return for his labor is, perhaps, too important to be sacrificed even to enter the more lucrative field that may have dazzled his early imagination, were he even tempted to abandon the calling on which he had entered without deliberate choice. And so he goes on, putting away his early ambitions, satisfied in his labor, enjoying his success, and realizing that his true vocation came to him in a guise scarcely recognizable, but found him not unprepared.

JOHN H. HAAREN,
Associate City Superintendent of Schools,
The City of New York.

Religious Conditions in Italy

The strained political relations between the Italian Government and the Holy See, the neglect of their religious duties by a number of the Italian immigrants to the United States, and the abuses of a few ultra-radical Italian papers, make people in this country believe that religion in Italy is going from bad to worse, and that there are there only a few really good Catholics. This, however, is an altogether false idea. Religious conditions in Italy are infinitely better than many people are inclined to think, misled, as they are, by deceitful appearances or misinformed by a prejudiced and ill-intentioned press. For many and peculiar reasons Italy's attitude with regard to the Holy Father is not an index of the religion of its people, nor do the accounts published about Italy's religious conditions, especially in non-Catholic papers, do justice to the truth.

The Catholic spirit is keenly alive to-day among the Italian people; it hovers over you wherever you go; it is felt in their feasts and in their mournings, in their public joys and public calamities; it asserts itself in their homes. The spotless purity of the Italian home life is

due, without doubt, to the strong influence of the Catholic Church. Even people whose conduct is not altogether edifying can not avoid feeling that beneficial influence, and often must give in and comply with its requirements. Persons who have lived in Italy for some time, as we have, bear witness to this fact, and even mere travelers can not fail to notice it. But this is not all. The Italians do not content themselves with what we might call acting unconsciously under the influence of the Catholic spirit; they go farther; they practise their religion. Of course, it is not our intention to state that all the 33,000,000 Catholics of whom Italy can boast are church-going Catholics. No; there is to be found among them, as among all large bodies of men, many a black sheep; still we can, and do, affirm that the majority, the bulk of the Italian people, are good, practical Catholics.

We will not prove our assertion by pointing to the large number of dioceses in Italy, a number unequaled the world over, nor to the many flourishing social and political organizations that glory in the open profession of their faith, nor to the thousands and thousands of churches—rather we simply invite our readers to glance at the numberless sodalities spread all over Italy, with the sole purpose of furthering Christian piety and perfection, to consider the well-attended and well-taught Sunday schools, the very large number of priests and religious busy in zealous works for the spiritual welfare of the people. We invite our readers to look at the large crowds of the faithful frequenting the churches at all hours, filled with simple yet strong piety and trust in God. A public joy gladdens the hearts of the people, and behold! churches and shrines are decorated. A public sorrow spreads its gloom over cities and villages, and the churches become the refuge of the people, and God and His Blessed Mother are audibly invoked with great faith and earnestness. In 1906, while ashes and *lapilli* darkened the sky of Southern Italy and a descending torrent of lava was cleaving a broad pathway of death, then it was that the people's hearts turned to God and implored mercy. Along the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, while the lava was destroying all that many a poor peasant had in this world, no blasphemies were uttered, but a humble prayer, a simple yet sublime act of conformity to God's holy will: *"Signore,"* repeated the poor, afflicted peasants, *voi ci deste questi beni, voi ce li togliete: sia il vostro nome benedetto!*

It is not necessary to travel all over Italy in order to see that the Italians are calumniated when it is said of them that they do not comply with their religious duties. Let us take one province, nay, one city, and a city, moreover, that is not infrequently rumored to contain within its walls rather a pleasure-loving than a God-loving population, namely, Naples. In Naples there are at least four hundred churches, in which a number of Masses are said through the hours and half hours of Sunday morning. As a matter of fact, in many of the churches, there is Mass from 5 or 6 o'clock to noon, or even 1 o'clock. Immense crowds of people attend these Masses. Surely, this is proof that the Italians practise their religion. We say the Italians, and not the Neapolitans, because what is true of Naples, is true almost, without exception, of every town and hamlet *dalle Alpi alla Sicilia.*

If, in addition to this, we take account of the many retreats and missions, the attendance at which often overtaxes the capacity of the very largest churches, the devout and numerous pilgrimages, the display of profound piety during Lent and the months of May and June, when in many churches no day passes without a sermon to huge throngs, as we ourselves have witnessed, if, we say, we take account of these things, there will be bred within us the sincere conviction that faith is not dead nor dormant, but emphatically active and living, blossoming and bearing fruit throughout all the length and breadth of Italy.

If Italy's children showed no other proof of their deep religious feeling than their love for the Madonna, a love childlike yet strong, which makes them treat her as their dearest Mother, a love that knows no bounds and makes them hope to obtain all heavenly favors through her, a love that adorns her numberless shrines throughout the land, and has turned the desolate Valley of Pompeii into a valley of Paradise, that makes Mary the most revered and loved of all names—this alone would be proof of the strength of their religion, and would be more than sufficient to show that they still keep enshrined in their hearts the faith preached in their country by the Prince of the Apostles, sealed by the blood of thousands and thousands of their forefathers, tenderly reflected in their art and letters.

Joseph M. Sorrentino, S.J.

Building Roads

The Catholic Church has a great social message for the United States. But that message is yet unheeded by a vast multitude. In fact, astonishingly few outside the Church have any idea of what her teaching contains. Protestants and atheists look on the Church as a solid rock; but to them it is not a rock of strength. It is a rock of obstruction.

We must try to remember their view is not surprising. Our first effort to deliver our message should be to put ourselves in the places of those who despise or fear us. Only by doing this can we expect to give them the answers they look for and correct the somewhat extraordinary ideas they have of us.

It is my good fortune to know a very talented Catholic authoress, who happens also to be a convert. She was, of course, brought up in a strictly Protestant environment. Her education was distinctly Protestant, not what is now miscalled "non-sectarian," and the books of history and literature put in her hands were invariably stuffed from cover to cover with the old and familiar lies against the Church and the Papacy. Only the accidental associations of her later life gave her the chance to see

things as they were. Two lessons this lady has taught me. One is to be lenient with those who seem to cherish lies maliciously against the Church; the other is to be very careful in all arguments with non-Catholics to find out first of all what they think we believe.

We must be ready to give our opponents credit for sincerity. If we called all who disagree with us bigots, we should only be proving ourselves still greater bigots. My convert friend was quite sincere as a girl in thinking the Pope Anti-Christ. The "History of England" she was given to read had pictures of the Pope with this title underneath. Like all normal children, she accepted the printed word unquestioningly. Those early impressions were deep and very nearly enduring.

If we remember that our opponents are sincere, we shall be far less likely to commit that great diplomatic error of losing our tempers. We shall also become more sincere ourselves in our efforts to set forth our own side, for we shall begin to think our task more pleasing and worth while. It is no easier to explain your views to a person you think mentally deaf than to carry on a conversation with a person you know to be physically deaf. The charm of intelligent discussion is ease, and you are only at ease when you talk to some one you respect. And after learning to respect our adversaries, we must find out exactly what they think we believe.

For example, a non-Catholic asks you: "Do you honestly and firmly believe in the Papal infallibility?" You reply that you do, whereupon your questioner immediately loses all respect for your mentality and starts to argue as if you were a fool and not a rational being. Why? Simply because he thinks that by Papal infallibility you mean that the Pope would, let us say, be infallible should he make a pronouncement on the causes of the Great War.

Only a few days ago I talked with a workingman who was a fairly constant reader of the *Menace*. Quite naturally he had little love for "Romanism." He had expressed most of his stock views before I told him I was a "Romanist" myself. Being a good, straightforward man, he did not attempt to retract a thing he had said; he only repeated it all with emphasis. Among other things, of course, he assumed that the Church was bitterly opposed to social progress. Why? Because the Church was a body that never changed. How could an unchanging body welcome progress, democracy and other ideals of the sort?

We agreed at once to discard the authority of the *Menace,* which he was fair enough to call prejudiced. He had better authority than the *Menace,* he said. A Catholic lady with whom he had recently talked had told him with a great deal of pride that the Church never changed. This had made a great impression on him.

He had failed to see the difference between an unchanging body of religious and moral truth and an institution whose methods might be adapted to the conditions of a special day. His Catholic friend had spoken proudly of the changeless body of religious and moral truth, and he had understood her as referring also to all the methods and activities of the Church. He complained of the political activity of the Church, and yet he himself took the first occasion to confuse her religion with her politics. He knew that the Church had once held temporal power; and all that was undesirable, speaking mildly, in the vision of a Pope as the head of the United States had been conjured before him. So far as he was concerned, a Catholic, and a reputable one at that, had confirmed the very charges of the *Menace.*

And so it is very often with us. We speak to Protestants and Socialists, and, in fact, to all who dislike the Church, as carelessly as if we were speaking to Catholics, who would understand all our allusions and references. If I say I believe in the authority of Rome, it is clear to you as a Catholic that I mean the spiritual authority. But a Socialist might easily think I meant a temporal or political power to be established here at home. And sincerely thinking that, he might reasonably argue that I was a menace to American liberty.

To speak carefully, then, is the first step toward speaking clearly. But more is needed if we are to deliver our message as we should. We must be prepared not only to say clearly what we believe, but why we believe it. Do not forget that Protestants are not in the habit of appealing to authority. No appeal to authority will convince them in argument. We say we are opposed to socialism because Pope Leo XIII condemned it, and, possibly, if we are decently informed, because certain socialist "authorities" have declared socialism opposed to Christianity.

To a Protestant or a freethinker these reasons for opposing socialism seem no reasons at all. What we really say is that we are opposed to socialism because we are, and because it is opposed to us. This seems like begging the question. Instead of argument we cite fact, and fact that has little or no weight with those who despise authority, whether Catholic or Socialist.

We are too lazy to learn the reasons *why* our "authorities" have taken a definite position. What a freethinker is anxious to find out is the mental process of the authorities we quote. Why did Pope Leo XIII condemn socialism? Did he include everything that calls itself socialism, or was he condemning only orthodox Marxism and its legitimate offspring? And why did August Bebel declare socialism and Christianity to be as mutually opposed as fire and water? If, as the result of laziness, we can not answer these questions and a hundred others, we are directly to blame for the ignorance and hostility of many a freethinker to-day.

In trying to persuade them to our views, we must state not only our conclusions, but why we or our authorities reached them. Many men who believe merely in a rather extended government ownership and call themselves socialists are genuinely hurt to think that the Church opposes socialism. How surprised they would be to

learn what the Church's real views are! And how pleased! These are the men our own carelessness and laziness antagonize at the very time when we need all possible moral support in sending out our message. By believing in their sincerity, by defining our views, and then giving reasons for "the faith that is in us," we can, instead of antagonizing thousands, build firm, smooth roads for the couriers who must bear our message, and by doing this we can help, during the coming days of peace, to prevent the outbreak of those new and terrible wars, the wars of social blindness and revolution.

Richard Dana Skinner.

Failure of International Socialism

When the first war clouds arose on the political horizon meetings of protest were called by the numerous Socialist bodies of Europe. The impending war was denounced as another capitalistic plot. Not content with these tirades, the speakers went further and likewise denounced the Catholic Church in terms equally strong. Their purpose, as we shall see, was clear.

Socialist leaders in Europe foresaw that war was well-nigh inevitable, but they were also aware that many of their followers confidently trusted it could never take place, hoping, as they did, that the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels would effectually prevent its proclamation or stay its progress. An awful dilemma, therefore, confronted the leaders. They knew they could do no more than call futile meetings of protest. On the other hand, they had told their followers, year after year, that the Socialist party was the only political body of Europe which would stand for peace, and that it never would tolerate the general slaughter of fellow-proletarians. Not a few simple-minded Socialists were absolutely convinced of the impossibility of a general war; for had not the Bureau at Brussels threatened to proclaim a general strike the moment hostilities seemed near? "Let them try to carry on war when the miners refuse to bring coal to the surface, when engineers and railway men refuse to carry troops to the frontier, when postal and telegraph employees refuse to deliver letters, messages and commands," were the common expressions of the "comrades."

It is true that war would have been utterly impossible if all such workmen, in conjunction with some others, had begun a permanent strike at a command from Brussels. But the Socialists in the Belgian capital never gave that command. They never thought of giving it, for they dared not risk the tremendous failure that would be consequent on their folly. They would not expose the utter feebleness of their party to the world. They knew that a war can not go on indefinitely, and they had to provide for the future. They had to consider how new electoral victories could be won. Votes do not follow on after incompetence.

Yes, something was to be done to comfort disappointed followers. Consequently the Socialists resorted to the easiest and always efficacious expedient of finding a scapegoat. Needless to say this was to be the Catholic Church. As if by mutual agreement Socialist leaders in the different countries that were now on the brink of the great war attacked the Catholic Church for "doing nothing" to prevent the coming calamity. As an instance of political party wisdom this method was highly efficient, but the different leaders should have agreed upon a common argument. They did not so. As a consequence the Socialist speeches delivered toward the end of July contain some highly interesting and rather amusing contradictions. Thus Mr. Kleerekooper, a Dutch leader, said in Amsterdam: "Now behold the Pope at Rome, my friends! He claims to be the mightiest potentate on earth, and no one will deny this claim, for he commands more than two hundred million souls, yet he has not spoken and will not speak one word to prevent this horrible war." The well-known conclusions about the mutual understanding between Church and capital naturally followed. At the same time M. Hervé, in Paris, said: "Look at the failure of the Church of Rome, once so powerful. The Pope has not spoken a single word, because he knows that he has lost all influence upon nations and governments; because he knows, too, that the Church is only a shadow of her former self." Poor Pope, poor Catholic Church! Both can be proved guilty of crimes by contradictory statements.

A refutation of these accusations is not needed. The call to arms and the mobilization of the troops were measures undertaken without any reference to the Holy Father. Yet the late Pope had done all in his power to preserve peace, and when his efforts proved futile he died broken-hearted at the thought of the human misery he could not avert. Could a nobler example have been given of the desire of the Church to keep the world free of this great calamity? How unsafe then must be the footing of a party whose leaders have recourse to such an expedient as calumny of the Church and of her venerable Pontiff, in order to save their own reputation.

But what of these leaders themselves? By telling their followers that they would make war impossible they lured many an honest workingman to an acceptance of their unsound and utopian policies. They boasted of the growth of their international party. They claimed four million electors in Germany out of a total of eleven million; three million in France, out of eight; and almost a third of the entire electorate of Belgium and Austria. Why have they not forbidden these many millions to bear arms against one another? What became of the threatened general strike in case of war, and the many other undoubted means of preventing such an event? Neither France nor Germany could have entered upon this war if the seven million Socialists in these countries had preferred to stand aloof. Why did they not do so, and why did not the International Bureau at Brussels give the watchword?

To understand the pertinence of these questions we must advert to the fact that Catholics indeed could not have been ordered by the Church or Pontiff thus to disobey and frustrate the orders of their governments in the present crisis. Their doctrine that all true authority comes from God made them loyal, though they might seek to influence their governments, by all rightful means, to preserve peace. But the principle of authority did not bind the International Socialist Party. They repudiate the teaching of the Church upon this as upon other vital points. As a revolutionary party they acknowledge no authority save "the will of the people," and this they acknowledge if it conforms to their own revolutionary ideals. Genuine patriotism is denounced as a vice. There was consequently no reason that could have prompted them, as Socialists, to obey the orders of their Government. But the truth is their leaders realized that the enormous figures they had paraded were very deceptive. Such numbers indicated, indeed, the harm that had been done among the people by a constant propaganda of irreligion, but not the real strength of the party. Its leaders could not count upon one-tenth of their so-called followers when theoretical principles were to be applied in practice. It is one thing to boast of numbers, quite another to muster those numbers for action. In this case socialism had little grasp on its so-called clients. It was not a philosophy of life, a rule of action, but rather a protest against mistakes and abuses on the part of governments.

Two results have already followed from this war. He who runs may read. It has brought about the revival of the religious spirit, and this nowhere more conspicuously than in France, where M. Viviani had "extinguished the Lights of Heaven" some years ago. It has in the second place shown the utter failure of international socialism and the falseness of its revolutionary cry: "Equality, Fraternity and Liberty!" It would not be overbold to predict that if Germany should win this war, not more than fifty out of one hundred and eleven Socialist representatives will return to the next Reichstag, while in the Austrian Parliament, Dr. Adler may find himself surrounded by some twenty adherents out of eighty. Should the Allies conquer the number of Socialist representatives will probably dwindle in France from one hundred and ten to about sixty, and in England they may practically disappear. Let us wait and see. A. HOFHUYS.

The Religion of Masonry

The *American Freemason* insists, as we have seen, that "between Freemasonry and the Catholic Church there is an inherent antagonism" which admits of "neither peace nor truce," also that Freemasonry is not a Christian institution nor the handmaid thereof; but yet that it is not opposed to Christianity, has no dogmas of its own, and is not itself a religion. The incompatibility of these propositions is evident. The Catholic Church has very definite dogmas, and the institution that is inherently opposed to them and specifically rejects them must of necessity be definitely dogmatic. The same editor wrote in the April issue: "Romanism and Protestantism, as theologies, are alike impractical, intolerant and out of date." This is a dogmatic statement, the denial of all the dogmas of both forms of Christianity. For the rest, the editor must have forgotten his Ritual. Past General Grand Master A. G. Mackey, author of the Masonic "Encyclopædia," "Lexicon," "Symbolism," and other standard works of the American Craft, includes in the inaugural charge to the Grand Chaplain: "Though Masonry be not religion, it is emphatically religion's handmaid;" and his "Encyclopædia" defines Masonry as "an eminently religious institution, that is indebted *solely* to the religious element which it contains for its origin, and its continued existence." Albert Pike, "the greatest name in Masonry," informs the 33rd degree adepts that Masonry contains all that is true in the religions of all time and none of the impurities with which all of them are tainted, and he trumpets its religious pretensions in the very title of his masterpiece: "*Morals* and *Dogma* of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite."

That American Freemasonry, which its authoritative exponent rightly declares is not a Christian institution and is inherently antagonistic to Catholicity, is itself a distinctive religious society, is a matter of legal record that forms part of American law. Its religious character has been attested by the judicial authority of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Robert Kopp, Master of the Lodge of Strict Observance, No. 94, having been expelled in 1899 by Grand Master W. A. Sutherland of Rochester, on the charge of arbitrary conduct, appealed to the courts, and finally, in 1903, to the Appellate Division, First Department of the Supreme Court of the State, on the ground that he had been expelled for opposing the financial irregularities of the governing body. Grand Master Elbert Crandall and Grand Secretary E. M. L. Ehler, respondents on behalf of the New York Grand Lodge, submitted, through Crandall and Truax, the following brief:

> The right to membership in a Masonic fraternity is very much like the right to membership in a Church. Each requires a candidate for admission to subscribe to certain articles of religious belief as an essential prerequisite to membership. Each requires a member to conduct himself thereafter in accordance with certain religious principles. Each requires its members to adhere to certain doctrines of belief and action. The precepts contained in the Landmarks and the Charges of a Freemason (see pp. 92 to 100 of the Book of Constitution, Edit. of 1900) formulate a creed so thoroughly religious in character that it may well be compared with the formally expressed doctrine of many a denominational Church. The Masonic fraternity may, therefore, be quite properly regarded as a religious society and the long line of decisions, holding that a religious society shall have sole and exclusive jurisdiction to determine matters of membership, should be deemed applicable to the Masonic fraternity.

It was. The Landmarks and Charges convinced the judges that Masonry is a religion, and the Masonic de-

fendants' claim, that "McGuire *vs.* St. Patrick's Cathedral" was a precedent in the case, was allowed. Masonry having been proved a religion, the civil courts were estopped from adjudicating the injustice or irregularity of its excommunications, and the Masonic heads were enabled to hush Mr. Kopp's revelations of their financial transactions.

Their plea that Masonry is a religion protected them; and the court was bound to accept their proofs. The "Masonic Ritualist" contains all the forms and substance and functions of a religion complete in itself and the handmaid of none. It shows conclusively, with marvelous detail, that Masonry has its own distinct altars and temples, its own priesthood and croziered high priesthood and *Sancta Sanctorum*, and complete sacerdotal ceremonial; its own consecrations, anointings, invocations, purifications, benedictions and religious festivals; its own baptism and communion of the brethren; its own creed of morality and belief; its own peculiar theory of God and the soul and the soul's relation to the Universe and its Architect; and, finally, a ritual hymn proclaiming it "*divine.*" This surely is a distinct religion; and that can be no handmaid of any which proclaims all others corrupt.

That the religion of Masonry is diametrically opposed to every Christian conception is made quite clear by Messrs. Mackey and Pike, who insist with the *American Freemason* that its distinctive purpose is not benevolence or sociability, but enlightenment; that is, the spread of Masonic truth. The applicant stands at its portals "in darkness, ignorance and helplessness," and if he absorbs enough of Masonic light to guide him over all the Landmarks, he finds that "the last and crowning Landmark of all is that these Landmarks can never be changed." Its creed is as unchangeable as the Christian Deposit of Faith, for, says the Masonic Ritualist: "It is in the power of no man or body of men to make the least innovation." Its adept has achieved all attainable truth. What is it?

Brothers Pike and Mackey, the supreme American authorities, having cleared away the corruptions with which all religions had overlaid primeval truth, disclose it in all its simplicity, at least to perfect Masons of the 33rd Degree. Briefly it amounts to this, that Nature and God are interchangeable; that the Deity is a bisexual conception of which man is the highest expression; that morality follows the law of bisexualism of which phallic worship is the primeval and, properly understood, the true interpretation; that "The Absolute is Reason," and "the conception of an Absolute Deity outside of Reason is the Idol of Black Magic, the Phantom of the Demon"; that the Devil is the idea of deity reversed, and, "for the Initiates, Satan is not a Person, but a Force, the instrument of Liberty or Free Will." Thus we have a pantheistic, rationalistic, hedonistic God, which is humanity deified; and therewith the kind of morals that would emanate from such a deity.

All this, with much that is worse, is in the standard books of American Masons according to degree; and the *American Freemason,* the *New Age,* and the leading Masonic organs, are constantly urging them to learn it, especially in its practical applications, and to make Continental Masonry their model in theory and practice. But Americans, it seems, have slight taste for real Masonic work and study, and Brother Morcombe agrees with Brother Mackey, that ninety per cent. of them have not yet been roused to the true Masonic spirit. Entering for social, business or political advancement, few of them frequent the lodge for instruction or have a mind for its peculiar enlightenment. Even when they do, it does not follow that they get it. Most of them belong to the Blue Lodges, and Brother Pike thus instructs the 30th Degree of the Scottish Rite:

> The Blue Degrees are but the outer court or portico of the Temple. Part of the symbols are displayed there to the Initiate; *but he is intentionally misled by false interpretations.* It is not intended that he shall understand them; but it is intended that he shall imagine he understands them. Their true explication is intended for the Adepts, the Princes of Masonry. . . . It is well enough for the mass of those called Masons to imagine that all is contained in the Blue Degrees; and whoso attempt to undeceive them will labor in vain, and without any due reward violate his obligations as an Adept. . . . Masonry conceals its secrets from all except the Adepts and Sages, or the Elect, and uses false explanations and interpretations of its symbols to mislead those deserving only to be misled. Truth is not for those who are unworthy or unable to receive it or would pervert it.

We can thus understand why many Masons can tell us sincerely that they see no evil in Masonry, and that hearing in their initiations, etc., long passages from the Bible, which they are unaware have been expurgated and adapted for Masonic purposes, they believe it is a Christian institution. Even the editor of the *American Freemason* may not have plumbed all "Truth," for he is but a Blue Lodge Knight, not a Prince of the Elect. But he is proving worthy of promotion. He is striving hard to raise, or lower, the Blue Lodge to the level and the spirit of the atheistic and persecuting Grand Orient of France. His views of Christianity's sphere and functions are in accord. Protestantism he finds a help against Romanism's attempt to "mix religion with politics" and influence men in other than "the vague domains of faith"; but as theologies they are alike beneath contempt, and

> If one or the other comes into the arena of material life, commanding there the attention or the obedience of men on the score of any spiritual light and leading, the sooner such a champion is kicked out bodily the better will it be for all concerned.

We shall see that Catholicity is the one religion that Masonry would "kick out bodily" from every arena of influence in American life, and that therein it is true to its history. The Masonic heads who have mastered Brother Pike's philosophy, and the rank and file who have not, have slight belief, if any, in a personal Devil; but with both Satan is a potent if unconscious "Force," and the enemy of each is the Church.

M. Kenny.

England in War Time

It is nearly incredible how great a change has passed over England and how wholly for the better, since the tremendous war cloud broke suddenly six weeks ago. Two months ago Great Britain was in a deplorable state, at least to all outward appearances. She was torn by party strife to such an extent that civil war was within calculable distance; she was nervous; she was fretful; she was selfish; she was pleasure-loving; she was tormented by social troubles; she resembled an idle, self-indulgent person of uncertain temper who does not know what she wants and complains bitterly of not getting it; she was, in short, in as unsatisfactory a condition as a nation well can be that is not actually corrupt or ruined. And now, without boasting, it may be said that she has never been more worthy of her destiny or of her place in history. On the report of at least one magistrate, never, in recent years, have the statistics of crime fallen so low.

It is not hard to see why it is that this extraordinary transformation has taken place. It is as true of nations as of individuals—of nations, that is, that have not altogether lost nobility of character—that when they are once confronted by a call to really great sacrifice, all littleness and peevishness disappear. It is at any rate one part of the truth to say that they who again and again fall before small temptations can yet resist great ones; that there are certain types of character which need great crises if they are to do justice to themselves.

For about three weeks the test of Britain's character hung in the balance. The troops disappeared to the front, and the navy into the fogs of the North Sea; and financial conditions were readjusted; and the party politicians said what was expected of them; but the rest waited. There were still voices which, almost unrebuked, deplored the war, and eulogized the good intentions of the Germans as distinct from the Prussians; there were still arm-chair critics who discussed strategy with a detached air; and prudent housekeepers who laid in stocks of provisions, and hosts of young men in flannels who argued philosophically and congratulated themselves on being wise enough to keep out of trouble. At last Namur fell; and a silence fell with it. Men had supposed that gallant little Belgium could repeat for ever the miracle of Liége; it was a shock to find there were limits to human possibilities. Then the British force reappeared at Mons, fighting desperately, losing men desperately and retreating.

At this the silence was broken; and to the heartfelt relief of all who loved England, it was broken in the right way. The arm-chair critics laid aside their newspapers on their club tables and went home to see whether, after all, forty was too old; the voices that had talked smooth nonsense now began to discuss facts; the young men disappeared from the watering places and reappeared at recruiting offices; business men left their business; carters left their horses; travelers came home and home-birds became travelers. In one word, Britain woke up as never since the Napoleonic wars and woke sane and reasonable.

When Louvain fell there was no screaming, only one more resolve was taken; when the wounded men began to stream back to hospital, there was neither wailing nor hysteria; when tales of outrage began to come across the channel, there was no yelling for revenge or reprisals; there was just quiet determination, quietly expressed, that the enemy should be restrained and punished. When the gallant little affair of Heligoland was reported, again there was no exultation; there was just a quiet triumph with a few smiles and nods. In short, disaster and peril did for us in three weeks what prosperity could not have done in thirty years; and now that at last the tide seems to be turning and German culture to be going back home, once more there is no hysteria; there is just the resolve that it shall go all the way back to Berlin and shall there learn a few lessons in a school which perhaps it will respect.

Such is the temper of England to-day. But who would have dreamed of such restraint and such determination even six weeks ago?

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

A German View of the War

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I suppose by this time news of the great German victories over Russia, France and the English auxiliaries will have reached America, and you will also be in a position to judge of the real, immediate causes of the war. It was certainly not the Emperor William's fault, if peace was not maintained. War was of course bound to come, but it was not Germany that longed for it or hastened it, although, as events have proved, she was prepared for it.

It will hardly be necessary for me to correct the many glaringly false statements made by Reuter & Co. The loss of 25,000 men in dead and wounded and captured before Liége on Aug. 7, is a fairy tale, as is also the Emperor's supposed request for an armistice. With but few exceptions the people of Alsace-Lorraine have displayed the sincerest loyalty to Germany. Nearly 100,000 volunteers from these provinces reported during the first week of mobilization, a relatively greater percentage than in any other German province. France declared war on Austria before a single Austrian soldier had set foot on German soil. The only assistance thus far given by Austria to Germany was the sending of a battery of mountain artillery to northern France. Austria needs all her troops against the Russian millions. France invaded German territory before declaring war. I have this from a resident of Upper Alsace. In regard to the violation of Belgian's neutrality by Germany, it is now admitted, even by Dutch and Italian papers, that Belgium had a secret understanding with France to permit her to pass unhindered through her territory in order to invade the unprotected Rhineland. I know from personal knowledge that Belgian sympathies were all for France and all against Germany. I also saw French aeroplanes in the Rhineland on August 2nd and 3rd, which could have got there only by flying over Belgian territory; which was also a breach of neutrality. The alleged "barbarities" of the Germans in Belgium are nothing but just punishments for murders committed by Belgian civilians, who shot down German soldiers and mutilated the wounded and dying. One of my friends who took part in the storming of Liége was shot in the head by a civilian of Gemmenich whilst engaged in transporting baggage and wounded to Aix-la-Chapelle. In the article "Causes of the War" (AMERICA, August 15, p. 417) the statement is made that "Germany announced the acquisition of a private port in Holland, fully 20 miles nearer to England than Antwerp." This is nonsense. No such announcement was ever made. The whole article, in fact, is one-sided and full of inaccuracies, to say the least. Only one part of Louvain has been destroyed; the Townhall was saved by the efforts, heroic efforts, of the German soldiers themselves; St. Peter's Church is sadly damaged; the library could not be saved.

In regard to the editorial "The Lessons of the War," it may not be out of place to remark that at least as many Catholics are engaged on the side of Austria and Germany as on that of France, Russia, England, Belgium, Servia, Monte-

negro and Japan, the Catholic population of Austria and Germany, according to the last census, being somewhat more than sixty millions. Finally the Poles of Russia are welcoming the Austrians and Germans as their deliverers.

Knechtsteden, Sept. 8, 1914. J. J. LAUX.

An Incident of the Capture of Louvain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following details are an extract from a letter recently received from Hastings (England), and are a résumé of the authentic account of a summary execution published by the *Bien Public* of Ghent, revised and completed by Père F. Villaert at that time Superior of the Jesuit students at Louvain. My correspondent says:

> . . . After the burning of Louvain about twenty Jesuits were arrested. They were in the Avenue de Tervueren, in front of a palisade, not far from the Musée du Congo, with an American bishop, the rector of the American College, one of the vice-rectors of the University and others. They were searched. On the young scholastic, Eugène Dupierreux, was found a memorandum containing a short summary of the daily events of the war. In it there was a sentence something like this: "I had never believed until now what had been said of German cruelties, but, after the burning of Louvain's library, I do believe that their deeds are worthy of the Sultan Omar." The German officer thought he found in these words a sketch of a sermon to be preached to the people against the conquerors. "That's enough," he said, and he immediately gave orders that the scholastic be taken out and shot. Père Villaert gave him the last absolution. After the shooting the scholastic still gave some signs of life. The officer then ended his life with a bullet from his revolver. He was calm and serene and died with the Crucifix in his hands. He was buried in the place where he had been shot.
>
> It is not true, as has been stated, that the community, in which there was a brother of the scholastic who was killed, had been forced to witness the execution. The Jesuit Fathers were then conducted to Brussels, and had to walk with the soldiers through the streets of the capital. They were released at last through the kind mediation of the Spanish and American Ministers.
>
> The German military Governor of Brussels afterwards expressed his deep regret to the Provincial of the Belgian Jesuits, and assured him that the officer who had ordered the execution would be removed from office. The Jesuit Scholasticate of Louvain has not been destroyed.

Granite, Md. P. M. TELESE.

Some Facts About Servia

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to correct some items of the communication on the Austro-Servian conflict signed V. S. in your issue of September 12. An Austrian Ambassador named Reppmann is unknown in Europe. The Austrian Minister, Baron Giesl, who delivered the ultimatum to Servia, certainly never took the alias of Reppmann. Neither is there a party leader or politician called Mowokovich in Servia. Had the Servian Premier, a veteran skilled in diplomacy, committed the solecism of receiving a foreign representative together with a newspaper man, Baron Giesl, so far as I know him, would certainly not have tolerated such a breach of international etiquette. Prince George of Servia and Major Voya Tankositch are known to me as to every inhabitant of Belgrade as two distinct individuals who have little in common and do not even resemble each other, therefore it is only at a great distance that they can be fused into a single identity. Such a feat was scarcely attempted in Vienna, and Holland, posing as a neutral State, may keep the credit of it.

It is inexact for your Innsbruck correspondent to say that the Servian Government offered no denial of complicity in the Sarajevo murder. Before the accusation was made Servia's official press condemned the deed, and later repudiated emphatically any connection with a dastardly *attentat* liable to bring Servian patriots of Bosnia into trouble. The charge was unsubstantiated except by factors wholly discredited in previous political trials. Reservoir poisoning is too common an accusation and has been made too often by each army against its enemy to need special comment.

The weeping and mourning in Tyrol when the recruits were summoned to fight for what they could not well grasp had no counterpart in Servia, where women saw their loved ones depart in calm resignation, convinced of their just cause and of Servia's duty to defend her liberty.

London. E. CHRISTICH.

Neutrality as to War News

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Noticing in this week's issue of AMERICA that you receive letters complaining of your attitude regarding the war, and ordering subscriptions stopped because of their disgruntled writers' indignation, I wish to assure you of the fact that at least one reader considers that your attitude toward the war is entirely sane and commendable, representing perhaps better than any other I read the ideal of neutrality that is asked for by President Wilson in his address to the American people. I desire you to continue sending AMERICA to me, and have no intention of stopping my subscription. I recommend AMERICA to my friends as the best Catholic weekly in this country. If we had more publications of your high standard and calibre, there would be less complaint about Catholics not supporting a Catholic press.

Bangor, Me. JOHN P. FLANAGAN.

A Psychological Problem

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your editorial this week in regard to those who stop their subscriptions because they do not like the war news in your columns emphasizes a peculiar attitude of mind of many Catholics toward Catholic enterprises. Many a man will withdraw his support from a Catholic undertaking the first moment it diverges from his personal views, though he will not do so in regard to non-Catholic undertakings. One of the most estimable men I know wrote a sharp note and stopped his twenty-year-old subscription to a prominent Catholic magazine, because there appeared in it an editorial of which he did not approve, but he kept on reading and paying for his daily paper, with whose editorial column he seldom agreed and of whose news columns he could seldom entirely approve. Never in his life did he write a letter to any other editor. He could not be made to see how unreasonable he was. You yourself must certainly have found how prevalent is this attitude of mind. If the psychology of it could be studied, and proper remedies administered from our pulpits and in our schools, would not one great obstacle to a strong Catholic Press be removed? Do you suppose any of your late subscribers could be got to analyze themselves for the general good?

New Jersey. SOUTH ORANGE.

How to Get Rid of the "Menace"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I should like to suggest to the readers of AMERICA who are continually being annoyed by receiving the *Menace* to adopt my method of getting rid of this pest. Every copy I receive I remail to the Postmaster General at Washington or to our Congressman. Let all Catholics who are receiving this paper adopt this plan, and Mr. Burleson will soon wake up.

Chicago, Ill. JOSEPH A. FEILEN.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1914.

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Yale and Prayer

The chief discordant note in the nation's prayer for peace came from Yale University. President Hadley gave expression to some very pertinent and practical reflections on the spirit of animosity, to which, in his opinion, must be traced much of the misunderstanding that has brought on the present war. His utterances have been praised, and not without reason. He made a strong plea for tolerance of other men's views and self-repression in the expression of one's own. So far he spoke well. He deserves only sympathy for his words of protest against discourtesy and arrogance and the utterance of half-truths as if they were the whole truth. All will agree with him as to the propriety of following up our prayers "by intelligent help in promoting peace on earth." But with another part of his matriculation sermon general exception is likely to be taken. He said in part:

> With our illusions shattered and our very ideals shaken, we crave helplessly for peace; and as far as the mere craving goes we are ready to pray for it.
>
> But how little this mere craving amounts to! What effect will it have on Englishman or German, Frenchman or Russian, each desperately convinced of the righteousness of his own cause, for which he has already suffered and is prepared to die if need be, that prayers for peace are offered by members of other nations comfortably distant from the fray and from the passion that evoked it? No direct effect whatever.
>
> It is wrong to dignify this profitless expression of desire by the name of prayer. Unless we follow up our prayers by intelligent help in promoting peace on earth they are but the "vain repetitions" of the heathen. They may have a certain use as a public recognition of the controlling power of God over the affairs of men; otherwise they are no better than the peace parades and the children's peace cards and other similar manifestations of misdirected zeal with which we are now familiar.
>
> People think they are doing their duty when they are simply indulging the luxury of expressing their own emotions in public. To expect such prayer to be answered is folly on the part of the ignorant and blasphemy on the part of those who should be wiser.

If these words have any point whatever, they refer to the prayer addressed to almighty God by the entire nation on the day when Mr. Hadley preached. They are not only a misconception of the efficacy of the prayer of petition, but also an unfair characterization of the attitude of the millions of reverent worshipers who lifted their hearts and their voices to heaven in humble yet confident entreaty for peace. Those who made their petition with any understanding were by no means under the delusion that by so doing they would produce any direct impression on those at war. It was precisely because we realized that the peoples of Europe had fixed their hearts on fighting to the end, and that all hope of influencing them directly had altogether passed, that we turned to God, in the hollow of whose hand all men are and within whose power it is to enlighten men's minds and to soften their hearts. Our own efforts to bring about a cessation of hostilities had failed, and in our helplessness we had recourse to the Prince of Peace. We have no guarantee that our prayer will be answered in the way we most desire, by immediate restoration of universal peace; but we have abundant warrant for invoking divine assistance when all human endeavors fail.

The nation's prayer, therefore, bore no resemblance whatever to "peace parades and children's peace cards." It was not a mere demonstration, it can not be described as "simply indulging the luxury of expressing one's emotions in public." There may have been some who were possessed by the sentiments above described, but the vast majority of those who responded to President Wilson's invitation had a full consciousness of what they were doing. Their prayer was certainly not "profitless," nor was the expectation of having it answered "folly on the part of the ignorant and blasphemy on the part of those who should be wiser." It is not out of place to ask parents who have sons at Yale under the care of Mr. Hadley, what measures they are taking to safeguard their faith from such rationalistic teaching? If such things are said in public by the president of the university, what are we to suppose is said in the privacy of the classroom by irresponsible professors?

American Witnesses of Mexican Horrors

Corpus Christi is on the Mexican border. It has been in close touch with Federals and Constitutionalists, is an asylum of the refugees, and is, therefore, in a position to judge Mexican conditions. The Knights of Columbus of that city met on September 23, and arrived at a conclusion. The testimony of those American citizens who are on the spot, and speak of what they themselves had seen or had heard from actors and witnesses in the terrible drama, should convince the few among us who are still skeptical of Mexican atrocities. Their report recites that "one by one unnamable horrors were mentioned till the recital of their savagery dulled the mind." For generations Mexico's disastrous revolutions had been accom-

panied by conditions of religious intolerance that outraged even the natural rights of man, but now this irreligious mania has reached its climax. It has found vent in the commission of crimes so numerous and abominable that:

> The nearer one approaches unfortunate Mexico, the stronger is the atmosphere charged with the conviction that conditions there are immeasurably worse than even their witnesses and victims can describe them.

They express amazement that such monstrous deeds are passed over in silence by the secular press of this land, where no principle is so dearly prized as liberty of worship and freedom of conscience, and that while national prayer is being offered for the cessation of war, so much apathy exists regarding the war of religious persecution that is torturing Mexico. To awaken from this apathy their fellow-citizens of all denominations, the Corpus Christi Council passed these resolutions:

> Whereas, we American citizens, prizing above all material things, the religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution to every inhabitant of the United States, are sorely grieved that the inhabitants of Mexico, our neighboring Republic, are deprived of it; and, for its sake, are made to suffer the most cruel and brutal persecution;
>
> And whereas, the United States, through its Administration, has been so contributory to the triumph of the cause of the Constitutionalists, that it is not entirely without responsibility for the religious persecution that has followed in the wake of this triumph;
>
> And whereas, the Administration, having aided the cause of the Constitutionalists, is now, as far as we know, endeavoring to influence the *de facto* government of Mexico to practise tolerance of religion; to aid therein,
>
> Be it Resolved, That we, the undersigned Corpus Christi Council No. 1202, Knights of Columbus, labor to create a public opinion condemnatory of the cruel deeds committed in Mexico in the name of liberty;
>
> That we appeal to all Americans, regardless of their methods of worship, to do all that is in their power to secure for the inhabitants of Mexico that religious tolerance that we, here, find so conducive to concord and prosperity;
>
> That we endeavor to interest, as much as we can, the daily press, that it may present to the public, in so far as respect for decency may permit, the record of the horrible deeds that are done in that stricken land.

The appeal was ordered to be sent to the President and Secretary of State and the Councils of the Knights of Columbus, and ordered to be published in the papers of the country. We have not noticed that these papers have published them. It is the right and duty of Catholic subscribers to ask them why Mexican religious atrocities alone are excluded from their catalogues of crime; and it is the right and duty of all Catholics, as individuals and societies, to ask their representatives why our Government permits such atrocities, and thus give effective support to the Knights of Columbus and the Federated Catholic Societies in their manful defence of the civil and religious liberty of our fellow-Catholics of Mexico. If our millions can not exact justice in this matter, they may prepare in future to be treated as ciphers.

Who Owns You?

"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood," was engraved on the collar of the Saxon serf. Gurth, the swine-herd, is a surly fellow, when first we meet him with Fangs and the Jester in the darkening walks of the forest. But he afterwards did his master loyal service, and when his collar was struck off, the words it bore were graven yet more deeply in the freeman's heart. To follow his lord to the wars was now his glory, the privilege not of slaves, but of the free.

Who owns you? We, too, once were thralls, and although we did our Master no loyal service, Christ freely ransomed us, and gave us to His Father as His brothers; henceforth, the sons of the King. No longer may we sit in comfort by the pleasant fireside with Fangs and Wamba, when freemen are off to the wars. Our place is at the side of the Prince. Our bodies are not our own. They are Christ's. Our hearts, our souls, the best that is in us, are not for our own service, but for Christ's. Our dignity as sons of the King means personal service in the field with Christ, our Captain. Ye are Christ's, says St. Paul, and Christ is of God. But do you believe that you own yourself, that you may use your soul, your body for evil, if you wish? to the hurt of others, if you wish? that Christ's other brothers, and Christ our Redeemer, and God the Father of all, have no claims which you are bound to respect? If you do, you are no freeman. You are the old Gurth, back in the tangled forest, herding the swine.

A Catholic and a Gentleman

When John Ball, the famous contemporary of Wycliffe, instigated the peasants of England to rise against the gentry in 1381, he composed the historic couplet:

> When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then a gentleman?

The obvious, and totally fallacious, conclusion derived from this couplet is that the gentry were those fortunate persons, who, like the lilies of the field, toil not, neither do they spin; and it is an opinion that lingers still. But there is an old and much-used saying about "behaving like a gentleman"; and so, the whole art of being a gentleman is bound up with conduct.

Then again, there are certain technical qualities which are said to pertain to a gentleman; such as being of noble lineage; having the right to bear heraldic arms, and many another. There is a family of royal and noble ancestry which gives to its members the right to an armorial insignia; which boasts of a long line of heroic sons and daughters; which has family traditions so sacred that its members have on occasion shed their blood rather than prove themselves unworthy of their calling and untrue; this family is the Catholic Church.

And the true Catholic, who is a loyal and faithful scion of this family, is the true gentleman.

The family of the Catholic Church, like all other families, had a Founder, who was blessed beyond all the sons of men in His Mother. She is Queen of Heaven, Mistress of Angels, and has many another title, which it is the delight of her children to recount in loving litany. But an age of chivalry and romance, an age that lifted up the glory of womanhood higher than it had ever reached, could find no more glorious or more excellent title for this sovereign Mistress than Madonna, Notre Dame, Our Lady; a title which has endured through the centuries and which shall endure. And so long as the world shall last and the religion of Christ prevail, mankind shall know that the genius of the Catholic Church could endow perfect womanhood with no more splendid halo of glory than the simple title of "lady." She is *Our* Lady, and she is set as a pattern before each daughter of the Catholic Church, that she, too, may be a lady after this perfect example.

As is the Mother, so is the Son, the First-born of our race; the Head of the family, the Foundation. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords, begotten before the worlds, and He has made us heirs by adoption and grace. By the grace of the Blessed Sacrament His Blood flows in us, and He lives in us; therefore are we of His lineage. He has given us a name to bear before all the world, Christian and Catholic. For our emblem and patent of nobility He has given us the sign of the holy Cross.

By the laws of heraldry and primogeniture the Catholic is a gentleman by right of birth. He is *armiger;* for he proudly bears as his armorial crest the sign of the Cross. He is of royal and noble ancestry; for the Son of God is his Brother, and Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven is his Mother. He has a name by which he may be known; for in baptism he was called Christian. He is knightly; for by his calling he is to fight against evil, and succor the poor and needy. This is the noble inheritance of every Catholic, who must be continually on his guard lest by sin he stain his scutcheon and cast a slur on the honor of his family. For in whatsoever degree a man is raised on high, in the same degree shall be the greatness of his fall; and the dishonored and fallen Catholic drags the honor of God and his Church in the dust.

A Letter, Some Remarks, A Solution

The Solicitor of the Post-Office Department has sent broadcast the following circular letter:

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

Receipt is acknowledged of your recent communication with reference to the newspaper entitled the *Menace* and similar publications.

Under the United States laws the admissibility to the mails of a newspaper or periodical is not affected by the insertion of articles advocating any particular views or criticising the views held by others in matters of religion or religious teachings or discussions, or that may be abusive, scurrilous, derogatory, defamatory or libelous, unless the language used in such articles is obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy, or unless there appears "upon the envelope or outside cover or wrapper" containing them "libelous, scurrilous or defamatory" written or printed matter.

Referring to the exclusion of the *Menace* from the Canadian mails, I have been informed that such action is based upon the Canadian laws, under which it is "forbidden to post for delivery or transmission anything of an indecent, immoral, seditious, disloyal or scurrilous character, etc.," in which respect it differs materially from the United States' statute.

The United States Attorney for the proper district now has under consideration the question of whether the criminal statutes have been violated by sending through the mails copies of the paper in question.

Respectfully,
W. H. LAMAR,
Solicitor.

Here, then, is the case in a nutshell. The Canadian laws prohibit the passage of the *Menace* through the mails; our laws do not.

Wherein lies the difference between the statutes? The former interdict indecent matter: the latter forbid obscene articles. Indecent is spelled with eight letters; obscene with seven only. There is the first difference. Canada forbids immoral matter; the United States, lewd matter. There is a greater discrepancy here, the difference between four and seven letters. Finally, Canada frowns on scurrilous articles; the United States rejects filthy articles. Ten letters and six letters; that is an impassable gulf!

But the Solicitor of the Post-Office Department is a gentleman and not an expert in "filthy articles." This is admirable, but in the present instance disadvantageous. However, the case is not entirely hopeless. There is at hand an authoritative judgment about the vexed problem. It comes direct from the editor of one of the scurrilous papers. Surely, he is qualified to judge. His issue of April 18 reads:

> The reason the *Menace* is dirty and vile and filthy is because it publishes the news and chronicles the current events about a dirty, vile, filthy organization.

The difficulty is solved. Our laws forbid the post to filthy matter. The editor of the *Menace* pronounces his paper filthy. The conclusion seems clear; it is recommended to the Solicitor of the Post-Office Department.

Nobody Cares

This is a sad cry to utter. When a man or woman allows that complaint to take shape in the soul and fill the mouth with its bitterness, you may be sure it is a black, severe storm which has flung such salt spray to the lips. Loneliness goes deep in the human heart. Man is a gregarious animal, and he loves to flock with his kind. Even if you maroon him in mid-ocean, he will not yet say, "nobody cares." Enoch Arden did not utter those sad words when he looked over miles of ocean, but he did when he looked a few feet into a lighted room and

saw his wife and children belonging to another. One need not be a chip on the high seas to be alone. The stranger in a large city feels his isolation all the more because millions around him are going somewhere, and he is heading nowhere. They exchange with daily definiteness home for work and work for home, and in both they meet some who care. It is the man who is away from home and business that feels himself a drifting waif on these shifting tides of life. The blaze of the saloon, the hilarious music and dancing, the shrillness of forced laughter, make an irresistible appeal to his loneliness. When John visits the city he may easily become Don Juan. He finds that the doors on the saloon are light and easy swinging and yield to a finger's touch, while it takes several strong arms to push open the heavy church doors. "Nobody cares" is often found just before "Here goes" in the text of many biographies.

The famous Haroun al Raschid, who lived in golden days, used to wander around on Arabian nights, and visit the poor of his city. He was an early Oriental slummer. No doubt, he was charitably inclined toward others, but he was also practising a very special kind of charity toward himself. Men in high office have to be very much alone. And Haroun was a founder of a Get-together Club. Our good President took the country, that is the newspapers' reporters, into his confidence not so long ago, and gave no uncertain evidence that he felt the isolation of his position. How would he have felt if he were the Pope, whom Italian compatriots, with no pity for his seclusion of office, have restricted still more to one house and one garden. One of the sad privileges of old age is attending more funerals than dances, and the old must often shake their heads sadly, whispering: "What does my presence matter? Nobody cares." Criminals, too, feel the spell of this attraction for their kind. When they have slipped through the meshes of the law, when they have escaped the scent of the blood-hound, the patient detectives know the weakness of the human heart. It is a pitiful necessity which makes these agents of the law pounce down on their outlaw prey as it goes back from its lonely isolation to some one who cares.

There are several ways of breaking down the barriers of isolation, all more helpful than dissipation or despair. When the aloofness of office or the helplessness of age do not allow one to be the hail-fellow well met of college days, when the body narrows its horizon, the mind can widen its horizon. If you can not boisterously slap many chums on the shoulder, you can along the broad highways of literature clasp hands of fellowship with the myriads who throng those goodly ways. The one who reads has correspondents from all places and times, and the mail is heavy.

Farther and better! If it is hard to maroon the mind, it is harder to maroon the heart. Give a mother the love of one child and she is never lonely. The soldier out on the picket-line or scouting alone, bears warm within him trust in his leader and feels no isolation. If with underwater cables and overhead wireless one throb of electricity makes the whole world kin, there is swifter message, more sensitive response, far stronger bonds from heart to hearts. Would you never be lonely, never isolated, then make the heart keenly alive toward Him Who always cares. With Him you can never be marooned or alone, but rather will be a multitude. "One with God is a majority," said an American orator, and an earlier and greater has written: "Casting all your care on Him, for He hath care of you."

LITERATURE

Two Types of Apostolic Virtue

The Church, like the mother of the Gracchi, has her jewels to exhibit to the world; and these are no other than the lives of her saintly children. Among other things, they attract by their remarkable variety; for holiness, though one in its essence, is seen under various aspects in different natures. Grace does not supplant nature. It rather grafts itself upon nature. While imparting to nature something of its own superior qualities it does not destroy its integrity. Hence as natures differ, the life and work of any two saints, respectively, will receive a decided color from the native character of each. The one may, for instance, leave the mark of his personality upon the world by imbuing his disciples with his own knightly spirit of loyalty, as in the case of Ignatius of Loyola; the other, like Francis de Sales, may have for his mission the distilling of the oil of meekness and gentleness into every soul brought within the range of his influence. The fact we have been noticing has its practical significance. It has an important bearing both upon the appraising of sanctity, so far as we can appraise it all, and upon the training of those who aspire to it. No greater mistake could be made than to attempt to force sanctity always into the same mold. Even in religious orders, each of which has its ruling idea, there is ample scope for the independent development of the individual, and the orders are so numerous that each aspirant after perfection can find a spiritual mold to his own liking.

The above reflections have been suggested by two biographies that have lately been translated from the French: the Abbé Michaud's "Life of the Venerable Louis Marie Baudouin" (Benziger, $3.25), and Father Calvet's biography of Father Paul Ginhac, of the Society of Jesus (Benziger, $2.50). Father Baudouin played an exceptional part in the restoring of religion in the west of France after the appalling desolation caused by the great Revolution. Forced into exile by the great upheaval, he was back again in his native La Vendée as soon as the first lull in the storm occurred, though for a considerable time he was tracked by the priest-hunters of the period. His appointed task under Providence was the education of the young and the training of candidates for the priesthood. Possessing no little power of initiative and a boundless trust in the divine bounty, he inaugurated work after work destined to have a far-reaching influence. Among other things he instituted an order of teaching Sisters and laid the foundation of a congregation of regular clerics.

But all this, memorable as it is, holds little that is distinctive of the saintly Baudouin. The force that sustained him was his indomitable courage and his boundless trust in Providence, but the more immediate instrument of the good he effected was a unique power of personal influence, especially as exercised upon young minds. For this he found a special

field in the seminaries over which he was so providentially placed. If it is asked what was the secret of his influence we shall find it chiefly in the fact that in many respects he was a replica of St. Francis de Sales. He had all that saint's suavity and gentleness and charity as well as his talent for steering his enterprises through a host of difficulties. He had all his unction of speech and something resembling his natural, simple yet effective eloquence. He had, too, the natural grace and dignity with all the sweet attractiveness of the Bishop of Geneva. But there was much in his composition that was more peculiarly his own and which bore its own distinctive fruit. The stream of natural affection in his nature flowed none the less freely for being mingled with the stream of divine grace. He had an immense love of children. He found the keenest delight in the song of birds and in fragrant meadows and in the sight of beautiful landscapes. These, especially in his declining years, he made stepping-stones to higher things. His special dedication to the Scriptures gave a tinge to his conversations and his discourses which made them peculiarly attractive. Finally, he had a genius for training young minds; and who will ever question genius about the secret of its success?

In turning from Father Baudouin to Father Ginhac the coloring in the picture is found to be more sombre, but the effect more intense. In his case nature lent little to grace, but that little was endued with enormous power. Father Ginhac was destined to leave the deep impress of his own spiritual life upon the young priests of his Order; and God prepared him for his work by endowing him with a firmness of character and a power of will that were truly astonishing. This strength of character was with him from childhood, but toward the close of boyhood it was warped from its truest aims and threatened him with moral shipwreck. But on one occasion circumstances rather than his own inclination brought him to a people's mission. He had come to scoff, but remained to pray. The first discourses of the missionaries changed him not a little, but his real conversion was effected at a stroke. Toward the close of the mission, happening to turn a corner of a street, he lighted upon a procession in which a large crucifix was being carried on a litter. A glance at the blood-stained face was enough. In a moment he was wholly God's. His resolution was taken, and never to the end of a long career did he cease to pursue the high perfection to which he then and there dedicated himself.

His life was a marvel of humility and mortification. The strong, uncompromising will, making relentless war upon natural inclination, was the distinctive badge of his sanctity. Indeed this aspect of his life was so prominent that scarcely any other was discernible. Yet Father Ginhac was almost a total stranger to spiritual consolations, a fact which alone raised his sanctity to the plane of the heroic. Just as little pleasure entered his soul through the gates of his senses: we doubt if he ever permitted himself to be regaled in the slightest degree by any sight or sound in nature. Gifts of speech or of manner he had none. His exposition of the Institute of the Society to his young "Tertian" Fathers was dull; and yet, when his heart was particularly interested, how his words did brand their meaning and spirit into the souls of his hearers. His gift of direction was unsurpassed; and it was chiefly this, together with the holiness of the man, that made the superiors of the French provinces desirous to place their young priests under his instruction.

In these biographies, therefore, are sketched two distinct types of apostolic virtue. Though brought to an equation by grace, how different they are in point of natural qualities! And what marvels are effected here by grace, whether with the aid of or in spite of natural qualities!

MICHAEL P. HILL, S.J.

REVIEWS

Ontology, or the Theory of Being. An Introduction to General Metaphysics. By P. COFFEY, Ph.D. (Louvain) New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00.

Following the two learned volumes on "The Science of Logic," by this professor of Maynooth College, now comes an exhaustive treatise on the general aspects of being. The author is not of those who think that ontology is a thing of the past. "Perhaps not a single one of these problems," he observes, "is really and in substance alien to present-day speculations." Indeed, no question of importance has been omitted. One would like to see Dr. Coffey take sides on the distinction between actual essence and existence, a question in which the human mind closely scrutinizes the inner nature of reality. Not every philosopher acquainted with the writings of St. Thomas will agree that the great doctor holds a real distinction between the two. The subjective and objective factors of the beautiful are well set forth in this volume and it is good to find the author insisting that the beautiful which offends morality is not really a thing of beauty at all.

A clear explanation and solid proof of the principle of causality and of the objectivity of the four causes is necessary for all philosophers, but especially for those imbued with modern English and German sophistries. Though it has been the custom to deal in scholastic text-books on ontology with the four causes, many would prefer to see this treatise placed after the constitution of bodies, so that the full purport of material and formal causality would be better understood. The author in fact admits as much when he says that these causes are properly subject-matter for cosmology. Dr. Coffey maintains that notions and realities receive their logical explanation, not *a priori* and by way of results obtained, but in a gradual manner as a result of investigation so that the mind is made to think out and to build up the right view. This, however, should not have prevented the writer from prefixing to each chapter by way of summary or thesis the main points of doctrine to be proved in the course of the chapter.

The author deserves great credit for providing the English public with a clear exposition of the deep problems of general metaphysics. Other treatises we hope will follow. What is especially needed now is an "up-to-date" work on cosmology, or more explicitly on inorganic bodies, for this field of philosophy requires to be brought more into harmony with the conquests of natural science.

J. J. O.

Poems. By ARMEL O'CONNOR. Mary's Meadow. Ludlow, England. $1.00.

In this modest little volume the author gives us to breathe the fragrance of a lyrical nosegay which he gathered for "Violet" in Mary's Meadow. And it is a delicate, quiet fragrance that we scent, like to sweet odors after bitter rain. For from the intimately personal note in many of the poems, it is plain that the writer has heard and felt deeply in his heart the beat of a rain which humanwise we call tears. They are tears for a reality, a truth, an ideal which he loves now the more because it was lost a while. He is not unfamiliar with the sweet, sad music of humanity, and so he has pitched his key in a sympathetic quaver. In "Sorrow's Voice" he strikes the buoyant note.

That Life is Sorrow's voice of joy, with such philosophy his vision lifts

> From cares that tie one to the mean
> And little things of life

to "the radiant path that lies behind the stars." And so his singing for the larger part of the book is hopeful and pensively sweet. It is religious, too, with many a stave for Our Saviour and His Mother.

It is well that Mr. O'Connor gave last place to "The Ghost" and "Inspiration," for they seem to be vague, hazy, groping, evidently of the twilight hour, "when bleeding feet were puzzled" before "The Quest." We suggest that "February Dawn" be omitted from a second edition of the "Poems." H. H.

Breviarium Romanum .Ex-Decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini Restitutum, S. Pii V, Pontificis Maximi Jussu Editum Aliorumque Pontificum Cura Recognitum, Pii Papæ X Auctoritate Reformatum. Neo-Eboraci: Apud Fratres Benziger. $8.75 et $11.00.

Those who have been waiting for the arrival of the new edition of the "Roman Breviary," that H. Dessain, of Malines, announced, will be glad to hear that a consignment of these moderate-priced volumes has at last reached this country. The books must have been well on their way, perhaps via Antwerp, some weeks before Malines was shelled. In view of the fact that the only business now being transacted in Belgium is that of war and destruction, many American priests will probably have to wait some time longer for their new "Mechlins." The attractive features of the present edition are its convenient size, low price and extended text. It is an 18mo, not an inch thick, can be had in flexible morocco for $8.75, or in Alaska seal for $11.00. The priest can read his "little hours" without turning back for the hymns and prayers that occur every day, and all the responses of the second nocturn actually follow the lessons.

Since breviaries are our theme, mention should also be made here of the beautiful 12mo Ratisbon edition Pustet is selling in this country for $14.50. In our issue of June 6, a notice was given his attractive 8vo edition, the price of which is $11.25. The present set is more sumptuous still, and, of course, has all the practical conveniences the smaller volumes possess. If to these three varieties of breviary is added the 12mo, $11.50, Tours edition, of which Benziger Bros. are the American agents, even the most critical should be able to find the set that pleases him best. W. D.

Romanism in the Light of History. By Randolph H. McKim, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The function of words and names is, ordinarily, to convey meanings, and because of this it is an established convention that the speaker should so speak that his auditor may know what he is talking about. There are, however, classic instances where this rule has been departed from, and a word has assumed a terrible and far-reaching connotation on the part of the user. There is the case of the old lady who found a world of meaning tucked away in the word "Mesopotamia": clearly an example of litotes. Then again, when Humpty Dumpty used the word "impenetrability" he explained to Alice that the inward meaning or thing signified was far in excess of the mere word. Let us take an example nearer home. Generally speaking, the word "Republicanism" connotes the whole extent of the substantive "Republican"; and by the same token the word "Romanism" should indicate the whole art and practice of a Roman. But there are Romans and Romans; from Horatius Cocles, who performed feats at the breach of the Tiber bridge, to Ernesto Nathan, who performed feats at the breach of the Porta Pia; and Dr. McKim's book is about none of these. With him "Romanism" is a kind of synthetic way of saying: "The Devotions and Practices of the Catholic Church whereby she is distinguished from all the heresies and schisms." This is, of course, a great responsibility to place on one word; but it is an admirable example of twentieth century efficiency.

To say that Dr. McKim understands neither the Catholic Church nor its doctrines would be stating the case very mildly; and the fact that he mixes up the "Denial of the Cup to the laity" and the Temporal Power of the Pope with such things as the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and Infallibility shows how inadequate is his conception of what the Catholic Church demands as the standard of Catholic belief. That Dr. McKim is conservative is shown by his heroic clinging to the old Protestant interpretation of the Petrine texts: this in the face of modern scholars such as the Anglican divine Plummer, and Montefiore the liberal Jew, neither of whom has any Catholic interest in the true interpretation of these texts. Nor will he have it that St. Peter ever was in Rome, although the ancient tradition is supported by such modern scholarship as the historical researches of Mr. Edmundson in his Bampton Lectures at Oxford in 1913.

Any serious intention this book might possess is vitiated by the fact that its objections to the Catholic Church were all refuted long before Dr. McKim set pen to paper. Nor can references to the *Protestant Alliance Magazine* of London call forth respect any more than references to the *Menace,* of which journal it is an English cousin: and excerpts from the statistics of Joseph McCabe, ex-friar, ex-priest, and agnostic prove—that arithmetic is the science of numbers. In attacking the doctrine of Transubstantiation and Confession the Doctor places himself at issue with a large number of his fellow Anglicans; and a cheap descant upon such topics as the Inquisition, Catholic marriage laws, and the morals of Catholics, shows the purpose of this book, which is to discredit Catholics in general before the eyes of the world, and American Catholics in particular, before the eyes of their fellow citizens. What becomes of the Anglican appeal to sound learning when we are entertained with the spectacle of a divine, gracefully bearing up the Fathers with one hand, whilst with the other hand he slings mud? It is an effort that would have delighted the hearts of the "glorious Reformers" of old, who found in such tactics an effective expression of liberty of conscience. H. C. W.

Im Ringen der Zeit. Sozialethische und Sozialstudentische Skizzen von Dr. Herm. Platz. M. Gladbach: Volksvereins-Verlag. 1.20 Mark.

Luxus und Verantwortlichkeit. Von Dr. Phil. Maria Maresch-Jezewicz. M. Gladbach: Volksvereins-Verlag. 40 Pfennig.

One danger often contingent on attendance at institutions of higher education is the excessive attraction which sports exercise over so many of our best and most promising students. The consequence is that they enter upon life without any preparation for the social mission which awaits them. This holds true, likewise, of our Catholic graduates. If they have been accustomed to devote all their leisure to pleasure, they are not likely to change their habits and suddenly to sacrifice themselves to the service of others. It was not thus that men like Ozanam, Kolping and Bishop von Ketteler were formed. Sodalities in particular must afford the needed opportunities of preparation during student years for a life of charitable, social and civic usefulness. Our young students can in particular be taught to participate in the organized works of charity and other forms of religious and social service, undertaken by approved Catholic organizations.

Suggestive for this work, and filled with noble incentive and enthusiasm, are the successive volumes of the *Studenten-Bibliothek,* edited by the Secretariate for Students' Social Work at M. Gladbach, the centre of Catholic social activity in Germany. The first of the booklets mentioned here is the twentieth of the "Students' Library" series, and contains discussions of social problems from an ethical point of view. The second deals with the part played by luxury in our modern life and the struggle which must be waged against it by our Catholic young men and women who have been given the advantage of a Catholic higher education with the great

accountability it implies. Other volumes of this series are even of a more directly practical kind. Though not always applicable to our own conditions they can not fail to be suggestive. All of them should be familiar to our students and professors in order that they too may go and "do likewise."

J. H.

The Poet. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. With Pictures by Franklin Booth and Decorations by W. A. Dwiggins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.30.

When not engaged in composing imperishable verses the central figure of this charming story is chiefly occupied in bringing smiles to little children's faces, arranging lovers' meetings, and ending the estrangement of a wife from her husband. He is the "poet all people love" and the reader is sure to be infected with their enthusiasm. Men and women who frequent the divorce courts, the poet complains, interfere seriously with his business. He refuses to stand by and see the little fringes he has attached to old fabrics torn off. He protests against the modern widening of the gulf between poetry and life, and speaks to his fellow authors these words of warning:

> None of us lives all to himself. All of us who write must keep that in mind; our responsibility. When I was a schoolboy I found a misspelled word in a book I was reading and I kept misspelling that word for twenty years. We must be careful what we put into print; we never can tell who's going to be influenced by what we write. Don't let anybody fool you into thinking that the virile book has to be a nasty one. There's too much of that sort of thing. They talk about warning the innocent; but there's not much sense in handing a child the hot end of a poker, just to make it dread the fire.

The reader is sure to like the poetical reporter, and winsome Little Marjorie. Marion, though she thinks herself a pantheist, is very amiable too. The novel is pervaded by Mr. Nicholson's whimsical humor and the important element in human happiness idealism holds is adroitly shown. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Catholic Truth Committee, the Encyclopedia Bureau of New York is getting out at low prices a new edition of the "Catholic Encyclopedia." The twelve editors and directors of the publication announce that the work "is designed to be the starting point of a movement among Catholics, a great educational movement in every Catholic home in the land, the source of a literature that will re-Catholicize the English tongue." Such a worthy enterprise merits complete success. As the sixteen handsome volumes of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" can now be had bound in cloth for $29.00 and in half-morocco for $49.00, this valuable work of reference should soon be in thousands of Catholic homes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have asked us to correct the implication in our note on "Monsignor Villarosa," in AMERICA for September 26, that the author, Pompeo, Duke Litta, is not a real personage. We are aware that he is, for a reason that need not be discussed here, and we fully accept the Putnam statement that their transactions with him were *bona fide;* but it still remains true that the intrinsic evidence points to feminine authorship of the English Protestant fanatical type. An Italian nobleman may hate the Pope, but he would hardly call him "the secular omnipotence of the Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills." The publishers are protected by a foreword which declares that the main incidents are untrue; and their "Advance Book News" states that Duke Litta's agrarian experiments, which are ascribed to Bishop Villarosa, were frustrated by the Socialists, whereas the novel assigns their frustration to the wicked clericals. The book is false in fact, sentiment and trend; and that it should be written by some other than the reputed author would not be unprecedented among decadent nobles. The only intrinsic evidence in favor of foreign authorship is its frequently ungrammatical and unidiomatic English.

"Outside the Walls" (Herder, $1.25) is the title of a book into which Mr. Benjamin Francis Musser has gathered certain "tributes to the principle and practice of Roman Catholicism from our friends *Fuori le Mura,* which he contributed originally to the New York *Freeman's Journal.* Under twenty-three chapter headings the compiler arranges the results of a diligent inspection of papers and periodicals and of standard authors, and he furnishes an index of "sources." But the rambling, disconnected character of the citations is, of course, the common drawback of books of this kind. Preachers, controversialists and "seekers after light," however, should find the book useful. Mr. Musser calls Walter Pater a convert. Many would like to learn the authority for that statement.

The first series of the "Lives of English Martyrs" whom Pope Leo XIII declared blessed was published originally by Burns & Oates, in 1904 and 1905, as the hundredth and hundred and first numbers of the "Quarterly Series." The valuable work has now been reissued by Longmans, Green & Co. ($5.00). Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., it will be remembered, is the editor of the two volumes and has also written a number of the lives, Fathers Bowden, Keogh, Phillips, Pollen, Morris and Stanton being the other contributors. In the first volume are sketches of those who suffered under Henry VIII, and in the second are short lives of twenty-four martyrs that Elizabeth made from 1570 to 1583. Each volume is furnished with a scholarly introduction by the editor. No Catholic library that is without these books can be called well equipped.

The Christian Brothers of Ireland brought out on September 8 the first number of *Our Boys,* a monthly journal. The new publication has for its aim:

> To interest, instruct and inspire the boys of our Catholic schools, to create in them a taste for clean literature, to continue the character-forming lessons of their school days, to fire their enthusiasm for what is noble and good, to inflame their love of country, and to help in preserving them as devoted children of Our Holy Mother the Church.

An inspection of the twenty-four pages of the paper shows that the editors are already realizing these high purposes pretty well. There are some reminiscences of his school days by Father McSweeney, of Maynooth. Mr. Denis McCarthy, of the *Sacred Heart Review,* contributes a stirring poem, and the stories are varied and interesting. There is also a Gaelic page for the erudite and "Sport" for the athletic. "Our Boys" of Ireland are those, of course, to whom the new journal makes its chief appeal, but Catholic lads of other countries will also like the paper. One dollar mailed to Kenny's Publishing Department, 65 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, will secure a year's subscription. AMERICA wishes *Our Boys* a long life and a prosperous one.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose "Trees and Other Poems" Doran, by the bye, is announcing, writes from England to the New York *Times* that many London publishers are giving to the Prince of Wales Relief Fund all the profits they are deriving from the sale of war books. As there is not much else being published, that means a great deal. Moreover, a number of authors, not to be outdone in patriotism, are offering their royalties to the fund. Mr. Kilmer reports that:

> Hilaire Belloc had intended to make a tour of the United States this winter, lecturing in the principal cities. But he is now so busy writing about the war for *Land and Water,* a weekly paper to which his contributions have given great

popularity, that he may decide to postpone his trip. Also there is a possibility of his going to the front as soldier, interpreter or correspondent.

The latest book of that remarkably versatile author, who has taken all literature as his province, is "The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry," recently published in this country by Putnam.

The London *Times Literary Supplement* has these words of commendation for "Oddsfish!" Mgr. Benson's new novel:

> "Oddsfish!" unlike many of its kind, may claim its value as history. It is also a novel. It tells a pretty and tragic love-story, which is just sufficiently woven into the history not to seem a concession and a patch. But the remarkable thing in the book is the characterization of the King. He may be said, in the cant phrase, to "live in these pages." . . . Mgr. Benson seems to understand Charles, good and bad, merry and woful, wise and foolish, fascinating and repellent; and he has put all the contradictions together into a single and recognizable human being. His success with the Duke of York is scarcely less; but that was an easier task. The story is told by a young Catholic who is sent from Rome on a secret mission to help the King where he can, the ultimate end, of course, being his admission into the Church of Rome; and it is chiefly the King's relations with the Catholics in which Mr. Mallock is concerned. He sees all the affairs of Oates' Popish plot and the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey; he takes a very important and difficult hand in the complicated game of the Rye House plot; finally, it is he who brings the priest to the bedside of the dying King. There never was, we suppose, such a person as Mr. Roger Mallock; yet Mgr. Benson's description of the King's death may fairly take its place as a piece of just and absorbingly interesting history.

Mgr. Benson's new historical novel seems to equal in excellence his two stories of contemporary life, "The Average Man" and "Initiation." "Oddsfish!" will soon be published in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons and by Dodd, Mead & Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
Fine Clay. By Isabel C. Clark. $1.35; Im Kampf um Lourdes. Ein Deutscher Roman von Lucens. Mk. 3.50; What Think You of Christ? By Francis H. A. Cahusac. $0.35; The Conversion of Cæsare Putti. By W. Hall-Patch. $0.35.

Century Co., New York:
The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the Catholic Reformation in Continental Europe. By Edward Maslin Hulme. $2.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The College Course and the Preparation for Life. By Albert Parker Fitch. $1.25.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The Rosie World. By Parker Fillmore. $1.30.

Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia:
The Jewish Year Book 5675 (1914-1915).

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Simplicity. By Bishop de Gibergues. $0.60.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Single Hound, Poems of a Life Time. By Emily Dickenson. $1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Christianity and Economic Science. By W. Cunningham. $0.90.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
They Who Question. $1.35; Hoof and Claw. By Charles C. D. J. Roberts. $1.35.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
On Acting. By Brander Matthews. $0.75; Poems. By Edward Sandford Martin. $1.50; Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. $1.35; Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. $0.75.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
The Problems of Boyhood. By Franklin Winslow Johnson. $1.00.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
The Signification of BERAKA. A Semasiological Study of the Semitic Stem B-R-K. By Thomas Plassmann, O.F.M.

United States Catholic Historical Society:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. VII. Edited by Charles George Herbermann, LL.D.

World Book Co., Yonkers, New York:
Indian Days of the Long Ago. By Edward S. Curtis.

EDUCATION

The Era of Reconstruction

In education, as in theology, there is a Modernism which is unto death, and a modernism which is nothing more than a common-sense adaptation of lawful means to attain a desirable end. Happily, Modernism in theology can be defined and condemned by ecclesiastical authority. Unfortunately, modern pedagogy bows down to no Pontifex Maximus. However carefully it may arrange its school programs, it can send them forth from the pedagogical laboratory with no guarantee of their orthodoxy. Their value as a means of educational salvation can be fixed only after they have been tried. Of necessity, they are in the nature of an experiment, and the *corpus vile* of the experimentation is the mind of the child.

Since the program makers began their work, at least as far back as Aristotle, this tinkering with the mind of the child has a fairly long history. The experience of these centuries has supplied us with a mass and variety of results, from which a consistent body of pedagogical principles, true for all times and places, may be drawn; principles which, if properly applied, will help the child to take his proper place in this world, and to remember that there is another world beyond these bounds of time and space. Certainly, human activities vary with the changing requirements of civilized existence in succeeding centuries. Therefore these principles must be readjusted from time to time. But it must be a readjustment, not an abandonment, nor an essential change. For human nature, which is the principle of this activity, remains itself essentially unchanged.

Modern pedagogy, unconsciously perhaps, has suggested many a new and useful application of old principles to modern instances. Let this be freely acknowledged. But its fundamental error seems to lie in its practical assumption that new activities necessarily require a new principle of activity. Hence, programs of study, not without value in an age when man's activity was confined to a restricted sphere, must be rejected in our larger day, or so fused with newer plans that their real nature and consequent efficiency are destroyed. This principle of the new pedagogy was stated with emphasis some years ago by Dr. Eliot, who cited "the immense widening and deepening of human interests brought about in the nineteenth century," as the first and final justification of his theory of electivism in the colleges.

With this concept of education, forced at last by the great authority unthinkingly conceded Dr. Eliot, rather than by a willing approbation accorded after critical examination of happy results in the classroom, came the lauded "deepening and widening" of the college curriculum. This radical change soon made itself felt in the secondary, and even in the elementary, schools. The champions of the older pedagogy were loath to part with a curriculum which, subject as it always was to readjustment, was yet thought to contain all that the experience of centuries had fully proved to be of prime importance in the educational process. For a time, the conservative schools held to the sufficiency of a training which was based upon mathematics, the cultural subjects and philosophy, which exacted in the primary schools a thorough discipline in reading, writing, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, and which from the outset stressed the duty of submission to authority. This training they believed to be both cultural and disciplinary. Schools of this type freely admitted that their curriculum left the student in ignorance of many subjects of interest, yet of secondary importance. But they held that they could best fit the student for the professional and intensive studies of later years, by concentrating

his attention upon a few subjects of known value. They were not ready to cram the curriculum with a variety of uncorrelated topics, nor to adopt a new method of education which had nothing to recommend it, beyond the approbation of a system which, as yet, had not justified even its own existence.

But it soon became clear that, outside the Catholic Church, these champions were fighting a losing fight. With the abandonment, in varying degree of completeness, of the old standards, came an era of attempted reconstruction, in which education has fared as badly as did good government in the South, in the days of the carpet-bagger. For the last quarter century, the American school has witnessed a bewildering succession of reform movements. New methods have been introduced, new studies have replaced the old, on the plea that these changes were "a necessary readjustment to the great revolutions that have taken place in industrial and social life and in scientific progress generally." While a thing is not necessarily good or bad because it is old, neither is novelty alone an adequate guarantee of value. Like the Areopagites of St. Paul's time, our school authorities have exhibited a striking fondness for hearing, and for adopting, new and untried things. Child-study, for instance, pursued in a spirit of sympathy which knew too little of scientific precision, gave a new impetus some decades ago to the Kindergarten. Affecting the very root of the educational process, it was to renew in time the face of the educational world. Experience has cooled the enthusiasm of those earlier years. The Kindergarten is still with us, although in some parts of the country it is little more than a day-nursery. Very properly, superintendents of public instruction are not always free to shout from the housetops the secret sentiments of their hearts, but one need not be a searcher of hearts to be well aware that many among them regard the toys of Froebel with distrust. It is fairly clear, that either from a misapplication of Froebelian principles, or from some defect inherent in the principles themselves, the Kindergarten too often fails to prepare the child for even the light and easy discipline of the primary grades. And when, as frequently happens, the methods of the kindergartner are allowed to slip into these grades, the results are even worse. Dr. C. A. McMurry, Director of the Training Department of the Illinois State Normal School, complains that "in primary reading, bright-colored pictures are sometimes used so profusely as to draw the children's attention away from the essentials of reading," and further, that "in primary number work, the children are kept too long working with blocks, splints, and counting material." It may yet be found that we too eagerly discarded the old-fashioned New England Primer and its legitimate descendants for the empty toy-books, exquisitely edited by the modern publisher, and obligingly adopted by careless school boards.

In the grammar schools, "the immense widening and deepening of human interests" has introduced domestic science, iron-working, military and naval training, nature-study, calisthenics, dancing, basket-weaving, classes for little mothers, carpentering, language lessons to the exclusion of formal grammar, commercial geography, commercial English, moving-pictures, and is now threatening phonetic spelling and sex-hygiene. As mere knowledge, many of these subjects are undoubtedly useful and, perhaps, valuable. But it is not at all certain that they are either cultural or disciplinary, to a degree which properly entitles them to a place in the curriculum of a school intended primarily for normal children. It will be understood, of course, that in no one program do all of these "studies" appear. But if even two or three of them be added to the already well-filled program, what is to become of the fundamental subjects of the grammar school, reading, writing, arithmetic? "The few pre-adamites who still cling to the long obsolete gospel of the three R's," writes the editor of the New York *Sun*, "must be hopelessly dazed by that all-sciolist compound which the wisdom of the modern calls education." The further fact that our modern reformers are now determined to cut down the daily time-schedule, and to shorten the preparatory courses by two or three years, gives us reason to fear that the old-fashioned "plain-schooling," which very often turned out a boy who could "write legibly, read intelligently and cipher accurately," is soon to be replaced by a system whose choicest product will be a callow youth with well-developed fingers, under-developed wits, and a bulky, ill-balanced assortment of facts about a variety of things, which he will probably forget a year or two after he has left school. Mental training, as a purpose in education, seems to have been lost in the welter of an overcrowded, unsymmetrical curriculum. To impart information and to develop the body, appears to be the aim of the modern school.

> Broad indeed is our education, writes the New York *Sun*, and as deep as a rain drop; and happily able to dispense with fundamentals and essentials. So broad that a good many public school graduates habitually use two negatives, and can't spell.

It is always easy to pick flaws. But in these days, when the charm and power of the modern pedagogy, particularly as exemplified by the public school, are dinned into Catholic ears, and when in some quarters devotion to the public school is held to be essential to true patriotism, it is well to demand, with some peremptoriness, the credentials which justify the perfection claimed. The demand can not be satisfied. Nor will the ungrateful task of "picking flaws" be wholly useless, if it leaves us with a truer valuation of our own schools. These, for all their faults, are founded upon principles which are not of yesterday, principles justified alike by history and by present experience.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Convict J 3217

Huddled in the corner of his cage, Convict J 3217 mumbles that he "never did have no chanst." As I know something of the early history of Convict J 3217, I append a *nihil obstat* to the only line of autobiography which he will ever give to the world.

Convict J 3217 was born in "The Bottoms," a section of our town which has furnished alumni to the penitentiaries of several States. An unwelcome guest, he came when the leaves were falling. Nobody wanted him, but it was a bit hard to get rid of him, and no questions asked. How he managed to live through his first winter no one knows, least of all his mother, who, when sober, eked out a precarious existence as scrubwoman in one of the downtown office buildings. She called him "Johnny, darlin'" in her maudlin moments, poor thing, and something else when the glow of the spirits, that for the moment made her hard world seem a little less brutal, had died away. After a hulking loafer had appeared, to preside over the fortunes of the dingy *menage* down by the tracks, he heard that his other name was "Jones." Early in his conscious existence Johnny had learned two paths. Along one he toddled with a pail to the corner saloon. At a somewhat maturer age he trudged down the other to the tracks to steal coal. This last was a distinct advance, postulating a keen eye to note the proximity of "cops," a swift foot to elude their pursuit should a flank movement bring them unexpectedly upon the scene. By the time he had outgrown his baby lisp the conversation of his excellent parents had supplied him wth a choice vocabulary. These sometimes had differences. Johnny soon learned that an argument

which admits of no immediate rejoinder is a flat-iron or a beer bottle, accurately aimed at the head of your opponent. At the age of ten Johnny could lie and curse and steal and fight and drink. He had his own "gang," and his admiring companions united with the police in putting him on the waiting list of that choice organization known as "Egan's Rats." But, although Johnny did not know it, his education was woefully incomplete. A great college had not as yet put her mark on him. This want was soon to be partly supplied, for one day he hit a policeman in the ear with a rock, a sharp-edged rock of fair weight, a rock aimed hard and true. As is well known, to assault a policeman is a crime only less heinous than to murder a blind man for the sake of his pennies. The next policeman who laid eyes on Johnny enwrapped him in the meshes of the law, and thus entangled Johnny remained three days in the Bridewell awaiting trial. This was in the eighties, remember. We no longer throw children into jail, even bad children, for throwing rocks, even at policemen.

In the indiscriminate crowd of men and boys, ranging from "plain drunks" to appalling degenerates, who were herded in the "bull-pen" of the Bridewell, Johnny learned some methods of making evil profitable as well as pleasant, of which in his small and sordid world he had never dreamed. Brought into the police court the judge momentarily surveyed Johnny's small figure with amusement, and looked over the next case on the docket while a policeman told a direful story of how Johnny was not only a neglected boy, but a bad boy, headed straight for the gallows. "He oughta be tied up somewhere." Perhaps the policeman was right. At any rate this judicial hearing in which the only factor considered was Johnny's tear-stained, frightened little face, took about five minutes. At its conclusion the judge looked up from his papers and told Johnny to "get out and don't do it again." Let us not blame him overmuch. He didn't want to send Johnny to jail, but he was too busy just then to figure out a plan for Johnny's reformation. Besides, that was none of his business. As he understood it, the law did not propose to reform people, but to punish them, thereby warning other possible evil-doers. The common criminal law, it is true, made no distinction between an adult and a minor who, like Johnny, reached the age of criminal responsibility at ten years. Custom, however, allowed him to shield minors by discharging them from custody, *i.e.*, by immediately returning them to the environments which were the occasion and the contributing cause of their crimes.

As this is not a complete biography, with notes and appendices, of Johnny Jones, now known as Convict J 3217, we will only say that Johnny returned to the "gang" a crowned hero. Attached to the wheel of his triumphal car was a policeman with a wounded ear. His path was lighted by the aura of three glorious days spent in jail. Henceforth throughout the "Bottoms" Johnny possessed *kudos* and *auctoritas*. For a discussion of these terms you are referred to your dusty Greek and Latin dictionaries. Briefly, however, they imply that Johnny was the glorious and undisputed monarch of all he surveyed. He now advanced rapidly. By the time he had learned to vote more than once in the same election, but in different precincts, under a name previously supplied by its "Boss," and always at a price, he had an excellent police record, and was among the leaders of "Egan's Rats." He surely would have become Grand Rodent or something of that illustrious body had not an untimely raid of the police resulted in the snuffing out of the life of Policeman Murphy, an honest, conscientious guardian of the law, who left a widow and four or five small children to mourn him. The police said that Johnny was the gun-man, but the benefit of a slight doubt changed the sentence from the scaffold to life imprisonment.

Johnny was never an asset to Society. He never did an honest day's work in his life, except when he was in jail. In property, stolen or destroyed, in the cost of many arraignments and jail terms, he represents a financial loss of thousands of dollars. He destroyed a useful life. He brought grief and disgrace upon many decent poor folk whose sons, and daughters too sometimes, he taught to follow him.

Who's to blame? Do you remember Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed Ring? Circle-wise they stand, these worthies, and every man of them points the accusing digit at his neighbor. Our acquaintance with Johnny's parents allows us to say that these gave him "no chanst." What they taught him led him to the Bridewell where he got his start in a career of active disorder. As Johnny views the matter from his cage, all that Society ever did for him, Society as represented by that police judge, was to teach him disrespect for law and order. When Johnny began to practise that lesson Society protected itself by throwing him into jail. In providing for the welfare of the many, by depriving the individual of his misused liberty, Society was but doing its duty. But, oh the difference to Johnny and to Johnny's victims, had that police judge, instead of looking on him as a useless bit of driftwood, seen in him a neglected, ill-used child, whom decent care and a little love might have developed into a man, a useful citizen, instead of Convict J 3217. No, we can't blame the judge much; but we can look back with wonder at the crass stupidity of a system which, in the letter of the law at least, made no distinction between adults and minors of seven or ten years of age, and which in imposing or remitting sentence cared little or not at all for the child's reformation.

Only after a great many Johnnies had passed in hurried review before busy or undiscerning police judges did we begin to realize that, in default of proper guardians, Society had some charge, as yet unfulfilled, over these poor waifs. By degrees a principle long recognized in law, the *parens patriæ* power of the State, found expression in the Children's Court. Catholics are rightly jealous of any undue assumption of parental authority by the civil power. But we do not think that the principle upon which the Juvenile Court is based implies undue invasion of parental rights. In fact the Juvenile Court's greatest triumph is its success in awakening negligent parents to a sense of their duty. The neglected, ill-treated, or apparently incorrigible child is taken in charge by the State only after the parents have been clearly shown to be unwilling or unable to exercise their inalienable parental rights. In its procedure the Court proposes to view these children not as criminals but as children in need of aid, encouragement and guidance. Its primary purpose is not punishment but reformation. Not "is this child guilty or not guilty," but, "considering all the circumstances, what is the best thing I can do to help this child?" is the first question which the Court endeavors to answer.

Let us freely admit that, in practice, the Juvenile Court is still far from perfection. In its two most important functions, investigation and probation, in which it should be strongest, it is weakest. Moreover, it is peculiarly open to the inroads of sociological "cranks." All this may be admitted. But do you think that, if back in the eighties the Juvenile Court had been established in our town, Convict J 3217 could now complain with any show of justice that he "never did have no chanst"?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Most of the astronomical expeditions arranged to study the solar eclipse of August 21 last were either unable to organize or to reach the positions assigned them because of the war. According to the New York *Evening Post*, from only two

points have reports of successful observations been received. Results of value have been reported by the Rev. Aloysius Cortie, S.J., of Stonyhurst College, who was commissioned to observe the eclipse at Hernoesand, Sweden, by the Royal Astronomical Society.

As noted on another page the charge made in an official communication from the Kaiser to the President of the United States that Belgian priests had been guilty of "outrages against wounded soldiers, doctors and nurses," has, after investigation, been officially withdrawn. While many, no doubt, refused to believe the original accusation, Catholics may feel quite sure that not a few gave it full credence. Bigotry has already begun to exploit the alleged crimes of the Belgian priesthood, and there is little doubt that, for years to come, these cruel slanders will be cited as official and irrefutable proof of the real character of the Catholic priest.

The Rev. Cyril H. Stenson, B.A., an Anglican clergyman, was received into the Catholic Church at Caldey Abbey recently. The monks of Caldey have also been privileged to offer a home to Benedictine refugee monks from two abbeys within the war zone in Belgium. The entire novitiate and some of the oldest monks of the Abbaye de Saint André de Bruges have fled to Caldey. They were received by the Mayor and some residents of the litle Welsh town of Tenby, who offered them assistance as they passed through the town to the island. Other refugee monks at Caldey are from the Abbey of St. Benedict at Maredsous. The famous library of 600,000 volumes which this abbey possesses has been packed for safety in the crypt of the church. The monastery was occupied by German troops, and the latest dispatches state that the monks are all dispersed. The Abbot, Dom Columba Marmion, is at present residing temporarily at Caldey, but his monks have fled for refuge to all parts of Europe. An unconfirmed report states that the abbey church of Maredsous has been destroyed.

One of the astonishing incidents of the great war, says the Boston *Transcript,* has been its influence in arousing opposition to alcoholic liquors. Yet one fails to see why this movement should be called "astonishing." War is a brutal thing, yet it often exposes shams, and one of these shams is that a nation's greatness is in proportion to the amount of alcohol consumed by its people. The warring nations have simply acknowledged that too much alcohol heightens the general disorder, and checks military efficiency. The Russian Minister of Finance has received an imperial order that the prohibition of the sale of vodka, originally a war measure, is to be continued indefinitely. In France, Raphael George Lévy, a well-known economist, writes in the *Figaro:*

> We have already stopped the sale of absinthe. Why halt on the road? It is often only when favored by a great current of enthusiasm and national revival like that which crosses the country at this moment that virile resolutions can be taken. *Vive la France et mort à l'alcool!*

While Lévy holds that alcohol is France's greatest enemy, he admits that it will be impossible to close all liquor shops. But he urges a progressive diminution in their number, and an enforcement of law which will put an end to all secret and illegal manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants.

New York has recently lost, by resignation, one of the most eminent professional "uplifters" in captivity. For some years, this gentleman has been laying down the lines along which the public, private, official and social life of New York might be lived with his wise approval. Much that was evil had first to be cleared away. Bending his shoulders to this gigantic task, he has been uplifting for some years, with an unceasing energy not surpassed by a steam-shovel unloading a Lake Erie ore-barge. It is sad to relate that most people refused to take him seriously, and that the net result of all this uplifting seems to be a quarrel with the board that paid his salary. The Federal Treasury will miss him, comments the New York *Sun,* for he was a literary gentleman whose output of letters, filled with advice, admonition, forecasts and corrections, was almost without bounds.

> Some unsung genius, says the *Sun,* we may have robbed of his due, but to this gentleman we have always attributed those frank and intimate epistles in which the organization over which he presided, generously offered to edit all the newspapers, gather all the news, expose all the rascals, commend all the good men, and bear the burden of credit for whatever of improvement the world might show with increasing years. There has been an assurance, a calm superiority, an assumption of responsibility, about these communications that seemed to mark them as the product of an unmistakably higher spirit.

Non-Catholic schools of sociology weep much over the benighted Catholic methods of reform, which they affect to consider inefficient and anti-social. But if there is one factor, evil above all others, in this sociological work, it is the influence of the paid worker, the product of a school which eliminated grace from the forces of social reform, and which commercializes charity.

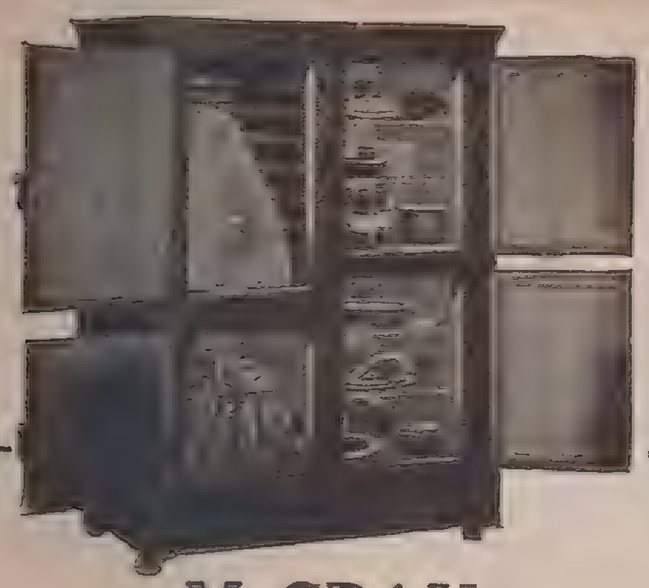
In this cultured day, it is scarcely necessary to point out that clubs, half-bricks and table-legs have long been considered unsuitable arguments by those debaters who move in our best society. But suppose that your opponent, suddenly and without justification, attacks your moral character, or worse, questions the good name of your mother? Suppose, further, that he hires a public hall, and to evoke the ribald hee-haws of a foul-minded mob, pours out obscene stories about your wife, your sister, or your daughter? Suppose, still further, that, not content with this, he puts all this vileness in a book or paper, which by favor of a weak-kneed Government, the mails will spread all over the country?

Is one justified in using a club to reduce a moral pervert of this type to silence, or of persuading him, by means of half a brick, to look upon the error of his ways and, in future, abandon them?

Catholics know the restraint which their religion puts upon them. Frugality, moreover, discountenances a course in which a perfectly good club might be spoiled. Deliberating upon this ethical point, a Kansas poet, Walt Mason by name, says in the gentle manner of a poet, that a man guilty of such vileness "deserves anything unpleasant that may happen to him."

> At present, writes the poet in the Emporia *Gazette,* a lot of noisy people who should be attending to their own business are howling that the Catholic Church is a menace. Newspapers are published for the sole purpose of carrying on this insane crusade, and they are read by hundreds of thousands of foolish people, who actually believe the stuff they find in them. Now be reasonable. There are many Catholics in Emporia. Has anybody the effrontery to say that the Emporia Catholics are a menace to anybody or anything? Can anybody deny that they are excellent citizens? Do they ever bother anybody, or try to force their creed on others? An answer might appropriately come from some of the many poor people who have received generous treatment at St. Mary's Hospital.

If all men were reasonable, these "noisy people" of whom Mr. Mason complains would soon be silenced. But attacks on the Church of a certain kind will always be welcomed by low-browed persons who feed their substitutes for minds upon moral filth.



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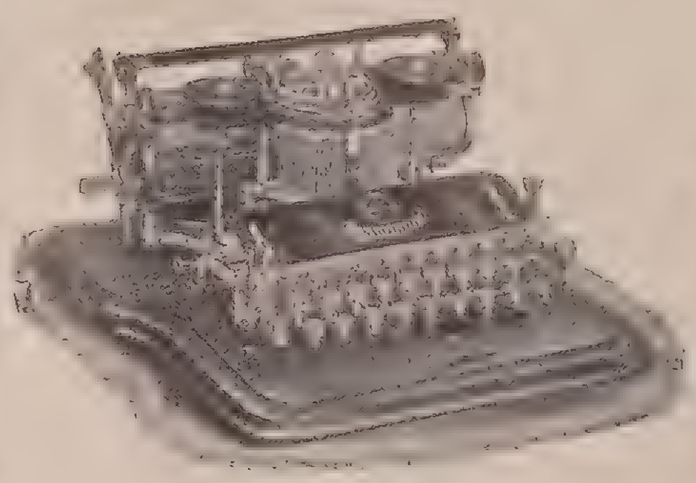
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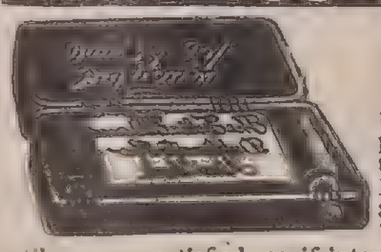
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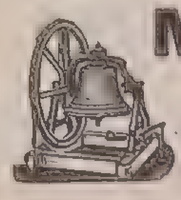


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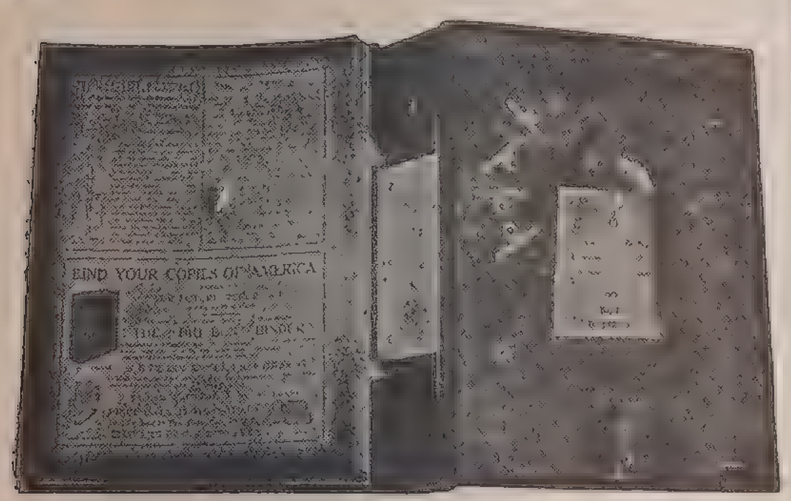


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CHRONICLE

It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

The War.—In France there has been little change in the situation at the centre, nor has much progress been made by either side on the east or west extremities of the long battle line. Movements, however, have begun both on the right and left wings, which may result in very important modifications of the situation. It is reported that the French have advanced from Nancy as far as Pagny and that Pont-à-Mousson is in their hands. This means that they have thrust back the Germans at one point at least to within a few miles of the Lorraine border, and that they are now within dangerous proximity to Metz. It also means that they have got to the east of the German forces that are trying to maintain their position on the river Meuse. As a consequence one portion of the Crown Prince's army is now being attacked from the east, west and south. So far it has been able to stand firm at St. Mihiel, but at other points it has been obliged to retire before very strong pressure from the south. Should the French be able to make good their advance a few miles further north, and cross over into Lorraine, and at the same time capture Pont-à-Mousson, which is probably still under attack, the Germans may find themselves under the necessity not only of withdrawing from Verdun, but even of fighting for the possession of Metz. It is not, indeed, likely that the German offensive will be brought to a speedy close, for they will probably be able to reenforce the threatened portion of their line; but there is just enough danger to their left wing to make the maneuvres about Verdun very interesting just at present. Renewed activity is reported in Alsace on the part of both armies.

Bulletin, Oct. 13, p.m.—Oct. 20, a.m.

At the western end of the conflict the Allies have been engaged in an effort to push their line into Belgium. In this, however, they have been seriously hampered by the presence of large bodies of German cavalry, which have been overrunning the country west of Lille, and at times have penetrated as far as Cassel and Hazebrouck, with the evident purpose of checking the French advance until General von Goltz's army should be ready to sweep along the Channel. Eventually they were forced to retire, and the Allies have now got well within Belgium. It is said that they have drawn up troops all the way from Ypres to the coast. Here they are waiting to resist the German army which reduced Antwerp and has ever since been advancing, having taken, without resistance, Bruges, Ostend and Nieuport. A battle has already taken place on the river Yser, which the Germans were prevented from crossing by the little Belgian army which now occupies the extreme left of the Allies' army.

The Allies' Left Wing

The Germans have resumed the offensive all along their right wing from Arras, through Lille to Ypres; and there have been many violent engagements. The Allies, however, have not only held their ground, but have even gained notably in the vicinity of Armentières. Their danger lies rather in the new invasion that

The Allies' Right Wing

Germans Resume Offensive

has already seized all the Belgian seacoast, and to judge from the attacks by airships, hopes soon to be before Dunkirk. Unless the Allies can stop them, this new advance will develop into a new flanking movement, with the inevitable result that the Anglo-French left will have to retire. The Germans seem to be bent on forcing the Allies back, and of clearing them from all Northeastern France. It has been pointed out that their present object appears to be to straighten out their right wing, so that it will no longer turn at right angles near Noyon, but extend in a practically direct line from Metz to the Channel, probably somewhere near Boulogne. Reports from Berlin say that all Germany is ringing with the cry, "On to Boulogne!" Success in this attempt would give them some very distinct advantages. It would relieve them from the danger of having their right wing turned, a danger that has threatened them ever since their defeat on the river Marne; and it would put them into a position to maintain their hold in France with a much smaller force than is necessary at present. This would enable them to use some of the troops that are now on the right wing for the prosecution of more active measures against Russia, or might even result in another march on Paris. Their victory, therefore, in Belgium has had much more than a mere moral effect on the campaign. It has improved their situation considerably, for they no longer have to cope with difficulties that precipitated their retreat from the French capital. They then had left behind them in Belgium a very formidable foe, who never ceased to be a menace to their rear, and they had besides another hostile army on their right, which not only threatened their communications, but even their very existence. Neither of these difficulties would have to be faced if they should succeed in extending their line to the Channel. It will be seen, therefore, that the Germans have retraced their steps and systematically set about removing the obstacles that stood in the way of their success. They have driven the Belgian army before them, and have extended their lines to the coast, but they still have a formidable work to accomplish. The extreme left wing of the Allies still blocks their path. It is no longer, however, on their right. During the next few days the north coast of Belgium and France will be watched with much interest, because on the outcome of the battle that must soon take place there depends, to a great extent, the German's second hope of breaking through the French resistance. It is expected that the brunt of the fighting in the immediate future will be shifted from the line that stretches north and south from Noyon to Lille to the line that extends east and west from Ypres to the coast, at a point probably close to the Belgo-French border. A victory here would mean much for the Germans.

The New Situation

The surprise of the week came in the news that the Austro-German armies were threatening Warsaw. It was known that the Germans had been concentrating in Central Poland, but it was generally believed that they were engaged in fortifying a long line of defence against the Russian advance, and that they would be content to check the invader before he penetrated into German territory. It was also known that there were at least two Russian armies somewhere in the Warsaw district, but much obscurity shrouded their movements. The world at large, therefore, was quite unprepared for the news that the Germans were almost at the doors of the strong Polish stronghold. It seems now that the Russians had been steadily yielding ground for about two weeks, not so much because of any serious defeat, but rather with the purpose of retiring to a position which they had judged more favorable to them. The engagement which finally took place not far from the Vistula, within eight miles of Warsaw, seems to have been a rather important victory for the Russians, with the consequence that the Germans had to fall back with considerable loss to a line stretching from Lodz to Kielce. The invasion of Central Poland, therefore, has resulted much as the invasion of Northern Poland. There was a steady advance until the Germans had got themselves into difficult country, then the Russians took the offensive and drove them back with severe loss.

The Warsaw Campaign

The Germans claim that they have reoccupied Lyck on the Prussian border; otherwise things are rather quiet in the north; both sides apparently are awaiting the outcome of the great conflict that has now begun at the centre, and extends all the way from Warsaw to the south of Przemysl. The great Galician fortress is still being attacked from the east. Vienna reports a whole series of victories in the Carpathian Mountains. Recent dispatches, however, are so contradictory that an accurate grasp of the whole situation is almost impossible. One thing only is certain, that the Russians have transferred the principal sphere of their activity from Suwalki and Galicia to the left bank of the Vistula, in Poland.

The relief of the pressure upon the Austrians in Galicia has enabled them to make preparations for a new invasion of Servia. Large forces are being moved in the direction of the Drina. Servia, on the other hand, does not seem to be alarmed, because she has again transferred the seat of government back to Belgrade. The Belgians have accepted the hospitality of France and set up their government at Havre. Japan is said to be negotiating an alliance with Russia. She has made but little progress against Tsing-tao. Portuguese troops, so it is reported, are being transported to Africa with the purpose of striking at the German colonial possessions. The rebellion led by Colonel Maritz in South Africa turned out to be not at all serious. The Boers in general are in sympathy with England.

Other Items

The German submarines have inflicted another disaster on the British navy. The cruiser Hawke was attacked off the coast of Scotland, and went down with almost all

her crew within eight minutes. The following day four German torpedo-boat destroyers were sunk off the coast of Holland by the British.

Austria-Hungary.—Important admissions were made, according to a press report, at the trial of Gavrilo Princip, the assassin of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife. Gabrinovic, one of the accomplices of the assassin, admitted that the plot was hatched in Belgrade. A Servian officer, Major Tankosic, had not only supplied him and his fellow conspirators with the revolvers and bombs intended for the Archduke, he is reported to have said, but had likewise supervised the revolver practice as a preparation for the act, had supplied them with means for their journey to Sarajevo and had given every other assistance in his power. To this testimony Gabrinovic added that he had conversed with the Crown Prince of Servia, but would not divulge the nature of the interview. Princip himself, who sought in every way to shield his accomplices, admitted that Major Tankosic had supplied the conspirators with revolvers. It is probable that still more important disclosures will be made bearing, at least remotely, upon the causes that led to the present war.

The Servian Plot

France.—*Le Gaulois* and other French journals reach America with evident marks of the careful supervision of the censor. In some instances, as the jagged leads and half-lines would indicate, paragraphs, and even sentences, have been excised from the plates, at the last moment before printing. It must be said, however, that while reported reverses of the French arms have not been made a prominent theme, the press is not endeavoring to lull the public to a false and disastrous sense of security.

The Careful Censor

According to the *Croix*, two Bishops are with the army, Mgr. Ruch, Bishop Coadjutor of Nancy, and Mgr. Perros, Vicar-Apostolic of Siam and Titular of Zoara. The work of priests and monks, but particularly the marvelous heroism of the Sisters, whom *Le Gaulois* styles, "France's truest heroines," receives universal praise. A wounded officer in France writes:

Heroes and Heroines of Charity

> There have been some fine scenes of devotion and heroism of nuns and doctors tending the wounded when the shells were pounding through roof and wall. . . . One of the Sisters of Mercy, with a deep flesh wound in her arm, would not let go of a poor, dying cuirassier whom she was supporting with her right arm, and made the doctor bind up her wound, while she gallantly remained at the bedside of her charge.

When the day of peace dawns will France remember her debt of gratitude to these religious exiles who returned to succor her in her hour of great need?

Germany.—The note of sacrifice is supreme in Germany at the present hour. All who can not bear arms are striving to assist the Fatherland in every way possible. The enormous war loan, far exceeding the existing needs, which was instantly raised, gives but a slight indication of the great personal sacrifices that are being made. The minutest economic regulations have been enacted to preserve the country from the possibility of a famine and to prevent the impoverishment of the people; but charity goes hand in hand with scientific forethought to meet the emergencies of the time. That much suffering will nevertheless be unavoidable is clear. The women of Germany have shown their heroism in the quiet and successful way in which they have taken hold of the work left in many cases almost exclusively for them to do, while at the same time they have joyfully offered the greatest sacrifices of which mothers and wives are capable. Religion is the great strength of the people. With the mobilization of armies on every hand a religious mobilization has likewise taken place. "Numerous parishioners," we read in an account from a very Catholic section of the country, "daily receive Holy Communion. In the evenings the churches are thronged for the recitation of the rosary. When darkness settles down crowds of people form about the crosses in the way, which are decked with flowers, while the candle-lights rival the stars in heaven." Catholic mothers in particular are exhorted during these strenuous days to keep a firm hand over the children, in the absence of the father and the elder sons, in order that religion and morality may not suffer. "After a time of moral and religious disturbance which threatened danger," writes the *Allgemeine Rundschau*, "the nation has again bethought itself of God. If ever, it is praying now!" Indicative likewise of the Government's attitude toward the Catholic Church is the order issued by the German Emperor, at the request of Cardinal von Hartman of Cologne, that Catholic priests who chance to become German prisoners are to be treated as officers, although in the French army they ranked only as common soldiers. This should be a lesson for official France.

Sacrifice and Religion

Great Britain.—With the publication of each new war gazette, the appalling loss of life among the British officers at the front becomes more apparent. Lord Kitchener, who at the outset of hostilities predicted a long war, and a conflict which would try England as never she had been tried before, is said to foresee the day when a substitute will stand in the place of every officer now on the field of battle. In the seven weeks following the arrival of the British forces on the Continent, the army lost 1,146, or about one-sixth, of its officers. Of this number, 267 have been killed, 329 are reported "missing," while 550 have received wounds which will permanently disable them. Among the Catholic officers who have recently fallen, are Captain Douglas Miers, whose younger brother lost his life as an officer in the South African War, Captain Victor Lontaigne, Lieutenants Ambrose and Victor

Mortality Among British Officers

Teeling, sons of Captain Bartle Teeling of the Papal Zouaves of 1870-71, and Lieutenant Victor Fox.

Ireland.—Mr. Redmond, addressing a large meeting at Wexford, said Home Rule was secure for every inch of Ireland, and the Party would see that the Amending Bill shall really amend, not mutilate. The threats of Law and Carson were negligible, but if there was question of force, two could play at that game. Now that their national autonomy within the empire is secured, it is their duty to protect and defend it, whether it is endangered in Ireland or in Europe. The story that he had entered into any arrangement to force the Volunteers or any Irishman into foreign service was false. They were perfectly free, a privilege that did not obtain in any other European country. Every Pole in Germany from 20 to 45 has to fight for his oppressors. Mr. Asquith had promised (1) that the Volunteers would remain after the war a permanent force for Ireland's defence, which was an addition to the privileges of the Home Rule Bill, and (2) that the Irish Brigade would be manned and officered solely by Irishmen, so that after the war they would have an efficient Irish army. Moreover, they were getting rifles and instructors for the home Volunteers, and loyal acceptance of their responsibility in the confederacy of the empire was the only way of securing these advantages. The Boer nation accepted it and they who, to their own disadvantage, supported the Boers when fighting against oppression, would not now hesitate to support the Belgians when in like condition. Mr. Dillon said in Mayo they had promised loyalty if their demands were granted. Their demands *were* granted. They must keep their word. Every man was absolutely free to go or stay, but Irishmen who fought with England in this war would be fighting for Ireland and forming the nucleus of an army of Ireland. The Irish members generally urge the same views, insisting that while they must not forget the past, the time has arrived to forgive. The vast majority of the Volunteers have rallied to Mr. Redmond according to the *Independent* and *Freeman,* which, however, are partisans in this matter.

Mr. Redmond's Position

Mexico.—Unholy strife still obtains throughout this unhappy land. Early in the week Villa's Yaqui Indians made a fierce attack on Naco, only to be repulsed with great loss of life. Nothing daunted they continued their onslaughts, and on October 17 made a supreme effort, but were again driven back. This time the greater part of two companies of Indians was annihilated by the explosion of well-laid mines. During the battle bullets rained down on the town of Naco, Arizona, which is separated from Naco, Sonora, by a street. Four United States soldiers were reported struck by Mexican bullets. There were battles, too, at Parral and Agua Prieta. Meantime the peace conference of Aguascalientes was in session. An armistice was proclaimed, but neither side paid any attention to it. General Hill issued a statement condemning Villa, once considered a god, as a rascal whose only aim was cheap glory. Then the cannons boomed again and the peace conference was continued. Later press dispatches from different places reported that Villa had begun preparations for his march on Mexico City. The war will rebegin with renewed fury. Villa is credited with 54,000 armed men, Carranza with 24,000. To add to the difficulty of the situation the governor of lower California, Anlez has issued a proclamation declaring that the State has seceded from the Mexican federation. Mexico City, too, is in a turmoil. There was a strike of car men and the Government immediately seized the tramway system. A statement was issued to the effect that the seizure was but a temporary expedient. The Washington *Post,* commenting upon this act, says editorially:

Riot and War

> The amount of looting done by Carranza's followers during the recent disturbances runs into the millions. Breweries, factories and mines have been taken over bodily, to be operated by the rebels for their own profit. Stores of merchandise have been stolen as a matter of course. Churches have been robbed of their valuables, and then burned. Private houses have been gutted. Automobiles are the first things pillaged by the bandits who hail the new birth of liberty under Carranza.

A few days since dispatches reported that Villareal, military governor of Nuevo Léon, was to succeed Carranza. The "succession" has not taken place. Nor is it desirable. Villareal is a socialist of the Ferrer school, a violent, hateful man, the same who burned the confessionals in Monterey, and issued the violent decree against the Church, printed some time ago in AMERICA. It were bootless and perhaps disedifying to publish his record further, at least at this juncture. Vera Cruz, too, is stirring with life. General Funston reports activity on the part of 4,000 Mexican troops nearby, who threaten to open fire on the Americans and "drive them out." As was expected and predicted, their manner has changed somewhat. This will become clear from the following part of a report sent by the Constitutionalist Captain Roque Sandobal to his colonel, for transmission to General Coss, on the occasion of the capture of Tepotzotlan:

> My Colonel, I herein give you an account of what happened yesterday. I arrived and took the small town of Tepotzoltan, *according to the order given me by the American Major.* The Federals had been there not long before. I captured four priests and took from them $403.14; and now do tell me what to do. Shall I send these priests to you? They do not wish to give me any more money; they claim they have no more. I myself looked through room after room, but I could not go through all, because there are many and time was short. [It was a college building.—*Editor of* AMERICA.] I could not find the safe, etc.

This is interesting at least. It would be interesting, too, to know where Villa obtains the huge sums expended for arms and ammunition. Since the embargo was raised, he has spent $400,000 on guns of various kinds and $600,000 on ammunition. A neat sum for a penniless bandit and an equally penniless horde of freebooters.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Catholic Attitude Toward Sociology

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently a well-known college man said to me: "The trouble with all Roman Catholic works on social subjects is that they repudiate every principle that does not promote the Church's own wealth and power, the Malthusian doctrine, for instance." In view of this, perhaps an article on the Church's attitude toward sociology would be timely and instructive.

E. S. C.

It is a favorite argument against the Catholic Church that she opposes free investigation of scientific truths and brings the weight of her authority against the necessary deductions from observed phenomena. Recently especial attention has been called to this assumed attitude in the realm of sociological science. Needless to say to the instructed Catholic, far from opposing investigation, the Church welcomes it, knowing that all truth whether in the world of matter or of spirit is coordinated, and so far as it is possible for the finite mind to know the manifestations of the Infinite, the more a really scientific treatment of facts is developed, the more is the reasonableness of the Divine plan manifested.

There is nothing in Catholic philosophy contrary to reason, but reason itself when soundly exerted shows that for an adequate knowledge of the mystery of life, it must recognize its limitations and accept Revelation. Revelation, the direct communication of supernatural truth by God to man, the Infinite to the finite being, is the fundamental concept of Christianity.

It is because of a lack of appreciation of this basic truth that the profound study, the praiseworthy industry, and the good intentions of leaders of thought in the comparatively new development of scientific investigation, known as sociology, have come under the animadversion of Catholic critics. They have ignored the influence of the supernatural upon natural phenomena and have inevitably gone astray in many of their conclusions.

Science has been defined as systematic knowledge, "Knowledge which binds together into complete unity the objects with which it has to deal according to their homogeneity and in which the separate objects of knowledge are apprehended as parts of a whole. . . . Systematic knowledge of related facts is what constitutes science." (Gareis Int. to the Science of Law, p. 13.)

With this definition in view it will appear what a laborious task has been assumed by those who have constructed even a partial science of sociology. The grouping of deductions from the vast material afforded by history and observation of man in his social relations has occupied the lives of many careful students, and their studies have borne fruit in the establishment of knowledge of inestimable value.

The Church does not forbid such admirable work; she encourages it. As in the exact sciences her children have won deserved renown, so in the inexact science of sociology in any of its branches, she favors the utmost endeavor to perfect general conclusions from observed facts. Her only care is to warn the student that the lines of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural established by revelation must never be overlooked.

It is here that she comes athwart the path of the temporarily leading school of thought. In most of the modern institutions of learning, and especially in America, certain non-religious, if not anti-religious, professors, led astray by their predominating materialism, ignore the element of supernatural religion. They trace the facts upon which they base their conclusions to elementary principles which are absolutely naturalistic, and going beyond the limitations of their science, attempt to account for phenomena that belong to another branch of knowledge. They base their conclusions as to the end of moral conduct and the purpose of human existence on purely economic grounds. They trace the existence of religion to the accidents of environment. So they seek "to arrive at a metaphysics through the systematic observation and interpretation of present and past social facts and processes." As Dr. Kerby shows (Cath. Encyc. Art. Sociology): "In the Christian view of life . . . the social sciences are guided by a sanctioned metaphysics and philosophy. This philosophy is derived not from induction but from revelation."

Before the coming of Christ no philosopher ever attained to that complete and all satisfying truth which He teaches: not that He did not teach and reinforce many moral precepts that already obtained, but it required His teaching in all its fullness to fortify mankind against the errors of natural reason. Imperfectly as the world has actually put in practice the ideals which He revealed to them, the most superficial student can not ignore their effects upon human conduct.

Here it is that the angle of divergence between the prevailing school of modern sociology and the Church begins. If one should be present at a meeting of sociological teachers, men who hold commanding positions in the community and are entrusted with the solemn duty of impressing the first principles of knowledge in their respective departments upon the minds of youth in the leading American colleges, he would find in their learned papers and profound disquisitions an entire absence of any recognition of the supernatural. Filled with a feeling of hardly disguised contempt for the researches and conclusions of philosophers, who have built up a system based upon a recognition of God's Providence, these modern teachers, with an arrogance which would merit severer rebuke, were it not so absolutely unconscious, proceed to expound their conclusions with a dogmatism far removed from the scientific spirit by which they profess to be governed. Unfortunately they are neither few in number nor insignificant in influence. They have the ear of the public and the tacit approval of the trustees of the universities who appoint them, and as a result, the

wildest conclusions are solemnly propounded as the true basis of human conduct. We have seen what an influence the false philosophy of the eighteenth century exercised on public affairs and private life long after its proponents had gone, and we may trace the cataclysmic condition now prevailing in Europe to the infidel teachings that have long held sway in seats of learning in modern nations.

Writing upon a subject intimately connected with sociology, referring to the ignorance of the Catholic teaching relating thereto, Foerster observes:

> *Catholica non leguntur.* Exaggerated and perverted accounts of Christian teaching are taken at third and fourth hand, and not the slightest effort is made to understand the real official teaching of the Church. . . . The fundamental Christian position was defined with such absolute clearness by Dante that any misunderstanding should have been impossible. "It is not Nature herself who is corrupt; false guidance it is which has darkened the face of the world." (Marriage and Sex Problem, p. 205.)

The charge of infidelity to Christian revelation will not be denied by modern sociologists. As one of their leaders has said: "He would be a bold man, who to-day after a thorough training in the best historical scholarship should venture to put forth a philosophy of history in terms of the divine ideas, or to trace the plans of an Almighty in the sequence of human events. On the other hand, those interpretations that are characterized as materialistic . . . are daily winning serious respect." (Quoted by Dr. Kerby, *ut supra.*)

Christian philosophy in all its relations recognizes the supernatural as a matter of course. The Church as the guardian of supernatural truth insists upon its recognition as a prerequisite in all attempts to generalize from particular events and phenomena.

> It classifies processes, institutions and relations as right or wrong, good or bad, and offers to men directive laws of human desire and distinctive standards of social valuations by which social conduct should be governed. (Kerby.)

Obviously then there is an unbridgeable chasm between the false science which omits the most important element in human existence, supernatural religion, and the true science sanctioned by the Christian Church. But it is untrue that the Church disapproves of the study of social facts or opposes the legitimate conclusions derived from them.

WALTER GEORGE SMITH.

The Young Man and Railroading*

What are the chances of success for boys in railroading? One might consider this an easy question to answer. To me it seems to be too comprehensive to admit of a proper answer in a limited article. Unlike commercial or industrial business, or the professions, the railroad business requires proficiency in some of the branches of all these three fields. There is no particular avenue to the higher executive positions. We find presidents and vice-presidents promoted from every department in the service. Other chief officers usually get their experience in the department of which they are in charge by promotion, step by step, from the lower ranks. In starting out therefore, the young man should have a definite idea as to the part of the service in which he desires to excel.

Railroad management is conducted by the following departments under the direction of boards of directors, presidents and vice-presidents: I. Operating: under general managers, assisted by general superintendents, superintendents of transportation, division superintendents, trainmasters, chief engineers (civil, mechanical and electrical), superintendents of motive power, master mechanics, engineers, supervisors of way, superintendents of telegraph, marine superintendents and purchasing agents. II. Traffic: under a general traffic manager, assisted by general freight agents and general passenger agents. III. Accounting: under a comptroller, assisted by general auditors, auditors of freight traffic and auditors of passenger traffic. Financial: under treasurers, assisted by cashiers. Legal: under a general counsel, assisted by various division counsels. All these offices have assistants and secretaries, and each department has supervision over branches of service that do not appear in this enumeration. As the organizations consist of from 5,000 to 50,000 persons, it will readily be seen that the details of the duties and responsibilities can not be given in our limited space.

As to the chances for boys in railroading: it is probably safe to say that they are as good as in any other field, and possibly better than in a good many. This country has constructed over 200,000 miles of railway in the fifty years just passed, and will probably construct as much more in the next twenty-five years. The population per mile of road is now about 750 in the Middle and Eastern States, 400 in the Southern and Middle Western States and 200 in the territory west of the Missouri River. These figures indicate the possibilities when it is understood that our Western Empire is being developed on better lines and with a rapidity heretofore unknown.

The chances for success in railroad work depend upon the qualifications of the worker, which are practically the same as those necessary in any other branch of business. The healthy, honest, industrious, sensible, patient, temperate boy with a high school education can not be held back after he once becomes known. His good work may be depended upon to attract the attention that leads to success. There is probably no occupation in which good work and manliness is better appreciated. The young man of good character, with tact and courage to meet jealousies, selfishness and narrow-mindedness, will succeed in any business; but probably with greater satisfaction in railroading than in any other, owing to the vast extent of the field and the thousands of manly men with whom he comes into competition. It is a business that

*The eighteenth of a series of vocational articles.

calls for pluck, loyalty and zeal, and it usually discovers and rewards the possessor of these attributes.

FRANK S. GANNON.

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Some Critics of Pius X

When Pius X passed away a few weeks ago, the secular press was respectful and inclined, on the whole, to recognize in him a great man. Not so the Protestant religious press, especially that section of it represented in this country by the *Living Church,* and in England by the *Church Times.* The angry tone in which these periodicals reviewed the Pontiff's life, was, to say the least, surprising. What was Pius X to the *Church Times,* for instance, that it should lose its temper over the supposed blunders of Cardinal Merry del Val and the narrow theology of the late Pope and his counsellors? One would not have been astonished at an academic review of the late pontificate pointing out what Anglicans might call its defects, blandly and in a detached sort of way; but the ordinary man finds it hard to understand the fierce onslaught of the *Church Times* on the "peasant seminarist," as it styles Pius X; and its bitter accusations of ignorance, incapacity and tyranny. Evidently it has a grievance against Pius X even greater than it had against Leo XIII. If we do not mistake its writer, he said some very hard things about Leo some years ago. But then he had just returned humiliated from a journey to Rome begun in the anticipation of triumph and the expectation of showing Roman theologians how wretched an article was their "seminary theology" as compared with that of himself and his brother amateur, Mr. Puller. Now it is the turn of Pius X to be reviled; and so eager is that writer in the work, that he reclothes Leo XIII in the garments of wisdom, moderation and strength, of which he and his abettors had stripped him, in order that, comparing the two pontiffs, all may learn from the contrast how pitiable was Pius X.

What is the explanation? Why should the *Church Times* manifest a personal enemity toward one with whom, according to its own principles, it had about as little to do as with the Grand Lama. He never wounded it by inviting the English nation to renounce all such incompetent teachers, in order to be taught of God by means of the infallible apostolic voice that sounds from Peter's chair. It was not he who, at the desire of certain of its friends, took up the investigation of Anglican orders only to reject them definitely and utterly. Yet Leo XIII is forgiven to a certain degree, in order that Pius X may be chastised more thoroughly. An examination of those things in him that most stir the gall of the *Church Times* may help to the solution of the paradox.

Entering on his reign, Pius X declared he had but one purpose, "to restore all things in Christ." The *Church Times* assumes that this meant the abandonment of diplomacy in favor of evangelic directness, and finds in it a grievance. Were it so, what would it have to do with the *Church Times?* Had the Pope suppressed every nunciature, what difference would it have made so far as the Church of England was concerned? But one may read the noble encyclical containing that declaration from beginning to end without discovering even the hint of such a design. It does not contain a word concerning the Pope's relations with sovereign states, the matter of diplomacy; but occupies itself with the evils of human society at large and their remedies. Having made it clear that the source of all those evils is the effacing of God and the enthroning of man in his place, Pius X determined that the restoration of God to his rights was to be the guiding principle of his pontificate, and laid down the means to be used, the stirring up of faith and piety in clergy and people. He knew that attempts would be made to draw him to one party or another; and, to cut off all hopes in the matter, declared that he would be nothing to human society but the minister of God, with whose authority he was invested. He kept his pledge. He blessed impartially every social work founded on justice and informed with religion: none, however influential, could retain his favor, or even receive his toleration, in which the religious spirit had died out. Every human effort for social betterment must fail that does not rest on, not merely recognition, but also on the actualization of the relations between man and his Lord and Redeemer; while, on the other hand, this actualization is sufficient to bring about the highest social reform which no purely human effort can ever attain. This is the doctrine of the *E Supremi Apostolatus* in a nutshell. For its execution is supposed necessarily an infallible teaching authority, a supreme, absolute, spiritual jurisdiction. No wonder it was galling to such as, pretending to be Catholics, have not a shred of the one or the other.

But Pius X would have nothing to do with diplomacy, says the writer in the *Church Times.* To prove it the appointment of a blunderer to the office of Secretary of State is quite sufficient. Merry del Val, the blunderer, is one of the fables created by a press hostile to the Holy See. Time and again the public heard that the Pope was on the point of dismissing him for incompetency, until people got tired of the story. To prove the universal charge that "never before has there been such a blunderer as Cardinal Merry del Val," the writer in the *Church Times* brings three cases, which, we may presume, were the worst he could find. The first, the break with France, he attributes to the Cardinal's "glaring mismanagement" of the French President's visit to Rome. In this the Cardinal simply followed precedent. No head of a Catholic State visiting the King of Italy officially in Rome could be received at the Vatican, where such a visit was held to be an affront to the Holy See. This was well known. Catholic sovereigns had been restrained by it: the French President chose to flout the Pontiff. Had the writer in the *Church Times* said that the French Govern-

ment, having resolved to break utterly with the Church, used deliberately this means to bring about the necessary crisis, he would have been much nearer the truth. The Cardinal stood for principles. Can it be that this moved the choler of the members of a denomination that juggles with them continually? The second case is the Borromean Encyclical. The charge is that the Cardinal allowed his master to blunder and then made an undignified withdrawal. With regard to the first part, the Pope took occasion from the tercentenary of St. Charles Borromeo's canonization, to propose his zeal against the errors of his day as an example of how the bishops in these times should combat Modernism. In speaking of the heretics of the sixteenth century he used the usual terminology, to which his critic can not object, if the *Church Times* still hold in honor the memory of its founder. The Pope's terms were not violent, and they were theologically exact: Dr. Littledale's language regarding the reformers was both violent and theologically very inexact. Some German agitators pretended that the encyclical was a direct attack on Luther and his fellows, on Germany and its Protestant princes, and set to work to stir up popular indignation. The Pope pointed out its true aim, that its language was general, that no people and no Prince had been mentioned, and that its misconstruction was for himself a just subject of complaint. With this explanation, which only prejudice can call undignified, the German Government declared itself quite satisfied. Afterwards of his own free will and in the interests of peace the Pope ordered the German bishops not to have the encyclical read in the churches nor printed in the diocesan bulletins. The newspapers pretended that this was a withdrawal of the document. One who had been held fit to go to Rome as an agent of members of the Church of England should have known better. The encyclical had been published formally to the world in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis:* its withdrawal would have required an act equally formal. This was never made. There was no withdrawal even as regards Germany. An encyclical duly promulgated does not need to be read publicly in the churches. It is addressed to the bishops, and binds them from the moment of its promulgation. And, in fact, within a few weeks after the agitation the Pope in an official letter duly published in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis,* reminds the Prussian bishops assembled at Fulda, how in that encyclical he had set before them St. Charles as their model. The third case of the Cardinal's blundering touches the relations with the Italian Government. The accuser takes amiss the Pope's failure to do what was expected of him and come to terms. Religious leaders who submit themselves and their followers to the State at the expense of their conscience, are naturally disconcerted at hearing one pontiff after another say with the first of their line: "we must obey God rather than man," and at seeing them ready like him to take the consequences. As for the proof of the Cardinal's blundering, if an English minister had managed during ten years to maintain himself against some German claim and, at the same time, to use it for his country's advantage, England would have hailed him as a heaven-sent diplomat. Yet such is what the critic rails at the Cardinal for doing. Whether the result is that "the position of the Pope is worsened in Rome" is something for which no one will take the bare assertion of the writer in the *Church Times*. As regards Signor Nathan, upon whose misconduct he dwells, recent events show that he has been "made short work of" without the aid of "Italy, respectful or reconciled," as the writer knows very well, though he chooses to ignore it.

But why waste space in striking Pius X through his servant? Why dally with malicious gossip about tyranny and espionage in Mantua and underhand intrigue in Venice, which the writer more than half rejects even while recording it? The great sin of Pius X in the eyes of this bitter assailant was not in these, but in his action against Modernism. In other matters of accusation the critic prevaricates: in this he goes further. "The strangely-assorted opinions which the theologians who did his thinking for him gathered under the rubric 'Modernism' called for serious criticism; some of them demanded severe condemnation, all required checks, and none could look for any but the most guarded approval. All were lumped together for unqualified rejection. They were rejected, in the face of the world, not because they were demonstrably false or perilously doubtful, but because they were modern." One glance over the Syllabus and the Encyclical *Pascendi* should have been enough to show him that they were condemned because they would destroy the Person of Christ, His Divine Nature, His mission, the Church He founded, His revelation, all that Christianity contains; in one word of Pius X, because they are the sum of all heresies. We can understand how troubled must be the conscience of those who, arrogating to themselves the championship of truth, surrendered miserably in the day of battle. Had men, high in honor in the Church of England, been told ten years ago what they should be standing for to-day, they would have prayed for death rather than such apostasy. We do not wonder at their fall. They had no mission in the office they usurped. It was not by them that God would save Israel. They have arrayed themselves on the side of Antichrist; and, therefore, of him who upholds Christ's cause and honor they say: "He is become the censurer of our thoughts. He is grievous unto us to behold: for his life is not like other men's, and his ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he abstaineth from our ways as filthiness, and he preferreth the latter end of the just, and glorieth that he hath God for his father." (Wisdom ii, 14-16.) This is the real reason of the hatred of Pius X shown by such periodicals as the *Church Times* and the *Living Church,* and by all their aiders and abettors who are engaged in the unholy work of calumniating a great servant of God, who did his work well.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Messengers of Truth

It would be a very poor general who would have his dispatch riders use a motorcycle on open fields and slow horses on fine level roads. It would also be a poor business man who would send a hulking, awkward salesman into a lady's parlor and a shy, timid girl into men's business offices. In war, in business or in important propaganda of any kind, your messenger has to fit his message to the people to whom it is addressed.

This would seem self-evident. The social message of the Catholic Church in this country must be carried by the proper couriers. If they are well chosen, the message will go where it is needed, and once there it will have effect. If they are poorly chosen we might as well surrender ourselves at once to the charge of having failed in one of the greatest opportunities ever offered us. We know the importance of this choice, and it may be for that very reason we find difficulty in deciding who should be our couriers. In some pulpits we hear the "lay apostolate" preached. In other quarters the hierarchy themselves are held up as the only fitting "bearers of the word." The issue would seem to be clear cut.

It is not so clear cut as it seems, however. There is very naturally, I admit, considerable misunderstanding of this subject. Many headstrong laymen are eager to forge blindly to the front with little or no preparation. Their spiritual directors are obliged to hold them back. They then become impatient. They think their efforts are being discouraged, when actually they are only being guided. The ecclesiastical superiors bear a share of the misunderstanding too. Some of them, fortunately not many, misinterpret the laymen's zeal. They may have a suspicion that the laymen are impatient of spiritual authority, when as a matter of fact they are only asking for a good opportunity to speak under guidance.

A little clear thinking is enough to show the folly of this misunderstanding and also of the idea that either laymen or clergy, but not both, must be the messengers of the Church. Let us go back to the business man. He has a certain line of goods he is anxious to sell. Let us say the goods have been given to him, or at least the patent for them. He is responsible for their being of a certain quality and kind. But that does not mean he has to distribute them himself. If he is trying to sell to a very prominent dealer it is quite possible he will talk to him himself; that is because he thinks the dealer will listen better to him than to a mere salesman. But for ordinary sales, he will choose some one else to act in his place. He will select women to solicit housewives; he will select clever young men to solicit small dealers. The quality of goods he is always responsible for; it remains the same. But different types of people must sell the goods to different customers if the entire sale is to reach the best proportions possible.

While anger, resentment, mutual distrust and dishonesty are ripping our economic fabric to shreds, the Church has a message to counteract these wrongs. The problem she faces is one of distribution. She must send her message to the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time. The quality of her message must always be the same; for that her clergy must be responsible. They are the guardians of her moral and religious truth. But clergy and laymen alike must be the couriers to bear the message. If the message is to be carried to Protestant clergy, then one of our own clergy is the fitting messenger. If it is to be carried to Protestant society women, it is Catholic society women who must be the bearers. If we are to reach free-thinking business men, it is our own Catholic business men who must be given the mission. So too, it is Catholic working men who must bring the teachings of the Church to their socialist companions.

Would a set of socialist miners listen long to a Catholic priest whose very office they blindly hate? A few words dropped here and there by a Catholic fellow laborer would have ten times more effect. Except in rare cases, would Protestant or agnostic men of affairs go to listen to a lecture or sermon by a Catholic priest? A few of the clergy have such an influence, but only a few. To get the ear of a Protestant business man, you must be a business man yourself, meet him at his clubs, talk with him of affairs that he knows and understands, be honest and square yourself and know better than to preach. Set the example, and your message is already delivered.

And do you think that the average Protestant society woman who scorns a large family, measures the values of life by yards of satin and bridge scores, or, in some cases, tries a mild form of philanthropy, do you think such a woman can be reached by any except her social equals? Does it do her any good to see Catholic women of humble birth with large families? She feels sorry for them and deplores their ignorance. But if some one in her own sphere sets the example, has a large wholesome family, is sweet and motherly and refined and manages to attend to her decent social duties at the same time, do you not think that the life of that woman will accomplish some good among her Protestant friends? And is she not the best one to carry the social message of the Church in her sphere of life?

The "lay apostolate" is no body of men and women blindly attempting to out-organize and out-play the clergy. They learn from the clergy, they try to understand the reasons for their faith, and then, by good example, intelligent discussion and above all by a decent humility in their efforts, they carry the lessons they have learned to those whom their clergy, by the very conditions of our country and times, can not possibly reach. Each and every Christian is to some extent his brother's keeper. The social gospel of the Catholic Church is not meant to be limited to Catholics alone. We can not hope to convert the entire world immediately to our faith; but we can hope to do our own part of the world some service. When we see them suffering from a disease they hardly understand, when we see them trying to cure social ills by a still

worse poison, we can carry to them whatever part of our message they can be made to understand and accept. In the United States and at the present time, the laymen must do the lion's share in carrying the message of the Church. It is nothing more than a good business method; only that our business is one of sublime beauty.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Efficiency in the Fight against Tuberculosis

There is a struggle going on throughout the civilized world for the saving of human life, as gigantic as the struggle which is now going on in Europe for the destruction of human life. It has for its object the reduction of the human death rate by a million a year for all future time. This struggle is the campaign against tuberculosis, commonly called the crusade against tuberculosis. In the United States alone $20,000,000 a year is expended on it.

This fight against tuberculosis concerns every one, on account of the universality of the disease, and the potentiality of evil in it for every one. All should, therefore, be crusaders, and it behooves every one to know how to be an efficient one.

Theoretically, at least, it is now possible for every adult human being, who has not yet been implanted with tuberculosis, to avoid implantation; for every head of a household whose children or protégés have not yet been implanted to protect them against implantation; and for every individual who has been implanted, and has not yet developed the disease to an advanced form, to recover. Moreover, the accomplishment of these ends is not difficult when the proper knowledge and understanding of the matter is had by those concerned.

Tuberculosis is the condition of a human being or animal in which a microscopic, living entity, called the tubercle bacillus, has found lodgment and has reproduced itself in his tissue. The mere entrance and exit, dead or alive, of the tubercle bacillus into one's organism does not constitute tuberculosis. This is an important fact to keep in mind, as we all have some inherent power of destroying tubercle bacilli in our organisms, each according to a measure of his own, and consequently of resisting implantations. For most of us, casual exposure to tuberculosis does not give implantations. Indeed, for most of us, only long continued exposure inside of an enclosure, during the germinal stage of the disease in some one with whom we must be in intimate relationship without precautions, could give an implantation.

Implantation of tuberculosis is essentially a house process, and for this reason the disease has been called a house disease. This also explains the classical belief that the disease is an hereditary one. Because it is a house disease it clings to the family tree. The home, once having been infected, the disease may be handed down generation after generation; or members of the family, having been once implanted, mild cases of the disease may live in the family from one generation to the next, and transmit the disease.

Another feature of the disease which has a bearing on this subject is its propagation through the lymphatic system. As a rule the tubercle bacillus gets into the organisms through the lymphatic system, and has to run the gauntlet of that system before it can get lodgment in other tissue. For those who do not know anatomy and physiology, it may be well to state that the lymphatic system is a network of fine vessels and glands distributed throughout the entire body, and ultimately connected with the vessels and organisms which convey and carry the blood of the body, concerned intimately with the nutrition of the body and its protection against disease germs. In most people it takes the tubercle bacillus years to get through the lymphatic system into the other tissues, and in some it never gets through. In consequence of this slow progress of the tubercle bacillus through the lymphatic system the development of the disease to a form which arrests attention comes many years after implantation, often so long after it that the relationship between the implantation and the development has been forgotten. In reality, implantation usually takes place in early childhood, when life is spent almost entirely within doors, and development of the disease into ulcerative tuberculosis of the lungs or other organs and tissues not until adult life. House implantation, slow development, and chronicity of the disease, satisfactorily explain all the phenomena which give the disease its hereditary characteristics.

Implantation of tuberculosis is difficult; therefore, prevention of it is easy. For every five persons who are intimately exposed to tuberculosis, under the most favorable conditions for its implantation, such as exist in the family and the workshop, only one gets the disease in a form which proves fatal. The evidence of this lies in the stationary mortality rate from the disease over a long period of years, when no precautionary measures were taken. Since the tubercle bacillus gets out of the body alive only through the urinary excretion or through broken-down tissue, both gross substances easily seen and handled, it is only through these substances that communication of the disease can take place from a person who has it to a person who has not got it. Proper disposal of these substances does away with contagion, and makes a new implantation impossible. The chance of one in five getting an implantation when no precautions are taken can then easily be done away with when proper precautions *are* taken.

What are the proper precautions? As for the urine, the ordinary disposal of it prevalent in civilized communities is sufficient. The real danger lies in broken-down tissue, which is called sputum or spit. Broken-down tissue which comes from an abscess or sore should be carefully collected on cotton or lint and burned. While collecting it care should be taken that neither the patient nor the attendant become contaminated in body

or clothing through carelessness or uncleanliness. Ordinary care and cleanliness are sufficient. Broken-down tissue which is given off in the form of sputum should be deposited in a burnable receptacle. This receptacle should always and without exception be held close to the mouth during expectoration, so that none of the sputum can be sprayed or accidentally deposited on the clothing or on anything in the environment of the patient. Each and every time after expectoration the lips should be wiped with a paper napkin and then immediately this paper napkin should be carefully folded and deposited in a paper bag. When the paper receptacle is full of sputum it should be burned, and when the paper bag is full of paper napkins it should be burned. When the expectorating individual coughs he should hold a paper napkin before his mouth, and after having used the paper napkin for this purpose it should be folded up and put in the paper bag. Burnable receptacles, paper napkins and paper bags can now be had in most drug stores, and ought to be kept for sale by all drug stores. No other method of disposal of sputum than that here mentioned should be used under any circumstances, or at any time, for none other is safe.

In this connection it may be proper to mention that recovery of the afflicted individual depends upon conscientious observation of these practices. Reinfection of one's self is always a serious impediment to recovery in tuberculosis, and unless the afflicted individual prevents every tubercle bacillus which nature ejects from his body from getting back, he does not cooperate with nature for his recovery.

Recovery from tuberculosis in the early stage of the disease is relatively easy under scientific treatment. The treatment ought to be administered by a physician who is versed in the modern knowledge of tuberculosis. It is not enough to take milk and eggs and to change climate. Scientific treatment gives wonderful results, irrespective of climate, and can be successfully administered in the small streets of crowded cities. Random treatment with application of some of the scientific principles, such as change of climate, use of milk and eggs, and rest, sometimes gives splendid results, but often fails in the more difficult cases. Treatment under the direction of a man who can apply all the scientific principles alone can give the best results now available in all cases. This, also, is the most economical procedure, since it brings the results in the shortest time, and recovery from tuberculosis is a slow process under the best conditions and the best treatment. Moreover, there is always danger of relapse, and this danger can be greatly lessened by proper direction. Many lives are sacrificed to incompetent treatment, and lack of scientific supervision. It is well to bear in mind that response to good treatment is marvelous; and that administration of good treatment is difficult.

It is difficult to recognize early tuberculosis. Even physicians overlook it. It can always be recognized by men who have been trained to make careful physical examinations, and who know how to use all the resources which science has given us for this purpose. When there is doubt a trained expert should be consulted.

It may be laid down as a general principle that whenever an individual is below the weight which is considered normal to his height and age, and when the physiological actions of the important organs of the body have been interfered with for a considerable length of time, tuberculosis may be suspected. Under such conditions an investigation should always be made to determine the cause of the abnormality.

Lawrence F. Flick,
Sometime Director of Phipps Institute.

Cardinal Gasparri: A Personal Impression

As I came into the darkened room, not quite dark enough to hide the inevitable gold decoration of the Roman salon, a small man in a black cassock came forward. *C'è un grand' onore, Eminenza,* I murmured, and bowed to kiss his ring.

Pietro Cardinal Gasparri is a man of medium height, dark hair turning gray, rather prominent dark eyes that narrow in scrutiny or laughter, with the broad features, forehead, nose and mouth, of a distinct Italian type. He comes of the soil, not of the peasantry, but of a family of large landowners, and to the soil he returns whenever his work in Rome permits. Hardly a day passes that he does not drive outside the walls for his walk over the Campagna. His love of nature is intense. One day a week, it used to be a Thursday, I believe, he will call a halt to work, discard the intricacies of canon law, and fly to his brother's farm. There his horse waits for him, and a full day is given to galloping over the countryside, with enjoyment of the sting of the wind and the views of the plain.

And you can find his love of pastoral things in a negative way, as it were, even in his apartment in Rome, for on a table in the ante-chamber is a case containing a fine collection of butterflies.

A shy man, I should say, there is a distinct awkwardness in meeting strangers, a shrinking from publicity. But the former is soon discounted by the polished Italian mannerisms of speech and gesture. In fluent French, for my stuttering Italian failed to carry the conversation beyond a few introductory sentences, he was soon asking questions about America, about mutual friends, displaying a marvelous memory for small details.

An indefatigable worker, he will often spend eighteen hours a day at his desk in the little study hidden away at the back of the apartment, a desk always littered with papers and always in disorder! Yet nothing is ever misplaced, and the Cardinal can always put his hand without hesitation on the paper he is looking for. "I like," he once said to me, "your American 'rush.' It is something to praise rather than to blame." Yet like all busy men he never appears busy. There is an inexhaustible vitality about him that enables him to completely cast off the work which is engaging his attention and to devote himself heart and soul to some extraneous subject that interferes. You will never catch His Eminence at work. As you enter his apartment on the Corso d'Italia, overlooking the walls of Belisarius and near the new Carmelite church, you are shown straight through to the salon, and there inevitably stands the small figure in the black cassock with its red buttons by the door of the study.

Cardinal Gasparri is essentially democratic. He has none of that suave dignity and aloofness that characterized his predecessor at the Vatican. He is full of merry quips and jests, enjoys listening to a good story, and what is even better, telling one. I can see him now leaning forward in his chair, his biretta a little on one side, his cassock pulled up, his elbows on his knees, a characteristic attitude, relating with manifest enjoyment some pranks of his at school.

He is fifty-two years old, born at Visso, in the diocese of Norcia, May 5, 1852. He is probably the greatest living authority on canon law, and was intrusted by the late Pope with the colossal undertaking of codifying the law. For eleven years he taught Canon Law in the University of Paris. For some years he was His Holiness' companion in the department of the Secretary of State, when Cardinal Rampolla was Papal Secretary, so that he enters office a trained diplomat. He is titular Bishop of Cesarea, in Palestine, and was created Cardinal on December 16, 1907.

I shall end on the personal note and bear witness to his extreme kindness and goodness of heart. Never shall I forget his kindness to me when he confirmed me in Rome in the little chapel attached to his apartment. After Mass I came forward to thank him, but he brusquely swept my thanks aside. "It is for me to thank you," he said, "for the great pleasure you have given me. Accept my thanks and, if you will, the blessing of a—er—shall we say, a *moderately* old man!" LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Another View of Ireland in War Time

Ireland as a whole may be said to consider the action of the British Government in declaring war on Germany as justified, and indeed that such a course was inevitable. It has always been understood that the United Kingdom was under an obligation to defend the neutrality of Belgium. No one who has lived in Belgium, and who has spoken with Belgians on the point could doubt that the same conviction existed there. This fact made it difficult for many in Ireland to understand the action of Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns in resigning from the cabinet at the beginning of the war. But it is also true that neither in Ireland nor in England was there any wish for war on the part of the people. As things are, the average Englishman says that since war was bound to come sooner or later it is well that the British Empire should not have to meet Germany single-handed. It may be said that no British war is popular in Ireland, and hence the care taken by leading statesmen to point out that the present war is in every sense an Irish war.

The leaders of all the political parties in Parliament were unanimous in supporting the ministry in their action, and the Irish leaders among the rest. In Ireland the attitude of the people is not so easy to describe as that in England. This difficulty arises out of considerations connected with the growth of the National Volunteers, and from circumstances connected with the passage of the Home Rule Bill. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Redmond declared in the House of Commons that, owing to the change brought about in public opinion in Ireland on account of the approaching passing of the Home Rule Bill, the Government could count on the support of the 150,000 National Volunteers to defend the shores of Ireland side by side with the Protestants of Ulster. Mr. Redmond made it clear that this statement was only possible because for the first time in recent history Ireland would be able to feel that her sons had a responsible and self-respecting place in the British Empire.

It is not unlikely that if Mr. Redmond's offer had been met with sympathy by the Government there would have been a prompt response to the appeal for recruits for the new army. But instead of a frank acceptance of the proffered services of the Volunteers and a movement on the part of the Government to equip and drill them, nothing was done. In spite of the passing enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Redmond's declaration, and in spite of Sir Edward Grey's memorable statement that "Ireland is the one bright spot" the Government held back. Instead of a graceful and frank trust in the Irish leader's offer there began a period of delays and postponements of the Home Rule Bill, which continued during the first six weeks of the war. Many in Ireland began to fear that the old story was about to be told once more, and that Ireland was again to be sacrificed to the violence of the opposition. Even Mr. Redmond, always calm and statesmanlike in his methods, had to appeal at last to the Prime Minister to put an end to the suspicions and irritation of the Irish people. The act of justice when finally accomplished, not without an unknown amending bill appended to it, and with its application postponed for an indefinite period, had lost its grace and England once more had lost a golden opportunity of conciliating Ireland!

As soon as the Home Rule Bill was placed on the statute book a feeling of relief spread throughout the country. In spite of a certain want of confidence in the intentions of the Government, which is a natural enough consequence of the past history of Ireland under English rule, the general view is that the bill will be put into operation at the conclusion of the war. The overwhelming majority of the people will support Mr. Redmond, and the people recognize that the only sane policy is to follow confidently the party who brought the bill through in spite of so unusual and violent an opposition.

That Mr. Redmond has the confidence of the country in his policy of backing the Government in the war is proved by the enthusiastic reception accorded to himself and Mr. Asquith when the latter came to Dublin, to make a personal appeal to Ireland to send additional men to the front. The writer made it a point to be present in order to be able to compare the feeling manifested with that exhibited when the Premier made his first visit. There seemed to be no falling off in the enthusiasm of those present, most of whom were far past the age for enlisting; but the impression left was that this enthusiasm was rather on account of the passing of the Home Rule Bill than on account of the popularity of the cause for which the meeting was convoked. At that meeting the Irish leaders, Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin, spoke strongly in support of the justice of England's action in the war with Germany and insisted on the fact that this is an Irish war, in that its issue must have the gravest consequences for Ireland. What the final result of that appeal will be can only be conjectured.

Attempts to undermine the confidence of the Volunteers in the leadership of Mr. Redmond will meet with no response throughout the country, and at most are only likely to influence a small group of extremists, especially in the capital. Various arguments have been used to encourage enlisting, such as gratitude to the democracy in England, sympathy with the Belgians, the defence of the Empire and the rest. These arguments will no doubt play their part in determining the action of individuals, but they do not constitute the really important motive which will influence Irishmen. Apart from the causes which influence the vast majority of all who join the British army, such as want of employment and the many accidental circumstances which make a career as that of a private soldier desirable, the great argument which will count with the vast majority is the defence of Ireland. There can be no doubt that, if it were evident to the young men of Ireland that there was a real danger of the invasion of Ireland by the Germans, and of the war being transferred from the already desolated plains of France and Belgium to their own country, they would volunteer at once for foreign service. But the average Irishman does not feel that there is a reasonable fear of such an invasion. If the appeal were for men to join the navy the matter would be different. The change in the political outlook in Ireland has not yet had time to remove a deep-seated mistrust of English rule and the average Irishman does still feel it difficult to realize that his interests are identical with the interests of the British Empire.

All these points are discussed with intelligence in every town in Ireland, and serve to remind us that the outlook in Ireland is of a more complicated nature than in England. One of the mistakes made so often by the English is to suppose that the present generation of Irishmen is easily influenced by sentimental considerations. The Irish countryman is as hard-headed and as

far-seeing in many things as any to be found, and his attitude will finally be determined by considerations of policy. A strong argument with the volunteer class will be that by joining the army and seeing the realities of war they will be later on of real value to their country. The emulation which some endeavor to stir up between the Ulster Volunteers and the rest will not influence them much, though the importance of a disciplined force of many thousand volunteers when the war is over is a consideration which can not be overlooked. What, then, will be the probable course of events? It seems likely that Ireland will contribute her full share to the new army if the essential condition that it should exist as a separate army corps is guaranteed, but this army will not be the outcome of any sudden rush of recruits. In the meantime the activity of the home Volunteers will probably increase, especially on account of certain internal difficulties, which, however, are not of a serious nature.

In considering the number of recruits from Ireland it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that the number of men between the ages of twenty and forty is far less, in proportion to the total number of men, in Ireland than in the remainder of the United Kingdom. The relative percentages are about twenty-five and thirty-eight. At the beginning of the war the Irish in the British army formed about one-sixth of the whole, their proper proportion being about one-tenth. There is no doubt that when the final statistics are published the usual proportion of Irishmen in the fighting line will be sustained.

The above attempt to describe Ireland's attitude toward the present war is based on observation, and on conversations with those of many ways of thinking. The writer has not dwelt on the causes of some of the elements which tend to complicate the question as far as Ireland is concerned, such as the smallness of her population in comparison with what it should be under normal circumstances, the influence public opinion among the Irish in the United States has in Ireland, and the effect of the view taken in the United States generally of her attitude toward the war. This last element may very well be of more importance than appears from this short article, for Ireland knows that much of her future depends on the friendship of the great American Republic.

Dublin. PATRICK KEATING.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

The International Almoner

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Sauer's warning in AMERICA of September 26, about the chance of Catholic contributions to international charities finding their way into channels of proselytism is very timely. I might suggest that there is risk of a large turning of such funds into gaping pockets along the way, and it must not be overlooked that there are healthy wages to be paid to the heroes who distribute the funds. It costs a nice penny to get even a crumb to Lazarus, particularly if he be abroad, and I believe that, as an aftermath, there is sometimes a fine fuss over what became of the crumb. Catholics, it seems to me, have a sure way to place their gifts where the spot will be reached. Is not the Holy Father a father in very deed? And into whose hands may we more certainly entrust our offerings than his? He has oversight of the world. Are there floods in China, his children perish; are there earthquakes in Calabria, his flesh and bone is crushed; are there wars in Mexico, in Belgium, or in the uttermost parts of the earth, his life's blood is poured out. Through whom, then, may we with stronger faith give our dole for the miserable? He is the International Almoner.

It is a simple matter for any one wishing to be of help in any case to send a post-office money order or a check to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, who would, no doubt, gladly transmit the proceeds to the Holy Father, and he, in turn, would know how to dispense it to those for whom it is intended, with the added blessing of having passed through his hands. In this way leakage may be stopped, unworthy uses may be blocked, those who really need help may be reached, and a particular grace will attach to our offerings. Vultures are one of the loathsome incidents to suffering. They prey on the stark bodies left on the battlefield, and their leering human counterparts batten on the souls of the unfortunate. We have it in our hands to give the human vultures scant picking. Let us do so.

Flagstaff, Arizona. M. J. RIORDAN.

The "Jewish Encyclopedia"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

While glancing over some articles in the "Jewish Encyclopedia" (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York), I was grieved to find some nasty insinuations in two of the articles. (1) "Mortara Case" (Vol. IX, p. 35): "The priest to whom she confessed reported the matter to Rome . . ." (2) "Popes, The" (Vol. X, p. 126, col. 2, last par.): "Alexander VI (Borgia), known in history as the most profligate of all the popes . . ." The expressions "confessed" and "most profligate" are to be noticed. By a misuse of terms, a priest is charged with having broken the seal of confession, and it is insinuated that all the popes (or many of them) were profligates! That kind of work seems to me dishonorable. Is there any more of it in the Jewish Encyclopedia?

San Francisco, Cal. SACERDOS.

The Editor in War Times

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your editorial, "The Editor in War Times," presents a problem of considerable interest to the psychologist. Your indignant correspondents have no doubt whatever that the responsibility of bringing on the present war must be fixed respectively upon England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Servia, or on certain combinations of these countries. On the other hand, it is quite certain that the slender and often conflicting evidence at our disposal gives us nothing upon which a positive judgment in this complicated matter may be based. Now, most of these letter-writers are, doubtless, persons of some intellectual ability. If they were not, they would not be interested in a publication like AMERICA. Yet they have taken upon themselves to decide definitely, finally, with an assurance admitting no appeal, a question which possibly may be answered a century hence, when angry wounds have healed, and the secret archives of the European Governments are thrown open to the inspection of competent historical scholars. In addition to this, your correspondents show that they have no intention of considering any evidence which does not strengthen the decision they have already formed. And finally, these men and women, who in ordinary life would be quite incapable of gross discourtesy, write letters which, even though they are addressed to a mere editor, are not only discourteous, but, to judge from the quotations given, are decidedly insulting. "Look at us," they say. "Not only are we omniscient, but we are models of fairness and courtesy, and not like that bigoted, unfair AMERICA." And so these intelligent people bid farewell to

open-mindedness, a proper sense of their own limitations, and to the most elemental courtesy.

Now this is the psychological problem offered: the malign influence of prejudice, rooted in nationalism, upon the intellect and will. In debated questions, say of law, of medicine, or in a dubious business proposition which it concerns us to settle, very few men take a decided stand before the evidence is all in. We want to hear all that is to be said on either side. This is only common sense. We do not impute sinister motives to those who offer enlightenment. This is the merest courtesy. Thus do men act when they wish to get at the truth. But let our nationalistic prejudices be ruffled ever so lightly, and as in a dissolving picture, the kindly Dr. Jekyll gives place to the furious demon Hyde.

Of course, I can understand that even intelligent people may be annoyed at times by some of AMERICA's war news, looking upon it as trivial or not well founded. But if an intelligent man is stirred to wrath when the other side of an argument in a matter of general interest is courteously presented, I should say that he stands in need of an alienist. If the man of strange medicines and manipulations pronounces him mentally sound, I hazard the further supposition that the wrathy one's intelligence is not so much a reality as a seeming.

Jersey City. THOMAS W. BUCKNER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am also one of AMERICA's first subscribers and have received every number ever issued, and I wish to say that it is precisely the dispassionate and logical treatment of all important matters in your editorial columns that places your excellent weekly on such a proud eminence even in peace times. And this same characteristic makes your review simply indispensable in time of such a war as this to those who, aside from preoccupations, wish to take a calm view of the immense battlefields. Of course, it is natural that a review whose readers are of all nations should partake, even in crucial times, of the breadth of view and exercise some of that admirable poise and self-control that characterize beloved Mother Church. The only complaint I could offer as to AMERICA is that it has too much and too varied solid matter in it every week, and it would be well, I think, to have occasionally a map, a diagram of a battle line, a cartoon, a caricature now and then, to make our ascent to AMERICA's level a slope less vertical. Meanwhile your Chronicle and other departments are the best by far that I have been able to find.

New Orleans. H. O. B.

Catholic Men and Women of Munich

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is hard to imagine a spirit of greater piety than exists here at Munich. The churches are crowded at every Mass, and all day long, with soldiers, for we still have 60,000 of them in the city, besides hundreds of officers. Before the troops leave for the front, they assemble in the church, often at eleven o'clock at night, and presenting arms to the uplifted monstrance, swear on their arms to die bravely for their country and not to touch a woman or a child of the enemy. It is a moving sight, and the sincerity of the men and their perfect willingness to die for the Fatherland is an example in patriotism that the world seldom witnesses. Germany stands as one man. There is not a dissenting voice, the women rivaling the men in heroism. Even when the husband, father or son falls, there is no murmuring. The fact that he has given his life to save the Fatherland seems to give them fortitude to bear the loss bravely. Their resignation is sublime.

Munich. M. LINDSAY.

All Germans!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with great interest your editorial on the Editor's troubles in war time in last week's issue, and this week's editorial, "Everybody satisfied"; they have recalled to my mind some words I heard addressed to a religious many years ago. They are as follows: "It is not difficult to leave the world and its vanities to follow the Divine Master; but to renounce one's self, is altogether different." The items written in AMERICA from French, German, and Irish view-points are scientifically and conscientiously done, but each of them has an unmistakable German color. Nor is this surprising, it is human and unavoidable. It will not cause me to drop your excellent magazine, which has not its equivalent in the country.

Escanaba, Mich. A FAITHFUL READER.

Another View of Ireland's Attitude

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may be interesting for your readers to know some details that throw light on the present position of Ireland with regard to the war. There is to be a big meeting here in Mansion House this evening. Asquith is speaking in favor of recruiting, also J. Redmond. The country, as far as I can see, is apathetic and the Sinn Feiners positively hostile to it. Admission will be by ticket with name of holder to be got at Mansion House. This is to prevent any hostile display. Mr. Redmond's picture was hissed a few days ago in one of the theatres here, and the same was done at a concert when a song (adapted) expressed a hope for the destruction of Germany.

Dublin. J. O'M.

"Deadwood of Catholicism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your Brooklyn correspondent, Mr. Shields, bids me come out of my "rose-scented easy-chair" and have a fight. How loath I am! He may be a siege-gun, and I so small. However, one may try. He opens fire on me with these words: "Mr. Chester does not submit a single fact that can be interpreted as disproving my statement." Now, Mr. Chester still maintains that he has disproved, or at least *can* disprove, Mr. Shields' statement that Catholic laymen are without leaders, and that the Jesuit Fathers have done nothing by way of instructing the laity as to their social obligations and cheap reading. Perhaps Mr. Shields does not call *A Primer of Social Science* cheap at eighty cents. If so, he must have that out with the publishers, who are not Jesuits.

But now, your correspondent makes more statements which he insists challenge my ability to answer to his satisfaction. Let us consider them. First, he says in effect that he has never made a layman's retreat with the Jesuits, although he "hopes to do so some time." Neither has he ever heard of retreats for workingmen and women as a class in this country. We regret these facts for Mr. Shields' sake; but far be it from us to dispute his truthfulness. Now, if he resided in Philadelphia, instead of Brooklyn, he might have heard of several retreats for working women and girls provided by convents of that city. With true Christian hospitality, the hours and seasons sought to accommodate the retreatants, not those who provided the privilege. Again, were he a careful reader, Mr. Shields would be familiar with the thousands of *cheminots*—railway men—in France who

make such retreats annually, and with the equally numerous Belgian workingmen who have done the same for many years. Who can doubt that these lowly retreatants constitute the purest loyalty and courage of the French and Belgian armies to-day, following now, as in peace, their sacerdotal leaders? It is true, I did not confine my allusions geographically to the United States, as Mr. Shields evidently thinks I should have done, for that is not the Catholic way of speaking in general terms. To please him, however, I will now confine myself to New York and Philadelphia.

Unlike New York, Philadelphia has not, as yet, a House of Retreats. The movement is very recent here, and but two annual retreats for laymen have been given at Overbrook Seminary, the retreatants being the guests of the Reverend instructors. My information is obtained from a member of my own family, who has thus made two of the retreats. No Jesuit ever "ran after" him, because of his "wealth and worldly prominence," because he has neither. He received his invitation like any other Catholic layman, rich or poor, through the diocesan newspaper. That he chanced to be a scientist working twelve to fourteen hours a day, who established one of the first Pasteur laboratories in the United States for the treatment of hydrophobia, did not, of course, exclude him. I mention the fact here solely to keep him out of Mr. Shields' category of the "deadwood of Catholicism." Although confessedly of the upper middle-class, he is not dead in any sense. On the contrary, any layman, rich or poor, who voluntarily makes these retreats might more properly be called the life of the Church. He, like the general public of laymen, was told by an explicit clause of the invitation that it was himself and not his wealth of "worldly prominence" that the Jesuit Fathers wanted to see; if unable to cover the nominal cost of three days' board, he need only privately inform the Director, and he would be warmly welcomed without it. Now this very thing should be the test of a man's sincerity. There is only one pass-key necessary to these retreats, and that is poverty of spirit. Too often does the poor man who is rich in spirit reply to such gracious invitations: "Not if I know myself! If I can't pay what those rich fellows pay, I'll be hanged if I go *on charity!*" Now, it is otherwise with the rich man who is poor in spirit, for he reasons thus: "No money can ever even begin to pay for such hospitality and instruction. Their only price of admission is poverty of spirit; can I afford to give it?" Upon examining his conscience the rich and high-placed retreatant resolves that he will pay it, if it *breaks the bank* of his pride, and he enters by the low door of humility. Of course his stock goes up immediately after, but he did not know at the moment that it would be so. His sacrifice was genuine. He had doubts beforehand. There are no dinner coats or low vests at a Laymen's Retreat. The decent Sunday suit of the workingman is more *de rigueur* there. Pride alone can exclude either the rich or the poor.

As to the statement that this work "does not reach down and influence the great mass of Catholic men, every-day toilers who are the real support of the Church," I have this to say, "a poor thing, but mine own": Two hundred and ten Philadelphians made the two Overbrook retreats this year, double the number of last year. They returned to Philadelphia a living, working leaven that will spread through the entire inert mass of the city. Why? Not only because some were so-called workingmen, but because many were medical men, who are daily preventing race-suicide and other social immoralities. Some were jurists measuring out justice to the poor and the rich with a vision cleared by the spiritual retreat. These men fight divorce litigation, and therefore protect the home and the family. Publishers of books were there, men who hold countless minds and souls in trust. One, a convert, was a naval officer, whose influence and example are of the highest importance to our national security. My retreatant has associates and workingmen who must find in him their only source of Catholic light and truth, being all non-Catholics. Above all, these men are teachable. They seek wisdom from above. The workingman who sullenly refuses to be instructed is not to be commended, any more than the rich or learned man who will not be taught. It is a grand thing to see such men as I have cited sitting humbly at the feet of the Jesuit Fathers in order to learn how they may be of the greatest efficient service to their fellow-men, both at home and abroad. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Finally, for my rose-scented easy-chair looks good to me at this point, I must admit my own ignorance. I never heard before of a Jesuit Father having the chance to preach three times a day for a whole week to a thousand workingmen, without giving them any instruction on their social duties. True, there may be Jesuits who do not name justice and charity by the exact term, "social duties"; but justice and charity are what every Jesuit teaches. It is true that their methods of preaching justice and charity may not be those of the "Jew-Socialist" orator of the street corner, but they are safer. If I have "instructed" Mr. Shields to observe a layman's retreat from the *inside* for the first time, I shall be richly compensated for having forfeited his respect and friendship.

Chester Springs, Pa. E. S. Chester.

The Catholic Press

To the Editor of America:

The Catholic Press, this month's League Intention, has been a subject of meditation with me time and again: how to get people to read worth-while Catholic publications. Those who write upon this matter are not by any means agreed. A dozen or more Catholic papers and magazines come regularly to my house; each has an interest of its own, but few have time or inclination to read so many; this one is taken because it suits the children, this because mother likes it, this because the pastor recommends it, this other or rather these others because they represent certain devotions or works like the League, Extension, The Missionary. Is it time to have "The Catholic Literary Digest"? I have tried to get people to take America, the *Ave Maria,* and others, but with very little success. I am glad that the Catholic Press is prayed for by the League this month; it should be prayed for by Catholics every day, for it has a work to do without the Church as well as within it, and those who pray for it will support it and thus help it in all its work.

Cumberland, Md. W. E. Walsh.

Catholic Dailies in Belgium

To the Editor of America:

There is an evident mistake in your issue of October 3, p. 615: "Belgium, with its splendid Catholic spirit, has four Catholic dailies." On a moment's reflection I can recall at least fourteen Catholic dailies: five in Brussels, three in Antwerp, three in Ghent, one in Bruges, one in Liége, one in Namur. And I think there are more. This bears out all the more strongly your contention that "the indifference displayed by American Catholics to the project, revived periodically, of an American Catholic daily, . . . presents a sad contrast to the activity displayed by Catholics in Belgium and Germany."

Moline, Ill. C.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914.

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Calumniating Women

Who is responsible for the anti-Catholic war news that is making its way to the front pages of our newspapers? Some weeks ago, Catholics were shocked to learn that in an official communication from the Kaiser to the President of the United States, complaint had been made that Belgian Catholic priests had been guilty of "outrages against wounded soldiers and defenceless doctors and nurses." Anti-Catholic agitators in this country immediately seized upon the occasion, and it need not be said that the story lost nothing in the retelling. German investigation has proved the utter falsehood of the accusation, and it has been officially withdrawn. The secular press, which widely circulated this falsehood can hardly be counted upon to give its withdrawal equal publicity. Up to the present, the New York *Evening Post* alone has been brave enough to notice the charge and its withdrawal, editorially. And now we are asked to believe that the Sisters attached to the German Hospital Corps, have been gouging out the eyes of disabled soldiers, and of murdering by means of anesthetics, the wounded left on the field of battle.

That this is an untruth prompted not even by the excesses of pseudo-patriotism, but by diabolical hatred, is obvious enough. A line or two of weak refutation will soon find its way to the darkened inner pages of the daily press. But who is going to read a refutation? Written, weeks later perhaps, it either escapes notice, or in the minds of non-Catholic readers with an anti-Catholic bias, it creates the impression that, since the Catholic Church is continually on the defensive against all manner of vile charges, there must be something in the view that she is an enemy of the human race. This is precisely the effect intended, and usually secured, by the rascals back of the anti-Catholic campaign. Lie, lie bravely, and directly a refutation makes its appearance, lie again about something else.

War is horrible enough in its mildest aspects. Shall we, here in peaceful America, allow ourselves to do anything which may make it worse? At this very moment, there are ministering angels on the bloody fields of France and Belgium, religious women of whom our crime-sodden world is not worthy, the tenderly nurtured daughters of loving homes, who for God's love and the solacing of their suffering brothers and sisters, have renounced home and comfort and human affection, with all that, from a worldly point of view, might make a woman happy. The story of the heroic deeds of the Sisters, done in the face of flaming cannon and the rack of bursting shell, on the bloodiest battlefields of Europe and America, makes the veriest pagan thank whatever Power there be, that for all our vileness, human nature in the best of us can rise to a height of self-forgetting love that is above sublimity. The man who can deliberately calumniate any woman deserves contempt too deep for description. The skulking civilian who, safe at his desk, far from the noise of cannon, calumniates gentle, self-effacing Sisters who not only hold up white hands in prayer for the world's salvation, but at peril of their lives, leave their quiet homes for the battlefield that war may be a little less like sheer brutality, writes himself down as an abnormal creature who in some mysterious way has slipped into the world without a mother. The newspaper, which for the sake of a few coins cajoled from the pockets of sensation-lovers, gives wide and colored utterance to these vile calumnies, is equally despicable.

Meanwhile, we ask our Catholic organizations to seek the answer to two questions: First, who is responsible for the original forging of these wretched calumnies of our heroic hospital Sisters? Second, what power induces our daily papers to print and circulate them? The answers found, let Catholics *act*. Refutation does little or nothing to efface the stain produced by these outrageous stories. Let our Catholics see to it, that these outpourings of European and American anti-Catholic bigots, find no place in the pages of a paper which appeals to American readers for support.

Monkeys and Mortals

A monkey, so a New York newspaper states, recently departed this life. It is a fate common not only to monkeys but to mortal men also. This particular monkey, however, was connected, not by nature but by happy circumstances, with a family of exceptional social standing, and so he went down to the grave honored, and the daily press carried the news to an admiring populace. The advantage is to the monkey; for had he been a man the chances are that his demise would never have got as far even as the doorstep of a newspaper office. The body of the dead pet was placed in a casket, and lovingly borne in an automobile to New Jersey, where it now rests in a grave over which there are carnations, roses and other

flowers; while a tombstone, as yet uninscribed, marks the spot, and the sad winds of autumn moan a requiem through the branches of the sombre pine trees. It may even be that his little spirit has joined Nick, the dog from Kentucky, and the rose-scented arm-chair from Boston, in that spirit world, where, so we are told, this piece of furniture was last located.

There is, of course, no comparison between a monkey and a mortal man; unless it be that many a monkey fares sumptuously every day while many a mortal starves. But the obvious lesson is that as the number of pet monkeys, pet pigs, pet cats, pet dogs and other beasts that perish, increases among any people of intelligence, so also the number of little human babies with immortal souls markedly decreases. And homes, wherein might be heard the patter of tiny feet and the merry piping of childish voices, echo with the bark, or the purr, or the grunt of some creature or other possessing neither reason nor will.

Meanwhile, we take leave of the hill in New Jersey, where the pine trees lament in the soughing breeze, and the sweet fragrance of carnations, roses and other flowers scents the air, and give, perhaps, a passing thought to those fields in far-off Europe where the steam of blood pollutes the air like a noxious cloud, and where the sum of ten cents will purchase an anesthetic for a mortal man, writhing in the agony of battle wounds, when the bearers lay him upon the military operating table.

Bandages or Bon-bons?

Famine is closing in on desolate Belgium. England appeals to the world for help, that her orphaned children may not be forced from their asylums into the street. The peasantry of France, inured to toil and privation, await with anxiety the coming of a bitter winter. Fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, the bread-winners, lie in the trenches. And in the homes they have left behind, there is dread, and the sound of weeping, wan little faces, and the plaintive voices of children who ask in vain for bread. The world is drenched in a rain of blood and tears. Rachel who will not be comforted, lives again in the mothers of Europe.

Frenchmen or Englishmen, Belgians or Germans, they are all our brothers, children of God, redeemed in the blood of His Son. What can you do, what can all of us do, we whom God has mercifully spared? We can pray for those who will not, can not, pray for themselves. We can ask our Father in heaven to wrap in the mantle of His infinite love, the almost countless souls which, in these dark Autumn days of the world, are rudely torn from life by war's unsparing blast. In our own hearts, we can foster a deeper love of God, that from its depths may spring a peace-giving love of all men, a love that is constant, a love that is catholic. Last of all, as proof that our love is real, we can give of our means, in measure pressed down and overflowing, in His Name, to the innocent victims from whom famine may soon withhold the broken crusts of the poor.

But let us give with a generosity guided by wisdom. We have been asked to send a "Santa Claus" ship to the children of Europe. "No real Christmas without toys, oranges, candies and nuts," we are told. "What will Christmas be for the war kiddies whose fathers are fighting far away from home?" For the gentle, mother-like spirit, awakened to sympathy by the grief of a child, who in his broken toy sees all his world in ruins, we have nothing but the truest respect. But in the present circumstances, we can not praise its wisdom. To-day, there are little children in the Protectories of England, France and Belgium, who in default of speedy aid, will shortly lack a roof over their heads. The hospital Sisters and the Red Cross Associates, report a shortage in medicines, in surgical appliances, even in suitable bandages. Plague now knocks at the gates of Austria. By the time these lines are read, famine and disease may be leading the masque of death across the broad stage of Europe.

It is to our credit that our wishes are more generous than our resources. But when children ask for food, it is not kindness to give them a diverting toy. When their fathers and brothers lie with wounds unstanched on the rude cots of a military hospital, let us buy bandages, not bon-bons. The empty Christmas stockings of the little ones of Europe, lend an added pathos to the story of the grim toll of war. Would that we might fill them, and for every desolate home in Europe, dress a Christmas tree, and bring father and brother home to light the candles, and make merry, as they did one short year ago, in the laughter of happy children. But we can not. Our slender funds must buy necessities. To employ them in the purchase of toys and bon-bons for the children would be folly; a lovable sort of folly, it is true, but none the less unwise.

Bombs and Churches

Peaceful, God-fearing citizens of New York have been shocked beyond measure by the explosion of a bomb in one of the metropolitan churches. As usual, the incident has called forth expressions of opinion from many sides. The I. W. W. has spoken with unusual vigor and frankness. The placing of the bombs is endorsed; regrets are expressed over the failure to do serious damage; more deadly instruments of destruction are promised on future occasions; temples of superstition must come down, and so on.

This last expression suggests both the reason of the crime and a solution of the problem out of which the offence grew. The reason is godlessness, utter, absolute godlessness, with all the swaggering, unholy disrespect for authority that it usually implies. Those bombs were set not simply to destroy churches. That was an accident in the plan. Their purpose was a stroke at God, who, in anarchy's eye, is an incubus, in that He im-

poses upon society bonds which hold the commonwealth together, in the form and with the purpose of a corporate body working unto good. This church and that church are not the objects of hatred. God, law, order, these are anathema. The protest is against God and all that He ordains. The destruction contemplated is to reach beyond fabrics and lives of individuals to society itself, and further, if possible.

In view of this the means discussed for solving the problem are childish to say the least. Police and statutes are powerless before it. Leprosy is not cured by a lotion. This plague is leprosy, the leprosy of unfaith with its attendant rebellion of soul against all restraint, however slight and reasonable. The cure is godliness, faith in God and obedience to Him. That this will come soon is not evident. Millions of Americans are far from such a state of soul. They do not want it for themselves nor for their children. Even did they want it, many of them would be afraid to say so. They would lack the courage to profess belief in God and to demand that their children be trained in His ways. Yet until this is done bombs and death and wreckage may be expected.

When shall it be done? Perhaps when a just man dies once again for the people, a violent death at the hand of the rabble.

A Masonic Program

The part played by Masonry in the persecution of the Church in Mexico, as previously in Portugal and France, is a fact well established. That all these actions were apparently but the execution of a complete program formally drawn up for all the Latin-American countries may not be so well known. The expulsion of religious Orders, the attacks upon the confessional and the Sacraments, the enforced secularization of the schools and similar measures intended to prepare for the final and complete destruction of the Catholic Church are all definite Masonic ordinations enjoined upon the brotherhood. Political agitation is to be carried on everywhere for this purpose. Those not willing to conform to this spirit of anti-Christianity, which is the ultimate expression of Masonic principles, shall be "liable to the most severe penalties of the Masonic law." Such are the regulations drawn up in the resolutions of the first General Congress of Latin-American Masonry, held at Buenos Aires in 1906. From the publication of the Central Verein, "Freemasonry and Christianity," we quote the following extracts originally taken from the tenth number of the Masonic journal of Caracas:

RESOLUTIONS.

5. Latin-American Masonry shall combat by every means in its power the clerical propaganda and the establishment and development of religious congregations, combining efforts to secure their expulsion from these countries. To effect this: (a) Freemasons shall not have their children educated in colleges managed by religious bodies. (b) Freemasons shall use their influence to dissuade their wives and prohibit their children from going to confession to a priest. (c) Freemasons shall not contribute in any way to the support of the religious bodies and their chapels.

6. Freemasons shall strive to enlist members of political parties who may defend their ideals and undertake to vote for the separation of Church and State, the expulsion of the religious congregations, civil inquiry, civil marriage and divorce, purely secular education, lay nurses in the hospitals, the suppression of the military chaplains, and other clerical laws.

7. Every Mason shall be bound to act in the profane world in accordance with the principles of Freemasonry; those who violate this code of honor being liable to the most severe penalties of the Masonic law.

10. Freemasonry shall strive to secure the withdrawal from the Vatican of the representatives of Governments, these not acknowledging the Papacy as an international power.

Throughout all the Latin-American countries this work has been systematically carried out. Beginning with the attempt to withdraw the wives and children of the brotherhood from the Church, Masonry ultimately contemplates depriving the Church of influence in schools, in the army, in hospitals and in institutions of every kind, finally wrecking its very altars when the time shall be ripe for universal proscription. This plan has been carried far forward in France, where even now the Catholic clergy, though called to the firing line of the army, are not officially acknowledged in their priestly capacity. The program was executed in Portugal, and now the last stages of its fulfilment are witnessed in Mexico amid scenes of horrid, unspeakable carnage, lust, ribaldry and blasphemy. Honorable fair-minded Americans should give these facts thought and judge of the beneficence of an organization whose principles lead to such excesses.

A Voracious Monster

Newspaper head-lines and the price-tags in bargain sales, being largely prompted by the pressing need of the immediate disposal of surplus goods, are not generally considered to be oversensitive in using words in their exact meaning. In the lexicon of advertising you do not find the word, "falsehood." You find "quick returns, efficiency, thoroughness, unblemished superlativeness," and the like. Advertising is the fabulous dragon of the day demanding its continual tribute of victims. Such trifles as grammar and truth have long since gone down its capacious maw, and its rapacity is whetted for daintier food.

Many of our distinguished modern writers can now be hired at so much a word to write up anything from a baby's sock to an old man's shroud. You pick up an attractively bound book, entitled the Passing of Time, and written by the well-known editor of the Pharisee. Having been acquainted with the author's previous works, you settle back for an enjoyable hour. You do not at first detect the deception, but before the end you find you have been decoyed into reading an advertisement for a

Dollar Watch. Your favorite artist, too, the creator of the Fishson Young Man, has now a permanent occupation sketching all kinds and conditions of people in Alltheimer's Clothes. No office or position or eminence is secure from the power of advertising. If you are an actor you are using Somebody's toilet articles; if an actress, you are wearing Somebody's hats; if you are a baseball player, you are getting a constant supply of tobacco because you always use the Worst Weed Brand. College professors draw a handsome salary and give lucrative positions to the rest of their families, all engaged in the publicity department of great railroads.

If literature, art, professorial honor, truth, honesty, decency have been swept away by advertising, who will be the next victim? The man seated beside you at table may seem to you perfectly innocent when he praises the hostess' relish, but be careful or you will find that he has a catalog of the other fifty-eight varieties in his inside pocket. Why should friendship and hospitality be more sacred than conscience and self-respect?

Had Advertising been in existence in Homer's time, he never would have begged his bread in seven cities. The Smyrna Fig Co. would have acquired exclusive control of his verse to "limn in mellifluous lines the succulent fig-tree of Smyrna."

We should have had later on such startling announcements as these: "This statue for the Tiber River Food Co., displaying muscular development due to its cereals, comes from the studio of Michelangelo Buonarotti." "This canvas, picturing the 1516 model of an ox-cart, was done by the special artist of the Florence Car Co., Antonio Allegri di Correggio." "The Leeds Incubator Mfr. has the pleasure of announcing that the famous historian, essayist and writer of the Lays of Ancient Rome, T. Babington Macaulay, has consented to write entirely for this company's products. Mr. Macaulay will contribute a lay for every incubator."

The unregenerate individual, Advertising, must have the gospel preached to him. He must be converted. Advertising religion is a recent rallying cry. It is well. Make advertising the ally, not the master of religion. Let the lion lie down beside the lamb. If writers, artists, professors, preachers cry out that they must yield to the imperious demands of advertising, because they say, "We must live," religion should assert with a divine imperiousness that such extraordinary demands are not to be acceded to, because religion will reply: "That it is appointed for all men to die; that the necessities of life are not superior to the necessity of God's law; that if Christ advised friendship with the mammon of iniquity, we, too, ought and can make 'advertising our servants, not our tyrants.'"

In this way an instrument which, like all creatures, was intended to promote virtue, can be turned from ways that are often evil, to do honor to Christ who is Lord, not of man alone, but of all their thoughts and acts, even of "Advertising."

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry*

II.

ALICE MEYNELL.

A poet, obviously, is a poet, albeit he has been called worse names and better according to the sweet or sour temper of his critics! None the less, and other things being equal, we, in our faithful egotism, believe he will be a better poet when inspired by Catholic ideals. And this for a very simple reason: because his ideals become then larger than himself—older, clearer, more divine and more human, too, than the experience of one lifetime could possibly formulate. It is a priceless privilege for any one to share in the *communion of saints:* but to the artist, the poet, it brings a quite peculiar grace, a sort of sweet, "uncovenanted mercy" bearing fragrance for this world as well as the next. That is what we mean by the Catholic note, the Catholic consciousness, in poetry: a mystical thing, yet definite enough to be easily recognized and as easily missed.

A few weeks back we were considering, very briefly, the presence of this Catholic note in some non-Catholic choristers of to-day, the *voices from without,* as we called them. There could scarcely have been a more subtle compliment to the voices *within!* All ideals are infectious; and the Catholic note does not permeate the life or the literature about us save when it sweeps through its own sanctuaries with quite authentic and compelling harmonies.

That there has been a real renaissance of English Catholic literature, beginning with the Oxford Movement, is a fact scarcely open to controversy. It has given us some superb prose and some supreme poetry. From the first, indeed, its laureates were notable: the Oratorian poets, Newman and Faber; the Jesuit Father Hopkins, most intricate, most abstinent and most highly original of minor poets; Aubrey de Vere; and the mystical philosopher, Coventry Patmore. Then came the curious, somewhat exotic "renaissance of the 90's," with Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, "Michael Field," the frail, fine Dowson and, on our own side of the waters, John Banister Tabb, as conspicuous standard-bearers. All of these have gone from us now: an enormous loss to any singing body, a loss that might well prove crippling for half a century. And yet, the Catholic note is still potent enough to vibrate even *without* the Gates!

Nine out of ten critics, if asked to name offhand the three foremost women poets of to-day, would agree upon Alice Meynell, Katharine Tynan Hinkson and Louise Imogen Guiney, one English, one Irish and one American, but all, significantly enough, Catholic! What fact could be more hopeful for the best of feminism, what more indicative of the eternal fitness of things? For poetry is perhaps the one public field from which woman has never, since the days of the Hebrew Miriam and the Greek Sappho, been excluded. Another really delightful point about the present trio is their dissimilarity. Any study of them must become a study in sympathetic contrasts; for, in her certain and separate ideals, each of the three would seem to show forth not merely the "infinite variety" of woman (a thing to which the world has, presumably, gotten used!) but the greater and richer variety of Catholic faith.

From the first, from the early days when Ruskin pronounced some of her youthful lines the "finest things he had seen or felt" in modern verse, Alice Meynell has been a *poet's poet.* Only last year we discovered that the public, the *people who read poetry,* had come to her. That was, of course, when her name was so forcefully urged by English men of letters, and by liter-

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*The second of a series of literary papers by the author of "The Poet's Chantry."

ary journals without any distinction of creed, for the post of Poet Laureate. The time was not yet ripe, it seems. But none of us will soon forget that when *T. P.'s Weekly* whimsically undertook to find out by ballot whom English readers really *wanted* for the minstrel poet, Kipling came first in the list, Dr. Robert Bridges eighth, and lo! Alice Meynell second, with some five thousand, five hundred and ninety-eight votes.

This was all the more astounding when one remembered the exceeding reticence of Mrs. Meynell's muse. She has written very little as quantity goes: the collected poems, published last year, covered scarcely a hundred and twenty pages. All along she has been occupied with a delicate and complex psychology, all along she has used a music intentionally quiet and subtle in its suggested emotion. Indeed, by her refusal to see the obvious, by her scorn of rhetoric, sentimentality and popular fireworks of any kind, Alice Meynell has once for all contradicted the banal charges ordinarily (and not without some ancient justice) brought against women poets!

She has contradicted other things as well. Alice Thompson, born in England, but educated largely on the Continent, came to the Church as an early convert. Early, too, she came to marriage with Wilfrid Meynell; and one remembers among other achievements of her life those three sons and four daughters bearing the melodious names of Everard, Sebastian, Francis, Monica, Viola, Sylvia and Olivia. Her friendships, too, have been an achievement: the Uranian intimacy of Patmore, of George Meredith and, as all the world knows to its gain, the heartwhole homage and devotion of Francis Thompson. Should one not expect from so "liberal" a life (the word is Mrs. Meynell's own) songs of fulness and consummation? Yet her richest theme has been, from the first, *renunciation.*

Perhaps the first conspicuous instance of this *leit-motif* was in "San Lorenzo's Mother," one of Mrs. Meynell's early poems and one of the last to be fogotten. There it was the renouncement of the mother: in other lines we find voiced the voluntary abdications of the poet, and the unending holocausts of the priest. Nearly all of her love poetry is a poetry of denial: best remembered, perhaps, will be those two tremendous fragments, "After a Parting" and "Renouncement" —poems both of the very white heat of passion, that white heat which, as de Vere once observed, "to colder natures appears but snow." Renouncement could be carried but one step higher; and this, too, Alice Meynell has done in that late and mystical lyric of God's sacred *nay*, "Why Wilt Thou Chide."

It can not be said that any large body of Mrs. Meynell's verse is strictly devotional in character. Yet she has touched no subject without the illuminative insight of high spirituality. And no subject has she touched more nobly (nor more reticently) than womanhood. If it be woman in public life, she thinks instinctively of the "sacred, young, provincial nun," Catherine of Siena. If it be the merely personal ideal, she sings with a penetrating and inspiring music of that high-souled, free-footed "Shepherdess" "who keeps her soul" so well in dark and light, in valley and on hilltop. So, too, with the poems of her Nature brooding—things observed at once delicately and definitely, as an artist in color might observe. "Spring on the Alban Hills" is well worth quoting; so is the "Daisy" sonnet, with its perfect ending:

> O daisy mine, what will it be to look
> From God's side even on such a simple thing?

But since we are considering Mrs. Meynell's poems chiefly, this time, for their Catholic note, we must practise her own "renouncement," pressing on to such sacramental pieces as "The Unknown God" or "General Communion"; or to that wonderful quatrain which has contrived to crystallize whole tomes of devotion, "Via, et Veritas, et Vita":

> "You never attained to Him?" "If to attain
> Be to abide, then that may be,"
> "Endless the way, followed with how much pain!"
> "The way was He."

"Christ in the Universe" is one of the most daring, one of the most Catholic, even one of the most theological poems attempted by any recent writer. It deals with no less a problem than the salvation of worlds other than our own. Yet who can doubt the poignant success of it, both devotionally and artistically? The "terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet, heart-shattering secret" of the Incarnation is first dwelt upon, and that one forsaken Palestinian grave which remains chief treasure of our "ambiguous earth." Then, the stupendous question of God's possible dealings with the other planets, the Christ-pilgrimage throughout the universe! The theme, of course, is purely hypothetical, but big in suggestion: and its conclusion bears no disappointment:

> O, be prepared, my soul!
> To read the inconceivable, to scan
> The million forms of God those stars unroll
> When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Truly, one breathes rare ether when one walks with Alice Meynell. The largeness and yet the clearness of her thought are memorable, the rightness and finality of her judgment, when judgment is given! and always, the *unique viewpoint.* Consider, as a final instance, the amazing yet unstrained freshness of this Christmas poem:

"UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN."

> Given, not lent,
> And not withdrawn—once sent,
> This Infant of mankind, this One,
> Is still the little welcome Son.
>
> New every year,
> New born and newly dear,
> He comes with tidings and a song,
> The ages long, the ages long;
>
> Even as the cold,
> Keen winter grows not old,
> As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
> And spring in the familiar green.
>
> Sudden as sweet
> Come the expected feet.
> All joy is young, and new all art,
> And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

Even such is the Catholic note in Alice Meynell's poetry.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Reunion All Round; or, Jael's Hammer laid aſide, and the Milk of Human Kindneſs beaten up into Butter and ſerv'd in a lordly Diſh. By the AUTHOR of *"Abſolute and Abitofhell."* London: The Society of SS. Peter & Paul. New York: 37 E. 28th St. $0.18.

It is an open secret that the writer of this brilliant skit is the Rev. R. A. Knox, son of the Protestant Bishop of Manchester. Mr. Knox had already acquired a literary reputation as the author of "Some Loose Stones," which was presented as a counterblast to "Foundations," a book that figured largely in the Kikuyu affair on account of its extreme modernistic teachings.

Written in the style of Swift, without his coarseness, and with a running flavor of Rabelais, "Reunion All Round" is a satirical knock at the comprehensiveness of the Church of England. The pith and marrow of it will afford endless delectation to certain High Anglicans and such Catholics as were formerly Anglicans, or are familiar with that phenomenon known as "the mind of the Church of England." What could be more exquisite than the following proposal to admit Mahometans to the communion of the Church of England without at the same time giving offence to the Atheists:

> Would it not be well to introduce the Muezzin into our Church-towers, and at the fame Time to fee to it that his Announcement was both leſs provocative (to Atheists), and more appropriate; that he ſhould either ſhout out, *The early Bird catches the Worm,* or, if he were muſical, even intone to ſome ſimple Anglican Chant the words:
>
> Early to bed, and early to riſe,
> Makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wiſe?

A place is to be found for "the Idolaters, eſpecially Papiſts", and even the Pope himself would be allowed to take rank as a retired Missionary Bishop! Finally, the writer declares that:

> It ſhall go hard but within a century at moſt we ſhall make the *Church of England* true to her Catholic Vocation, which is, plainly, to include within her Borders every poſſible Shade of Belief, *Quod umquam, quod uſquam, quod ab ullis.*

Nothing short of heroic virtue or invincible ignorance can constrain Mr. Knox, and those who think with him, to risk their eternal welfare by clinging to a religious system which he thus flays so unmercifully. Incidentally, the brochure is a typographical gem.

H. C. W.

Daniel Webster. By FREDERICK A. OGG. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25.

The latest contribution to the "American Crisis Biography" series is a book that is well worth while. Nothing of importance has been omitted in these pages that portray the real Webster. It is a well-balanced account of a life that will always be of telling interest to the student of American history. The personal characteristics of the man start out at you from almost every chapter, and still there is no useless disquisition on the qualities that may or may not have been the character-elements of the great statesman. The activities that filled a very busy lifetime during a most important and critical period of our country's history, tell louder than words of the character of the Massachusetts Senator. Then, too, Webster's views on the questions of his day, his attitude toward political policies, his judgment of the great men of that very interesting period, whether friends or antagonists, are put before the reader in the words of Webster himself, as found in his letters and speeches. As one of our greatest public men Webster will always appeal to Americans. And it is especially as a public man that Professor Ogg has treated the subject of his biography. Yet he is by no means timorous about giving an estimate of Webster's character. Whether we agree with him or not in that estimate, at least it wins our confidence in the writer to meet with straightforward opinions. For instance, toward the end of the book, when the author comes to balance the faults and virtues of Webster in the scale of his individual judgment, he says:

> Daniel Webster was not a paragon of virtues. He had faults, some of which were not only serious, but inexcusable. . . . By his failure to keep under restraint the ambition which burned within him to attain the presidency, he permitted his later years to be made feverish and unhappy, and his usefulness to his generation to be impaired.

With Henry Cabot Lodge the author holds that the orator's moral vigor was not equal to his intellectual force. To Webster's intellectual power his biographer pays worthy tribute, placing him above Clay and Calhoun in his own generation, and owning him second to none among the great figures in our history.

G. C. T.

Lichens from the Temple. By ROBERT RESTALRIG LOGAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs toward the Sunlight. By HANFORD CHASE JUDSON. New York: Stewart & Co. $1.50.

Lyric poetry is the unbosoming and the unbaring of the poet's soul, when every curve and corner and crevice lie revealed before us. Therefore is it always an interesting and profitable employment, no matter how little or much the poetry be worth artistically, to take advantage of the door thus opened and peer into the inner sanctuary of a human heart, to learn what gods are there adored, what the prayers are that rise therefrom.

The temple of poesy from which Mr. Logan has brought us these lichens reveals itself a temple of doubt and near pessimism. To live for him, he tells us, is an effort; to die is a chance.

> Toward the supernatural world in vain we cry,
> In vain our hands extend;
> From that blue ribbon we call the sky,
> Dead leaves alone descend.

Thus ends the very first poem of his book which begins then its round of sorrowful mysteries; in his "Good Dog Guy" threnody he would have us think a dog's demise to be well nigh as worthy of tears as is a man's passing, for even dogs "share the elemental fire"; and men are not worth much as a rule.

These lichens have some "cosmic dust" clinging to them, and the twilight gray of agnosticism is shadowed through them, yet they are fair in form and fresh to the eye. The author's striking phraseology and quotable verses deserve to carry a better message.

Mr. Judson's soul is sunlit and cheery, and his poems are real and human. From factory window or in Broadway's glare some spot of brightness and joy is shining for him. He discerns the beauty in the face of man or in the many-faced fields of earth and sky. He glows with American optimism, with the love of action and the jostle of street crowds, and he thrills to the touch of the heroic in any mould it may chance to be cast. The story of Père Jogues the author tells with sympathy that falls off slightly, however, from complete understanding, and ends his ballad with a description of Auriesville:

> And there I stood one autumn day,
> Watching the pilgrims kneel to pray.
> Though many were of lighter mind,
> Yet some devoutly seemed to find
> Before the shrine increase of power.
> I watched. I did not bend the knee;
> Yet something in the place and hour
> Loaned man a greater dignity.

The poems are smooth and simple and bring us into contact with a thoughtful and pleasing soul. The volume's price is rather high.

J. P. M.

Researches into Chinese Superstitions. By HENRY DORÉ, S.J. Translated from the French with notes, historical and explanatory, by M. KENNELLY, S.J. Shanghai: Tusewei Printing Press. London: Kegan, Paul & Co. $2.50.

The scholarly work of Father Doré is the first volume of the well-known series "Varietés Sinologiques" or Miscellanies on China, published by the Jesuit Fathers of the Shanghai Mission. Four other volumes have been completed and are being done into English.

The author's labors and travels as a missionary for over twenty years in the provinces of Kiangsu and Nganhwei, have given him unusual opportunities of closely studying the multiform and rather picturesque superstitions of the Chinese. In the quaint old inland towns and secluded villages, and in the unfrequented monasteries and temples not yet blighted by foreign sophistica-

tion, he has learned to know the superstitions of the people in all their native vigor. He has given us a very faithful reproduction with vividness of color and detail that makes this volume not only instructive, but very entertaining reading. To his own painstaking personal researches Father Doré has added the result of careful study of, and comparison with such standard Sinologists as Doolittle, Beal, Hackman and de Groot.

The valuable albums of the Jesuit Library in Sicawei have yielded their rich store of pictures of gods and goddesses, genii and mythical heroes to complete and embellish the text.

The work is, without doubt, a valuable addition to the study of "Comparative Religions." Although scientifically critical throughout, the book is written in a style that makes it intelligible for the general reading public. Father Kennelly, one of AMERICA'S frequent contributors, has done his colleague's work into very readable English. P. G. R.

A Far Journey. By ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.75.

"A Far Journey" indeed and a sad one, too, though the author does not see its pathos. For as a boy in Syria he was a devout member of the "Holy Apostolic Greek Orthodox Church," so many of its tenets are those of Catholicism, but now he is the pastor of the "Church of the Disciples," which was founded in Boston seventy-two years ago by James Freeman Clark, a Unitarian of the Unitarians. Mr. Rihbany tells us how he lost one after another the Catholic truths preached to his Antiochean ancestors, perhaps by St. Peter himself. With some of these tenets the author found it hard to part. His Church's beautiful ritual appealed to him strongly, he still recalls with "grateful appreciation" the solemn Masses at which he assisted and confesses:

> I felt especially predisposed to set my face against Protestantism when it taught me to give up adoring (*sic*) the Virgin Mary, the "Mother of God."

But the Presbyterian mission schools ensnared the poor little Syrian boy and gave him the "open Bible" and "religious freedom" in return for the faith of his forefathers. At the age of twenty Mr. Rihbany landed in New York with nine cents in his pocket, and after many hardships made a course at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and became the pastor of a Congregational church at Morenci, Mich. Charged with departing from "sound doctrine" he resigned his pulpit and then drifted further and further away from Christianity till finally he was considered "advanced" enough to preach to the Boston "Disciples." The author regards his "Far Journey" as a triumphal march from darkness and bondage to freedom and light. Therein lies the pathos of the book to the Catholic reader. W. D.

The College Course and the Preparation for Life. By ALBERT PARKER FITCH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $1.25.

This book comprises a series of informal talks delivered to the undergraduates of Williams College by the President of the Faculty of Andover Theological Seminary. In itself, the book is utterly without importance. Its philosophy is crudely idealistic, its theology, a collection of modernistic tags. But a melancholy interest attaches itself to these talks, when one reflects that they mirror the weak and beggarly elements, which are presented to non-Catholic colleges as Christianity. One no longer wonders why Christianity is dead in many of these institutions.

Mr. Fitch's valiant defense of the intellectual claims of Christianity fizzles out in a weak appeal, that since no one can prove anything under any circumstances, why not make believe that Christianity may be just as true as atheism?

> We believe in the validity of human knowledge, pleads this modern Athanasius, but the belief is a pure assumption. We can not prove it. We just trust that things are as they appear to be. . . . Now the same thing is true in the realm of religion. . . . The only thing that Christianity asks of you is this: since you have got to live by faith anyway, it asks you to have faith in its view of the world. We can not prove that view, neither can our opponents prove theirs. Belief in the Christian God is a leap in the dark.

The Athanasian, the Nicean and the Apostles' Creed, "do appear to us to be extraordinarily able . . . yet, of course, they are mistaken; and, of course, they are deficient in part; for they come from somewhere about the third century, and we are the children of the twentieth century." The twentieth century is happy in possessing a scholar who can sweep away three venerable creeds, with two lightly uttered "of courses." But what ineffable silliness can be found between the covers of books, even when written by Heads of Theological Faculties, is illustrated when Mr. Fitch sets down "the only tenable theory" of scriptural inspiration.

> I know the Bible is inspired, not because God dictated it, not because miracles or predictions are found in it, not because it is or has ever been inerrant; but because it inspires me. Being an inspiring book, of course, it is inspired.

Religion, according to the learned President, is the development of an instinct "which, together with the desire for food and clothes, and the sex-hunger, is one of the three fundamental motor-impulses of the race." If in the course of these dull and shallow pages, there is even an attempt to explain, still less to defend, the truth of Christ's divinity or of Christ's definite teaching, diligent search fails to reveal it. The President of the Faculty of the Andover Theological Seminary has given us, not a defense, but a caricature of Christianity. The book is a striking proof of the decay of Christianity in many Protestant theological centres, and of the irreligious influences to which Catholic students in non-Catholic colleges are exposed. P. L. B.

Historical Records and Studies. Edited by CHARLES GEORGE HERBERMANN, LL.D. Vol. VII, June, 1914. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

This is the sixteenth volume of "Records and Studies" that the Catholic Historical Society has published since January, 1899. Each one has been a substantial and scholarly addition to the general collection of the Catholic historical data of the United States, and the whole set is an accomplishment not surpassed by the work of any of the secular historical societies so much wealthier in resources and stronger in membership. This result is due, in large measure, to the zeal and unselfish sacrifice of the president of the society, Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, who has devoted his valuable time to the gathering together and editing of the many papers that fill the attractive volumes of the series. In the present one he contributes the opening chapters on "The Sulpicians in the United States," a history, drawn from new and authoritative sources, that promises a very important survey of the work of the Congregation which had so much to do with the early organization of the Church in the United States. Another article from his pen deals with the question "Was Columbus a Spaniard and a Jew?" Readers of AMERICA will be specially interested in two contributions, "Le Moyne D'Iberville," by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., and "A Catholic University and Its Founders," by Rev. M. J. O'Connor, S.J. In the first Father Campbell tells the story of one of the most famous of the Canadian pioneers and explorers, and in the other Father O'Connor details Catholic progress in one of the Middle Western States and the founding, at Omaha, Neb., through the generosity of John and Edward Creighton, of the splendid free Catholic university that now bears their name. Other historical papers included in the volume are: "St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Delaware," Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.; "Pierre D'Ailly and the Discovery of America," Canon Louis Salembier; "Holy Trinity Parish, Boston," Paul H. Linehan; "The San Blas Indians," Rev. Henry C. Pouget; "Fra Junipero Serra and the California Mis-

sions," Ann Judge; "A Village Churchyard," Thomas F. Meehan, and "Results of My Cartographical Investigations," Rev. Joseph Fischer, S.J. There are a number of illustrations adding to the interest and value of the text. I. F. M.

Indian Days of the Long Ago. By EDWARD S. CURTIS. Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Co. Price, $1.00.

The North American Indian is well-nigh gone from among us. The fascination and pathos of his story will never go. Child of sky and earth and winds, wild with the wildness of the untrammeled forest, simple as those ever are whose life lessons are conned from nature's text-book, drawing from uninterrupted communion with nature strange myths and stranger creeds, the Indian has a charm for us that does not die with his dying race. "Indian Days of the Long Ago" repictures for us the redman in his native haunts and rugged ways. The picture is frankly ideal. Under the author's touch we forget much that we would fain forget of the darker side of Indian life, and the redman stands before us in softer light. The story is of Kukusim, Indian boy and chief-to-be of the Salish, a Rocky Mountain tribe. His story is told from early boyish pranks and pastimes, from rabbit hunt and forest foray to the dread mountain fast which ushers in the dawn of manhood. Classic war-hoop and bloody massacre are conspicuously absent. For this we are grateful. But the book is rich in its fulness of the simple, homely, more helpful, if less bloodthirsty adventures of Indian domestic life, of the exciting deer and buffalo hunt, of stories told in the glow of evening camp-fire. The whole is imaginatively set before us with a literary charm and simplicity, which, while not without its appeal to maturer minds, will especially furnish profitable and entertaining reading to the young. I. W. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The current number of the *Catholic Mind* contains a luminous study of "New England Thought," by the Rev. Michael J. Mahoney, S.J., an admirable paper on "Calvinism and Our Literature," by Father James J. Daly, who is such a favorite of AMERICA'S readers, and a short article on "Pragmatism." Thoughtful Catholics, who wish to trace back to its sources contemporary American thought, will find in this pamphlet abundant food for reflection.

The belated number of the October *Month* is more or less of a war number. The many so-called revelations regarding this war receive attention at the hands of Father Thurston in "War Prognostics and Prophecies"; some of them are dealt with in a summary manner. English Protestant mendicancy, which has tried to make an appeal to the pockets of the unwary on the strength of the war, gets an excellent set-back from the mordant pen of Mr. James Britten. The strongest paper is "Militarismus," an article dealing with the present war and von Bernhardi in particular. This article is not, nor does it pretend to be, strictly neutral; at the same time it questions the most vital elements of Bernhardi's book in a manner that is fair and entirely illuminating. The "Mary's Meadow Papers" form a grateful change from the warlike atmosphere.

The "Wall of Partition," by Florence L. Barclay (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.35) is a healthy and interesting story that approaches at times the level of greatness. The hero is a self-centred person who feeds himself and his publishers on a tragic past, till an accidental peep into the Bible and a graveyard, and a penchant for kindness to birds and widows and other long-suffering mortals, with the reappearance of the very charming heroine of his tragedy, induce a proper humility and, therewith, faith and happiness. The lights and shadows are over strong for the judicious, but as that which they emphasize is good there is no harm done. "Billy," the best of the male characters, is unfairly cheated of happiness, but in order, we suspect, to save him for another novel. He is worth it.

The Benedictine Fathers of Mt. Angel, Ore., have issued their "St. Joseph's Kalender" for 1915. Besides the usual illustrations, stories and matters of general interest, it contains the naturalization laws of the United States and the questions which are likely to be asked in the examination for citizenship, together with the required responses. Questions and answers are given both in English and German. The "Regensburger Marienkalender" has likewise arrived. It is the fiftieth anniversary of its first appearance and the *Kalendermann* offers his greetings to his readers. He may well recount with satisfaction the blessings which this messenger of Mary has brought to countless homes through the course of half a century. A calendar is likely to be read and reread by the entire family and its devotional pictures and articles offer many an inspiration and suggest many a lifting of the heart to God. Each of the above calendars is sold at retail for twenty-five cents. The "Marienkalender" is published by Fr. Pustet.

During the conclave of the Cardinals at Rome the Catholics of Germany took the opportunity to present to the members of the Sacred College their *"Memorandum Catholicorum Germanicorum Patribus Purpuratis Eminentissimis. S. R. E. Cardinalibus Anno* 1914 *humillime oblatum."* It is issued in a purple cover and contains the signatures of the leading Catholics of the Empire. The object of the memorandum was to present "the truth regarding the causes and origin of the war." As the reason for this step is mentioned the fact that at that time Germany was practically cut off from communication with the rest of the world. "All telegraphic agencies are in the hands of the enemy," says the document, "and are active almost every hour in spreading a great number of false reports concerning the German people and the German Empire." The volume is documented and contains a Latin version of various diplomatic telegrams intended to show how England could have prevented the war between Germany and France if it had desired to do so. The Latin versions of the German White Book and of two speeches, one by the Emperor, the other by the Imperial Chancellor, then follow.

The late Charles Augustus Ward an English "scholar-hermit," who burned to be considered a "literary man," had once induced Carlyle to listen for three hours and a half to the reading of a manuscript and subsequently received from the shrewd Scot some letters of frank criticism which were in part recently published. Carlyle gave this sage advice:

> If you resolve to devote yourself to literature, and the questionable enterprise of unfolding whatever gifts may be in you in the shape of more spoken or written *words*—which, for a young man in earnest with his life, and possessed of real capabilities and opportunities for *work* in this world, I consider a very questionable enterprise indeed—it is clearly necessary, in the first place, that you instruct *yourself*, acquire knowledge far and wide, amass experiences, and digest the same into definite results—in short, that you should have attained to some conquest of what at least seems to yourself Wisdom and beautiful Insight, before you attempt uttering yourself with the whole world for audience. You are otherwise (I mean to say, *every man* is otherwise, for what the special "you" may be in this case is not known to me) in the condition of a man "speaking" without having anything to say. . . . By all means, employ your spare time in seeking knowledge; redeem, if you can, a few hours of every day; read Books, and try to make sure that they are wise Books; consort with wise men, avoid the company of fools; think, reflect, enquire; study earnestly to find some true and noble thing in this world to which you can swear fealty: the day may come when you are really called to *speak* to your fellow creatures;—but I can tell you, it will be

happier for you if it never come; if whatever nobleness and wisdom are in you can come out in the way of silent work and successful conduct,—appealing to the Eternal Powers (who are good judges and *can* reward), not the Ephemeral Reviewers, who have no power except in the circulating libraries, and no judgment that is infallible for the guidance of man!

Carlyle then earnestly counselled the practice of "the Silences," of which he writes elsewhere:

> Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great empire of silence. The noble silent men, scattered here and there each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of!

Whether or not the three volumes Mr. Ward eventually published were grave violations of the Silences does not appear. But if many of to-day's authors would only lay to heart Carlyle's advice, their books would be fewer in number and higher in quality.

"I can not write the book I want to write," complained a highly successful novelist. "The public wouldn't have it if I wrote it. I have become committed by success to a certain type of story, and even if the public would have it, the publisher wouldn't." Commenting upon his grievance the Boston *Evening Transcript* observes:

> The case is not unusual. The comedian always wants to play Hamlet. The painter who has established a reputation for his sheep or cows or ducks is compelled by those who buy his pictures to paint sheep or cows or ducks forever, and any departure from his rule of life means loss of time and money. So also with authors, except the great ones, who can do as they please. Once a man has written a sensational story that has a big "run" he is doomed to the writing of sensational stories until the end. Once he has turned out a popular detective story—well, he must chonicle the doings of "sleuths" and "crooks" till he wearies with exhaustion. It is the fly in his amber that the better thoughts within him, the products of his artistic growth, and his ideals, can not find expression. He is a slave in a galley—a galley of his own making—condemned by insistent forces to do as he has done, and not as he would wish.

But in many such cases, the public, it must be owned, is more deserving of compassion than the author. The unhappy reader whose soul is on the rack until he has devoured the twenty-ninth and latest detective story or medieval romance of his "favorite author" is just as worthy of pity as the helpless writer himself.

The tide is still going out against the higher critics of literature. Gaston Paris is quoted triumphantly by Professor Gilbert Murray in his "Rise of the Great Epic." "The great savant" is cited to uphold the professor's theory of the multiplicity of authorship in Homer. "The Song of Roland," says Gaston Paris, "is not a work composed in one effort at a given moment. The name of the author is Legion." Professor Murray appeals to this great savant and to the divisionists of the Pentateuch in confirmation of his views about Homer. But alas for the "great savant"! A greater savant in the person of Professor Bédier has now come and upset the conclusions of Gaston Paris. Professor Comfort, summarizing M. Bédier's investigation in the *Dublin Review* for July says:

> The significance of this theory can not be mistaken. It is in line with other criticism of our day, which is doing away with the communal origins of poetry and establishing the predominance of the individual in authorship. . . . M. Bédier contends for the artistic unity and the individual authorship of our Roland as an expression of ideals in 1100.

According to M. Bédier, "There is not a single epic form or even a single episode which is localized anywhere in Italy apart from a pilgrim high-road." This statement offers a strange parallel to the "Iliad" which, according to Leaf, was a struggle for a trade route, and in its Trojan Catalogue followed the trade routes. "The Æneid" also is said to "follow a chain of temples where travelers used to stop to adore Aphrodite" and Bérard has endeavored to show that the "Odyssey" is reminiscent of Phœnician traveling. The spade of the excavator has destroyed Wolf's test of early civilization. The contradictory conclusions, arising from the various intrinsic tests, have robbed them of all validity, and now M. Bédier does permanent injury to Wolf's other extrinsic test of primitive epic, moulded by the people out of ballads. The artistic faith of poets and literary critics in general is justified. Homer is one and inseparable.

Here are three little devotional works Benziger Brothers publish: "Meditations on the Rosary" ($0.35) consists of "the mysteries of the Rosary set down in verse, to bring before the mind the main facts in the life of Our Lord and of His Mother." The verses, in number corresponding to the number of Paters, Aves and Glorias repeated in the full chaplet, will be of help to one looking for simple and pious thoughts as the beads slip through the fingers. The work was evidently a labor of love to the "Brother of the Little Oratory." "The Meaning of Life" ($0.35) is a collection of short essays on spiritual subjects by Father A. Goodier, S.J. All of them are interesting and instructive. In "The Fact of God," for example, which at first blush seems designed for those of no faith, the author gives the hackneyed difficulties alleged by those who do not wish to believe and in no hackneyed style answers them. Careful reading here, beyond the points of instruction, will reveal even to the faithful many home truths and suggest fruitful meditation. In his essay on "Worldliness" the author finds a rather restricted meaning for the word "character" with which his fellow-religious, Father Hull, would hardly agree. The French author of "The Crucifix" ($0.35) brings us back nineteen centuries and tenderly unfolds before our eyes the drama of the Redemption. The thoughts are arranged under eight headings, and will appeal to lovers of the crucifix.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Holy Bible, Translated from the Latin Vulgate and Diligently Compared with other Editions in Divers Languages. (Douay, A. D. 1609; Reims, A. D. 1582.) Published as Revised and Annotated by Authority. $1.00; The Prophet's Widow. By Anna C. Browne. $1.25; A Broken Rosary. By Mary Agnes Finn; The Worst Boy in the School. By C. M. Home; Lord Clandonnell. By S. M. Christina; Roma. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Part VI. $0.35.

Burns & Oates, London:
The Shadow of Peter. By Herbert E. Hall. Second Edition Revised and Enlarged. 2s. 0d.

Century Co., New York:
Little Eve Edgarton. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb. $1.00.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Joyful Heart. By Robert Haven Schauffler. $1.25; Handicapped. By Homer Greene. $1.25.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Ten Sex Talks to Girls. By Dr. Irving David Steinhardt. $1.00; Ten Sex Talks to Boys. By Dr. Steinhardt. $1.00.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott. By Bonstelle de Forest. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Edited with Notes by Herbert Bates. $0.25.

McBride, Nast & Co., New York:
The Subterranean Brotherhood. By Julian Hawthorne. $1.50.

J. H. Praetz, New York:
A Digest of Savings Bank Laws. By Joseph H. Praetz, LL.B. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Hinduism in Europe and America. By Elizabeth A. Reed. $1.25; Fremont and '49. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. $4.50; The Book of the Bayeaux Tapestry. By Hilaire Belloc. With 72 Illustrations in Color. $3.50.

York Publishing Co., New York:
Spiritual Interpretations. By Francis C. Lucas. $0.50.

EDUCATION

A School for Reverence

"The most fearful problem with which we have to deal," said the Chief Magistrate of the New York Municipal Courts, in a recent public address, "is the horde of young men from sixteen to twenty-four years old who daily appear before us. Their number is continually increasing. Their characteristic mark is an utter lack of reverence for man, for law, for conscience, and for God." To assign the causes of this frightful disorder, to indicate the means of checking it, did not lie within the scope of the learned magistrate's discourse. But that his words expressed the literal truth, no student of American life will for a moment doubt.

Reverence, twin sister of humility, the peculiar property of great souls, seems fast becoming a lost virtue. Well may we ask what has become of that old-time chivalry for the mothers and sisters of other men, which once, we could truthfully say, was characteristic of Americans. The answer may be read in our congested divorce courts. On your way down town to-morrow morning, glance at the theatrical billboards. The advertisements in the car that bears you to your office, that stare at you from the pages of your morning paper, you can hardly escape. Shameless is the present-day exploitation of women, shameless and shocking to a degree surpassed only by the infamous slave-marts of ancient Oriental paganism. For a penny, men disgrace the mothers who bore them. But what has become of woman's reverence for herself, when her chosen garb makes her an ever-recurrent subject of ribald jest? when mothers clothe their children in a fashion against which Martial and Ovid, vile as they were, protested as destructive of public decency? Where is the reverence for childhood in the community which, on the plea of economic necessity, authorizes the childless home? If the hand that is the comforter of childhood, or should be, is raised against the fabric of the race's honor, the future can hold nothing but ruin. If this be thought an exaggeration, an argument may be found in the almost vanished Puritan stock in New England, in the horror that has cost France more subjects than a century of war.

Upon what food has public opinion fed that it has grown so vile? The sources of this corruption are many, but among the most harmful is the school which has closed its doors against God. This is an old answer, an answer upon which Catholic apologists have rung the changes since the days of Julian the Apostate, the true father of secular education. But it is new in the confirmation given it by each new generation. We are reminded by a non-Catholic social worker, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, that more than eighteen million children in the public schools of this country are receiving no direct moral instruction whatever. For five hours daily, five days of the week, they are in touch with their teachers, and under the teacher's influence, in a school which bars religion. Once a week, less than one per cent. of these children go to Sunday schools which attempt to make up for the lack of moral education in the public schools. In this fact, Dr. Williams, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, finds the cause of many defections from the ranks of his communion. The Methodist Bishop, Dr. Candler, whose noble fight against the atheizing influences of the Carnegie millions deserves all praise, tells us that we may as well understand first as last, that the policy of religionless education and unmoral culture can end in nothing but disrespect for all authority, and ruin for both Church and State.

Is Dr. Candler's prophecy coming true? For more than three-quarters of a century we have been looking at the little schoolhouse, set on the mountain-top whence cometh our salvation. And we have more murderers than all Europe combined. We have a divorce court that is a scandal to pagan Japan. Let us examine the criminal record of a single American city, one which numbers nearly a million children in its public schools. In two boroughs of the city of New York, during the last year, nearly one hundred and forty thousand persons, or about one to every fifteen of population, were arrested for crimes or misdemeanors, so patent as to fall under the observation of a police force not particularly trained in cunning or astuteness. About forty thousand were boys and young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four. To pass upon these cases, the city is obliged to maintain eleven courts, of which several are in session both day and night, Sundays and holidays included. It is now proposed to extend this municipal court by the establishment of several additional tribunals. In the same period, nearly fifteen thousand children came before the Juvenile Court. Many of these, it is true, were neglected, not delinquent children, but a neglected child almost invariably connotes a delinquent parent. For this riot of disorder in a single city, which is administered, if not more efficiently, at least as well, as the typical American municipality, the school must bear its share of responsibility. The public school has been given a full and free chance to prove what it could do in the improvement of the standards of living. It is backed by the State. It has enjoyed the favor of those who saw in it a needed protest against "sectarianism." Financial resources, almost without limit, have been at its command. The city of New York alone, during the year closing July 31, 1913, expended on the public schools the sum of $40,058,862.32. In the last fifteen years, according to figures compiled from what appear to be incomplete reports, $373,811,781.22 were appropriated by the city for the maintenance of the public schools.

Has the return been adequate? With the best of intentions, money may be foolishly invested. To those who believe that the school should be a potent factor in the formation of Christian character—and, be it remembered, ours is a Christian civilization—the results of the system which has absorbed these millions, are depressing. As its very foundation, that system writes the expulsion of the Christian religion from the school. Experience only confirms what a critical *a priori* examination led us to believe. As far back as 1852, the historian, Allison, no friend of Catholic projects, could write:

> Experience has now abundantly verified the melancholy truth so often enforced in Scripture, so constantly forgotten by mankind, that intellectual culture has no effect in arresting the sources of evil in the human heart; that it alters the direction of crime but does not alter its amount. This melancholy truth is supported by a most widespread and varying mass of proof. The utmost efforts have for a quarter of a century been made in various countries to extend the blessings of education to the laboring classes; but not only has no diminution in consequence been perceptible in the amount of crime and the turbulence of mankind, but the effect has been the reverse. They have both signally and alarmingly increased.

Turn to the Catholic school. What it stands for, the whole world knows. Reverence for God; reverence for man, His image; reverence for lawful authority representing Him in Church and state; reverence for one's own body, the temple of His Holy Spirit, is its very atmosphere. Over the heads of the children hangs the Crucifix, recalling the Saviour who in submission to His Father's will gave up His life for our salvation, and was heard for His reverence. With the saving sign, they begin their work in the name of the ever-adorable Trinity. Together the little lips move in prayer, incense wreathing the throne of God. They are repeating the words which fell from those adorable lips when, in far off Galilee, the Master said to

his disciples: "Thus shall ye pray: *Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.*" A pause, and once more from the hearts of children, arises the salutation of the Angel, in words not human but divine, since they were conceived before eternity in the mind of God, taking counsel within Himself concerning man's redemption. A swift, short, touching invocation and the little ones put themselves in the Heart of Jesus; and again the saving sign, in the name of the Triune God. Their angels who ever look upon His Face, hover over them. Mary, God's Mother and theirs, the most perfect, most lovable example of all that is supremely sweet and pure, smiles at her children, as, long ago, she smiled on her little Son in the fields of Nazareth. Into the hearts of many, Jesus Himself has come that very morning.

True the schoolhouse may be old and poor, the scorn of dilettante sociologists, much like the lowly home of Nazareth—but why trace further the difference between the school built for the glory of God, and the palace that is raised for the glorification of man? They that run may read.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Divine Test

A special characteristic by which Our Lord wished His disciples to be distinguished from the pagan world about them was to be their love for one another, which would of necessity express itself in outward acts of mutual service. Greatness of power was to bring with it only increase of service. In consonance with this spirit the Head of the well-nigh three hundred million faithful throughout the world, the Vicegerent of Christ, still rejoices in the title which he officially bears, "Servant of the servants of God." Such service does not diminish authority, since authority is derived from God, but its purpose is to join high and low, rich and poor, in one Christian unity of love for the promotion of the common good. This principle of mutual service, which is the pivot of Christian social life and government, the Gentile world had never been able to understand:

> You know that they who seem to rule over the Gentiles, lord it over them: and their princes have power over them.
> But it is not so among you: but whosoever will be greater shall be your minister.
> And whosoever will be the first among you, shall be the servant of all.

Service is the duty of every Christian and every citizen. It was because Liberalism forgot this truth that Socialism became possible. In proportion as Christianity lost its sway over the hearts of men the masses were once more regarded as destined only to provide for the wealth, luxury or power of the rich and the great. No wonder that the multitudes, thus divested of their dignity as Christians, in turn lost the true concept of service, and that oppression on the one hand and revolution on the other replaced the law of mutual Christian love and service. So was inverted the divine order of society in which love was to be the quickening soul and service the visible, ministering body of Christian social life.

In all the plans of God there is a certain harmony and subordination of parts. So too in the works of charity the spiritual must take precedence of the merely corporal and temporal. True, in the order of time it not seldom happens that the body is first to be cared for before the soul can be given or will accept assistance. But the spiritual aim must ever be kept in view as the final purpose of all we do. "This zeal in coming to the rescue of our fellow men," writes Pope Leo XIII, "should, of course, be solicitous first for the imperishable goods of the soul, but it must not neglect what is necessary and helpful for the body." He then cites the example of Christ who "invoked, as the proof of His mission to men, His exercise of charity." Asked by the disciples of the Baptist: "Art Thou He that art to come or look we for another?" He contented Himself with pointing to His works as foretold in the prophecy of Isaias and now realized in Him: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them." What especially excites our surprise, adds the great Pontiff, is that in speaking of the Last Judgment Our Lord omits all reference to the works of mercy which comfort the soul and refers only to the external works in the service of our neighbor, which He regards as done to Himself:

> For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me.

Love is the fulfilment of the law; and this love is most strikingly displayed before the world in such external works. There is a peculiar appropriateness in calling special attention to them in this place because there is question here of the General Judgment. This is to be public, in the sight of all men, and this is the reason, it has been suggested, why the illustration chosen by Christ is taken exclusively from our social life. Thus one class alone of works, out of many elsewhere insisted upon, is made to serve as an example. Whatever may have been the motive of Our Divine Lord, the choice itself is significant.

We are not for this reason to extol the service done for the temporal welfare of men over that of the soul. "Fear ye not them that kill the body and are not able to kill the soul," Our Divine Lord admonishes us. His longing is for the souls of men. He Himself has likewise given us the highest example of the purely spiritual ministry even to laying down His life for our salvation. Prayer, penance, indulgences and Sacraments are some of the great means of the spiritual service by which we can and should come most mightily to the aid of our fellow man; but these must not cause us to forget the need of that other service which it has become customary to describe in our day under the vague and general name of social action. As conceived from a Christian point of view it embraces the mutual duties toward each other, of rich and poor, of employer and employed, of master and servant, of individual and society. To each man falls his own appropriate duty of prayer and works in the service of his fellow man, of the community and of all mankind. All these, indeed, his charity embraces in every Our Father from his lips. But the prayer of the heart will as far as possible, according to each man's vocation, be made actual by the works of the mind or of the hands, by instruction, sacrifice and labor. The love of our neighbor, St. Teresa says, is the surest test by which to gage our love of God; and St. John in the ardor of his charity exclaims:

> If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother; he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?
> And this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother.—*I John iv,* 20, 21.

The true order of charity or service regards therefore first the souls of men, and in the second place likewise the body for the sake of the soul. Finally it must be animated by the one purpose of seeking only the service of God in our service of the neighbor. It is necessary above all things to remind Catholics, in these days of flaunting philanthropy and self-advertised movements of "social uplift," that the Lord is not in the whirlwind, that the supernatural worth of their actions in the sight of God consists in this, that they are performed by them as disciples of Christ, in His name, for His sake and for the glory of God. "And whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only *in the name of a disciple,* amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." In this therefore lies the essence of Christian service.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Last week an Eastern university celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Many were the addresses on the occasion. One of these was an appeal to Alma Mater to return to the religious ideals of her founders, by giving larger recognition to religious teaching in her curriculum, and to religious teachers in her Faculty. Will Alma Mater see the error of her ways? Or has she too long eaten of the lotus planted by the moneyed unchristian agencies in the field of education?

The New York *Sun* cites from the Paris *La Liberté* a story of two French chaplains in the present war, a Catholic priest and a Jewish Rabbi, who became very good friends, and on one occasion lay down together in their uniforms on a farmhouse trucklebed. "It is too bad," said the priest, "there is no photographer to take a picture of the Old and New Testament as bed companions." The American Civil War had a parallel story. Rev. Joseph Twitchell, the well-known Presbyterian minister, related recently that when he and Father Joseph O'Hagan, S.J., were chaplains in the Excelsior Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, they became bosom friends, and having one cold night but two thin blankets between them, they wrapped themselves up in them in one bundle. The blankets soon heaved with Chaplain Twitchell's laughter, and Father O'Hagan asked the cause of his emotion. "I was thinking," he said, "how my Puritan ancestors would feel if they saw me and a Jesuit bundled up together." Charity, like politics, has strange bedfellows.

The Very Rev. Robert Hugh Benson died in Salford, England, October 19. Our generation has seen no more devoted champion of the Faith than this convert-son of a former Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. Born in 1871, Mgr. Benson was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and after taking orders, held curacies in East London and at Kemsing. In 1898 he joined the Fathers of the Resurrection, a community of Anglican clergymen, and five years later was received into the Church by the Rev. Reginald Buckler, O.P. He was ordained priest at Rome in 1904, and in 1911 was made Privy Chamberlain to Pius X. A man of amazing industry, the whole purpose of his life was to know and spread the truth. The extent of his influence may be measured by the fact, that his work as a preacher, novelist, controversialist, and essayist, during the eleven years of his life in the Church, has made his name known and loved throughout the Catholic world. Mgr. Benson preached the Lent of 1913 at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, and lectured in Boston and other American centres. Almost childlike in the frankness and simplicity of his character, few could resist the charm of his singularly lovable personality. "He's just like his own 'Richard Reynal,'" said one who knew him at Rome. Readers of AMERICA will not forget this valiant champion of the Church in their prayers.

Complaint has been made from time to time, that in universities supported wholly or in part by public funds, Catholic students have been forced to take part in non-Catholic religious exercises. AMERICA believes that exceptional circumstances, indeed, are required to justify the presence of Catholics at these institutions. Nevertheless, no circumstances whatever can justify the authorities of public schools in prescribing religious exercises even for those who wish them, much less in imposing them upon students who object to them, as a condition of good standing. It is reported that, quite without warrant, such obligatory services have been inaugurated at the University of Pennsylvania. Provision has been made, it is true, that a student may be excused should these exercises conflict with his conscience, but it is known that the authorities are loath to grant exemptions, and that they have argued that Catholics should assist at these meetings. Catholics have been told often, and with a condescending and superior air, that religious exercises in the public schools, as tending toward a union of Church and State, would ultimately envelop our glorious constitution in ruin. Is the University of Pennsylvania excepted from this gloomy prophecy?

A Dr. Slattery, of Boston, is one of the most learned persons in the world. Week by week, he gives of his vast store of knowledge to the good folk of Boston. He knows the true cause of the present European war, why Catholics always unite in politics, the secret history of the Vatican Council, and the intrigues which made Cardinal della Chiesa, Benedict XV. Doubless, too, he was personally acquainted with the Man in the Iron Mask, can solve the mystery of the Dauphin of Louis XVIII, and if pressed, will tell you the name which Achilles bore when sojourning among the women, and give you the words and music of the song the Sirens sang. By courtesy of the Boston *Transcript* he announces a

> Patriotic Meeting, People's Temple, Columbus Avenue and Berkeley Street, 2.30. Speaker, Dr. Slattery; subject: "Reply to the address of Cardinal O'Connell to the students of the Jesuit College." With a prelude on the "walloping" that Lieut. Gov. Barry has threatened to give the American Protestants. Let us get ready for this American Donnybrook. Also suppressed war news of the atrocities committed by Germans on non-combatants and defenceless women.

The *Transcript* is one of the few papers of consequence which exploit persons of Dr. Slattery's mentality. Its weekly efforts to lend this great man a helping hand in his campaign against Romanism, indicate that in Dr. Slattery it has found a kindred soul.

War classes in the public schools would be all right, says an Eastern college professor, if they didn't break in so on the music, the beadwork, and the clay modelling. But room might fitly be found for them in the curriculum of the Ypsilanti State Normal School. Ypsilanti, by the way, is not one of the Balkan States, but a neat and flourishing little community in Michigan. According to a press despatch printed in a Michigan journal:

> A regular credit course in football is an innovation at the Ypsilanti Normal this year. (One wonders what the innovation was last year.) A large number of students are availing themselves of the opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the game. A course in soccer football has also been established by Coach Beyerman.

Whatever the influence of these new and popular elective courses on the rest of the curriculum, there can be little doubt that within a few years, the Ypsilanti State Normal School will be represented by a most excellent football team.

E. Alexander Powell, explorer, and author of a number of scientific treatises on the science of geography, writes in the London *Mail:*

> At the head of Belgium's roll of fame should be carved the names of these heroic men in long black gowns and shovel hats, the priests, who face death unarmed and unafraid. I have seen them burying the dead, shriving the dying, bandaging the wounded, helping the helpless, writing letters for the illiterate, comforting the bereaved and homeless, cheering the troops into action. I raise my hat to them in respect and admiration. They are showing themselves real soldiers of the Lord.

What is said of these heroic Belgian priests can doubtless be said with equal truth of every Catholic priest, chaplain or in the ranks, in Europe.

Some weeks ago the Lutheran Synod, in session at Detroit, recommended the establishment and maintenance of paro-

chial schools. In a pamphlet "Why Lutheran Schools?" Dr. W. H. T. Dau, of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, states the argument for parochial schools:

> Children with immortal souls must not be educated for this world only, but especially and principally for eternity. In view of this, they must daily and diligently be instructed in the saving truths of Christianity. This is the foremost aim of the Lutheran parish schools. Every education making any claim to completeness must include *religious* training. A mere *moral* training will not suffice. . . . Moral teaching, apart from religion, is like a tree separated from its roots. . . . Lutherans believe and know that if they succeed in making their children true citizens of the kingdom of Christ, they will at the same time have made them true citizens of their country.

Statements such as that made by Dr. Peyton, superintendent of the Jeffersonville Reformatory, that "ninety per cent. of prison inmates began their career of delinquency in the public schools," while doubtless exaggerated, only reflect a growing opinion that schools which bar religious training are a source of lawlessness. A correspondent in the *Living Church* for September 19, after stating that "children from Christian homes are turning the cold shoulder to the Church," ventures to suggest a remedy:

> What are we doing to stem the tide? Does not the parochial school solve the problem? We feebly admire the organization of the Roman Church, but we fail to recognize that the cornerstones of her foundations are her parochial schools, medieval and undeveloped though they be. If we would permanently aid our children we must guide them in their daily lives. . . . An occasional snatching from the very brink is a frightful and unsatisfactory business for all concerned. The public school and the Sunday school—the very name is a reproach—show symptoms of failure. The parochial school would seem to be full of promise.

As long as the world remembers Dante, and the medieval folk who built Reims and Chartres, Catholics may rest content that the term is applied to their schools. The *Living Church* correspondent must have his fling, even when he admires. Yet even he can see that the irreligious school is a menace to religion, and can dimly suspect that systems, as well as men, not for Christ are against Him.

Bishop Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Michigan, announces as a "startling fact that we have fewer children in our Sunday schools, and fewer teachers and fewer officers than we had twenty years ago." Dr. Williams is right in thinking that two causes are contributing greatly to the spread of practical irreligion in the United States to-day. The first is lack of religion in the home, and the second is lack of religious teaching in the schools.

> We all know that there is a common neglect of religious training and spiritual nurture in the modern home, even the homes of Christian and church folk. We all know that there is and can be at present little or no religious education in our system of public education. The whole burden rests upon the Sunday school.

Without intending to lessen in any way the value of regular catechetical training in the Sunday school, which was so much insisted on by the late Pontiff, Pius X, it may be truly said that the Sunday school is but one of the factors in religious education, and perhaps the weakest. The first factor is a Christian home. Next in importance is the Christian school. Their complement is the Sunday school. Hence unless the home and school training of the child be thoroughly religious, an hour once a week in Sunday school can do but little to train a child for God. The best that can be said of sixty minutes a week for religion, is that it is better than nothing at all. "A question is never settled until it is settled right," is one of the wisest of Lincoln's wise sayings. This question of religious education will never be settled "right," until religion is taught in the school. It must resume its rightful place in the school program if the next generation is to be Christian. The tendency of the present non-sectarian school must be to implant irreligion in the hearts of its pupils, for to ignore religion is itself irreligious. To teach a non-dogmatic religion is to contradict the teaching of Jesus Christ which was thoroughly dogmatic. "Unless ye believe and be baptized, ye can not be saved," is but one of many dogmas which Christ commands all men to receive under pain of eternal loss. Yet the school which vaunts its freedom from sectarianism, either ignores religion altogether, or teaches that belief is of secondary importance, and that dogma, which simply means the statement of a truth, is enslaving and unchristian. Perhaps in time, those who make a fetish of the "little red schoolhouse" which in many localities is neither little, nor red, nor a school, may realize how greatly secular education has contributed to banish real Christianity from men's hearts and homes. God grant that the awakening come not too late.

A curious correspondence has been appearing in the columns of the *Guardian*. It was opened by an Anglican clergyman, who bewailed the fact that many Anglicans never went to confession at all, while others availed themselves of the sacraments but rarely. Frequent and even daily confession, he held, was a Catholic practice, although Churchmen did not seem to be aware of this fact. He was promptly taken to task by a correspondent, who pointed out that the Anglican position on confession of sin was quite clear. Its spirit was against frequent confession. The Prayer-book indicated but two occasions on which confession might be fitly made. One of these was the general acknowledgement of sinfulness before receiving the sacrament. The other was at the approach of death, when the sick man, should he feel his conscience burdened with weighty matters, is "invited," though not obliged, to make a special and particular confession of sin. There is, then, he concludes, no place in the Church of England for "the modern confessional, with the priest in his confessional-box, armed with his confession-manual, a shallow and obvious bit of machinery" which, as this correspondent rightly observes, goes far beyond the teaching of the Prayer-book. But do Anglican father-confessors shrive their patients, thumbing the while the pages of a moral theology? Or is this accusation only a "Protestant fling"? A third contributor gives it as his opinion that Anglicans ought to confess occasionally but not "habitually." "My long experience has taught me," he writes, "that frequent confession has generally induced a dreary formality, and a result so unsatisfactory as the often giving it up altogether." He thinks that this overindulgence in confession is causing the faithful to think but poorly of the sacramentals, and he therefore suggests the Lord's Prayer as a substitute.

> The use of the Lord's Prayer, which Saint Chrysostom said was sacramental, seems endangered if we are to look to confession as the remedy for our daily sins. . . . After all, conversion is the primary need of the soul, and without it confession proves only a partial and disappointing benefit.

Real Catholics as distinguished from "English Catholics," will find it hard to believe that confession without conversion, that is, without a sincere turning away from sin and a firm purpose of amendment, can be even a "partial" benefit. They look upon a confession of this kind as a sacrilege. The climax is probably reached by the clerical correspondent who vigorously defends frequent confession as a "Catholic practice," but thinks that it may just as well be made to a "godly layman" as to a priest. The whole correspondence is an excellent proof of the confusion of ideas concerning the nature and use of the Sacrament of Penance current in the Church of England.

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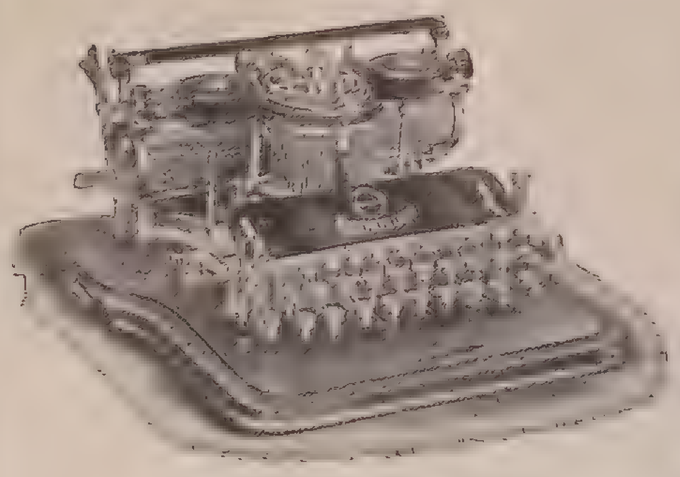
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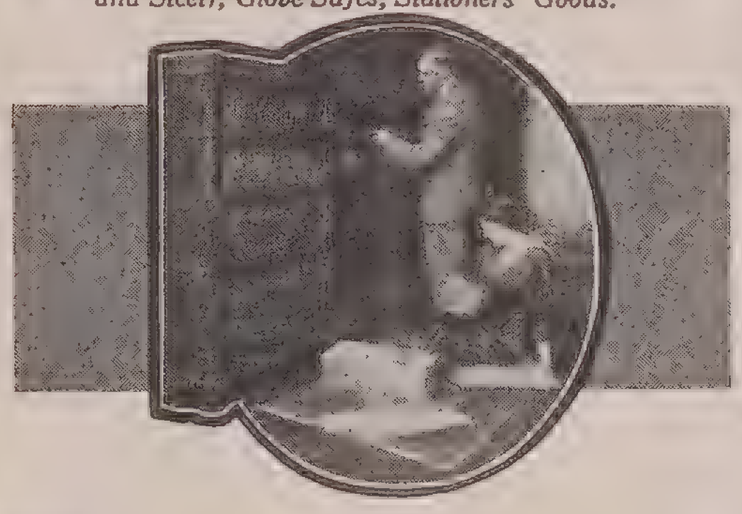


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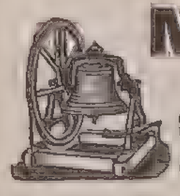
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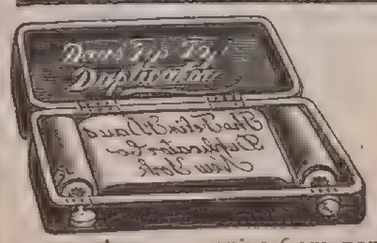
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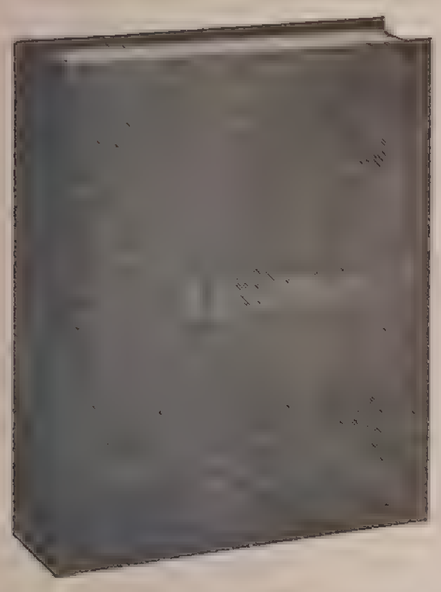
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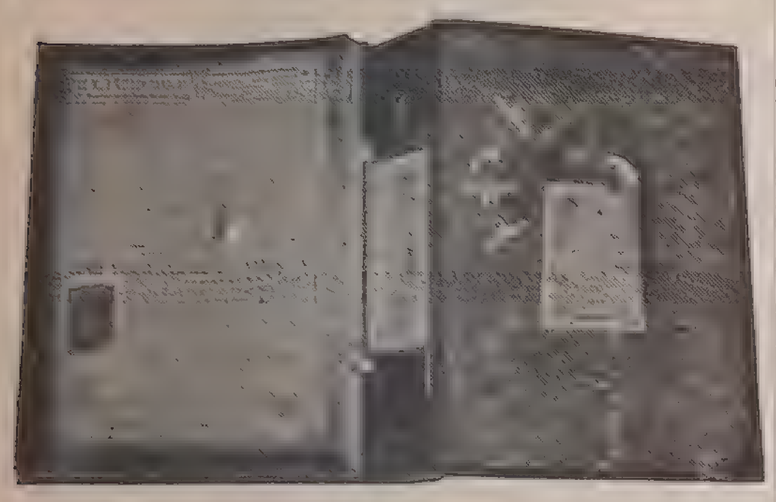
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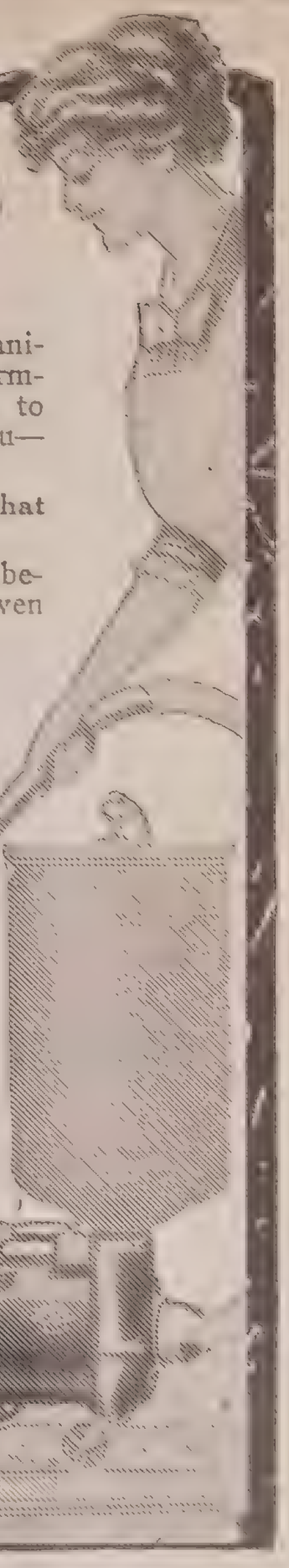
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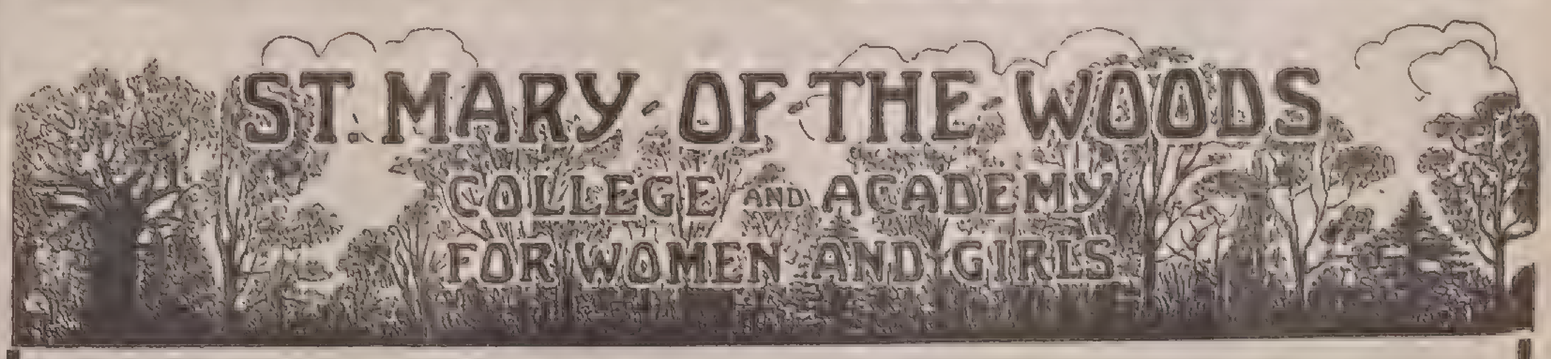
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—What has been termed, and not without truth, the greatest battle of the war has been going on constantly along a line stretching from the coast east of Nieuport through Dixmude, Roulers, Ypres to La Bassée. The Germans have been making every effort to break through the defences of the Allies, but have so far failed. The Belgians have held their ground along the Yser, except at one point where the Germans have finally crossed. The French have taken and lost and retaken and lost again the town of Roulers, and all through the country that lies between Lille and Le Bassée they have both resisted and made very violent attacks. The Germans have hurled force after force at innumerable points of the Allies' position, but nowhere have they obtained any very marked success. They are still maintaining a vigorous offensive, and have checked the Allies' progress toward the north, but their own advance has come to a standstill, and they are no nearer to Calais than they were a week ago. There are persistent rumors that the Kaiser has set his heart on the possession of this port, and that he is prepared to make every sacrifice to obtain it. Certainly the Germans have made repeated and costly attempts to continue their march along the coast, and give no signs of any intention to desist. Heavy reenforcements are said to have arrived in numbers that have been placed as high as 600,000 at the Franco-Belgian border, some of them from the Vistula. On the other hand the French, Belgian and English infantry is proving itself quite a match for the infantry of the invaders, and it is claimed that it is only their artillery that is keeping them in France. There is little probability that Germany will be able to make the speedy rush along the Channel that the fall of Antwerp seemed to promise, especially as the sea is open to the Allies, which gives them an unimpeded passage for the transportation of colonial troops. Another factor that has militated against their success has been the presence of British and French warships off Ostend and Nieuport. Being of light draught they have been able to approach the shore and shell the German positions. Their fire has been answered by the German batteries. It has been asserted that German submarines have crept along the shore and are now at Ostend. There has been no official substantiation of the report but it is not at all unlikely. If it is true, they will soon make their presence felt. At the same time engagements are frequently taking place between the hostile airships that are continually flying over the enemy, and have now become almost a necessity for the direction of the fire of the guns and the movements of the troops. Altogether this conflict, apart from its importance which is admitted by both sides to be very great, is quite remarkable owing to the singular fact that it is being carried on not merely on land and in the air but from the sea as well. What will be its outcome is hard to forecast, but present indications point to the likelihood of another deadlock similar to that which has existed so many weeks along the Meuse. The Allies have

Bulletin, Oct. 20, p.m.—Oct. 27, a.m.

Belgium and Northeastern France

learned the art of stubborn resistance, and seem to be strong enough to block any large movement. They have given way at times at certain points, but their line if taken as a whole has held firm throughout; even where they have been forced to retire, they have in many instances regained the following day all the ground that they had lost. A marked moderation characterizes the official dispatches of both sides; the very absence of anything like boasting or exaggeration makes their grim determination the more striking.

The Outcome

Throughout the rest of the great battle that stretches from the Belgian seacoast to Switzerland there has been constant action, but the line has scarcely shifted its position. Along the centre from Verdun above Reims to Noyon matters have not materially changed, since neither side has made anything like a determined effort to advance. On the east wing, however, both sides have advanced. The French have crossed over into Alsace and taken Altkirch, and the Germans have made progress in the direction of Verdun. The French admit that the Germans have moved forward under cover of very heavy fogs, but claim that they have not yet come close enough to shell the great fortress. The Germans on the other hand assert that the outer fortifications, at least in part, have already been destroyed, and that the reduction of the strongest part of the Verdun-Toul barrier will be accomplished within two weeks. It is impossible to say with certainty what is the exact state of affairs. But this much is true, that the Germans have begun another series of assaults on the extreme French right and right centre. As for the rest, as far as can be judged from the dispatches which have passed the censors, neither side has improved its position to any considerable degree.

Western France

In the east the Russians have succeeded in giving a serious check to the Austro-German invasion. The peril that threatened Warsaw, and the hope of spending the winter in the great fortress and along both banks of the Vistula are both things of the past, and the Czar's army has the situation well in hand. On October 7 the Germans were in a position almost to train their guns on Warsaw; they have now retired, falling back forty miles to the westward to Shierniewice; on the same date they were making immediate preparation for crossing the Vistula near Ivangorod, but their attack on this fortress likewise failed and they have been forced to retire to the forest of Radom. It is certain that the Russians have added another great victory to their successes, and the dispatches which Berlin has given out to the effect that the battle is still in progress without having as yet reached any definite result may well be interpreted as referring to the outcome of the general campaign rather than to the phase of it which has just passed. This undoubtedly has ended unfavorably to the Germans. They have been defeated and obliged to give ground, but their reverses, although very serious, have not been of an utterly disastrous character. Even Russia, while elated over the failure of the invasion, is not disposed to overestimate its importance. She realizes that the advance, which so far has been repulsed, may at any time begin again; and so she is hurrying reenforcements of all kinds to the Vistula. Her success has indeed made her turn her eyes once more toward the enemy's country, and there is talk of her again invading Germany; but the state of affairs in Poland and Galicia indicate that this is rather a distant hope than an immediate prospect. The Germans are well within Russian territory, and they will have to be driven back very many miles before their own borders are endangered. It is necessary to keep this in mind when estimating the results of the recent Russian victories. They have beaten the Kaiser again in a long series of engagements, extending over many days. They have forced the retirement of an army of 600,000 men from the Vistula, and have prevented it from taking up a position much coveted for winter quarters; they have captured a number of guns and some prisoners; but this is all that they have done. They are many miles further back from the enemy's border than they were some weeks ago, and the recovery of the lost ground will cost them bitter fighting. In the north, the Czar's troops have resumed the offensive. There has been another attempt to drive the Germans who are still in Poland west of Augustow, over into Prussia, but their endeavors have so far failed of success.

Russian Victories

Their Value

Galicia is at present the scene of the most determined struggle in the east. The Russians, who simultaneously with their withdrawal to the river Vistula also withdrew from the vicinity of Cracow, have taken up strong positions along the river San, and are trying to repeat the story of their retreat to the Niemen. A very desperate battle is going on all the way from Jaroslau past Przemysl, Chyrow, and Sambor to the river Styri. Details are wanting, and both sides persist in claiming successes; so that it is not easy to determine either the actual situation or the probable result. Austria asserts that it was on account of her vigorous attacks that Russia had to fall back, Russia on the other hand is equally positive in her statement that her evacuation of west Galicia was only a part of her general plan, and was necessitated by her deliberate retirement to Warsaw, and not by pressure from Austria. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two statements. It is clear that now, at any rate, the positions are reversed. A month ago the Czar's troops were advancing, capturing place after place, and confidently counting the days when they would take possession of Cracow, Breslau and Budapest. They are now content to say that they have repulsed all attacks to drive them from the river San. It is to be remarked that the San lies at least eighty miles east of the point that marked their furthest advance. This, together with

Austrian Successes

the fact that they no longer are thinking of sending demands to the commander of the garrison of Przemsyl to surrender, but are merely assuring their people that the fortress has not yet been relieved, points rather clearly to the fact that in Galicia at least the tide of battle has turned in favor of the Austrians. Add to this that Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, is again in their hands, that there is serious talk of their retaking Lemberg, and that Hungary is once more quite clear of Cossacks, and it is impossible, in spite of the meagreness of detailed information that is at present available, to avoid the conclusion that Austria has to a very large extent retrieved her former losses. As far as Galicia is concerned, it would seem that Russia is in no better a position than she was at the beginning of September.

Other Items

In the Far East the Japanese are still bombarding Tsing-Tao, but seem to have no immediate prospect of reducing it; they have lost a cruiser in the Kiao-Chow bay, which was sunk by a German submarine. In the Black Sea the engagement between the Russian and the Turkish fleets which was expected did not take place, as the Turkish warships declined battle. Cattaro, the Austrian seaport, is being bombarded by the Anglo-French fleet, but is still holding out. The Servians are confident of being able soon to compel the capitulation of Sarajevo; already they are shelling the outer forts with the guns which have been sent to them by the French. In South Africa the revolutionists under Colonel Maritz have been defeated on the Orange River, and have offered to surrender, if granted fair conditions. Albania is reported to be mustering 10,000 men to send to the aid of the Servians. The German cruisers Karlsruhe and Emden continue to work havoc on British shipping. The former has been operating in the Atlantic and has sunk fifteen ships; the latter has inflicted still greater losses in the Far East, where she has already sunk twenty-six British ships.

Austria-Hungary.—When the Austro-Hungarian War Office had decided upon the evacuation of Eastern Galicia Archbishop Count Andreas Szeptyki, the Metropolitan of Lemberg, was urgently requested by the government officials to leave the city with them. It was feared, writes the *Reichspost,* that because of his high ideals of Ruthenian patriotism he would not be spared by the Russians. His only reply to all importunities was the heroic answer: "The shepherd must remain with his flock." The first step of the Russians, on entering Lemberg without resistance, was, we are informed, to seize the episcopal residence and the Ruthenian Church of St. George. They then, according to the same paper, sought to force the head of countless Ruthenian faithful to accept the Russian creed, and failing in this, carried him off to Russia where he is said to have been imprisoned.

A True Shepherd

By this outrage, adds the paper, the Russians have given the world a manifest example of their tyranny and have made for the Ruthenian population a confessor of the faith and a national martyr. Such is the protection offered by Russia to the smaller Slavic nationalities.

Archbishop Szeptyki belongs to a family famous among the Ruthenian nobility, and in his youth entered a monastery of the Order of St. Basil. He is the fourth of his name to occupy the Metropolitan See since the dismemberment of Poland. The heroic archbishop was greatly beloved and venerated by his people, and his fate has called forth universal sympathy. Austro-Hungarian Catholics in America are issuing a protest against this act.

France.—The conviction grows at Paris that the efforts of the enemy must soon spend their force, and yield to the persistent hammering of the Allies. If there were no newspapers telling of great battles waged within a hundred miles of Paris, and if there were a little more life in the Boulevards, writes a correspondent, the casual visitor would scarcely realize that France was in the throes of the greatest war in history. Paris has assumed the appearance of a city approaching the afternoon of a long Sunday. There is no excitement, and little anxiety discernible on the faces of the people, but the calm which has succeeded to their wonted vivacity tells plainly the strain to which all are subjected.

Confidence at Paris

It is said that General Joffre's forces are soon to be augmented by this year's class of recruits, who have been in training for the last ten weeks. The men are in good physical condition, enthusiastic, and eager to be sent to the front, where they will be joined by a section of reserves, making in all about half a million fresh troops. Men of all ranks and professions are now with the army, and with one battalion, it is reported, twenty-seven Americans are fighting. President Poincaré has decreed that Belgians enlisted in the French army are to receive the same goyernment allowances for the support of their families as is given the French troops.

Fresh Recruits

Germany.—A new war credit of a million and a half marks was recently voted by the Prussian Diet. It is to be employed in undoing, as far as possible, the effects of the Russian invasion in East Prussia and otherwise healing the wounds of war. While endorsing the bill Dr. Delbrück, Secretary for the Interior, said: "The war is making vast demands upon our people; but every one knows that we will not lay aside our arms until we have won a victory that can ensure us a lasting peace." The President of the House again expressed, what is stated to have been the sentiment of all the representatives, that Germany had honestly sought to preserve the peace, and now was "forced into a war in which we are not fighting for the expansion of our sphere of power, for the extension of our realm or for advantages in commerce, but in the defence of our homes and families."

War Credit Voted

Great Britain.—Despite the avowal made some weeks ago by the Home Secretary, that the activities of alien spies in England might be considered practically negligible, recent orders make it evident that the Government is not taking chances. The Government is pressing the order that all males of German or Austrian birth, between the ages of seventeen and forty-five, must be detained as prisoners of war. Quarters have been provided for thousands in the detention camps, to which aliens are continually being conveyed. Many of these have been engaged in various occupations in England for years, and are well known in their communities. As an unfortunate result of this action on the part of the Government, the wives and children of a majority of these prisoners are facing extreme want. Energetic measures are being taken for their relief both by the officials and by private societies, but according to E. G. Lowry, who is in charge of the detention camps, the situation is extremely grave. No doubt the Government is fully justified in securing itself in a time of crisis against the possibility of danger from aliens within the country, but as usual with the rude measures of war, punishment falls upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

Distress of Aliens in England

Ireland.—The vacancy left by the resignation of Sir James Dougherty as under-secretary for Ireland has been filled by the appointment of Sir Mathew Nathan, an English Jew and a near relative, said to be a nephew, of the notorious Ernesto Nathan, the Masonic ex-mayor of Rome. He had been a military engineer, governor of such places as Sierre Leone, Hong Kong, Natal, and secretary of the post-office. He is now the virtual governor of Ireland, for the under-secretary, who, unlike the chief secretary and the Lord Lieutenant, is a permanent official, is for all practical purposes the actual executive, controlling the congested districts, agriculture and local government boards, and the entire Castle. It was announced that he was appointed in view of the financial adjustments to be made under Home Rule, and Mr. Samuel, the minister who arranged the tight finances of the bill, is also a Jew. This, and the fact that a foreigner of unpleasant connections is given the chief administrative post in Ireland, after the enactment but before the establishment of Home Rule, has caused deep dissatisfaction and suspicion, recalling Cardinal Logue's recent comment, "I do not trust your English politicians very much." The appointment synchronized with Mr. Asquith's Dublin appeal for Irish recruits. The failure of the Government to provide a sufficiency of Catholic chaplains for Irish soldiers was unanimously condemned by the Bishops. This, with the doubts engendered by the Nathan appointment, has made recruiting speeches unpopular and special recruiting unsuccessful.

Ireland's New Under-Secretary

Mexico.—Those who maintain that the Revolutionists' opposition to the Church is "merely political" will doubtless read with interest that the new Constitutionalist Governor of Chiapas, Southern Mexico, has begun to "reform" the Catholics of his district by forbidding confessions, clerical dress, week-day Masses, and the existence of convents. On October 22 a committee from the American Federation of Catholic Societies filed with the State Department at Washington an appeal for the protection of the Catholics of Mexico. One document gave a list of the outrages committed by the Revolutionists and another sets forth the position of Mexican Catholics. The protest reads:

Persecutions and Protests

> We trust the American people will realize that they are in honor bound to defend us, to demand reparation for the flagrant violation of the recommendations which were made by them to Carranza and his followers. If this is not done then the declaration of the Carranzistas will be confirmed that whatever they do is done with the knowledge and approbation of the Washington Government.

Dr. Francis C. Kelley, the editor of *Extension,* in the November number of that widely-read periodical, holds the American people responsible for Mexican conditions. He is now in Mexico and writes from personal knowledge:

> To get rid of one ruler, who was tried and convicted at a court before which he never appeared, we have paid an awful price, but it has been paid, as usual, by the innocent; paid by bishops driven into exile, by priests treated with a cruelty which only human devils could invent, by girl-children violently snatched from mothers. . . . In Chicago there are fifteen Passionist Fathers who saw the murder of a confrère, and then his corpse placed for forty-eight hours in their midst. This was one of the mildest of the stories we have heard. The witnesses are in Chicago to-day. There are twenty-six Ladies of the Sacred Heart in one of the convents in Chicago, who, knowing what had happened to other nuns, fled from their convent and escaped to America in time. When these nuns were asked if they fled because they feared death, they answered: "We fled because we feared what was worse than death." Pity the others who did not flee in time. . . . Have the Mexican people no claim upon us? . . . Who has brought this state of things about? Ourselves! Who insisted upon the non-recognition of a government lawfully in charge according to the Constitution of Mexico? Ourselves! Who upheld the hands of Carranza and Villa? Ourselves! Who foisted this iniquity upon the decent people of Mexico? Ourselves! It is useless to blame any one in particular. Whoever did the work was a representative of the American people, of which we are a part. A bigoted representative of the United States Government is said to have expressed, on the streets of Vera Cruz, sentiments which could not well be interpreted as anything but encouragement for the exiling and murder of priests and nuns. He was talking for us. The opinions of the chargé d'affaires were evidently considered as worth nothing. He happened to be a Catholic.

It is not too late for our Government to redress many of the wrongs suffered by the Church in Mexico. Merely by insisting that the Catholics of that country shall enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and that all seized and plundered ecclesiastical property be restored to its owners, the American people can make some amends for the evil that has been done.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

All Saints

In October the soul feels celestial stirrings. Is it the *memento mori* of the falling leaf? The year has spent its exuberance of strength in a careless riot of energy, and now pauses in a sudden access of surprise on the chill edge of snowy silences. *De me fabula* murmurs the soul and shudders. But October also reminds us of other things than death. Its cold breezes may hint to the body of the icy mountain-passes of winter which must be traversed soon; but to the soul it carries faint importings of ultramontane felicities. Its transfiguring golden mists bathe the immaterial landscape and strike the distant hilltop into a dream-city of towers and pinnacles.

Celestis urbs Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,

The lips murmur half-consciously, showing whither the mind has flown. And is there no *Sursum Corda!* in the glory of autumnal color? Field and wood and wayside, hill and valley, are decked out as if a pageant were passing this way, and the very airs seem on tip-toe of hushed expectancy or wonder. Perhaps the Angels—for it is their month—are swinging down the broad aerial avenues, shining battalion on shining battalion, the Angels, the Archangels, the Virtues, the Powers, the Principalities, the Dominations, the Thrones, the Cherubim, and the Seraphim, glittering regiments of mighty Spirits from the fortresses of Heaven. Then when their silvery cavalcades have passed, and their dedicated month is over, and the vivid scarlets and rich purples of their triumph are fading, and the winter is closing in upon us, comes the Feast of All Saints.

Then wavering intimations become solid assurances. The vibrating and level accents of a divine Voice, coming to us in words and forms which the Spirit of Truth fits closely to their burden, announce that, somewhere in the domains of God, men and women, of the same clay as ours, having lived and died, live again, sharing in Christ's triumph over death and sin. And, as the north wind of November braces the shrinking nerves to meet the rigours of advancing winter, the message of All Saints stiffens the fibre of the soul to resistance against beleaguring fears of death.

We look forward with humility and trepidation, yet with confident hope, to reaching the very heart of happiness which consists in seeing God, not in fragmentary and dim reflections, but as He is. God's love for us is a mystery and a joy, balanced by the mystery and the sorrow of our coldness toward Him. The mere thought, that some day the icy shackles will drop away from our soul and allow it to leap into its Father's arms, ought to make the grayest life golden. Alas, of that dizzy vision we get only fleeting and illusive glimpses above the rolling fogs of our mortality. We can not construct its beauty, delicately intense, out of our crude experiences. Christ could not describe it to us: the incapacity was ours not His. Blind infants that we are, how could He show us the color of that glory? Our discontent is boundless: but we can trust Omnipotence to remove it.

My window opens on the autumn night,
In vain I watch for sleep to visit me;
How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

But there are flaming, fiery edges to that central joy, which the mind can reach to in a fashion, because it has earthly experiences whereon to climb. The Saints will be there, and we shall know them, and they will know us. To meet the white chivalry of God, with our Lord and our Blessed Lady at their head, to meet them without shyness or fearful reserve, to be the object of their ravishing courtesies, to love them and be beloved of them, the true nobles of our race: this is a joy within the grasp of human yearning. How touching the ancient prayer in the Canon of the Mass, *Nobis quoque peccatoribus,* translates our yearning into words:

On ourselves too who are sinners but yet Thy servants, and who put our trust in Thy tender mercies, vouchsafe to bestow some lot and fellowship with Thy holy Apostles and Martyrs: with John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter, Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, and all Thy Saints. Into their company do Thou, we beseech Thee, admit us, not weighing our merits, but freely pardoning us our sins. Through Christ Our Lord.

We remember the colloquy at Ostia in the twilight by the sea when Monica and Augustine conversed, mother and son, about the high intimacies of God: speech failed, the words flagged, and the converse tapered off into silence and ecstasy. So must have been the evenings in Nazareth when the day's work was done; a few sentences, a few words, and then the soaring heights beyond the stars! *Cor ad cor loquitur,* "Heart speaketh to heart," where saints foregather.

This hope is also laid up in our bosom, that we shall meet again those who are dear to us and are here no longer. Kind, beautiful eyes, that in a distant past kindled into a rare light at our approach and filled with tears at our going forth, closed now these many years and withdrawn behind the veil of death, will light again with the joy of meeting, nevermore to know the need of tears. How they loved and believed in us! To think that God will make us so worthy of their love that for eternity it will never find cause to weary, to falter, to doubt! Exclaims Coventry Patmore:

What a *surprise* it will be to meet! At least that is always my feeling after a long separation. Doubtless one of the purposes of death is to supply this exquisite feeling in the highest perfection, when those who have loved each other come together again.

And as every feeling will be always new and fresh in heaven, those who attain to it may hope to live forever with this acute delight of recognition in their hearts.

It is this hope which makes every friendship possible on endurable terms. Who could venture to set up his rest on a flower that will perish with the coming of night? St. Edmund in his last will wrote of St. Richard as one *quem jam diu nobis invisceravimus*, a phrase whose strength we fail utterly to reproduce when we translate it "whom our heart-strings have long since entwined about." Only those who are to be saints can afford to love so intensely and love wisely. What fools we are if the casual death can tear and blast the vital tendrils of the soul! Therefore the world knows pagan coldness, and pagan cynicism, and pagan despair.

In one of his charming letters the poet Cowper views as intolerable and not Christian the thought that we may not know our friends in heaven:

To think that, when we leave them, we lose them forever, that we must remain eternally ignorant whether they, that were flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, partake with us of celestial glory, or are disinherited of their heavenly portion, must shed a dismal gloom over all our present connections. For my own part, this life is such a momentary thing, and all its interests have so shrunk in my estimation, that, like a worm in the bud of all my friendships and affections, this very thought would eat out the heart of them all, had I a thousand; and, were their date to terminate with this life, I think I should have no inclination to cultivate and improve such a fugitive business.

The Church, which poor, soul-harassed Cowper needed so much, leaves no room for uneasy speculations. As Christ knows and is known by His Mother, so we shall know and be known by ours. "There a vast concourse of dear ones are awaiting us," says a lesson in the Divine Office for the Octave of All Saints; "there a large and numerous gathering of parents and brothers and sons, at ease about their own immortal life, solicitous still about ours, are looking forward to their meeting with us." And in the Mass for the Dead the Church provides special prayers for the parents of the priest, in which he begs God, through Christ our Lord, to grant that he "may see them in the brightness of eternal joy."

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

Christian Democracy and Politics

"Christian Democracy" is a term employed in two important papal documents to designate the Catholic social movement. It is made to alternate with another current expression, "Christian Popular Action." The former title, adopted by Catholics in various countries, was attacked by "many excellent men" who considered it ambiguous and open to misconception. The chief danger apparently lay in confounding it with political agitation. In his encyclical now known under the name of "Christian Democracy," Pope Leo XIII sought to dispel these fears and allay the dissensions caused by the word. He himself did not hesitate to adopt it after giving its orthodox explanation. Later we find it recurring again in the famous encyclical of Pope Pius X on "Christian Popular Action."

One of the main questions necessarily touched upon in this connection is the relation of Christian Democracy, or Catholic social action, to the political movements of any country. The accusation that the Church is seeking for political power was never, perhaps, more seriously and persistently made than at the present hour. It will be well, therefore, to quote at some length the answers of Pope Leo XIII and his successor, Pope Pius X, upon this question. They afford us the final and authentic documentary evidence to show that Christian Democracy, or Catholic popular action, can in nowise be identified with politics and may never even be perverted to serve political ends.

It would be a crime, says Pope Leo XIII, to distort this name of Christian Democracy to politics, for although democracy, both in its philological and philosophical significations, implies popular government, yet in its present application it is so to be employed that, removing from it all political significance, it is to mean nothing else than a benevolent and Christian movement in behalf of the people. For the laws of nature and of the Gospel, which by right are superior to all human contingencies, are necessarily independent of all modifications of civil government, while at the same time they are in concord with everything that is not repugnant to morality and justice. They are, therefore, and they must remain absolutely free from all political parties, and have nothing to do with the various changes of administration which may occur in a nation; so that Catholics may and ought to be citizens according to the constitution of any State, guided as they are by those laws which command them to love God above all things, and their neighbor as themselves.—*Encyclical on Catholic Democracy.*

Such we are told has always been the discipline of the Church. To the same effect Pope Pius X wrote in his *Motu Proprio* on "Christian Popular Action," dealing with the same subject:

Christian Democracy ought never to mix in politics, and ought never to be made use of for party purposes, or political objects; that is not its province; but it should be a beneficent activity in favor of the people, founded on the natural law, and the precepts of the Gospel.

Since this, as we have seen, is a vital question and a point upon which we are constantly attacked at the present day, it will not be superfluous to quote another document which has the sanction and expresses the doctrine of the Holy See. We refer to the instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs on "Christian Popular Action or Christian Democratic Action in Italy." It bears the signature of Cardinal Rampolla.

Christian democratic institutions, we read, whatever be their character, should be looked upon as manifestations of Christian popular action, based on the natural law and on the precepts of the Gospel. They must, therefore, not be regarded as means for the attainment of political ends, or for changing any form of government.

Catholics as citizens have a duty to partake in the political life of their city and their country; but Chris-

tian Democracy itself, the Catholic social movement of any country, must never be confused with politics. Much less may it ever be implicated in seditions and revolutions, or in "the preference and preparation," as Pope Leo wrote, "of one form of government rather than another," for "it is not lawful to give a political meaning to Christian Democracy."

These clear statements, which are directive for all Catholic popular action, should be sufficient to silence the enemies of the Church who accuse her of political aspirations or intrigues. They show how in the one work which brings the Church into close contact not only with the spiritual but likewise with the social life of the people, there is not even the taint of a suspicion to be cast upon the purity of her motives.

But Christian Democracy, it is urged, has turned aside from its positive work for the welfare of the masses in order to combat Socialism. This is true. It has done so persistently and in every country. Christian Democracy, as both Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X strongly insist, is the very opposite of Social Democracy or Socialism. "Christian Democracy," wrote Pope Pius, "ought to be understood in the sense already determined by authority, which is far removed from that of 'Social Democracy,' and is based on the principles of the Catholic faith and morality, especially on that of never attacking in any way the inviolable right of private property." The reason for this opposition is not, therefore, political, as Socialists would make men believe, but purely moral and religious. The actual political Socialist movement is a menace to religion, to religious education, to justice and morality. It is on these grounds, and on no other, that the great body of Catholic workingmen is opposed to it, and that Christian Democracy can not avoid answering the challenge of Social Democracy. The one teaches that man's supreme good must be sought in the life to come, but for this very reason it would secure for even the poorest here below the enjoyment of the earthly rights and privileges which are implied in his sublime destiny. The other, on the contrary, would turn away his mind from the things of eternity to absorb them in the things of time, hazarding the loss of both.

To guard, however, against the final misconception that Catholics, as individuals, are hampered in the exercise of full political liberty, as long as this does not interfere with the laws of God or the precepts of the Church, it may be well to quote the directions given on this subject by Pope Pius X:

> It is certain, he says, that the present constitution of States offers to all without distinction the power of influencing public opinion, and Catholics, while recognizing the obligations imposed by the law of God and the precepts of the Church, may with safe conscience enjoy this liberty, and prove themselves capable, as much, and even more than others, of cooperating in the material and civil well-being of the people, thus acquiring that authority and respect which may make it even possible for them to defend and promote a higher good, namely, that of the soul. These civil rights are many and various, going as far as a direct share in the political life of the country by representing the people in the legislature.—*Encyclical on Christian Social Action.*

The Pope therefore desires that Catholics, like other citizens, should "prudently and seriously" prepare themselves for their electoral duties wherever such are incumbent upon them, in order that so they may contribute their own share to the common good and aid to lift up civic and national morality to the high plane of Gospel principles.

Joseph Husslein, s.j.

Bernhardi and the War

It has been, and still is, said with an utter disregard for consequences, that it does not matter what you believe so long as you act right: it is a doctrine which shares midway between Protestantism and scepticism, and partakes as much of the one as of the other. The aim of its existence is to destroy all controversy and to provoke general good will: its effect is the destruction of principle, followed by a summary mental and spiritual flabbiness. The man of faith, of principle, is not the tolerant man; at least not tolerant according to the canons of modern Protestant scepticism, and this is why, when the ages of faith were more robust, a heretic was a greater criminal than a murderer, and the flesh was given over to destruction that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord. The Crusades, for instance, were perfectly just wars. They were not waged for any petty end but for the enforcement of a moral and religious principle; it matters a great deal what you believe.

It is so with General von Bernhardi ("Germany and the Next War"). We may agree or not upon the question of military tactics which he raises. There can be no doubt, however, about his principle. It is perfectly lucid: and perfectly wrong. So assured is Bernhardi of the truth of his principle that he declares it to be the destiny of the German people to impose it upon other peoples:

> The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people. . . . No nation on the face of the globe is so able to grasp and appropriate all the elements of culture, to add to them from the stores of its own spiritual endowment, and to give back to mankind richer gifts than it received. . . . To no nation, except the German, has it been given to enjoy in its inner self "that which is given to mankind as a whole." . . . The dominion of German thought can only be extended under the ægis of political power, and unless we act in conformity to this idea, we shall be untrue to our great duties toward the human race.

Conviction of this has impelled Bernhardi to reproach the German people with their amiable and peace-loving qualities; to urge them to war as a thing good in itself. Conscientious Germans repudiate Bernhardi as their spokesman, and deny that such principles have induced them to enter the war, so that now Catholic and Protestant are fighting Catholic and Protestant; and the cries

of widows and fatherless children fill the world, because, after all, it does matter a great deal what you believe.

Bernhardi is but the disciple of the prophet Trietschke. He it was who preached the religion of valor, the greatness of Prussia. In his lecture-room at the University of Berlin he roused the whole German people, telling how God or the world spirit had raised Germany under Prussia and the House of Hohenzollern to dominate the world; and the voice of Bernhardi is but the echo of the master. In the sound of the echo we learn what is the foundation of this culture and civilization which is to go forth and conquer: it is none other than the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant.

> The Reformation, which broke the intellectual yoke imposed by the Church, which checked all free progress; and the Critique of Pure Reason, which put a stop to the caprice of philosophic speculation by defining for the human mind the limitations of its capacity for knowledge, and at the same time pointed out in what way knowledge is really possible. On this substructure was developed the intellectual life of our time. . . .

There are two things that have brought spiritual woe and destruction in their train, striking a blow at the very heart of the Catholic religion: they are the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant.

The purpose of Bernhardi is not to leave his audience in doubt as to the mission of the German Empire, and the justification of this mission. He is frank, almost to the verge of brutality. He speaks, we must note, however, for that bureaucracy of warriors, professors, journalists, plutocrats and speculators, who are the leaders in German culture and civilization, and have control of literature and learning. The facts of the case leave little room for the thousands of patriotic German Catholics to identify themselves with a propaganda which makes a direct assault upon the innermost shrine of man's personality, or, in other words, a materialistic system of theology and philosophy. The culture of which Bernhardi boasts is that culture which has driven God from the German universities, which has corrupted the faith of the British universities, and has spread even to the seats of learning in America: it is the foe of God and of His Church, and is proclaimed as such by its sponsors:

> The new poetry and science decided the victory of Protestantism in German life. . . . Germany was raised to be the home of heresy. . . . A centre of Protestant power was established in the North, *i.e.*, Prussia.

The insidious work begun by Luther was reinforced by Kant, who, in his "Critique of Pure Reason" laid down the principle that the human mind can have no true knowledge of anything but that which is experienced by the senses. Therefore God and the things of God, the supernatural truths of faith, not being apprehended by the senses, are incapable of being known to the human mind. True Kant attempted to ward off this consequence in his "Critique of Practical Reason," but in vain. The power of apprehending God and the supernatural truths of revelation were discredited.

The spark kindled by Kant was fanned into a mighty flame, which has burst through Europe and the whole civilized world, finding the climax of malignity in Nietzsche, whose avowed purpose was to drag Christ from His throne, and set up in His place a monstrous idol of hideous brute force which he named Superman. In Christian morality Nietzsche read only decadence, degeneration and death:

> What is good? Everything that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself, in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. . . . Help thyself, then every one will help thee.

And this finds its echo in Bernhardi, when he declares that:

> The Christian duty of self-sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State. . . . The acts of the State can not be judged by the standards of individual morality. . . .

With the realm of knowledge attacked, it is but a natural consequent that theology, the queen of sciences, should be undermined. Prussia fulfilled the boast of Trietschke as being the home of heresy, and destroyed belief in the miraculous at Tübingen. Ewald and the school of the critics followed; and the whole Protestant world sits in the sad twilight of spiritual loss which has followed on the decline of faith in the Bible and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. From this welter of heresy arose Modernism, to be combated by the Catholic Church; which, because of its "Jesuitic tendencies and ultramontanism" must be ever in the eye of the German statesman, who must never forget that "the greatness of (the) nation is rooted exclusively on Protestantism." The desire for national expansion, the heaven-enkindled fire of patriotism, these are the prerogative of every free and enlightened people. Such prerogatives are in no wise incompatible with that spirit which goes forth to subdue the whole world unto Christ, to whom alone has been given all power in heaven and on earth. Christian morality is founded upon the individual relationship of man with God. It can find no place for a system which declares that:

> Recognized rights are often violated by political action. But these are never absolute rights; they are of human origin, and therefore imperfect and variable. There are conditions under which they do not correspond to the actual state of things; and the infringement of the right appears morally justified.

For recognized rights, treaties, contracts, call them what you will, enter into the heart of things, into the very personality and being of the man himself. The strong man armed may conquer the weaker, may subdue him and lead him captive, may deliver his sons to the sword, and his daughters into the hand of his enemy, but the crushed and broken remnant is still a man, is still himself. First comes the individual, then the family, and finally the nation; the whole and its material parts: to impose a culture and a civilization upon this whole body constitutes an ultimate assault upon the inner citadel of the personality of the individual unit, between whom and God springs the foundation of moral rights.

H. C. WATTS.

The Politics of Masonry

The Masonic initiate is told that political questions are tabooed in the lodge, and Masonry is wont to make public profession of its innocence of all political purpose. The October *American Freemason* denounced a Masonic lodge for allowing the distribution in its anteroom of two tracts, one entitled, "The Roman Catholic Church in Politics," the other containing a list of candidates for office in city, county and State, whom the "Guardians of Liberty" had "thoroughly investigated and found to be true American citizens." The editor protests that this is a violation of "the fundamental prohibition of the fraternity," and that "we are not fortunate in the allies that have pushed themselves upon us." Other Masonic journals are not so nice in the selection of political collaborators. The *Masonic Home Journal* of Louisville, gave an editorial puff to the convention of the "American Federation of Patriotic Voters," into which the Guardians of Liberty had collected "the many anti-clerical societies in the country," and claimed Masonic credit for the notorious Watson, Crowley, Barnet and Spurgeon, the chief orators and prophets of this political cabal. The *Masonic Sentinel* of Chicago has found a way of evading the inhibition against Lodge politics. It recommends its readers to "seek information through the Guardians of Liberty and other patriotic societies" so as to nullify Catholic influence in State and nation, and the *Masonic Observer,* of Minneapolis, has blessed this plan.

Hence Masonry can manage to take a hand in anti-Catholic campaigns despite the alleged exclusion of politics from the lodges. But is such inhibition operative or intended to be operative as against the Catholic Church? The *New Age Magazine* of Washington, D. C., official organ of the Scottish Rite Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree, records that it was commanded, by resolution of the Supreme Council at the October session of 1913, "to express and breathe the spirit of Scottish Rite Masonry upon the affairs of the people of the nation and the world relative to social, philosophical, *political* and altruistic problems of the day." It explains that "political" need not include partisan politics but may include "these questions which concern the foundations on which the Government is built," for instance, the religious liberty clause in the American Constitution which ensures equal rights to those "who owe supreme allegiance to a foreign Government." To the Scottish Rite Mason that Government is foreign which Christ established for all people and all time.

The next *New Age* article is one of a series which instructs Masons that the Monroe Doctrine, which has been for nearly a century a fundamental American policy, must be destroyed. This, if anything, is politics, and the motive of Masonry's supreme organ is instructive. The protection which the Monroe Doctrine enables us to extend to the South American nations resulted in the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics, and this gave the Catholic Church the opportunity of celebrating "a Pan-American Mass in Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, where the representatives of the Latin-American countries and the high officials of the United States Government, would mingle together in a spirit of fraternity and brotherly love." Because "the influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy has been strong enough to effect a repetition of this travesty on religion and farcical display of a pretended patriotism to American institutions," and thus extends their "power in all transactions between the United States and the Latin-American countries, . . . increases the prominence of the Roman Catholic organization and strengthens their already formidable grasp of the balance of political power in this country," therefore, "let us destroy the Monroe Doctrine." There, we have at once the highest authoritative evidence that here as on the European continent Masonry has the most far-reaching political purposes, and that the destruction of Catholicity is as much the supreme design of the Supreme Council in Washington as of the Grand Orient of Paris or of Rome. Its activities in France were thus described January 6, 1905, by *Le Temps,* a rationalistic paper in no way friendly to the Church:

> Freemasonry is nothing more nor less than a political association. It not only occupies itself entirely with politics in its annual conventions, but it also organizes political demonstrations, supports candidatures, assists the Government, intervenes in matters of administration, makes itself a substitute for the President of the Republic, recommends for all the civil and military posts by a provision of its constitution, communicates officially with the President of the Council and the Ministers, sends addresses and receives replies. Such is the true part played by Freemasonry of the present day.

But this is Masonry in France, Italy, Portugal, Mexico; surely not in the United States? There was a time when Masonry exercised such political dominance in Government and nation that it required a national anti-Masonic party to effect its overthrow. It bowed to the storm, prudently withdrew from the public eye, and quietly and secretly dressed and strengthened its ranks, till in 1888 it had 600,000 members, and in 1913 more than double that number. In 1888 Adriano Lemmi, the Italian Hebrew who was then the "Illustrious and Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the 33d Degree," wrote from Rome to Albert Pike, who exercised similar authority in Washington, that he should secure from all the lodges of the United States an energetic protest: 1. "Against the Vatican which is every day found more in opposition to the progress of humanity." 2. Against "the clerical party which is busying itself everywhere in the world to undermine progress and restore Rome to the Papacy." Then Lemmi would organize "in the lodges of Europe an identical movement," and thus secure "new confirmation that the Freemasons are consolidated everywhere." The equally Puissant Commander Pike was in hearty sympathy, but alas! the times were not yet ripe in this free republic for an open war

on Catholicity. One of the reasons given in Brother Pike's reply for his inability "to induce our Masonry to take united action against the Papacy" is interesting:

> It (the Roman Church) knows that neither of our political factions, the Democratic or the Republican, dares to refuse its demands or resist its encroachments, or to warn the people of its insidious influences, which are incessantly making rotten the foundations of our free government. Neither faction feels that it can afford to lose the Catholic vote, which continually grows larger by immigration; and neither will ever take any step that may be likely to transfer that vote to the other party.

But Brother Pike and his fellows were not inactive. About that time the A. P. A. party was formed to realize here the designs of Lemmi, and the recent virulent activities of the "Guardians of Liberty," *Menace,* and other such agents, in the same direction, followed the summons of Mr. Pike's successor, Grand Commander Richardson, who exhorted his "nearly one and a half million Blue Lodge and 200,000 Scottish Rite Masons *to unite with every Protestant American as one band of brothers* against the avowed purposes of the Church of Rome."

The *American Freemason,* the most moderate and self-restrained of all Masonic organs, not only gave full approval to the Richardson manifesto, but in every number lauds the most violent anti-Catholic activities of the Grand Orients of France, Italy and Portugal, sanctions every act and utterance of the notorious Nathan, and holds up the Grand Orient as a model to American Masons both in its atheistic constitution and its anti-religious and political persecutions, and informs them that the day is at hand when they must follow its methods and present "a common international front to a common international enemy." The inhibition against politics will not stand in the way. Has not Brother Pike informed the Master of the 3d Degree that "Masonry conceals its secrets from all except Adepts and Sages," and again told the 30th Degree Knight Kadosh that this Master Adept was merely in the portico where "he was intentionally misled by false interpretations" which "it was intended that he shall imagine he understands"? Those who really understand know that the *Temps'* dispassionate description of its double rôle is as true, if not as manifest, here as in France:

> Freemasonry aims to be a political association without declaring itself such. It knows the dangers of publicity, the advantages of obscurity. It works in the same fashion with regard to religious liberty and belief. It desires to remain secret and discreet, and by the character of its rites and formularies it evades all control of the uninitiated, and all legal restrictions.

We have seen that by proving its religious character, it has secured such exemption under American law. We are aware that so far the majority of American Masons are too American to be disposed to adopt the Grand Orient program against the civil and religious liberty which is the bedrock of our Constitution. But even among them the irreligion and irreverence that the higher and real Masonry fosters gradually trickles down, resulting in discontinuance of religious practice, vagueness of belief, and a moral laxity that opens the way for easy divorce laws, godless and unethical education, and the unnatural practices and destructive theories that go under the name of "eugenics." Another effect of Masonry, which is grievously prejudicial to the general citizenship, is as operative here and now as when it was pointed out by General v. Marwitz a hundred years ago:

> Even the most innocent among them (Masons) always exert a baneful influence inasmuch as they help each other along in life, recommend each other for advancement, and thereby crowd other honest men out of position and opportunity. It is truly startling how many vicious and useless fellows thus acquire position and income, and how indulgent otherwise upright superiors are to subordinates with whom they associate in their lodges.

This is known as "the Masonic pull," and that it secures place and advancement for Masons in business, political and semi-political positions, in preference to equally or better qualified non-Masons whether Protestant or Catholic, is too obvious to need proof. A contemporary from Kansas accuses us of raising a "bugaboo," as "five-tenths" of American Masons know little of Masonry. Not even nine-tenths know much, but the Scottish Rite is better posted, and they are six times as numerous as the entire Masonry of France. Suppose the Craft had manned the National Cabinet with Masons to the entire exclusion of Catholics, organized Masonry in every Government department, and duplicated the process in the State governments, in public bureaus, and the influential boards of trade and business, would our critic be still unruffled? He had better consider in how far these conditions are already realized.

M. KENNY, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of New York

It would be interesting to know how many of those who observed last Monday, the tercentenary celebration of the founding of commercial New York, are aware what a prominent rôle Catholics have played in the history of our great metropolis.

On Saturday, August 26, 1682, Colonel Thomas Dongan, the newly appointed Catholic Governor of the Duke of York's Province of New York, after a journey from Nantasket, Mass., through Long Island, crossed the East River and took up his official residence on Manhattan Island. The next morning his chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Harvey, S.J., celebrated, inside the old fort at the water gate, the first Mass ever said in what is now one of the greatest Catholic communities of the world. The present Custom House, facing Bowling Green, stands on the site of the fort of Dongan's time, and on its walls the Knights of Columbus have affixed a bronze plaque commemorating Father Harvey's Mass.

But the numerous Catholic sight-seers who visit New York will not find in guide books any mention of the many places, especially in the old section of the city, that, like this Dongan memorial, are of particular interest to them. We are not recent arrivals here. Our Catholic title deeds to New York, from Sandy Hook to the Canada border, date from the advent of the earliest explorer. Verrazano and Gomez sailed up New York Bay nearly a century before Hudson arrived. The Protestant rector of Trinity Church, the late Rev. Morgan Dix, is an authority on the records of these pioneers, and he says of Verrazano:

Whether any one of the priestly order accompanied Verrazano on this voyage can not be positively affirmed; it is altogether likely; indeed it would be next to impossible that this should not have been the case. Religious services of some kind or other were undoubtedly held while his ship lay in the port which he has so accurately described; for he says elsewhere of the natives: "They are very easily persuaded and imitated us with earnestness and fervor in all they saw us do in our act of worship."

This was in 1524, and Gomez, the year following, put the Bay under the patronage of St. Christopher. The great river hat flows into it he confided to St. Anthony, and they are so lesignated on the earliest maps.

A number of historic Catholic sites cluster about the end)f Manhattan Island. Just across Bowling Green is the)resent Morris street. In 1643 it was a lane leading down to he river, and there stood the residence of the famous Cal-inist minister of Dutch New York, Dominie Johannes Mega-olensis. He was a renegade Catholic, but he hospitably ntertained in this house the Jesuit Martyr, Father Isaac ogues, who had escaped from the Mohawks. Later his rother Jesuits, Father Joseph Bressani and Father Simon Le loyne, also found shelter there.

Nearby is No. 30 Broadway, in the early days of the Re-ublic the home of Dominick Lynch, one of the four rep-esentative Catholics whose names are signed to the address f congratulation presented to Washington after his in-uguration as President. A little further up that highway rinity churchyard begins. It is part of the old King's Farm nd here, under the auspices of Governor Dongan, Fathers homas Harvey, Henry Harrison, and Charles Gage opened ew York's first Catholic classical school. Says an early ronicler:

> Papists began to settle in the colony under the smiles of the Governor. The collector of the revenues and several principal officers threw off the mask and openly avowed their attachment to the doctrines of Rome. A Latin school was set up and the teacher strongly suspected for a Jesuit; in a word the whole body of the people trembled for the Protestant cause.

There are a number of Catholics buried in Trinity church-rd, for they had no other place of sepulture in those early ys. And in St. Paul's churchyard, Fulton and Vesey streets, nds the memorial to Dr. William James MacNeven, who as one of the Irish patriot leaders of 1798 and a Catholic ientist and publicist of great ability. Turning down Vesey eet at No. 24 will be found the site of the school started in 16 by Virgil Horace Barber and for about a year the home his remarkable family. It was here that he and his wife termined to consecrate themselves to the religious life. e and his only son became Jesuit priests; his wife a Visita-n nun; two of the daughters Visitation nuns also, and the o others Ursulines.

ust behind this landmark is St. Peter's, the first Catholic rch erected in New York. It is on Barclay street, some-es called "Pater Noster Row," the centre of the Catholic olishing trade of the country. The original St. Peter's was cted in 1786 but was torn down in 1836, the present edifice ng opened in 1838. The oldest original Catholic church lding in New York, however, is St. James', James street, licated in the fall of 1836. The foundation of the parish Christ Church, Ann street, organized in 1827.

Near St. James', at No. 35 East Broadway, was the first vent of the New York branch of the Sisters of Charity, ned in 1846. In 1847 it was moved to what is now restaurant building at McGowan's Pass, in Central Park 05th street, and ten years later to the beautiful Mount St. ncent-on-Hudson just below Yonkers, which up to that e had been Font Hill, the home of Edwin Forrest the famous actor. Mother Seton, who founded the American Sisters of Charity, it will be remembered, was a native of New York, and most of her married life was passed at No. 8 State street facing Battery Park. When, as a widow, she returned from Italy she opened a school. It was located in Stuyvesant Lane, the short street that runs from old St. Mark's Church in the Bowery up to the junction where the Ninth street station of the Third avenue elevated railroad is now.

Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott and Prince streets, which was begun in 1809, will celebrate the centenary of its dedication on May 4 of next year. Most of this edifice was destroyed by fire in 1865 but was rebuilt at once. In the yard about the church are the graves of 31,000 Catholics, many of them quite notable in their day. The new St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth avenue, is built on the ground purchased in 1812 by Father Antony Kohlmann, S.J., founder and pastor of the old St. Patrick's, for the New York Literary Institution, the city's first Catholic college. This site was then in the remote suburban village of Elgin. The new cathedral was begun in 1858 and dedicated May 25, 1879. Its cost was about four million dollars. The oft-repeated tale that the city made the church a present of its now immensely valuable site is a myth. Since its purchase in 1812 the property had been used for educational and ecclesiastical purposes. The deeds showing this are on record in the Register's office.

Another historically interesting spot is St. Nicholas', Second street, New York's oldest church for German Catholics, which was opened in 1835. In the same neighborhood, at Houston and Mulberry streets, is the former site of the first convent school of the Religious of the Sacred Heart and later of the Sisters of Mercy. Crossing to the west, near Canal street and South Fifth avenue, the earliest school of the Christian Brothers in the United States was located.

The foregoing list of landmarks indicates what a profitable tour a Catholic visitor can make through old New York if he is interested in "archæology." Unfortunately a Catholic guide book has not as yet been prepared, and few of the city's residents are familiar enough with New York's Catholic history to give the tourist exact information about the Church's beginnings in Manhattan. The purpose of this paper is merely to call to the attention of AMERICA's readers a few of the more notable Catholic antiquities of the city. What we need, however, is a series of little manuals for Catholic visitors to our large cities. "Catholic New York" could be followed by "Catholic San Francisco," "Catholic Baltimore" by "Catholic Chicago," etc. What say our publishers?

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

Count Albert de Mun

Among the tragic incidents of the great war, minor events, not bearing immediately on the tremendous struggle, might be supposed to pass unobserved; but not so the death that occurred only two days ago, of Count Albert de Mun. He breathed his last at Bordeaux, where he had accompanied the French Government, a few minutes after midnight, on October 6. For years past, he suffered from angina pectoris, but to the soldier that he was at heart inaction was impossible. He had been forbidden to speak in public under pain of hastening the end, but he continued to write, and to work and it may truly be said of him that he died fighting the battles of his country.

Count Albert de Mun was born in 1841 at his father's place, Lumigny, in Seine et Marne. The de Muns are an old family of southern France, and Count Albert's ancestors, on both sides, occupied distinguished posts in diplomacy and at Court. His mother, a saint and a beautiful and charming woman, was the

Eugènie de la Ferronhays, whose delightful personality was made known rather more than forty years ago to the literary and religious world by the publication of "le Récit d'une Soeur," called in English, a "Sister's Story." The book, edited by Count Albert's aunt, Mrs. Craven, a la Ferronhays by birth, excited much enthusiasm at the time on both sides of the Atlantic. It was, in fact, a selection of the private diaries and letters of a highly gifted family, of which Eugénie, Count Albert's mother, was one of the most attractive members. She died when her two sons, Robert and Albert, were mere babies, but both inherited much of her charm and all her strong faith and spirituality. Count Albert chose the army as his profession and took part in the campaign of 1870 as a cavalry officer. He was decorated on the battlefield for his brilliant valor. After the war he was then captain in a regiment of cuirassiers. He founded Catholic clubs for workmen, and at first presided at the meetings in his officer's uniform. But eventually he had to choose between his military career and his social work. He chose the latter, left the army and resolutely devoted his time and his gifts as an orator to the evangelization of the working classes. In this work he may be considered as having played the part of a pioneer, being one of the first among the men of his age and standing to recognize the importance of a democratic movement that it is impossible to stem, but that it is necessary to Christianize and to control in order to prevent it from becoming anti-religious and revolutionary.

In 1876 he was elected deputy of Pontivy. His election was invalidated most unfairly, but in 1881 he was reelected with a splendid majority, and from that moment he became a prominent figure in the French Chambers. He chose as his standpoint the interests of the Catholic religion and he served the cause he loved with striking talent and heroic devotion. In 1894 he became deputy for Morlaix and was elected again in 1906, 1910 and 1914. At the last elections, that were in general unfavorable to Catholic candidates, he scored 9,665 votes, while his adversary only had 7,132. In 1897 he was chosen to replace Jules Simon at the French Academy and the speeches that he made there on several occasions will long be remembered. He was a wonderfully sympathetic orator. Being a perfect gentleman and also a fervent Christian, who practised all he professed, his speech had the finished grace and the authority that only perfect breeding and absolute sincerity can give, and without which even a great talent lacks depth, charm and durability.

Although from a political standpoint he differed from certain Catholics, on account of his having, at the bidding of Leo XIII, in 1892, adhered to the Republican Government, his absolute disinterestedness commanded the respect of his adversaries. It made him popular even among the advanced Republicans, whose educational laws he resolutely attacked. They knew that he was opposed to their methods and that they had no more resolute opponent than this ardent Catholic leader, but they fully acknowledged his courtesy, generosity and sincerity. They fought the political orator, but were forced to honor the man.

How far Count Albert de Mun realized that Leo XIII's scheme of Christianizing the French Republic had proved a failure, his loyalty to his spiritual chief forbade him to say. It certainly during some years diminished his "prestige" in the eyes of many Catholics, who (events proved that they were right) believed that the French politicians of the day were incapable of responding fitly to the Pope's confidence.

Another still greater sacrifice was demanded of Count de Mun, when, suffering from heart disease, he was forbidden by his medical advisers to speak in public. He continued to fill his place in Parliament, and on certain days when the battle raged fiercely, the silence he was obliged to keep was almost as eloquent as his spoken words, so visible then was his mental suffering. At the risk of his life he broke this silence on certain important occasions: in 1911, for instance, when he denounced the Franco-German treaty by which France relinquished a portion of Congo. That day his magnificent oratory won the applause of friend and foe; "it was," said an important French paper, "one of the grandest speeches that ever honored a Parliament." M. de Mun was a writer as well as a speaker, and since the war began his daily articles in the *Echo de Paris* added considerably to his influence over the French public.

As a military man he was qualified to give their right meaning to General Joffre's laconic "bulletins," and while interpreting them in a way that enlightened and satisfied the average reader, he never failed to sound a note of confidence in God and in the final victory of the allied forces.

His articles in the *Echo* were looked forward to with anxiety by thousands of readers throughout France. We remember the exclamation of a poor woman: "I know M. de Mun is ill, but surely God will leave him with us till the war is over!" God's ways are not ours and He has seen fit to call His faithful servant home. In all that Count Albert de Mun wrote there was an elevating feeling; his patriotic optimism was enlightened and without seeming to preach, he made his readers realize the solemn truths that give a meaning to life and death. His language was always eloquent; he was incapable, either in his spoken or written words, of anything base, mean or trivial.

On October 5 he took up his pen for the last time and wrote his daily article for the *Echo*. That night he had one of the violent heart seizures to which he was subject and which he knew must one day kill him. The usual remedies were applied, but this time they had no effect, and a few minutes after receiving Extreme Unction, Count Albert de Mun breathed his last without a struggle. It was a soldier's death, though not under fire. M. de Mun knew that every effort, mental or physical, might kill him as surely as a German bullet, but he believed that being unable to draw his sword for France he must fight her battles with his pen at whatever cost to himself.

This great patriot and fervent Christian was a courteous and refined gentleman, a generous adversary, whose loss is mourned by Frenchmen of every shade of thought. Count de Mun's noble presence, his frank and cordial manner and his military bearing added to the esteem and popularity that he enjoyed among his countrymen, and the French papers, whatever may be their politics, are unanimous in praising his moral character and mental gifts. Let us add that M. de Mun's three sons are all at the front.

B. DE C.

COMMUNICATIONS

Wealthy Catholics and the "Deadwood of Catholicism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for October 10 I read a letter from Mr. James V. Shields which I think calls for an answer. I have no desire to break in upon the little class of instruction consisting of Mr. Chester and Mr. Shields. Both gentlemen seem well able to take care of themselves. I am concerned with a few statements made by Mr. Shields which I find it hard to think he would make did he fully realize their content. "The work (of houses of retreat)," says Mr. Shields, "does not reach down to and influence the great mass of our Catholic men, every-day toilers who are the real support of the Catholic Church. It seldom goes below the upper and middle classes, seeming in this to prove the charge often directed against the Jesuits, that they run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence, who in fact are the deadwood of Catholicism." This second sentence contains a very serious charge. Do the words about the "deadwood of Catholicism" belong to the accusation made against the Jesuits? Or are they Mr. Shields' own statement? In either case they contain matter which Mr. Shields, I think, would find it hard to prove in a court of justice. If the work of retreats among the upper and middle classes "seems" to prove that the

Jesuits run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence, then the upper and middle classes must be one with Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence (otherwise there is no proof at all), but these latter are the "deadwood of Catholicism," therefore the upper and middle classes who make these retreats are the deadwood of Catholicism. Has Mr. Shields any knowledge of the fine bodies of men that have made retreats at Staten Island or at Keyser Island? Would he maintain that they are "the deadwood of Catholicism"? He hopes some day to make one of these retreats himself. If he belongs to the upper or middle classes will his going to the Staten Island House of Retreats prove or seem to prove that the Jesuits are running after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence? Will he be willing to be classed with the "deadwood"? I think not. Yet by his own argument, if words mean anything, he can not avoid the conclusion. If Mr. Shields is himself responsible for the statement about the "deadwood of Catholicism," despite his being tolerably well informed about Catholic affairs, he must be sadly lacking in knowledge of what Catholic wealth has done in and about New York. In this great city many a church and many a priest can give grand testimony of great deeds done for God with the money of wealthy Catholics. Their deeds are not told from the house-tops, it is true, but the fruits remain. If, however, Mr. Shields means by "deadwood" not lack of exterior cooperation with the Church, but lack of interior grace, whence comes his knowledge? God alone is the judge of hearts.

Again, if he thinks the Jesuits run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence let him run over a little past and contemporaneous Jesuit history, beginning with St. Francis Xavier, dying poor and alone on a desert island. St. Peter Claver wore out his life among the negroes of Carthagena. Father Jogues and other French Jesuits were hacked to pieces by the Indians. Jesuits to-day are toiling in the hill-country of Jamaica; others are laboring among the prisoners and the insane on the New York islands. Still others are working among the negroes in the counties of Southern Maryland, while almost in every city where there is a Jesuit house the Fathers care for the hospitals and the prisoners. I may add that the New York firemen could testify that there was one Jesuit at least who labored faithfully with them, though he was fully capable of mingling with Catholics of wealth and prominence. If Mr. Shields has seen Jesuits working among the rich and prominent, I have seen them working and working hard among the poor in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. They do both; our Divine Saviour did both and people were never satisfied with Him. All honor, then, to the great mass of our Catholic men, every-day toilers. Certainly they give generously and nobly to the Church, and any one who knows the history of New York's early Catholic days is aware of what the every-day toiler has done. God bless him. The Church loves and respects him. But let us not draw wrong conclusions regarding our wealthy friends. If Mr. Shields knows rich Catholics who have been remiss, I have no quarrel with him, but to say or infer that Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence are the deadwood of Catholicity is a sweeping statement that wrongs many a generous Catholic man and woman. rich in this world's goods. We should not take as proven everything that "seems" to prove, otherwise the Catholic Church and the Jesuits would long ago have been condemned for fearful crimes.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

Retreats, Missions, Socialism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One wonders if the knowledge which Mr. Shields has of the failure of the Jesuit Fathers to spread the "printed word" at missions and in churches is based on the same amount of actual experience as is evidenced by his account of the retreat work. Had he ever, with good spirit and intention, made a retreat at Mt. Manresa, he would have come away with a feeling of admiration for the Order and its work which would have served as an effectual barrier to any subsequent criticism. True, retreats have not been advertised for the working "class," the principal reason being that the workers quite naturally resent being put into a distinctive group; we live in America, not in India. And a retreat requires, generally, that the retreatants withdraw for a short period from their ordinary avocations; and this, owing to working conditions beyond the power of the retreat director to change, most men are unable to do. But I am quite safe in stating that since the inception of the retreat movement in New York personal appeal has been made to every Catholic labor leader of any prominence in the city to attend personally and to assist in the formation of retreat bands; and to this was added an offer to make the hours and term of the retreats anything within reason consonant with the retreat idea and the convenience of the men who it was hoped would attend. And has Mr. Shields never heard of the retreat to working girls which are given after due public announcement, and with special regard to hours of employment, in St. Leo's Chapel in Twenty-eighth street? Or that the retreats at St. Regis Cenacle are attended by hundreds of working girls, and not merely by ladies of leisure? As for the "upper and middle classes," whoever they are in the United States, they may be the deadwood of Catholicism, but if so they are not making retreats on Staten Island. The House of Retreats is turning out too many "live-ones" to allow much deadwood to accumulate, and most of them are "every-day toilers."

The leaders of the mission bands probably feel that the best preventative of Socialism is practical Catholicity, and in laying stress on the latter may not have emphasized the study of the former enough to satisfy Mr. Shields. But in view of the fact that the campaign of anti-Socialistic instruction was begun and is being continued by the Jesuits, who, moreover, are singled out for attack by the soap-box man, I am unwilling to believe that they neglected the topic altogether. Perhaps Mr. Shields missed the sermon in which mention was made of it. The missionaries must necessarily give to the men attending credit for ordinary common sense and a willingness to follow instruction, and can scarcely be expected to stand at the church doors with an armful of pamphlets, forcing sample copies on unwilling victims. As for the violent Socialistic speakers, one is tempted many times to resort to physical attack, but reason counsels that the results would be rather the opposite to those wished for.

From Mr. Shields' letter one might infer that the decline of faith in the Latin countries, if it exists, is due to the inertia of the clergy, and that by analogy the same condition is manifesting itself in America; and as a second inference, that the people are not at all at fault, but are humbly awaiting "instruction" at the hand of their indifferent religious leaders. The most superficial observation would tend to show that both inferences are entirely false. A recent stay of a month on the island of Porto Rico, which is Latin by inheritance, tradition, and actual present-day conditions, has convinced me that the lack of religious feeling is not due to the inactivity of the clergy, who are most zealous, but to the unfaithfulness of a so-called Catholic people in living up to the practices of their religion. A similar condition exists in the United States, with one addition, namely, that many of the descendants of the Irish immigrants of fifty years ago are so busy telling how the Church should be managed that they have no time to follow her instructions. It is quite easy to express hazy opinions about what should be done, but evidently quite different to be a good soldier and obey orders. What is needed all over the world is a lessening of the num-

ber of volunteer ecclesiastical advisers, and an increase in the number of those who in a spirit of faith and service will work for the glory of God under the direction of the Church's leaders.

Brooklyn, N. Y. EDWARD A. MCALLISTER.

Our Divine Lord, Wine and Total Abstinence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 3, the question is raised as to our Divine Lord's habits of life with regard to wine. This is an extremely delicate question. The habits of life of our Saviour and His Apostles are put in apparent opposition to the exhortations of many priests to-day, not only in the matter of temperance, but also of total abstinence from wines as well as intoxicating drinks. Why the change? Are we to improve on the counsels of the Gospel? Holy Scripture, the customs of men, even of saints, during many centuries have favored the use of wine. Every one will admit that these are gifts of God intended for the use of men. Why preach total abstinence? The answer to this question is found in the new conditions that have arisen during the last few generations.

There would be no more need of total abstinence now than formerly if the majority of men confined themselves to the moderate use of light wines. Total abstinence would be considered only one of the means of extraordinary self-denial. But on this continent wine has of late been keeping very bad company, and by the ingenuity, or rather the perversity of men, has come to be in many cases the occasion of alcoholism and drunkenness. It has been adulterated to an extreme degree, or at least is sold indiscriminately together with alcoholic drinks of the most harmful kind. In every bar-room and liquor store wines light and heavy are passed over the counter together with very intoxicating liquors, and the taking of the one has become the occasion for the use of the other. That is to say, the light drink that Holy Scripture says gladdens the heart of man has been mixed with poison. Hence it becomes necessary to counsel and preach total abstinence even from wines in order to safeguard the people from the appalling evils resulting from drink.

It would be an ideal thing if men would use moderately the drink recommended in Holy Writ. But since numerous temptations are now thrown in their way the practice of total abstinence can no longer be regarded as an extraordinary form of self-denial, but as a very ordinary, and in a multitude of cases a very necessary means of self-preservation.

Cantley, P. Q. G. W. O'TOOLE, P.P.

Religious Conditions in Italy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Religious Conditions in Italy" in last week's number will surely be a surprise to many of your readers Father Sorrentino says: "The Catholic spirit is keenly alive among the Italian people." If we are to judge of religious conditions across the water from the religious spirit of the Italians who come here, then certainly the writer's assertion is a hard saying. The Italians who come to this country are to a large extent uninstructed in the knowledge of the very elements of their Faith. Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls beyond the age of sixteen know nothing of their prayers, nothing of their catechism and have never even been instructed for or made their First Communion or Confession. The Italian, as a rule, will work on Sunday without scruple, will send his children by preference to the public schools, and outside of a display at baptisms, marriages and funerals, a large proportion of them have little attachment to the Church, its services or its sacraments. Father Sorrentino says that the bulk of the Italian people are good, practical Catholics. In proof of this he instances the thousands upon thousands who attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday in Naples. If they do, then the sense of that obligation, when they start for this country, must be dropped root and branch into the Bay of Naples, for 99 per cent. of them stay away from Mass when they come to this country. The Italian, without any sense of obedience to the Church, enters readily into Freemasonry and other anti-Christian societies, and falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer.

It may be said that they are ignorant of the language and unaccustomed to our conditions. The Italian is not too ignorant to cope with American cleverness in making money and in sending vast wealth back to his native land. The Italians as a body are rising rapidly from a material point of view and hence their religious deterioration can not be attributed to a lack of ability, talent or an ignorance of the language, but it must be attributed to the fact that they come to this country insufficiently instructed in their Faith, and not infrequently with a hatred of the Church and the priesthood in their hearts. No; the religious conditions in Italy can not be such as expounded by Father Sorrentino. He says that the Italian will attend missions, which he certainly will not do in this country, that he will manifest great devotion to the Madonna and is religious in the months of May and June. As Bishop Bonomelli once well pointed out, piety does not consist in processions or carrying lighted candles, in prostrations before a statue of the Madonna, in processions in honor of the patron saints of villages, but true piety consists in the daily fulfilment of the religious duties exacted of us by God Almighty and His Church and it consists in a love for that Church and her ministers. In these points, no matter how numerous be the Italian processions, no matter how heavy the candles, no matter how many lights they carry, the Italian immigrant seems very deficient. This is an unquestionable fact the causes of which it would be interesting to discuss, but are beyond the scope of this letter.

New York. HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article on "Religious Conditions in Italy," which appears in AMERICA of October 17, is far from convincing. Could the assertion that "the bulk of the Italian people are good, practical Catholics" be proved by means of figures? I am confident that any one possessing even an elementary knowledge of the inhabitants of Italy will be astonished at the information that "what is true of Naples, is true almost without exception, of every town and hamlet *dalle Alpi alla Sicilia*. If we eliminate the Freemasons, the Socialists, the anarchists, the indifferent, the Modernists, I believe that we shall have left but a very small number of *practical* Catholics in the whole of the third Italy.

Baltimore. ENOTRIAE AMATOR.

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At a meeting of the Directors of the Alumnae Association of the Sacred Heart a protest was drawn up and later sent to President Wilson against the treatment of the religious of the Sacred Heart in Mexico. Thirty of these nuns are now refugees in the two houses of the order in Chicago. They were turned out of their convent in Guadalajara on half an hour's notice, allowed to take nothing with them save the clothes they had on; for six weeks they, along with eighteen other nuns, slept on the bare boards of a little two-room cottage with neither mattresses nor covering. On shipboard they were thrust down into the hold with a lot of Chinese and subjected to mortification and insult. The letter closes thus:

> The United States has seen fit to take a hand in the affairs of Mexico. Can it afford to allow these cultured Christian

women to be longer treated as murderers and bandits? The many thousands of American women, citizens of this country who have been educated by this order and hold it in deepest affection, can not believe it possible. The millions of other Catholics in this country await, Sir, with deep concern your answer.

Similar letters are to be sent by other Alumnae Associations of the order.

Chicago. M. O. G.

Was Pater a Catholic?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Among "Books and Authors" in AMERICA for October 17 you notice an assertion that Walter Pater was a convert and say that "many would like to learn the authority for that statement." I can not give you the authority, but I found the same assertion in G. K. Chesterton's "Victorian Age in Literature," and wrote him in regard to it. I suppose he took me for an autograph hunter, as I received no reply. Many a Catholic would wish to think that Pater found, at the last, the faith he seemed so near in the closing chapters of "Marius the Epicurean," and in the unfinished work, "Gaston de Latour." If Mr. Chesterton ever sees these words perhaps he may be kind enough to give us some verification of his statement.

Grand Rapids, Mich. A. K. GIBSON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reviewing my book, "Outside the Walls," you did well to question my remark that Walter Pater was a convert. I do not now recall my authority for that statement, and have since found the real facts, to wit: Pater's father was a Roman Catholic after a fashion, and there was some attempt to educate the lad in that religion; but he remained loyal to the Church of England, for a time even considering the taking of Holy Orders. In later years he drifted into indifferentism as to doctrine, but his esthetic sense continued to hold him nominally faithful to his Church, and as an Anglican he died.

Ardmore, Pa. BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSER.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am one of your original subscribers and have been a loyal friend of AMERICA from its start, urging my friends to sustain and uphold it. But what shall I say of a Catholic paper whose attitude in this awful war is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any lover of liberty. The position of AMERICA is simply intolerable, a disgrace to American Catholics, and many Catholics, both lay and clerical, have expressed this opinion to me. It will take many years for AMERICA to live down its deplorable position on this war, if it ever again resumes its old place in our hearts. Had you not better transfer the place of publication from New York to Berlin, and rename the paper "Germany"? That at least would relieve many of your oldest friends from having to blush for your shame.

Amherst, Mass. C. A. H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a constant reader of the AMERICA and numerous other Catholic papers for many years. Occasionally I also have read the *Menace*. I am going to ask you what is the difference between our so-called English Catholic papers and the *Menace?* I must confess, and this painfully, that I find little, very little difference between these papers. When I read our Catholic weeklies they seem to be sisters and brothers. What a world of misrepresentations, exaggerations, lies and calumnies our Catholic papers dish out to their readers week after week in their war news! Mind you, the war news concerns mainly the Catholics, because all these papers howl about Catholic Austria and about Germany, a country that is over one-third Catholic. These Catholic papers try very hard to make their readers believe that the Germans are cruel barbarians and they sing the praises of Catholic France. Catholic France and Protestant Germany! . . . Whenever I read in AMERICA about Catholic France I have to smile. Catholic France! and Catholic Belgium and Protestant Germany! No doubt there are more practical Catholics in Protestant Germany than in "Catholic France" and Belgium.

How these *Menace* Catholic papers are gloating with another *Menace* that pagan Japan, infidel France, Protestant England, schismatic Russia, sacrilegious Portugal are crushing the last Catholic world power! And how they condone the cruel murder of the excellent and Catholic prince of Austria! How they sympathize with Belgium, that violated its neutrality in 1906 and entered into a secret pact to crush Germany! How they also rehash unproved cruelties of the Germans but never, never, never mention the cruelties of the Allies! Has AMERICA ever spoken of the atrocities of the Russians or Belgians? Did the Rev. Editor of AMERICA not read the statement of Cardinal Bettinger of Munich, of Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, of Bishop Koudelka of Superior? Did the Rev. Editor of AMERICA, whose sympathies are with Russia, Japan, France and England, not see the public statement of American journalists denying the statements of German cruelties fabricated in Paris and London?

Be sure many readers of AMERICA are tired of your unfair treatment and they will drop your paper because they are not willing to support papers of the *Menace* type. If you intend to continue in your bigotry please drop my name from your subscription list. As an Irishman you have reason to be English. Irishmen that died on the gallows for the last four centuries will certainly bestow upon English sympathizers a blessing! Catholic papers, the pity of it! and then preach against the unfairness of the *Menace!*

Hart, Mich. FRANCIS EMMERICH.

[The Editor regrets that AMERICA has reached the level of the *Menace*. He hopes for at least one moment of repentance before death.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The account of your bombardment by adverse critics who disapprove of your war policy, and the decimation of your army of subscribers roused a chorus of indignation from your many friends in this part of the world. You are accused of prejudice, of partisanship! Why, you are nothing if not neutral. People who say such things deserve to be annihilated by the French turpinite guns, or crushed by the Russian steam-roller!

Italy, Turkey, the United States and the rest of them might well sit at your feet and learn how to be neutral, though handicapped. But alas! Your neutrality has not been respected! It has been violated in the worst possible way by a frontal attack on your subscription list. "The Hun is at the Gate!" in the shape of angry subscribers who most unjustly accuse you of injustice. I wish I could bring up some reinforcements in the form of an army of new subscribers. At any rate, accept a serious, earnest and admiring tribute to the spirit of fair play with which the war news has been conducted in AMERICA. You have succeeded in showing *both* sides, or rather, the many sides of the question, and surely it is only ignorance, prejudice or blind hatred that refuses to visualize any point of view except its own. Now, would you kindly enlighten me on a certain point? Belgium, I know, was one of the richest countries in Europe before the war broke out. What has become of the Congo millions, the receipts of the rubber industry? Are they

filling the pockets of the Belgian Government or those of the German military governor, von der Goltz? If the former, I do not see why Belgium need pose as a beggar before the whole world. But I speak as one less wise; perhaps you can instruct me on this matter. Meanwhile, I sincerely trust that this letter will give some slight consolation to the wounded editorial bosom. In any case, it affords me the pleasure of vindicating your many "other" subscribers who, like myself, are full of admiration for the attitude of AMERICA, not only on the war question, but on all topics of the day. May it long prosper!

A HALIFAX SUBSCRIBER.

Memories of Louvain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to give my recollections of the Flemish University town as I saw it on an August day of last year. Then peace brooded over the street and square, shrine and spire, while the modest marts wore the smile of easy prosperity, and peasant and burgher, lay-folk and religious thronged the sunlit streets or waited for their trains in the roomy station. *Troja fuit* and so was Louvain. Memories of Louvain as she burned and agonized have been given to me in a document written by one who saw and heard all that he has written down. These I will faithfully set down even as they are written, grieving that the many American priests who have pleasanter "Memories of Louvain" should have to weep over the ruin of the city they loved. May God grant us through the intercession of St. John Berchmans the happiness of seeing once again some of the charms whereof *our* "Memories of Louvain" are laden.

When the Germans occupied the city they ordered all the arms and ammunition to be delivered up. Day and night every house had to be left open and their lights to be left lit. The Jesuit College obeyed the orders. Through the night of August 25-26 the only noise heard was the crackle of burning materials, the only smell that of fire, the only lights in the sky the red glare of the conflagration. Here I will quote Mr. Schill's own words:

I was in my room putting it to rights when I heard our beadle shout down the corridor: "Everybody out of the house! The city must be left in an hour!" We took the road to Tervueren, and a pitiful sight we presented as we made our way along it. The town's inhabitants had packed up hastily in bundles whatever was precious and portable. Some carried the sick and weak, others the babies. At fixed intervals we met German sentries. We waved white handkerchiefs to save our lives. Although we got no bullet, insult and abuse was showered on us plentifully. *Schweinepriester! Hallunken!* "It's you who tell the people to fire on us." *Das sind die Richtigen.* So were we howled at by some in frenzied hate. Others more restrained said, *Die Unschuldigen müssen mit den Schuldigen leiden.*

At last we came to Tervueren after having been two hours on the road. Soon we should be in Brussels and then we should be safe. But the road in front of us was blocked by soldiers. They stopped us and made us empty every bundle and pocket of their contents. Again the insults and the habitual refrain *Schweine!* They were ordered by their officer not to come near us, but scarcely had he turned on his heel than they were abusing us again with foul names. The officer held them in check only by brandishing his revolver before their faces. The squad of soldiers which had been appointed to search us for concealed weapons pretended that they had found two priests with pistols. I had opened my cassock at the collar thinking that would be enough, but the soldier savagely tore it open down to the knees. Only two buttons were left on it. While he was searching me he had a cartridge in his hand which he was going to put into my pocket, but one of the Fathers noticed him and told the officer about it. Whether or not the soldier was punished I can not say. After the search was done we were led into a field by the roadside and had to sit down in the wet grass guarded by soldiers.

All the religious and priests were made to wait there. With the nuns they would be about one hundred. After an hour we were lined up in two rows along a fence which cut the field in two. We all thought we were going to be shot. We put our rosaries around our necks, took our crucifixes in hand and received absolution from the priests. An officer, however, assured us that no harm would be done to us. Then we were divided into bands of twenties. The one in which I was, was led behind the fence into the next field. German carts were there. We walked behind these, and then were lined up again in two rows. Our guard this time was a gentleman. He readily gave us leave to go aside for a few minutes, but had scarcely done so than the officer rushed upon him, revolver in hand, shouting out as he came, "Didn't I tell you that none were to move from this place? Is that the way you carry out orders? Do you want to be shot too?" The indignant soldier gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of the officer. The scene ended with that. A short while after two soldiers came leading Mr. Eugène Dupiéreux, S.J. They were followed by another soldier who held a paper in his hand. When it was asked whose paper it was Dupiéreux claimed it as his property. They asked next for somebody who knew German. I was pointed out to them. On Dupiéreux they had chalked a large cross on the back of his cassock. The poor fellow carried his crucifix in his hands and never took his eyes from it. They gave me the paper and the officer said: "You will read the paper first in French and then you will translate it into German. Don't put in or leave out one word, or you will be shot along with him." Poor Dupiéreux was doomed. If I didn't read it, two would be killed instead of only one. The contents of the paper were as follows:

> The Germans have invaded Belgium, bringing everywhere fire and sword. They have ravaged the land like a horde of barbarians. When Omar had burned down the library at Alexandria, one thought that a like deed would never be done again. But it has been done again at Louvain, whose library has been given over to the flames. There's the famous "Germanische Kultur" for you, which they have boasted so much about.

When I had got that far the officer stopped me. *Genug! Ah!* he exclaimed. Then somebody tried to plead for mercy for poor Dupiéreux. *Kein Wort mehr!* was the only answer. The doomed scholastic who had listened calmly to the reading of his notes, now asked for absolution. It was a task to get the officer to understand what was asked for. At length he granted the request. Dupiéreux knelt down and made his confession to Father Willaert, S.J. The two then gave each other a good-bye shake of the hand while the officer cried, *Vorwärts, für die Front!* The young chap was off at once, keeping his eyes on his crucifix all the time. At about fifteen yards in front of our line he was ordered to halt by the officer. Then four soldiers were brought into position between us and the doomed youth. His back was turned to the squad and to us and we all saw the white cross on his cassock. *Legt an! Feuer!* The four rifles made only one sound. Dupiéreux fell on his back to the ground. For a minute the arms twitched slightly. We were then made to walk half way round the field away from the scene. The twin brother of the dead Scholastic was of the number. One of us looked back to see what was going to happen next. The officer came to the body, put his pistol to one of the ears and fired. The bullet came out through the eye.

The officer then made me translate the following proclamation: "You will be brought along with us in our carts. When we get to a village, two or three of you will be sent to tell the burgomaster that he is to hold the people in check. If we are shot at from the houses we will burn the whole village and slaughter the inhabitants. You will meet the same fate as the people."

We climbed up into the carts, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could, some of us lying on the oats and some on the

planks. We had along with us Mgr. Ladeuze, Rector of the University, and Mgr. de Becker, President of the American College. So we went through Brussels, the crowd all the while wondering what was the meaning of the painful sight. At eight o'clock in the evening we were let go, thanks to the intervention of Rev. Father Provincial. TERENCE KING.

Woman and Public Activity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The conclusion of your article "You Begin," in the issue for October 10, indicates the cause of the present public apathy with regard to the *Menace* and other scandals that are supinely tolerated by the Catholics of this country. In a democracy no legislative action can be hoped for that is not strongly supported by public opinion. And how can public opinion be strong when that portion of its citizens which possesses the zeal, fervor and equipment necessary to give tone to public opinion in such a crisis, is constantly being told except during church bazaars to remain at home? In the beginning man was told that he needed a helpmeet. That need persists to the present. Now it is an acknowledged fact that there is in this country an aristocracy of women capable of assisting man in the peculiar public conditions of to-day. Is it not therefore the wildest lack of wisdom for man to ignore his need and his helpmeet, if not in domestic concerns, at least in public affairs? The work of Catherine of Siena, Blanch of Castile, Matilda of Canossa and Victoria Guelph was of a public nature. If the crude American public opinion could be brought up to the public opinion of the times when those noble women went forth from their homes to give to the public the benefit of their God-given talents, Catholic public activity would not be so slow, so supine, so unintelligent, so apathetic and so indifferent.

Surely the Church is educating her women in her many excellent academies and colleges, not to bake bread and to scrub the floors of her home, but to make her capable of leadership in public and social affairs. And is it not again the height of folly to make her capable of taking the lead in battle, amid conditions such as ours, and at the same time to deny her the field where her zeal, her energy and her capabilities are sadly needed? Should I go to the Congressman of the district in which I live and ask to be protected from the insults of the *Menace* I should be given the same kind consideration as a child or a woman in the drawing-room receives; but there it would end. I am only a woman, not a voter. I assure you that I have been obliged to control my impulse to initiate something; I have too much sense I trust to attempt the impossible. I know with what extreme politeness legislators receive women.

You truly have struck the key to the solution of the problem. The country needs a Catherine of Siena; and because it is a democracy it needs all the numerous Catherines who are her disciples, and the Catherines need the credentials which will admit them to the council chamber without the stigma that is now placed upon a woman who attempts to initiate any public activity. I assure you that it is my Catholicity that has made of me a strong suffragist, despite the fact that preachers occasionally indulge in a little joke on the subject. My patience with Catholic men in public matters is quite exhausted. They surely need the spur of Catholic women with zeal and energy.

We women who would gladly give to the public the benefits which we receive from our holy religion, trust and pray that some day the Church in this beautiful country of ours will place woman once again where she was placed in those ideal Catholic days that seem to be forgotten, on the throne, not behind it. There she will be able to do the constructive work that is needed in this country, will form and mould public opinion as she forms and moulds her children's minds; and God will throw about her the mantle of His protection, for she seldom undertakes a task, great or small, without invoking His blessing.

Buffalo, N. Y. E. C. H.

Chaplains in the Field

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The reference in your issue of October 10 to the late Father Peter Tissot, S.J., chaplain of the 37th New York "Irish Rifles," is most interesting to the surviving members of the Grand Army, who remember his services in the field with the Army of the Potomac. He left a diary in which he recorded his experiences there, and which was published by the United States Catholic Historical Society in *Records and Studies* for January, 1903. In this he makes the following note of his opinion of the duties of a chaplain in the field. It seems to have a special value in these universal war times.

> We often read of chaplains flying about on the battlefield from one wounded man to another through the thickest of the fight. I doubt whether it was ever done; at all events it should never be done. It is customary at the beginning of a battle for surgeons to choose a place in a house, if there be one, or a cluster of trees, where they hoist a red flag to show that it is a hospital where the wounded are gathered. It is an understood thing that the guns of both armies respect the red flag. That is the post of the chaplain. He should expose himself as little as possible. If he does expose himself he may be of service to a few, which is doubtful, but if in so doing he is killed, he will deprive numbers of others of his services after the battle. But even with the greatest precautions a chaplain may be very much exposed, owing to the shifting of the battlefield. A place which is very safe now may become the hottest in a very short time.
>
> My experience has taught me that there is not much good to be done on the day of a battle. Most of the wounded are left scattered on the field. Even when they are gathered in one place the first thing they want is a nurse or surgeon, some one to attend to their wounds. Then they are generally packed so close, especially if it be in a room, that it is out of the question to hear a Confession, independently of the din, shouts, yells, "confusion worse confounded." It may be easier in an army wholly Catholic, where the chaplain wears a cassock and is recognized by all at once. There is a better chance of doing good after the battle, when the wounded are distributed in houses or tents. The place for a chaplain to do good is in the camp. If he does no good there, he had better stay at home.

Father Tissot was indeed an engaging personality to all who knew him. He was born at Mégève, in Savoy, October 15, 1823, and entered the Society of Jesus, at Paris, October 10, 1852. He came to New York in 1846 and the following year was made one of the teaching corps at Fordham. He was ordained priest there by the famous Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil, Archbishop Bedini, on October 16, 1853. After the war he was treasurer at Fordham and finally ended his career prematurely by excessive work as a missionary. He died June 19, 1875. The official record of his army service says he was made chaplain of the 37th N. Y. Vols., May 28, 1861, and was mustered out with the regiment June 22, 1863. Although he says, as above quoted, a chaplain has no business on the battlefield, he did not follow his own teaching. It is recorded that in one severe engagement he was observed by General Hancock during the heaviest fire, oblivious of all danger, going about bending over the dying and the dead. "Who's that priest?" said the general to one of his staff. And the officer, an old Fordham student, answered with manifest pride: "That is Father Tissot, chaplain of the 37th New York."

There is splendid material waiting some future historian who will make up the record of the Catholic chaplains of the Civil War on both sides of the conflict.

G. A. R.

Newark, N. J.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914.

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An Armistice on Christmas

There is a movement on foot to petition warring Europe to agree to an universal cessation of hostilities on Christmas day. This is a holy thought. If men will not for their own sakes and for the sake of mankind desist entirely from their work of desolation, they may perhaps consent for Christ's sake to halt the awful flow of blood at least for one short day. The nations who are in the field with the single exception of Japan are all Christian peoples, believing in the divinity of the Redeemer, hoping for salvation through His precious Blood, and professing to have heard and harkened to His teaching. France too is Catholic at heart; and even her atheistic officials are concerned, if not for the honor of God, at least for the good of man. It is devoutly to be wished that the cannon's roar may be hushed on the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, that the weary world may hear the message of "Peace on earth to men of good will." The day of "peace on earth" seems indeed to be a distant thing, but if only the dripping point of the sword can be sheathed for some few hours, at least its promise may be caught.

Christmas has always been a day of Christ-given joy to all the world, a joy that is the right of all men of good will. And who shall say that those who stand in the trenches, bearing the brunt of the battle, are not men of good will? They have not issued ultimatums nor ordered armaments; their part has been to obey the call of duty, and they have responded nobly. Why should they be defrauded of the hope of putting hatred out of their hearts on the day when Christ was born? Surely there is no need to desecrate the birthday of the Son of God. There will be time enough, alas! for them to shoot and kill their fellows. On Christmas day at least there should be peace. The Babe of Bethlehem has a weak and tiny voice. It can not be heard above the scream of murderous shells, and yet to-day more than ever before there is dire need for all to hear that voice. An armistice on Christmas day! What a tribute to Jesus Christ!

Another Subsidy

Some few weeks ago our Government sent the Scorpion to Turkey, carrying $200,000 of public money to Protestant institutions. A few days since the nation's purse was opened once again, and this time $75,000 slipped into the coffers of similar institutions in Asia. The New York *Sun* announces this item of news as follows:

Takes Aid to Missionaries

CRUISER CARRIES $75,000 TO JAFFA TO BE SENT TO JERUSALEM.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—For the relief of American missionaries in Turkey in Asia the cruiser North Carolina has been ordered to proceed to the port of Alexandria to get $75,000 in gold, which is to be distributed under the direction of Ambassador Morgenthau.

The gold will be taken by the North Carolina to Jaffa and transported thence to Jerusalem for distribution. The gold is part of the sum appropriated by Congress for the relief of Americans stranded in the war zone.

How interesting! How kind! How apostolic! But how cruel! for, were not the real American citizens so busy grilling a certain Catholic candidate for the office of governor, about his connections concerning the use of public money for sectarian purposes, they would lie awake at night fretting over these incidents, or falling asleep, their slumbers would be disturbed by a vision of an "evangelical" tie in the presidential chair. Our Administration should take pity on real American citizens. These continual violations of "the character of our sacred, inviolable liberties, signed with the blood of our illustrious forbears—'all said in one breath'—will prostrate real American citizens and there will be nobody left to 'preserve' our sacred palladium." Meantime, even while we write, the war zone is expanding enormously. Turkey in Europe, two weeks ago; Turkey in Asia now. Thibet next, India after that, then perhaps Norway, and later, perchance, Iceland. Maybe, however, there are no missionaries in the last-named place.

Days of Anxious Questioning

There never was a time perhaps when the world had such insistent need of renewing its faith in the doctrine of original sin. The catastrophe which is looming so large in Europe is making men listen to doubts about the goodness and providence of God. Those who have held high places and so command a hearing are discrediting the influence of religion, because it has not prevented the outbreak of war. Christianity is held up to scorn, as if its authority had been wholly undermined and its claims discovered to be groundless, and all because it has failed to exercise a sovereign influence over human passions and human freedom. Pages which are fear-

lessly blasphemous in their denunciation and repudiation of Almighty God, are applauded for their outspoken frankness. The problem of evil is obtruded on the public's and the individual's attention at every turn, and a morbid emphasis is laid on life's suffering and sorrow. Unfortunately nothing is proved, no explanation is offered; only false deductions are drawn. If men think of God at all, they declare Him cruel.

We have good reason to believe that our Catholics have in no way been tainted by this blasphemous unbelief, and yet there is need of watchfulness. Each one must look to himself lest he too give lodgment in the hidden depths of his inmost thoughts to evil questioning of the wisdom and benignity of the Lord God of all. Life's pain is not an unsolved and insolvable mystery, at least to us. Others may peer into the darkness and find no answer, but it is not so with the Church's children. We have the solution of revealed truth. We accept and believe the doctrine of original sin. Poverty and desolation, the wasting of tissue and the breaking of hearts, crime and death and war, all have their explanation in the transgression of God's law by the father of the human race. In these days, therefore, of growing and distressing doubt, Catholics would do well to search their hearts and minds and ask themselves how firm is their grasp on this fundamental dogma of the faith.

Catholic Chaplains in England's Armies

The British forces on the Continent had but twelve Catholic chaplains until recent agitation succeeded in inducing the War Office to add seven more. However, there are only eleven in actual service, and their disposition is in the hands of a Protestant minister who has assigned them to the hospitals, so that there is not one English-speaking chaplain in the immediate neighborhood of the firing line. There are a number of regiments that consist almost exclusively of Irish Catholics, and are usually posted where death is imminent and spiritual aid is urgent; and there are few regiments in which Catholics are not numerous. Not one of these has a Catholic chaplain, and there is no such thing as a chaplain marching with his regiment, for he has no regiment, being only appointed to a division when appointed at all. In view of the fact that there are now at least 93,000 Catholics on the fighting line, the attention of the Government was called in Parliament to the insufficiency of Catholic chaplains. Colonel Tennant replied that the regulations permitted no increase, and "The French priests will do what is necessary." It was pointed out that the implied confidence in the linguistic accomplishments of the Irish soldier was unwarranted; but the War Office stood firm. Mr. Asquith was expected to promise concessions in his Dublin recruiting speech, but he promised nothing.

The *Irish Catholic*, which has been running two lengthy editorials, one insisting that Irishmen shall enlist, and the other that they can have no spiritual aid if they do, has also been telegraphing the War Office, urging the necessity of appointing Irish chaplains to Irish regiments, if they expect recruiting to thrive. The editor has got no satisfaction, the only reason assigned for not appointing field chaplains, being that "only a limited number of non-combatants can accompany the army in the field owing to demands on transports, etc." Meanwhile every French regiment has its *aumônier militaire*, not paid but provided with transportation to the front and permitted to serve, in addition to the priests in the ranks; and Germany's Catholic soldiers have their *Feld Kaplan*, with official rank and appointment. In fact, as is stated in the very loyal *Irish Catholic*, "Of all the belligerents England alone makes utterly inadequate provision for the eternal destiny of her soldiers in the field"; and a Catholic officer writes:

> A few days ago a whole brigade of French troops went down on their knees and received absolution from the priest before going into action. The French Government is infidel. The British Government is esteemed most highly Christian. Yet under the former the Catholic soldier may secure his salvation in battle and under the latter he may not.

The provision for Catholic chaplains in the Navy is still more scanty. The cruisers recently sunk had a large number of Catholic sailors but no Catholic chaplain. We presume that the pressure of Catholic opinion and the urgency of recruiting bodies for the army, will secure that this shocking neglect of their souls shall be remedied. It is an Irish and British, not an American question; but inasmuch as American sympathy has been sought for, it is pertinent to observe that this will not be stimulated among Catholics by the continued refusal of the War Office to make spiritual provision for its Catholic soldiers in the ranks of death.

I Want to Know

It is not one State alone of these United States, or one town or even one individual alone that experiences the desire of having the truth manifested. "I want to know" is as universal a cry as "I want to eat." There is hunger and thirst in the soul as well as in the body. The power which gave man an eye with capacity and tendency for sight, an ear with capacity and tendency for sound, gave the soul a curiosity with a capacity and tendency for knowledge. The reason why these commonplace remarks acquire a particular and pertinent appropriateness here and now is found in the multiplication to-day of the means of gaining information. Horizons are indefinitely extended; the sphere of sound prolongs its radii to tremendous distances. The voice that sailed on the waves of air and sped a few yards away, has now been launched on a sea of less sluggish billows and sweeps in vastly wider surges to thousands of miles. Nor need we await the sound's travel along the channels of wire when even swifter channels open up to it through all the radiating

air. If sound speeds so lightly over the oceans of ether, color will not be outdone. In fact color has always been traveling on the waves that sound has but recently sailed upon, but we do not see as far as we hear, simply because we have no mechanical eye as delicate as the mechanical ear, which from wires or from wireless ether echoes back to sound the far-off vibrations of the voice or metal.

Until we are able to see through woods and mountains and the swelling sides of the world, we shall have to content ourselves with the lofty eye of the aeroplane and the long-distance eye of the telescope to accompany the extended ear of the telephone. The man who wants to know to-day, has ample means at his disposal of gaining information. If time and inventiveness changed the toy, zoetrope, into the long reel of the moving picture where flowers grow and butterflies unfold and far-off battles are fought, what may we not expect of other mechanical devices? When the seismograph grows more delicate, we may be able to catch the foot-step of father as he leaves his office, or hear the crash when one snow-flake falls upon another.

But why should eye and ear be the only senses with enlarged boundaries? Does it savor of the "Arabian Nights" to dream that man one day may be able to attach to his nose a sensitive receiver which will bring him the fragrance of the tropics, or draw across his lips by some delicate device sips of Oriental beverages or tastes of Parisian *chef d'œuvres*. Why, we behold daily almost as wonderful extensions of knowledge in response to the cry, "I want to know." Sex-hygiene makes physicians of primary pupils; biology and anatomy transform sweet girl-graduates into expert surgeons; committees, slummers, and novelists have thrown every crime upon the revealing screen; advertising and publicity have lifted the veil from all other secrets of dress or disease or what not.

If aeroplanes, as has been said, have done away with surprise in war, are we not rapidly coming to the time when the fresh, delightful and invigorating shock of surprise will disappear from everything? Will not the appetite for information grow jaded and pall? There is complete assurance from one who in olden days wanted to know and who refused nothing whatsoever his eyes desired, that all the knowledge of the world was vanity and that he still wanted to know. The uttermost widening of the horizon of sense can not sate a thirst for truth which overleaps such narrow restrictions and extends to the boundless circle of infinity. But what are the hosts of mankind doing to improve the means of gaining information for the soul and to keep pace with the wonderful inventions for enlarging the scope of the senses? Here and there recently a few men have begun to make retreats to get a nearer view of God. They have closed out sounds to hear better and have gone away from engrossing sights that they may see farther and deeper and have resolutely held aloof from distracting thoughts that their unweighted souls may soar to sublimer heights and attain unto more dazzling visions. Few, too few, are they who really want to know.

LITERATURE

The Postern Gate of Happiness

In "The Fugitive," one of the three plays in the latest volume of his dramatic works (Scribner's) Mr. Galsworthy introduces us to a young married couple. The wife has ceased to love her husband and declares that, for this reason, her conscience will not allow her to continue to live as his wife. The husband is a considerate, well-bred gentleman and is ready to make every concession to save his wife's honor and his own. The wife has a literary friend, a clever journalist of advanced ideas, who encourages her, disinterestedly, of course, to live up to her high feministic ideas. The wife departs clandestinely, and for three months earns her own living as a shop-girl. It is an irksome and dreary existence; it helps her, however, to discover that her regard for her literary friend is not wholly platonic. Wherefore she flings herself at the head of this guide, philosopher and friend; and, alas for philosophy! he plays the rôle of Barkus rather than Plato. Troubles multiply. The wronged husband makes it unpleasant for the literary friend by cutting off his sources of income. In this disagreeable extremity the literary friend concludes that the lady is something of a nuisance. She is sharp enough to read the bitter truth in his eyes and does not wait for formal notice. In the last scene she turns up, beautiful, well-dressed, and with her last penny spent, in a fashionable café of the flashy kind. She flings herself again in tragic desperation at the head of the first comer. A stranger buys her liberal champagne, and, during a pause, she covertly swallows a deadly drug and passes away as the curtain falls.

Old stuff, this! Nay, gentle reader, not so fast! The villain in this play is the husband! The insinuating literary friend is the hero! The selfish wife is the heroine. If we do not gnash our teeth at the husband, and admire the lofty philosophy of the literary friend, and shed a tear of sympathy—sympathy, not merely of comprehension, to use De Quincey's distinction—but of pity and approbation over the headstrong wife, then Mr. Galsworthy's play has been written in vain. If we are not convinced that the traditional ideas about marriage are not cruel anachronisms, then Mr. Galsworthy has labored to no purpose.

"You see," this poor, silly wife is made to say, "I'm too fine, and not fine enough. I couldn't be a saint and martyr and I wouldn't be a soulless doll." "The Dolls' House!" Ibsen, for all the world! Most of this feministic truck is imported from foreign languages. With a dash of Oscar Wilde to make it smart and English, it seems to take very well with the ordinary English and American audience. But we invite attention to the quotation. It is a striking sentence and is made more striking in the play itself by several repetitions. It gives us the key to the feministic philosophy on marriage. Incidentally it discloses the central viciousness of that philosophy, an old and sordid viciousness at that. "What are called advanced ideas," writes a modern pagan in a luminous interval, "are really in great part but the latest fashion in definition, a more accurate expression, by words in *logy* and *ism*, of sensations which men and women have vaguely grasped for centuries." We hesitate to describe in common phraseology the century-old sensations which find themselves expressed in the modern word, feminism.

In Mr. Galsworthy's play the fallen wife was wrong. She could be "a saint and martyr," and she need not have been "a soulless doll." She could be what all men and women are supposed to be, and what, as a consoling matter of fact, the vast majority of men and women actually are. She could live up to a

solemn obligation, entered into deliberately and voluntarily. She could have consulted the feelings of her husband, and of her own and his kindred, instead of concentrating all her thought in a spirit of narrow egoism upon herself. She need not have yielded to gross temptation nor degraded her womanhood through sensual weakness. She could have practised the decencies which a moderate self-restraint imposes. This was only what she meant when she declared she could not be a "saint and martyr." What an intolerable world it would be if ordinary obligations were considered as too heroic to be met by common human nature; and, in the absence of a purely fanciful heroism of character, it were erected into a principle of conduct and a rule of life that we must evade the law rather than be crushed by it!

We do not deny that present educational policies, purely pagan as far as moral strengthening is concerned, tend to multiply men and women of the type of the hero and heroine in this play. Marriage means the assumption of a series of duties which are often attractive by their appeal to emotional forces. But duty seldom remains forever a synonym for pleasure. The hour and the mood are sure to come when duty will rise stark and forbidding before our eyes, stripped of its inspiration and romance. Then is steadfastness tried. Then must the soul stand firm and unflinching to win its peace and its honor through struggle, or retreat covered with a shame and a cowardice which no ingenious justification by authors of "advanced ideas" can make the soul forget.

Fortitude in the marriage state is, we think, a virtue which calls in a special way upon the resources of religion. The marriage vow is a religious act which only religion can make possible of complete fulfilment. Human love, it has been shrewdly observed, must be something more than human, or it is sure to be something less. Only religious considerations can ennoble the joy and sorrow of married life; and, when these considerations are not present, the husband or the wife will find it too trying, in certain crises, to be a "saint and martyr," and will either seek accommodation in some low and ghastly compromise or fling decency to the winds.

Let us not look back to the Cornelias and Lucretias of old time. Our civilization is not the kind that can thrive on the customs of the antique world. If it venture to get along with pagan morals, it will find itself at once too fine and not fine enough. Too fine, on account of its inherited Christian instincts and spiritual refinement. Not fine enough, because it scoffs at truths which Socrates would have died of sheer joy to have known.

The crowning mistake and sadness of popular literature, such as that we have been reviewing, is that it is over-busy in picking from the rough, coarse texture of duty the silver strands of happiness. Only the small writers do this. Genius knows that happiness is conditioned in brave endurance.

> Blind fumblers that we be
> About the portals of felicity,

We can not hope to pass the Angel with the flaming sword or to come upon a hidden postern to the unmixed Paradisal delights of the age of innocence. The moth will first find a safe way of plunging into fire. The only practical system of hedonism so far discovered is the one described in the well-known phrase of Montesquieu referring to the Catholic religion: "While it seems only to have in view the felicity of the other life, it constitutes the happiness of this." The paradoxical recipe for happiness, that we must despise it in order to find it, is not intelligible outside of its Christian context and without the perspective of eternity beyond the temporal career of the immortal soul.

It can not be necessary to warn serious and well-intentioned readers against the large school of popular writers of whom Mr. Galsworthy is one of the leaders. Their art is manifestly of the day. These plays, for instance, are from an artistic point of view leagues behind Sheridan's or Goldsmith's, being little more than socialistic tracts. In all the writings of this school indecency, inseparable from a central baseness, shamelessly intrudes itself at odd intervals. Apology is often made in the stock statement, that the advocates of advanced ideas are not writing for the young and foolish but for sensible and matured minds. We have only to remark in reply that, if they depended for their readers upon the patronage of sensible and matured minds, not one of them could find a publisher for his books. Their plays and novels and essays have a glittering fascination for culture at its shallow and immature stages. The young and foolish, who need to be saved from themselves, make up the bulk of the readers of "advanced" literature and have done most to give its authors their literary fame and their worldly fortune.

It might shock, or merely amuse, Mr. Galsworthy, who hates war, to learn that there are persons who seriously believe that the manslaughtering artilleries of Europe, now so active, are scattering abroad less damaging projectiles than his own books and plays. Yet that is our deliberate opinion, shared, we are fain to be persuaded, by most thoughtful men and women who happen to have bestowed a thought upon Mr. Galsworthy. It is an opinion based upon the principles that spiritual death is worse to the individual and society than bodily death, and upon the fearful warning to those that give scandal to the young and helpless.

J. J. D.

REVIEWS

Prodigals and Sons. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. New York: P. J Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

The twenty-seven prodigals and sons that are happily and permanently housed in the 320 pages of this goodly book will find a generous welcome at their home coming. They had been away in India and Egypt, France, Germany, Malta and out-of-the-way corners of England, in barracks, Anglican convents and old-fashioned houses, and in abbeys that are long out of fashion. Some of the tales have a cousinly resemblance to old acquaintances of "Gracechurch" and "Monksbridge," and some are versions of olden miracle legends that labor not at all to tune the miraculous to a less believing generation. There are several deft disentanglements of eastern and western mysteries that prove Mgr Bickerstaffe as keen a detective as Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown. Through all of them there runs the genial stream of mellow humor and gentle irony and kindly wisdom and the purest and pleasingest of modern English, that characterizes the writings of John Ayscough. There is a dish for every taste. There is comedy and tragedy, but the comic has a way of popping up almost anywhere, even from a death's-head. The author's saying that a certain English road is "as flat as a comic paper" can never apply to a paper of his. His writing seems invariably a perfect fit for the body of his thought, but it is the content, not the garment, he is thinking of. Like his youthful baronet of Blackfriars Court, he is "a cheery person and took his share of all the innocent pleasures of life; but he had a serious purpose in it, too." He never preaches, yet every story has a lesson that comes both unawares and welcome. "Blackfriars Court" and "The Happy End of Sister Elizabeth" carry more of the essence of the last five centuries of England's religious history than most of the regular histories, and hold more humor than the joke-books—a humor that is always kind and knowing, lighting up and sweetening the tragedies and hardnesses of life. John Ayscough's houses and streets are very real, like his people, but he shows you nicer things in them than are ordinarily observed. There is scarcely a page but invites quotation, yet each would give no more adequate idea of the book than that presented of the "Happy End of Sister Elizabeth," in the last lines which consign her "remains" to Mr.

Trevethick. The tales vary in merit as in subject, but they form the best collection of the author's short stories, which is superlative praise. M. K.

Demosthenes and the Last Days of Greek Freedom, 394-322 B.C. By A. W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

This new volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series will be welcomed by students of Grecian oratory. The author shows a mastery of his originals and of the modern Continental works dealing directly and indirectly with his subject. His attitude is that of a temperate enthusiasm for the great statesman, coupled with the fair-minded historian's desire to hold the scales even. He is less willing than Professor Goodwin to accept Demosthenes' authority on points where active antagonism of a thoroughly good hater was allowed free and unscrupulous play. He sifts statements, gives his findings, and at the close of each chapter adds brief notes for the more leisured or more scholarly reader. His summing up is judicious and will carry the assent of the many. It is interesting to turn to some of the more notable points of Demosthenic criticism, which the reader will find adequately treated. The attitude of the orator in the negotiations concerning the peace of Philocrates has met with condemnation; but our author judges him mildly. Demosthenes had worked for the peace, but merely as a breathing space. But that Philocrates and Æschenes were hirelings of Philip is not proved. As for Philip, he had about as much respect for a treaty as a modern European Power would have for a "Keep off the grass" sign, set up in the line of march.

As a judicial biographer Mr. Pickard-Cambridge is not blind to the faults of Demosthenes, and in summing up the orator's policy he is whole-hearted in praising what is admirable in the great Athenian. The book is sure to prove serviceable to those studying "The Philippics" and "The Crown," but will it have an equal interest for the larger public which this "Heroes of the Nations" series aims to reach? We hope so.

A. P. M.

An Introduction to Medieval English Literature. By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

"What is a monastery, and how might its influence go forth upon literature?" asks Dr. Baldwin. "Without understanding this, it is impossible to comprehend adequately the course of English literature through several centuries." The answer is found in a discussion of monasteries and the religious life, which is remarkably complete, accurate and sympathetic. Your dry-as-dust savant, satisfied with nothing less than the original rubricated MS., will probably tilt his horn-bespectacled nose at this compact, but thorough little treatise, which Dr. Baldwin has written with an eye to the practical needs of "students not especially trained." The bibliography is excellent; in no case, as far as we have noted, is teacher or student referred to sources not fairly accessible. Dr. Baldwin has produced a book which will interest every lover of early English, and which can be recommended cordially for use in Catholic colleges and academies. P. L. B.

Between the Old World and the New. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This is a chronicle of events which took place in the course of a voyage from Brazil to Italy. In his preface the author informs us that his work "is not a romance, a volume of travel, or a drama, nor is it a treatise of philosophy or sociology. It is a dialogue." After a careful inspection of its pages, we are inclined to agree with him. It is not, in very truth, any or all of these, though there is an element of each contained therein.

Professor Ferrero takes us with him in spirit to the bridge of the good ship Cordova, as she steams out of the bay of Rio de Janeiro and points out to us the various details of that scene which has been so often and so well described. Then, when the shore line has grown dim and the shadow of sea-voyage sameness is coming upon us, he dispels the threatening cloud by introducing us into a little circle of fellow-voyagers who are singularly keen on debate, and the dialogue begins.

There is all the desultoriness that lends charm to discussions of this sort, but, we regret to add, also the haziness that arises when there is failure to agree upon definitions. The subjects of the dialogue are varied, philosophical and otherwise, and serve to while away the waking hours of the long voyage. But unlike the voyage they reach no very determinate end. Truth, beauty, art, progress are a portion of the intellectual harvest thrown by the disputants upon the winnowing-floor, but, the threshing done, there is scarcely enough good grain to repay the wielders of the flail and little if any to be stored in the granaries of thought.

Signor Rosetti, who seems to be the centre of the group, has doubtless done some thinking in the course of his varied career, but thought and accurate thought are two different things. We are not in a position to judge of his asserted ability as an engineer, but we trust that he used his instruments with greater precision than he displays in handling certain fundamental philosophical principles and ideas and the phrases he employs to express these ideas.

We regret that we can not subscribe with the enthusiasm of the author and his companions to Signor Rosetti's words, when he represents men as being forced to gird themselves day by day "to their unending journey—Truth." "Clear as the stars to which Rosetti pointed," says Professor Ferrero, "was the light shed by his answer on the dark night which enveloped our thoughts." Perhaps he was pointing to the Milky Way. The light which comes to us from his reasoning does not give us the impression that he was indicating the Southern Cross.

The question proposed by the author in his preface, "Why is it that, at the height of his power, man is still discontented and restless?" is not answered by the "philosophy of limits." The answer is clear and was given centuries ago by St. Augustine when he said: "Thou hast fashioned us for Thyself, and our heart is aweary until it rest in Thee."

E. F. T.

The True Ulysses S. Grant. By General CHARLES KING. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00.

The "True" biography and history series, of which this is the twelfth, has a rather provocative title, seeming to imply that previous biographers of American celebrities kept the truth from their readers or had it not to give, and that the Lippincott writers were the first to possess and unfold it in its fulness. Neither implication is true, and though the series are readable and interesting, and have therefore propagated knowledge, they have added little to its sum. The fact that they are, to a large extent, hero books, while securing them the note of popularity, detracts, or at least would appear to detract, from their historical value. This appearance of always writing up his hero rather disposes the reader to undervalue General King's biography, which is in reality an adequate and well-proportioned as well as interesting presentation of the character and achievements of a great American who had hero traits, and therefore, without disparagement to greater because more comprehensive lives of Grant, has intrinsic claims to its title. Grant's own memoirs present the truest picture of the man and his deeds as far as they go, but his modesty kept him silent on many

details that are essential to the completion of his portrait. General King's worship of his hero has not prevented him from painting in "the warts," but it has impelled him to bestow on several of Grant's rivals and contemporaries warts which they did not possess. A western man and a volunteer, he has slight regard for eastern generals, and his irritation against the perfect West Pointer is also amusing; but in the main he is accurate, knows how to write so as to be read, and gives as comprehensive account of the great war and its personages as 400 pages may conveniently hold. His views on tactics and persons are no more and no less biased than those of most other military writers, and his selection of illustrations, some thirty in number, are similarly arbitrary. We miss Sheridan from the list, and could afford to miss several of those included. But the bias, while adding to the interest, is not such as seriously to depreciate the value of the book.

M. K.

Songs of Sixpence. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

We are reminded that to see things from the child's view-point one must get down to the child's level; to appreciate a child's joys and sorrows it is necessary to feel how the little heart throbs. According to Francis Thompson, if we would measure a child's grief we must also measure his capacity for bearing that grief. This seeing into childlife is a gift not given to every one. Abbie Farwell Brown, however, comes very close to the true note in some of the poems in "Songs of Sixpence!"

I'm not as tall as you, sir,
  However straight I stand;
But I am tall enough to peep
  Across to Fairyland.

is refreshing in the midst of so much modern infantile precocity that has outgrown Fairyland and turns up its snobbish little nose at Santa Claus and Little Bo-Peep. The children tell us a simple but beautiful truth in a "Wee Little Song":

A wee little time to be little
  And a long, long time to be tall.
Then why should we want to be growing?
  Oh, why should we hate to be small?

A wee little time to be little
  And a long, long time to be tall.
But we know how to be happy
  And they have forgotten it all!

Few indeed keep very long the secret of knowing how to play. It is locked up somewhere in the heart of childhood, but the author has found it.

The humorous side of child play, too, is delightfully put in "All Wool." The child fears for the lambkin in the rain:

How very horrid it would be
  If they should shrink when wet!
He cannot take his woolies off
  And wear another set.

Again,

The bad bumble-bee has a pin in his tail,
  Mosquito has one in his nose.
The dear little kittens
Have pins in their mittens,
  And *Ouch!* There are pins on the rose!

brings us back to the days of "Old Mother Hubbard." The "Taller Poems" are not so appealing. In them we feel at once that we are out of the real Fairyland, and some of them might have been dropped entirely without injury to the volume.

J. S. H.

Fine Clay. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.35.

This is the story of a charming little boy who clung to the treasure of his Faith amid surroundings that were hostile and prejudiced. It brings out the very vital truth that a mother's influence is potent for good long after her voice is silent, and that the seeds of religion planted in childhood years will blossom unto fruitfulness even though the tender shrub may be violently transplanted into soil that is hard and exposed to blasts that are biting. There is no mistaking the moral of this tale: the Catholic Faith first and last, is the real prize-heritage worth leaving a child.

It is a pity that Miss Clarke makes us wait for more than 185 pages before we meet Ambrose, who is the centre of interest and a very well-drawn character. Yolande is the dominating figure in the first part of the book, and, though a delightful girl in her innocence and beauty, she is a bit disappointing in her infatuation for a man who is a wild young blade, and wins her love by deception. Her Catholic instinct, however, heartens and protects Yolande in the difficulties that her lying lover brings into her life. The author's style is pleasing. The dialogue at times, being too profuse, loses in strength and interest. Nor is anything gained by the frequent use of French phrases in the earlier pages of the story. "Envisaged" is noticeably a favorite word. More compression in the first 200 pages would have made "Fine Clay" a stronger story.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among the new editions that have lately been brought out by Catholic publishers are "Among the Hurons" (America Press, $1.25), the second volume of Father Campbell's "Pioneer Priests of North America"; a neat and handy Douay Bible (Benziger, $1.00), the low price of which should give it a good sale; and a revised and enlarged edition of H. E. Hall's "The Shadow of Peter" (Kenedy, $0.70), a valuable apologetic work reviewed in our issue of August 1, 1914. In the fifty pages the author has added to the book he discusses historical questions like "St. Cyprian and the Primacy" and gives further consideration to the Anglican Orders controversy. Cardinal Gasquet writes the preface for this new edition.

"The Universe and Mayonnaise" (Lane, $1.00), an attractively illustrated book, in which T. Brailsford Robertson undertakes to make "science" interesting to children, seems quite harmless until the chapter is reached that offers this information: "They [the Spaniards] had guns and knew how to shoot them, which was the only thing they knew that the Incas didn't know." So the ancient South American sun-worshippers, it would appear, practised a higher form of religion than the Catholics of Spain. Mr. Robertson's little readers are also told how "Mr. and Mrs. Anthropoid Ape," the early inhabitants of Siberia, happened to have a gifted son named "Homo" who taught his stupid relatives the value of fire. So "Evolution for the Nursery" would perhaps be a better title for the book.

A "Digest of the Savings Bank Laws," by Joseph R. Praetz, LL.B., of New York (the author, $1.00), is a neat little volume which appears to be a marvel of close and accurate analysis of the complex New York Savings Bank Law. While it is intended primarily for the lawyer, the bank official and the regular depositor, it is not without interest to the impecunious casual reader. What to do when you lose your pass-book, what disposition is made of dormant accounts, the punishment to be inflicted upon one who utters false rumors about the value of

securities, are among the topics upon which information is given. The book should be of interest to the 3,181,248 thrifty New York folk, who wish to know what protection the law gives the little hoard of nearly two billion dollars which they have stored up against a rainy day.

Into "The Joyful Heart" (Houghton, $1.00.) Robert Haven Schauffler has gathered a little philosophy, some sound common sense, much good humor, some daring "journalese," a wee bit of poetry, some good advice and considerable bad theology. Like Bishop Kepler's "More Joy," it is a plea for joy, insisting much less on the spiritual promoters of joy and devoting large space to the value of health and the natural virtues as sources of joy. Pantheistic tendencies reveal themselves in such expressions as: "What is a man's own soul but a small stream of the infinite, eternal water of life?" The author sees hope for the future in the late revival of poetry, the increasing love of sports, and the wide use nowadays of gramophones. Yet men there be, alas! who find the joy of living lessened by the very ubiquity of the phonograph.

"Jean Gilles, Schoolboy" (Putnam, $1.25), has been excellently translated into English by Lady Theodora Davidson from the original French by André Lafon. The book has an extrinsic value from the fact that it was awarded the Grand Prix De Littérature by the Académie Française, but over and beyond this it has an interest of its own. It impresses one irresistibly as being a very truthful portrayal of a French boy: it would seem to be almost an exact transcription of the author's own youthful diary, so vivid and natural are its pages. This is responsible for the sameness and plainness of style, that would border at times on the tiresome, were it not that one feels that it is to the boy himself that one is listening. Throughout the narrative there is a good deal of imagination of a very refined kind and a strain of pathos that invests the strange and not wholly lovable character of Jean. It has the delicacy of touch of which French writers have such a mastery, and, a thing that is less characteristic of them, is wholesome and pure.

"The Street of Seven Stars," by Mary Robert Rinehart (Houghton, $1.25), is the story of student life in Vienna, and is centred about the struggle and sacrifices of several Americans who are ambitious for fame. The title names the location of an old royal hunting-lodge, where, to make ends meet and provide comfort for all, a post-graduate medical student sets up an establishment with a gifted young musician and an older woman physician as chaperone. The three impecunious idealists are actuated by kindly and pure motives, but the success of the unusual domestic arrangement seems to argue for the disregard of the safeguards of virtue and to reflect the modern tendency to uproot all barriers to personal liberty. The self-effacing and generous Peter Byrne and the girl violinist, Harmony Wells, whose charm and trust are wonderful, are most lovable characters, and their nobleness carries them over a most unconventional but innocent intimacy to the true haven of happiness, despite the lure of a career apart. The Catholic reader will be pained to find that almost the only reference to anything religious regards some visits made to the wayside cross by the worst sinner in the book.

Once again James Willard Schultz, the author of several Indian stories for boys, takes his readers over the Plains "On the Warpath" (Houghton, $1.25) with Pitamakan, the young Indian hero. From the time of the boy's first appearance at Fort Benton, until he finally merits the rank of Chief of the Black Robe band, there are many exciting adventures, told with that care for particulars which make the narrative realistic. The writer has given his hero an attractive, manly character, devoted to his parents and true to his friends.——Rosie O'Brien is the twelve-year-old heroine of Parker Fillmore's "Rosie World" (Holt, $1.30). Though upon her own confession, she is backward at school and must "work awful hard just barely to pass," she possesses deep knowledge along certain lines, due to her attendance at the "Little Mothers'" classes, and she does her lowly best to make her prosy world a rosy one. The love affairs of her sister Ellen make dismal reading and some of the details were better omitted. "Divorce is so common nowadays, it don't mean a thing!" is Ellen's excuse for keeping company with a divorced man. Yet the author would imply that the O'Briens are Catholics!

The following passage is quoted by a contemporary as a good example of the "balance, dignity and proportion" that are so characteristic of Dr. Johnson's prose:

> He is happy that carries about with him in the world the temper of the cloister; and preserves the fear of doing evil, while he suffers himself to be impelled by the zeal of doing good, who uses the comforts and conveniences of his condition as though he used them not, with that constant desire of a better state, which sinks the value of earthly things; who can be rich or poor, without pride in riches or discontent in poverty; who can manage the business of this life with such indifference as may shut out from his heart all incitements to fraud or injustice; who can partake the pleasures of sense with temperance, and enjoy the distinctions of honor with moderation; who can pass undefiled through a polluted world; and, among all the vicissitudes of good and evil, have his heart fixed only where true joys are to be found.

Besides being excellent English, the paragraph is admirable doctrine. The words show how Catholic-minded the great moralist was.

The Boston *Evening Transcript* offered its readers the following "Saxon-worded" translation by Mr. Prentiss Cummings of Horace's famous "Eheu! Fugaces":

> The years, alas! the fleeting years! Away
> They glide: nor can thy piety one moment stay
> Wrinkled old age, nor death's dread march delay.
>
> Were all thy kine to Pluto's altars brought
> With sighs and tears, grim Pluto heedeth not.
> Thou canst not so escape thy mortal lot.
>
> For all of earth must cross his streams which hold,
> Imprisoned, rich and poor, the warrior bold.
> And storied giants, haughty chiefs of old.
>
> We shun the billows of the roaring main,
> Shun fever-laden winds, and autumn's rain,
> And hide from bloody wars—but all is vain.
>
> Earth surely thou must leave, and home, and kin,
> And visit Pluto's realm to dwell therein,
> And see the sinner punished for his sin;
>
> Must leave, brief owner, lands and all you crave,
> For not one tree shall share thy journey, save
> The sombre cypress. That shall deck thy grave.
>
> Wines fit for pontiffs which you hoard with care,
> And guard with locks, and all unwisely spare,
> Will drench the pavements of a wasteful heir.

It is now considered so offensively "high-brow" to translate or even to quote Horace that the *Transcript's* "Listener" shows great courage in publishing these verses. Those who are old-fashioned enough to enjoy the Latin classics still, are inclined to conceal their penchant as they would a humiliating weakness.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Harper and Brothers, New York:
The Copy-Cat and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. $1.25; The Auction Block. By Rex Beach, $1.25.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
A Book of English Essays. By C. T. Winchester.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Reading Public. By MacGregor Jenkins. $0.75; The Witch. By Mary Johnston, $1.40; War's Aftermath. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. $0.75; The Boy Fugitives in Mexico. By Worthington Green. $1.25.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Red Ascent. By Esther W. Neill. $1.00.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Universe and the Mayonnaise. By T. Brailsford Robertson. $1.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Essays Political and Historical. By Charlemagne Tower. $1.50; Heroes and Heroines of Fiction. By William S. Walsh. $3.00; The True Ulysses S. Grant. By General Charles King. 24 Illustrations. $2.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. $1.50; With Poor Immigrants to America. By Stephen Graham. $2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Real "Truth About Germany". By Douglas Sladen, with an Appendix by A. Maurice Low, M.A. $1.00.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Cruise of the Janet Nichol. By Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. $1.75.

EDUCATION

Studying the Child

The most hopeful sign of progress in our educational methods is our changed attitude toward the child. We are trying to put ourselves in his place, to get into his mind and heart, to look from his eyes upon the general scheme of things in this rather topsy-turvy world. What is this marvelously complex being, this small boy or girl, whom we propose to "educate"? In the abstract, we know that he is a rational animal. But we have questions of deeper import to propose. The subject of our educational process as he creeps unwillingly to school, or sits in the benches of our schools, his small wits struggling with the intricacies of multiplication, is no abstract proposition, but a very concrete reality. What is the reaction of his soul to our carefully spun theories of mental and physical development? What does this too often unwilling subject of our experimentation think of the whole process? In our own minds this experimentation is freighted with wisdom, admirably adapted to attain its end. But what does it mean to him? Once we can get his point of view, we have found the answer to many a perplexing question. Some learned writer—or was it genial old Izaak himself?—has said, that could we formulate a clear and definite outline of the psychological processes which take place in a fish as he approaches the hook and swims away from it, the piscatorial art would be as simple and as prosaic as digging potatoes. Our hauls would be enormous, for our knowledge of the fish's point of view would be a bait superior to the most attractive lure within the devising of the cleverest of anglers.

The ultra scientific methods of the later nineteenth century, devised for the most part by arm-chair pedagogues emeriti, whose practical acquaintance with the problems of the classroom terminated with the outbreak of the Civil War or thereabouts, paid little attention to the point of view entertained by the child. This was like buying a suit of clothes without reference to the small human who was to bear them about in the face of the world. No wonder that, when garbed in them, he sometimes looked a figure o' fun, an unwilling mad Tom with overlarge raiment and a straw in his hair. In his delightful essay, "Child's Play," Stevenson regrets the general inability of adult mankind to understand the child. True, this is not easy, for the child bears about him the air of that mysterious country from which he has somehow strayed. He is wheeled hither and thither in a perambulator, gravely regarding, from wide eyes, the passing stranger. He is towed forward, sideways, in a kind of stupor, by an inexorable nurse, when he would cast a last long, lingering look at a huge guardsman, disappearing below his horizon with a most musical jingle of spur and clank of chain. Later on, when he goes to school, he is sorely pressed to place those bearded or petticoated giants, who profess the tenderest solicitude for him, and yet, every now and then reach down out of Olympic altitudes, and terribly vindicate the privileges of age. Off goes the child, smarting corporally, and morally rebellious. "I would give a good deal," comments Stevenson, "to know that child's unvarnished feeling. The dread irrationality of the whole proceeding, as it seems to him, is a theory we are all too ready to forget."

Once more are we beginning to realize what our remoter ancestors, who lived in simpler days, took for granted, that the child is a new book with divers uncut pages; a bilingual book, at least, for in it is more than one chapter written in a language not understood by the commonalty of schoolmasters. This realization is a distinct gain. Lacking the gift of self-expression, the child himself can not cut these pages, nor translate the occult language into terms intelligible to the adult mind. This we must do for ourselves, by dint of long and patient study. The finer spirit of child-study has flowered in its modern endeavor to read the child by gentleness and patience, in its reaffirmation of the old principle that we can not deal with children in the mass, since, after allowance has been made for the nature common to all, each child still remains his own world of shortcomings and capabilities. If educational processes are to help, not spoil, the child, they must consider his individual characteristics. No educator has ever denied this truth, but only great teachers have consistently taken it into account. No one acquainted with the classroom will deny that much of what appears to be stupidity, temper, insubordination and general unruliness, is occasioned not by any untoward disposition of the child's soul, but by some definite ailment of his body. Too often, in the past, ignorant teachers have attempted to "break the child of bad habits" by harsh measures of physical repression and chastisement. Even at present there are those who look upon the rod as a therapeutic of sovereign efficacy. But these are the exception. How far we have traveled from the generation which could emblazon the rod and thongs of the schoolmaster on the seals of English public schools, may be learned from a comparison of the methods now accepted even in the sternest of institutions, with the following description of a school-system in the Duchy of Brunswick, toward the close of the sixteenth century:

> When I think of the people's school in which the apples of their fathers' eyes, the darlings of their mothers, are huddled together, I am filled with pity for these poor little creatures who are crowded together in a space where scarcely half of them could sit comfortably. And as, moreover, the school building is situated in a dark, poky corner of the town where no wind and air have access, how is it possible that in such close, smelling quarters, the poor children should not be the victims of all sorts of diseases? (Frischlin, quoted in Janssen's History of the German People.)

So low had the teachers in these wretched schools fallen, that it was found necessary to issue an order, that in the infliction of punishment

> every teacher must abstain from all manner of swearing and unsuitable language; they must not hit the boys in the face with keys, books or fists; they must not knock them down cruelly over the benches, tear their clothes, pull their ears, injure their sight and hearing, and flog them like hangmen.

To what evil spirit are these black pages in the history of child-training to be attributed? Men may have been rougher

in their manners, more open in deeds of violence in those days, but there is no reason to believe that, as a class, the inhabitants of sixteenth century Brunswick were more brutal than their modern descendants. The evils which infested the schools took their rise, remotely, in the wreck of the old ideals, which had fallen in the revolt against the Church. For centuries, education and religion had worked in harmony. When religion was rejected, the school, thus suddenly dissevered from its ancient support, was left to shift as best it might. As a Church, Protestantism had not as yet interested itself in the school. Deeply involved in the political and religious turmoils of that troubled period, the community had no realization of its duty in problems of education. Any ruin might serve to house the children. Any broken-down soldier, home from the wars, or a clergyman unfit for higher duties, was accepted, or at least, was suffered to be a schoolmaster. Whatever plans this worthy might hit upon in his new calling, were borne with, not so much because the community approved them, as because the community had so little interest in the schools that it did not fully recognize their evil effects upon the children. Given a general lack of interest on the part of the community in the education of children, and the incompetent teacher is ever to the fore. With him, comes the tendency to group the pupils under one rigid discipline, without reference to their needs or capabilities, moral or physical.

In our own day, too much, perhaps, is made of the "individuality" of the child, and methods may be adopted in our primary schools which discredit a pedagogical truth of first importance. If so, this tendency would but indicate a natural reaction from the extreme principles which struck deep root in the northern countries of the Continent in the years following the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. To study and know the individual child, to take advantage of his natural bent, to temper the necessary exercise of authority with a parental kindness which wins the confidence of the child, is the perfection of the schoolmaster's art. Where any one of these qualities is wanting, the teacher becomes a petty tyrant, or a gushing fount of hurtful sentimentality, or a benighted creature who spends his days in vainly trying to make a square peg fit perfectly a circular opening. But apart from occasional excesses, the modern study of the child has done quite as much for the master as it has for the child who is placed under his care. It has given him the point of view of the child. P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Jim

This is a story about Jim, mostly, and his $11.50, and car fare. Fifteen years ago, in a large American municipality in the Southwest, the liquor trade, especially in the factory districts and the vicinity of the wholesale houses, was singularly free both from legal restraint, and restraint imposed by public opinion. "Saloons" discharged their obligations, apparently, by paying their Government, State and municipal taxes. Their number was not limited by population. Many of them were gay with tawdry lights and mirrors, with music, warmth and animal comfort. They were the haunt and the breeding place of the vampires of society: the gambler, the thief, the gun-man, the pander, the woman, at once the toy and scorn of iniquity greater than her own. They were places which no decent man would enter, of course. That, seemingly, was the theory upon which the comfortable, well-fed citizen, loving his family and his business, and hating rows and politics, allowed them to exist. But they flourished, and not upon proceeds that came from the pockets of those who chose these places as a base of operation. Who supplied the funds? That is a question easily answered. Let us introduce Jim.

Jim comes out of one of these near-by factories on Saturday night with $11.50 in his pay envelope, and his car fare. He has worked eight hours that day, and every other day that week, over a shrieking, whirring machine that cuts out uppers for shoes. When you work a machine like this, you can't take your eyes off the "piece" for a single second. If you do, you may spoil the "piece," and that means a fine, and you may lose a finger, or two or three, into the bargain, and then you're done for. After eight hours of this sort of work, your eyes burn like fire, and there is a pain like the thrust of red-hot iron across the small of your back when you try to straighten up. For all this, Jim has received the munificent wage of $11.50, *i.e.*, $12.00 minus a fine of fifty cents when a drive-belt broke. It was rotten—but that is a story about something else. Jim is tired and hungry, and for some years, he has been considerably underfed. He wants to get home, and quickly too, to the wife and children. The evening air is raw, full of a penetrating Autumn drizzle that gets under the warmest coat, and Jim's shoddy garment is none of the thickest. As he stumbles along—the pavements are bad along Whiskey Row—through an opened door, on a warm, almost sickening draft of alcohol-laden air, comes a burst of ragtime, and Jim hears the cards thumped down on the table, and the loud laugh of "good fellows." At home, there is the patient wife, good as gold, it is true, but little Katie is sick and cried all last night, and there will be a story of how the flour is out, and the groceryman threatens to cut off all supplies unless something is paid on a long-outstanding account, and it's almost impossible to get Tommy to go to school, because the other boys laugh at his ragged clothes. It's hard for a man to work all day, and then face this. She might manage better, Jim sighs, the glare of many gas-lamps in his eyes. Jim is wavering. His tastes are not æsthetic, as yours are, and mine. He only wants a little bit to warm him, and just a glint of light and laughter in his life, now and then. He can't get it at home. Just a little while; he won't stay long. . . .

The swinging doors have closed on Jim. The wife will go to bed late that night, but Jim won't eat the frugal supper she has left for him between two cracked plates in the oven. Little Katie's crying and coughing will numb her heart with dread, and the knowledge that "Jim is drinking again," strikes deeper terror than the fact that there will be little to eat next week. She who came of decent folks may be forced to rely upon the charity of those who give out of their poverty, her humble neighbors; or worse, reach the acme of distress in being obliged to apply for public relief. Jim will wake up next morning, in the gutter, perhaps, or the station-house, with an aching head and a black eye, and an aching heart, we hope, but no $11.50, and no car fare.

Now, don't tell me that Jim is a free agent, that he can look temptation in the face and say, "I won't," and that like Horace's just man, he can stand with unterrified head, with the ruins of all the world crashing about him. True as Matthew. Jim and I both know it, although to Jim, Horace is merely the name of the man he works for. Besides, when you and I talk like that, it reminds me of the cynical spirit of Becky Sharp, who thought that anybody could be good on five thousand a year. You and I don't work eight hours a day over a nerve-racking, body-destroying, whirring mass of bolts and belts and knives. We've got enough to eat, too, and in our homes, perhaps, there is the laughter of merry children, instead of the crying of poor little under-fed things who live in a tenement. We don't have to worry about the grocery bill and Tommy's coat. Jim does. There's the difference. When we're worn out, or think we are, we can take a rest. Jim can't. To him a vacation is a calamity. We spend more money in a month, some of us, on our amusements, than Jim's family spends for adulterated food in a whole year. The cost of that hat, Madame, might have sent little Katie with her mother to the country for a month, bringing back a grateful mother, and a bright-faced, happy little child. But don't hasten to countermand your order; it's too late, it's too late. I think that He, who loved

the little children of the poor, is going to look into this case Himself, and send Katie to a bright, far-off country, where there won't be any crying or any hunger, or any fevered little children slowly dying in tenements owned by multimillionaires, and from which she won't have to come back in a month. Jim has worries that you and I know nothing about. He is not a bad fellow at heart. He is only weak, and hungry, and half sick, and despondent. For reasons into which we need not enter, his ideals are not very high. When temptation comes, through an occasion of sin, thrust upon him at the very time when circumstances have broken down half his resistance, it is fairly certain that he will fall. And with him, his family and, I may say, you and I fall.

Judging from statistics gathered by industrious sociologists, Jim has several million brothers in this bright and glorious land of ours. Let us not count the dollars which sober, industrious Jims might have deposited in savings banks. Rather, let us reflect for a brief moment upon broken-hearted wives, and starving children, and jails, and alms-houses, and scaffolds, and insane asylums, and alas! immortal souls often lost to God. Even this does not seem to get you much but a lump in your throat. But some questions we may ask with profit:

> Who put that occasion of sin in Jim's way? Who netted that chain of gilded saloons, close to a district through which these men had to pass? Who allowed them to strike the hand of fellowship with crime, to introduce and foster alluring vice?

Good citizens like you and me, who answered with Cain, that we had no charge over our brother.

Lest we be classed with violent and visionary prohibitionists, putting excess in drink as the sole cause of human misery, let us hasten to add, that we have merely cited one evil to serve as the symbol of many interrelated corrupting forces. There may be worse sources of evil in a community than such saloons; the corporation, for example, which, clearing twenty-one millions in net profits last year, pays its shop-girls an average weekly starving wage of $5.83. But in how many upright citizens is the thought of their community's duty to its children, and its weaker members, aroused only by the outbreak of some social horror? Some progress may be chronicled, but our communities have made only a beginning, and in the matter of preventive legislation, hardly that. The vital questions of adequate public relief, the living wage, compensation for injured workingmen, civilized labor laws for children and women, upon whom the future of the race depends, demand immediate consideration. But how many who might help to a solution, are in the least interested, or will admit that these are matters which concern the community's conscience?

True, men can not be dragooned into virtue by Act of Parliament. Unless their free wills cooperate, even the law of God is powerless. But let us not forget, that statute law can do much to check evil and promote virtue, and that the Christian community sins against God, if it does not employ the force of the law to suppress the gross exterior manifestations of iniquity, thereby removing, to some extent at least, the occasion of fall from its weaker members, and fostering, indirectly, the practice of virtue. More, probably, it can not do. To this minimum it is obliged by God, in whose name it exercises its delegated authority.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Board of Directors of the Oregon City Public Library has voted to remove the *Menace* from its reading rooms. For this relief much thanks. But while the returning sinner is always to be received with kindness, a comment on the action of this same Board, which once consented to admit the infamous thing, may not be out of place. One of the functions of a public library is to disseminate truth. Another is to foster the growth of culture in the community. Quite apart from his religion or lack of it, can any man in his senses believe that a sheet which decent governments have barred from the mails, on the ground that it is an agent of immorality, is calculated to promote truth or culture? It is to be noted that one W. S. U'Ren, who is asking the citizens of Oregon to make him their governor, strenuously protested against this belated action of the Board.

Boston has a Metaphysical Club, which apparently puts no bounds to the field of its investigations. Tea, tombs, music and the New Thought, are alike grist for its mill. A recent convocation is thus described:

> The Corporation Counsel discussed, "The New Thought in Civic Force." The music was in charge of Mary De Wolf La Monde, who sang "To You," by Speaks, and "Her Rose," by Coombs. Tea followed. At the next meeting Professor David G. Lyon will speak on "The Most Recent Discoveries at Babylon."

Milton would never have written his severe indictment of metaphysics had he drunk tea with the members of so charming a society; but even he might have been puzzled to find the connection between "The New Thought in Civic Force" and the bricks of Babylon. Macaulay once spoke of some one's mind as characterized by "anfractuosities." The thought-path of the Boston Metaphysical Club seems similarly afflicted.

The University of Leeds has addressed a letter of sympathy to the University of Louvain. The following lines are a translation of the closing paragraph:

> What can a new University add when, sharing in your sorrow, it reviews the long history of an elder and mourning sister? What except those words of encouragement which are ever old and ever new, "Lift up your hearts: In the darkness light shall arise: Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning: Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

Whatever may be our sympathies in the present conflict, regret at the destruction of the University is universal. Louvain, particularly during the last half century, was a centre of light and strength to the Church on the Continent. But when Government policies view with unconcern the destruction of a nobler temple, made in God's own image, what hope is there for orphanages, hospitals and schools?

Much space has recently been given in the press to the statement that the best, in fact the only American, way of educating a boy is to send him to the public school. With this statement Catholics take issue squarely. It is rhetoric, poor rhetoric, uttered to tickle the ears of political groundlings. There is absolutely no proof that, either in scholarship or in patriotism, the Catholic, the Lutheran or the Jewish private school is one whit inferior to the public school, the pampered darling of the State. The Catholic parochial school is a sublime confession of faith in God, made possible by a sacrifice which God alone can fully know, by a people who have little of this world's wealth. Its foundation is God. Its every effort is to put the child in the path that will bring him back to God from whom he came. Its teachers, for the most part, are men and women who for love of God and their fellows, and not for financial considerations, have devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the work of education. A few weeks ago, in a public address, an official of the city of New York, high in authority, stated with pride that it was the highest purpose of the public schools to lead their pupils to economic independence. Be it so. But the Catholic school believes that the man is more than his meat. It believes that education should look beyond the confines of a world bounded by time and space. The Catholic school is not

housed in a palace, but it lacks no educational factor of tried value. It is high time to recognize the fact that men, not bricks, a spirit of high endeavor, not lordly piles of marble and bronze, make a school. Let us have definite proof of the inferiority of Catholic schools. Unless this be forthcoming, Catholics will resent, and justly, these cruel and unfounded slurs upon a system which, with the exception of the Catholic Church, is the greatest religious force in American life to-day.

The Chancellor of Ripon and the Vicar of St. Wilfrid's, Harrowgate, have furnished the public with a bit of comedy quite as diverting as anything in the pages of "The Prig." The vicar had applied for leave to place on the walls of his church sundry sculptured representations, ten in number, of the Passion. This was dangerously like the popish Way of the Cross, and permission was refused by the chancellor. The foiled vicar thereupon urged that although these representations might look like, and would commonly be taken for, the Roman Catholic Stations of the Cross, they were really not stations because nobody wanted to "stand" and pray before them. On his part, the chancellor regretted that this very plausible explanation could not be accepted. He did not see how these representations could be anything but Stations of the Cross. But, anxious to temper the wind to the shorn vicar, as the *Tablet* explains, permission might be granted, if other representations were added to the ten, making it clear that the series did not lend itself to a Catholic devotion. He would suggest such supplementary subjects as the Annunciation, the Transfiguration and the Baptism of the Saviour. The mixture might then pass as distinctively Anglican. Whether the vicar accepted this typically Anglican compromise, or chose to stand upon his right as an Anglo-Catholic to disagree with his ecclesiastical superior, is not disclosed.

"There is less flogging in our great schools than formerly," wrote Dr. Johnson, "but then, less is learned there." The tender-hearted School Board of St. Louis, after a four months' campaign conducted by the Humane Society of that city, has ruled that there shall be no more corporal punishment in the schools, unless the consent of the parents is previously obtained. Hereafter, comments the St. Louis *Times*, the proceeding will be somewhat as follows:

> DEAR MR. JONES: Your son James needs a whipping. What shall I do? Yours sincerely,
>
> R. R. RITHMETIC, *Principal.*

Son James, being entrusted with the note, looks it over, and personally writes his own reply, as follows:

> DEAR PROFESSOR: I have looked into the matter, and find that my son James does not need a whipping to-day. Thanking you for calling the matter to my attention, I am,
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> FATHER JONES.

Thus are we to spare the rod and spoil the child, continues the *Times*, and reduce the work of Dr. Blewett and his corps of sluggers, to that of mere mollycoddles. No one wishes to make our schools Dotheboys Halls, but after all, there is much virtue in the tingle of a good sound spanking. It is the only process which will effect a much-needed readjustment of the point of view in certain small persons, whose skins are more responsive than their budding intellects. But, of course, it should always be the court of last appeal, and the system which can, as far as possible, safely dispense with such a court, will in the long run, prove itself to be of the highest efficiency in educational work.

The greater part of the first page of the Pittsburgh *Post* for October 12, is devoted to an account of the Holy Name Procession which had taken place on the preceding afternoon.

> "Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on us," chanted the choristers, leading the 40,000 men in the Holy Name parade, yesterday afternoon. "From all evil, O Jesus, deliver us," they sang, continuing the petitions of the Litany. The singers passed, and as their voices died away, there came the tramp of the feet of thousands. All through the afternoon it continued so, until in the weakening light of the sinking sun, all that stood out were the great banners carried by the different delegations.

St. Ignatius who set great store on pilgrimages and similar outward demonstrations of faith, would have been delighted with this modern instance in a busy, twentieth century manufacturing town. The spirit of the movement was eloquently stated by Bishop Regis Canevin:

> To-day's procession is a public declaration of our belief in God, a solemn avowal of our readiness to obey His Holy Law, a testimony of our supreme reverence for His Holy Name, an expression of our abiding faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and of our loyalty to Him and our country. It is no ostentatious display, no demonstration of mere numerical strength. It is an act of religion, and we hope that to-day's inspiring spectacle will increase in our hearts the love of God and our neighbor, so that peace and justice and love may everywhere reign.

It will be recalled that outbreaks of anti-Catholic hatred made a similar demonstration inadvisable last year. This bigotry, of course, was never shared by the respectable citizens of Pittsburgh, but the cordial greeting extended by the general public on October 11 to the men of the Holy Name, is a cheering indication of the triumph in Pittsburgh, of the American ideal of fair play.

Mother Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, and author of a well-known work on the education of girls, died at Roehampton, England, October 21, 1914. Mother Stuart was the granddaughter of the second Earl Castlestewart, male representative of the royal house of Stewart, and daughter of the Rev. Andrew Stuart, a clergyman of the Church of England. She was born in Scotland on November 11, 1857. When at the age of eighteen she began to study the Catholic religion, Mr. Gladstone was one of those most earnest in trying to keep her back. But she was too single-minded and courageous to be daunted by difficulties, and the moment she was fully convinced she asked for baptism. She was received into the Church by Father Gallwey, S.J., in 1880. Two years later she asked admission among the Religious of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. Her saintly life, joined with her undoubted talent for governing, caused her to be made in 1895, Superioress of all the houses of her Society in England. Mother Stuart first visited America in 1898, in company with the late Superior General, Mother Digby. On August 27, 1911, she was elected Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, and since the well-known mother-house in the Rue de Varennes at Paris had been confiscated by the French Government, took up her residence in Ixelles, Belgium. An heiress of persecution, it fell to Mother Stuart to guide her Society through troublous times. To her last days of suffering was added sudden exile from her Belgian home, when, with a few of her companions, she was forced to remove hastily from Ixelles to Roehampton. Mother Stuart was a woman whose strong and energetic character was tempered by the sweetness and gentleness which she drew from the Sacred Heart, to whose glory she had devoted her life. A worthy successor to those valiant women who more than a century have governed the Society of the Sacred Heart, the memory of Janet Erskine Stuart will long be treasured by her children in religion, and by the thousands of pupils throughout the world who have been trained to the highest ideals of Christian womanhood in the schools and convents of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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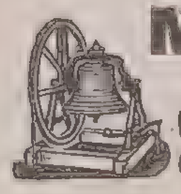
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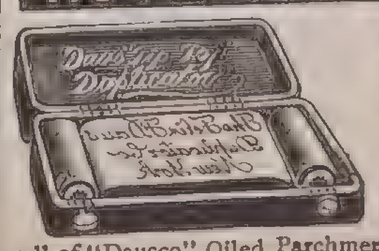


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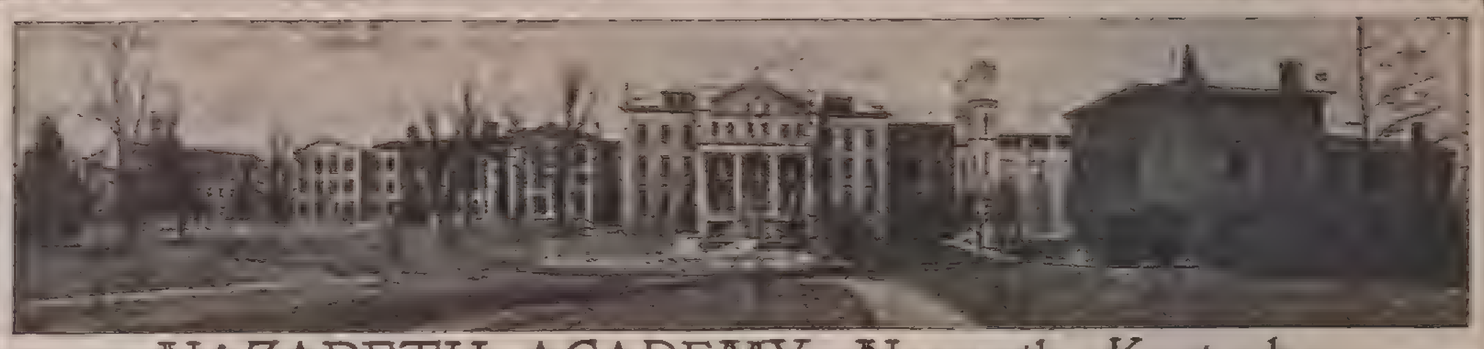
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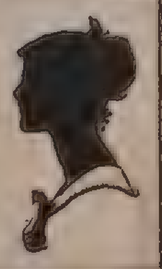
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—In northeastern France and western Belgium there has been no cessation of the bloody fighting that has marked the high tide of carnage in a struggle of unparalleled casualties. Along the river Yser the little remnant of the Belgian army has been repeating the story of Liège. Retreating from Antwerp they were called on to stay the onrush of the victorious Germans for two days. They have continued to do so for more than ten days, and their dauntless courage has again made them the admiration of the world. Not only have they effectually blocked the advance of General von Beseler, and inflicted on him very severe losses whenever he has tried to move forward, they have had the principal share in forcing a change of plan. No doubt the character of the land with its flooded canals has given them immense advantage of position; the presence of the British warships off the coast and of British marines in the trenches beside them has contributed largely to their success; but when due credit has been given the other Allies, it remains true that if the Germans are still east of Nieuport it has been due mainly to the invincible energy of King Albert's soldiers. He has paid, however, a high price in dead and wounded. The fact that the Kaiser's passage along the Channel has been so far completely checked has not made him desist from the most determined efforts to force his way through. His face, at least so rumor has it, is still set toward Boulogne, and he is prepared to get there at any cost; but it is thought now that he will try to pierce the Allies' line much further south, possibly near Amiens. Up to the present there has been no marked modification of the deadlock, although many successes have been recorded by both sides. In themselves they have not been inconsiderable, but they have produced no important change in the general situation. The line from Nieuport to Arras has yielded to superior local pressure here and there on both sides, so that it has presented a constantly changing though always jagged appearance; but it is practically the same line that it was more than a week ago. Nor is there any likelihood of there being any notable change until many more soldiers can be massed for the attack than are at present concentrated at any one point.

Bulletin, Oct. 27, p. m.-Nov. 4, a. m.

The Situation in France

It is expected that large bodies of German troops will soon be moved from Poland to the Franco-Belgian battlefield, the more so as the invasion of Russian territory by the Germans has proved a failure. Unless this is done there seems to be no prospect whatever of the Germans making progress in the west. Some have thought that a violent effort will again be made at the eastern end of the long line, presumably along the Meuse. Experts are inclined to believe that it has been in the hope of eventually making some such move that the Germans have been maintaining with such sacrifices their precarious position at St. Mihiel, but the persistent rumors of the Kaiser's determination to take Calais at any cost make unlikely any immediate abandonment of the present active assaults

on the French left wing. A new development seems to be promised in the recent renewal of activity on the part of German submarines. The warships off the Belgian coast are sufficiently protected it is said by the numerous destroyers that surround them, but the destruction of the British cruiser Hermes in the Strait of Dover points out rather clearly to what a risk any isolated warship will henceforth be exposed. The loss of the cruiser, if judged from a naval standpoint, is by no means serious, as the Hermes was both small and old; but it is an indication of the gravity of the peril which now menaces all British ships even in the immediate vicinity of England.

German Submarines

The German campaign in Poland has proved a failure, at least as far as the invasion is concerned; for in spite of having resumed the offensive for five days of very severe fighting they have again been defeated and again forced to fall back, this time to Lodz, a distance of more than 75 miles from Warsaw. A little to the south, however, in the vicinity of Radom, they have been able to hold their position. It looks as though the Russians would still continue to sweep on and that the Germans would soon be obliged to retire to their own frontier, although it may well be that the Germans have fortified a strong line of defence from Lodz to Kielce, against the day of possible retreat. They did so in France, and it saved them from utter defeat; it is highly improbable that they have neglected to do so in Poland, with the experience along the Marne so fresh in their minds. Their defeat may safely be believed to have been less complete than the Russians have announced, but it has been complete enough to have changed the whole face of the eastern German campaign, and also the prospects of the Austrians. The great bodies of troops that had to be withdrawn from Galicia in order to stem the onrush of the Germans in Central Poland have again been left free to operate against the Austrians, and are seemingly in a fair way to make good their recent losses. It is reported that they have reoccupied Czernowitz and a large portion of Bukowina, and have already begun a movement that may very seriously menace the Austrians who, flushed with their recent advance, have been engaged along the San. It is claimed that a large Russian army is again advancing on Cracow, from Poland, driving the Austrians along the Vistula with the purpose of getting between Cracow and the Austrians in Central Galicia.

The Russian Victories

The most striking part of the week's war news has been the entrance of Turkey into the conflict. It has not come altogether as a surprise; some time ago it seemed inevitable that Turkey would take sides with Germany, and the steadiness with which she has been preparing for such a contingency has lead most people to believe that eventually she would find it impossible longer to preserve her neutrality. What has, however, been something of a shock is the unconventional way in which she has entered upon hostilities. Without official warning of any kind she opened fire on the Russian Black Sea ports, and sunk, besides other ships, three destroyers and one cruiser. To the official protest of the allied powers, Turkey only replied that the action did not have the authorization of the Turkish Government, but was the work of irresponsible individuals, said to be Germans, but she made no offer of reparation. Accordingly Russia and Great Britain have both attacked Turkish territory. It is said that the Allies made every effort to keep peace with Turkey, for her entrance into the war will in all probability involve the whole Mediterranean in the conflict. England especially is trembling for her possessions in Egypt, where she has already declared martial law, and also for her empire in India. Her danger lies not so much from the army of Turkey, as it is said that her forces in both countries are amply sufficient to cope with any troops that Turkey could spare from her operations against Russia, who has already hurried hundreds of thousands of soldiers to the Caucasian Mountains. England's peril lies rather in the fact that she is not sure what her 70,000,000 Mohammedan subjects will do now that she is engaged in war with their coreligionists in Turkey. She is reasonably assured of their loyalty, and yet the growing disaffection in South Africa, which she thought so devoted to her, has given her cause for anxiety lest there be similar developments in Egypt and India. Then there is Greece, who has never been fully reconciled to Turkey, and will certainly not be willing to allow any extension of Moslem power in the Mediterranean. What the rest of the Balkan States will do it is impossible to predict with certainty, but it is clear that they will soon all be feverish with war excitement, since their old enemy has allied herself with Germany. Italy, too, has seen with a good deal of apprehension the failure of diplomatic efforts to dissuade Turkey from entering the struggle. She, too, has many Mohammedan subjects in Africa, who are not at all likely to remain quiet if the rest of their brethren make a strike for freedom. The breach between Austria and Italy has been considerably widened by Italy's seizure of Valona. It is inconceivable that Austria should passively submit to the occupation of this very important menace to their naval and commercial development and safety. As a consequence it has been pointed out that should the prospect of success for the Germans and Austrians loom large, Italy must inevitably face the dilemma of either joining the Allies so as to ensure the defeat of her hereditary foe or else make ready to maintain hold on Valona by force of arms. The probability of her becoming one of the belligerents has, therefore, been much increased. This probability has been further emphasized by the appointment of a new minister of war who is well known to be anti-Austrian, and whose recommendation is his pledge to hurry on the preparations for complete war equipment of the army. It was dilatoriness in this matter which is

Turkey

Italy

said to have forced the resignation of his predecessor. The insurrection in South Africa has assumed a much more important character. General De Wet, the veteran commander of the Boers, has placed himself at the head of the rebellion in the Orange Free State and General Beyers has taken charge in the Western Transvaal. That two such leaders should take up arms against England has given a much more serious turn to what promised to be a very minor difficulty. British losses at sea continue to grow. Two warships were put out of commission by the German fleet off Chili, and a submarine was sunk in the North Sea.

Austria-Hungary.—According to Austrian reports the Russians have carried on an organized religious persecution during the present war. Not only has the head of the Uniate Church in Austria, the Greek Catholic Metropolitan of Lemberg, been dragged into Russian captivity, but the Greek Catholic Bishop, Gregory Khomoshin, of Stanislau, Galicia, was driven by the Russians from his see and is now in Hungary. Many priests were made prisoners. According to report the Greek Catholic Union was declared null and void and an attempt was made to impose Russian orthodoxy upon the conquered districts. *Die Information* writes:

Russian Persecution

> The true adherents of the Greek Church in union with Rome do not of course bow to the *jubeo* of the Czar; but they must pay with the bitterest persecution and often with life itself for their loyalty. The terrible destruction of religious liberty and the disrespect of the religious convictions of the Ruthenian people will be a historic characteristic of this world-war. Russia, as has often been stated by us, is carrying on a war of pillage and religious bigotry.

The writer hopes that the protest directed to the entire civilized world by the Ukrainian Parliament against these acts of terrorism will find an echo in all hearts that have any regard for religious liberty.

France.—It has been announced that the Government will return to Paris from Bordeaux on November 20, and that Parliament will assemble on December 15, to discuss the passing of emergency measures. While this announcement has not been made officially, little doubt of its truth is expressed. Paris is returning by degrees to normal conditions. Several newspapers, which at the time of the mobilization were forced to suspend publication, have begun to appear once more. The question of reopening the Bourse has been proposed. What is done in this matter will be conditioned, largely, by the action of London and New York.

Return of the Government to Paris

The military authorities have been severely criticised for the lack of proper hospital accommodations in northern France. Many more hospitals must be established, it is urged, in hotels, public buildings and private residences to the rear of the line of battle, and the hurried aseptic surgery, practised, it is said, by "fledgling" doctors should be replaced at once by antiseptic methods. Efforts are being made by the Government to secure surgeons of long experience for the military hospitals, together with a nursing staff which has had several years' at least of experience. According to a Paris newspaper, many of the nurses with the army have little to recommend them but a laudable good will, "which has tried hard to make up in devotion what it lacks in skill and experience."

Lack of Hospital Facilities

Germany.—The Holy Father has expressed his satisfaction to Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, that through his efforts the German Emperor has given orders that all French priests taken prisoners are to be treated as officers, though compelled to serve in the ranks by their own Government. Filled with ineffable sorrow at the horrors of this war, the Holy Father says that he found great consolation in this act of kindly consideration. He feels persuaded that the Archbishop will extend his charity to all prisoners, and hopes that the example given here will be followed in other countries.

Satisfaction Expressed by Rome

The Emperor's tender consideration for the sick and wounded in the hospitals and his democratic dealings with the soldiers whom he visits in the field and trenches are traits which have evidently been inherited by the young princes. A Sister of Mercy thus writes of two of the members of the imperial house:

Royal Service in the Hospitals

> Prince Oscar and Prince August, sons of our Emperor, visited our hospital during these days. We were introduced to them as the first German Sisters. They were exceedingly kind to us and likewise in particular to the poor wounded soldiers. They helped us put them into bed, soften their straw pillows, carry the mattresses, and the like. They knelt down by the side of the dying, wrote letters home for them, and helped wherever they could. God's richest blessings upon these sons of the Emperor and upon the whole royal house!

Great Britain.—Prince Louis of Battenberg has resigned as First Sea Lord, a post which bears the same relation to the navy as that of Commander in Chief does to the army. His resignation was followed by his appointment as member of the Privy Council. On account of his Austrian birth, Prince Louis has been made a target by certain "yellow" journals of wide circulation, and unfortunately, some influence with the mob. "Prince Louis is a sensitive man as well as a brave and loyal officer," says the London *News,* "and he has thought fit to offer himself as a sacrifice to this silly and cowardly campaign." The *News* just stops short of characterizing the incident as a national disgrace, but the *Morning Post,* while expressing its appreciation of the loyalty and great services of the Prince, considers it "more fitting that, in time of war, the highest position in the English navy be held by an officer of English birth." Prince Louis has been succeeded by Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, "a man," says the *Times,* "who more than any other is the creator

Resignation of the First Sea Lord

of the British battle fleet of to-day." Lord Fisher was born in 1841, entered the navy at the age of thirteen, and since 1905 has been Admiral of the Fleet.

Kitchener's Volunteers

Lord Kitchener's volunteer army is approaching the million mark, nor, as interested reports will have it, has this army been recruited from the hulks. The best men in the Kingdom, says the *Catholic Times*, are joining it, as the empty halls of Cambridge and Oxford bear witness. The precise number recruited has not been made public, but it has been estimated at nearly seven hundred thousand. All are undergoing a rigid training in the military camps. Lord Kitchener intends to take no chances by sending untrained soldiers to the front.

Ireland.—The Bishops, meeting at Maynooth, passed resolutions deploring the destruction of Louvain, the seminary of Ireland in the Penal days, and ordering parish collections for Belgian sufferers. These have been generously contributed, and besides a large number of Belgian refugees have been well provided for. Reports from Irish soldiers captured by the Germans show they have been well treated. The Bishops' condemnation of the British Government for refusing to supply a sufficiency of Catholic chaplains at the front was repeated at the annual meeting in Dublin of the Catholic Truth Society. Cardinal Logue pointed out, in connection with the Government's suggestion that French chaplains would suffice, that the wounded in French hospitals had to sign a formula requesting the services of a priest, making it difficult for French and impossible for Irish soldiers to secure spiritual aid. The Irish prelates at both meetings, and all other Irish speakers, abstained from reference to recruiting or pronouncements on the war, and the principal speaker, Dr. Keane, O.P., said the war that concerned Ireland was that which the King of Heaven called on her to wage against irreligion, indifference and immorality, and pernicious literature which was the propaganda of Satan. Cardinal Logue said the War Office had requested him to appoint Chaplains for the army in Ireland, which did not need them, but not for the Irish-soldiers at the front who did. Already hundreds of Irish priests have volunteered their services, but they were refused by the War Office, which has respected the religious prejudices of its Indian troops against beef and pork, by supplying them with goats. This, with the War Office's denial to Mr. Redmond of the facilities it afforded to the Carson forces, has made recruiting meagre, despite the appeals of some Nationalist M.P's.

Catholics and Recruiting

Mexico.—The one outstanding fact in news from Mexico is that anarchy reigns in that distracted land. Papers that up to this had carefully suppressed all unfavorable reports have become outspoken concerning conditions. *The Army and Navy Journal* says:

The Growth of Disorder

Reliable advices indicate that virtual anarchy prevails in Mexico City. There is such a disturbance in the Mexican capital that well-informed authorities on Mexican affairs would not be surprised to hear that wholesale outrages had already been committed in the city. So far a strict censorship has kept all of the details of the disturbances in the Mexican capital from publication in this country, but without making any special effort to secure an account of what is happening there the State Department has a full realization of the dangers threatening.

The New York *Sun* adds:

The present state of affairs is regarded as just as bad as could be imagined, it is felt here, and officials see little prospect of improvement. For one thing, the American forces will remain at Vera Cruz indefinitely until the pledges required are forthcoming from whatever authority exists in Mexico City.

Meanwhile the convention of Aguascalientes is still indulging in oratory and decrees of deposition. Villa and Carranza have both been "decreed" out of power. Villa refuses to be shorn of authority before Carranza; Carranza refuses to be shorn at all; both are mustering troops in preparation for a new struggle. The situation has become extremely critical. The "First Chief" refuses to guarantee the demands of the United States and as a consequence our troops will remain in Vera Cruz. Under the circumstances perhaps this is for the best. American refugees state that Carranzistas have been active, taking a census of all people in Vera Cruz, against whom their "Chief" has, should have or should have had a grudge; six prominent Mexicans are on trial in Mexico City for complicity in the murder of Madero; and despatches relate that the American manager of the El Rio mine has just been released from prison on the payment of $40,000 ransom. Property and lives are held in low estimate indeed. A "process of law" providing for the confiscation of property has come to hand from Mexico City. It should be styled a "process of robbery." No title is safe under its stupid provisions. The Church is entirely crippled. Bishops are in exile; at last reports all seminaries were closed except one; whole sections of the country are without priests; schools are abolished, and the Sacraments are barred in very many places. In a speech delivered in Waterbury, Conn., Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, said in part:

In return for all that we have done for these so-called Constitutionalists, what has been their attitude in return? Carranza sent an insulting note to our Government upon the seizure of Vera Cruz; neither he nor his generals have given any attention whatever to complaints on account of the murder of Americans and foreigners within the jurisdiction which he controlled. Especially is this true of the Cumber tunnel fire, where at least eight Americans were blown up; in the Benton murder, where an English citizen was killed; in expelling Spaniards from Torreon and in the murder of Catholic priests.

At the moment of printing news arrived that the Aguascalientes conference elected Guterriez President for twenty days. Carranza remains defiant. Villa pretends to be pleased. A savage war may be expected at any time.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Binet-Simon Test in Legislation

I

A great American humorist who was in many ways a profound philosopher, as all true humorists must be, once said that "It would be much better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that are not so." That particular humorist was very careful not to say that it was better not to know much. This is the day of knowledge of many things, and unfortunately, the knowers of many things are deeply intent in our generation in applying their very limited knowledge to some of the deepest problems of humanity. They are quite convinced that they are the only ones who have ever seriously thought about them, or at least, that ours is the first generation that ever approached these problems properly, and just as sure that we are going to solve them without ado or delay.

After having concentrated for a time on sex education and sex hygiene and various phases of eugenics, a great many educators now are taking up the knotty problems involved in the care of defective children. Unwarned by previous, even recent, experiences which show how much harm haste in these subjects may do, some are intent on legislation inchoate, hurried, quite unscientific though it may be, to solve all the problems connected with this difficult subject. Western legislatures are being urged to institute the Binet-Simon test by law so as to determine all the defective children there may be, and make special State provision for them. Such legislation will create a number of new inspectorships and examiners' places, that, of course, can only be fitted by "properly trained experts." These experts are then to apply the Binet-Simon test and their words are to be law. Now the Binet-Simon test is excellent, so far as it goes, but it has great limitations, is still distinctly on trial, is being constantly modified by its inventors and requires at least as much knowledge and experience as its inventors possess, in order to apply it properly. Even the inventors warn about the necessity for individuation and for recognizing how much the personality of the examiners as well as the patients or subjects count in making decisions.

The story of the Binet test, as it is often called, is rather interesting. In 1904, an educational measure in Paris required the selection of all the mentally defective children in the public schools to be made by means of individual examinations. As there was no definite method of making such an examination, Alfred Binet, the author of a series of books on psychology, and especially on phases of dual personality, assisted by Theodor Simon, also interested in psychology, took up the problem of creating a method of examination, and laid down rules for standardizing a scale of tests. To do this, selected groups of average pupils of the public schools, ten each of the ages three to seven, and fifteen each of the ages seven to twelve, were examined. A standard scale of intellectual attainments, mental development, alertness of mind, or whatever it may be called, was thus obtained. As a devotee has put it, "a hierarchy of tests, arranged in the order of their increasing difficulty was thus secured" and was published in *L'Année Psychologique* in 1905. This was afterwards adapted to the diagnosis of feeble-minded children, in order to determine whether they were idiots, imbeciles or morons. The idiot is a defective child that never reaches the plane of spoken language; the imbecile understands spoken language and sometimes can talk rather glibly but usually not quite sensibly, except with regard to very simple matters, while the moron, or high-grade imbecile, besides being able to talk, can read and write. Idiots, according to the Binet-Simon scale, have minds that practically never develop beyond the age of one or two years. The imbeciles have a mentality corresponding to the age groups from three years to seven. The morons belong in mind to the age groups from eight to twelve, though the feeble-minded do not apparently progress beyond the twelve-year level of average intelligence.

After using these tests and the scale for three years, it is not surprising that the authors should have revised it as the result of further experimental work. If it is recalled that only a little more than a hundred children, altogether, were examined in order to make the standardization, its comparatively small value as an induction can be understood. These were Paris children of the poorer class, and influenced in many ways by their Paris environment. In 1908, the first revision of the scale appeared. Three years later, in 1911, what has been called the final revision of the scale was published. This appeared also in *L'Année Psychologique* and in the French Bulletin of the Free Society for the Psychological Study of The Child under the title, as it has been translated, of "A Method of Measuring the Development of the Intelligence of Young Children." This translation has been published by the Courier Company of Lincoln, Illinois, and can be readily obtained.

Binet and Simon suggest a series of questions to be put to the children of the various years, and then from the answers judge of the child's intelligence. At three years for instance the child is asked to point out its nose, eyes and mouth, to repeat two digits, to give its family name, to enumerate the objects in a picture, and to repeat a sentence of six syllables. That is the whole test. At four years, it is asked to give its sex, to name a key, knife and penny when shown, to repeat three digits and to compare two lines. At ten years, it is asked to arrange five weights in order, to copy drawings from memory, criticize absurd statements, to show understanding of certain difficult questions of which examples are given, and to use three given words in two sentences. At fifteen years, the child is asked to repeat seven digits—what a test for those of us who fail to catch four digits of a

telephone number?—to give three rhymes, to repeat a sentence of twenty-six syllables, to interpret a picture, to solve a problem from several facts.

Evidently there is no mystery about any of these things, nor on the other hand is there any marvelous criterion of intelligence. Unless such a test is applied, first with the most careful attention to what the child's environment has been, with due and attentive knowledge of any physical pathological conditions that may be present hampering the acquisition of information, and above all with common sense, serious mistakes may be made. As a matter of fact both psychologists and psychiatrists, that is the men of years of training in the study of the mind and of mental disease, complain that, as crudely applied at the present time by many so-called "experts," these tests are most unreliable. They lead to a jumping to conclusions quite beyond our real knowledge. Physicians, particularly, are growing very tired of this rushing into conclusions which have to be taken back afterwards.

I could quote some very serious mistakes that have been made by so-called experts in the application of these Binet-Simon tests, in which, owing to the laws making expert decisions final, or very difficult of review, wrongs of no little consequence have been done individuals. Such cases are, however, rather for medical journals than a popular weekly. The one thing that should be impressed upon every one just now, with regard to such matters, is how little we really know. Ignorance, coupled with assumption of knowledge, makes men ridiculous. Professor Bateson, the President of The British Association for The Advancement of Science, in his last annual address, suggested that the United States was making herself an excellent field for experimentation for other countries to watch; mainly with the idea of knowing what not to do. He thought that "eugenic regulation of marriage on a comprehensive scale, as suggested in America, is devised without regard to the needs either of individuals or of a modern state." We are thus making a laughing stock of ourselves for the world by our pretense of knowledge and hasty application of half-baked principles, some of which will never get baked.

Miss Elizabeth Farrell in the Introduction to the book on "The Backward Child" written by Barbara Morgan, whose long experience well befits her to have an opinion in this matter and gives her the right to express it, says:

> The teacher of some day will look back upon us as we look back upon the sooth-sayers and astrologers of a much earlier time. As they did, so are we doing, ladling out our notions and our cure-alls. As they treated, all bad health was alike; so generally speaking is our treatment of all mental defects the same. . . . The teacher of the future, not too far distant, will want to know, not that the child is backward, but in what area of his mental functioning he is strong and where weakness dominates. She will want to know how he is to be trained; what sense-appeal to make; she will ask that an educational prescription be given her, to save her own strength and to conserve the pupil's self-respect.

That prescription can only be given by some one who knows not a little, but a great deal about the child. Not by some one who comes in and gives a ready-made test in a few minutes, but by an experienced and above all sympathetic common-sense individual. Old Dr. Parry of Bath said long ago: "It is much more important to know what sort of an individual has a disease than what sort of a disease the individual has." Professor Osler said some time since that this still remains true even with all our advance in medicines. It is eminently true with regard to mental states, and hasty decisions made by readily applied tests that are being revised every three years by a *final revision* each time, are not likely to be helpful unless very carefully applied. Legislation that would impose them in the present state of our knowledge, or rather of our ignorance, would be likely to do infinitely more harm than good

J. J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Mad Homeopathy

Most of the self-constituted social doctors to-day are homeopaths gone mad. It is, I believe, a well established rule in both the great schools of medicine that at times "like cures like." Typhoid germs cure typhoid. Smallpox germs cure smallpox. This rule is the war cry of the homeopaths; it has only been adopted in special instances by the allopaths. By far the greater number of physicians would not admit that it was a good rule at all times and for all cases. But even if it were, it needs a special interpretation. The homeopathic dose is famous for its minuteness.

Our worthy social doctors, on the contrary, are not by any means famous for the smallness of their evil doses. If they see commercial power concentrated in a few hands under capitalism, they prescribe a still further concentration under a despotic social beaurocracy. If they see the dishonest rich robbing the honest poor, they would cure the trouble by having the dishonest poor rob the still dishonest rich. Perhaps they think two dishonest classes will make one single honest populace. This is something like the exploded theory of the militarists that if you are constantly threatening war you will always have peace. But another way, it would mean that if two men are ready to cut each other's throats, they will soon decide it is better to shake hands and pretend to love each other. Unfortunately we know that when weapons are once drawn, the fight generally continues to the end.

Hot tea may seem to cool you on a warm day; but scalding tea will surely shrivel your palate. That is one important fact to remember. Another equally important fact is this: if you are warm, it will do you no good to have someone else drink the hot tea. There are two ways, then, to misuse the homeopathic formula. If you are a homeopath, you can go mad in two ways. Most of the social doctors have gone mad in both ways at once.

For example, to substitute for the comparatively large number of business concerns with the very large number

of directors in each, the concentrated power of a beauro-cracy is actually to scald the social palate. On the other hand, to try to cure the dishonesty of the rich by making the poor dishonest too, is to give hot tea to the wrong man. Yet this is precisely what the social doctors, who are practising without a license, do at present. They either try to cure by a worse poison than the original disease, or they treat those who have no disease to cure.

The number of these quack doctors is legion, and they are the first persons to whom the couriers of the Catholic Church must carry her message. You will find them everywhere. Some are writers. Their theories sound violent and in consequence sell well. You will not always find the writers sincere. Their temptation to make a "good thing" of their theories is too great. But if you do find them sincere, they are the most in need of your message, for they reach the largest number of people.

You will also find many sincere ministers guilty of this social malpractice. They are carried away by enthusiasms. Often they are not men of great mental force. Rather, they are conspicuous for their human sympathy, for their eagerness to do something, though they are not quite sure what to alleviate, and for their powerlessness, as unguided individuals, to resist the fads of the day. From their very weakness and earnestness they can do a world of harm. Thousands of people look to them for guidance, and accept their teachings.

Then, too, there are men and women of a leisured society who find an outlet for their somewhat ineffectual philanthropy in supporting the writers and the ministers. These people are scarcely more than the directing boards of the quack hospitals, or, at the very most, medical assistants. It is they who furnish the money for the playwrights and the livings for the fashionable ministers, or who support slum parishes to further the work of poisoning. They are not malicious; they are only inept. They have little or no originality, and so must pose as patrons of the popular idols. A very special method has to be used in delivering the message of the Church to such people.

Last of all come the persons who receive the most blame and deserve the least. Theirs is the disagreeable task of administering the scalding tea. I mean the men of the poorer classes whom ignorance and the words of educated writers and ministers and society dilettantes have driven to despair. I do not mean the actual Labor leaders. They can be classed usually among the writers. Some of them are malpractitioners; some are not. The men I mean are the middle-men of the various Labor parties, those of them who have become infected by the poison through a combination of unfortunate causes. Perhaps their individual experience with capital has been hard. Their employer may have been dishonest. Being both miserable and credulous they have listened with a great mental thirst to every promise of better times, however shadowy, which their mental betters have held out to them.

These middle-men whose allotted task it is to preach the gospel of hatred to those who already hate too much, or the gospel of dishonesty to those who are honest, these middle-men, I say, are the most to be pitied of all the grades of quack social doctors. To carry the message of the Church to such men is a splendid task. They are already eager for it. If they act directly against it now, it is only because, being virile, and impetuous, they must find an escape for their energy. Take them the message of the Church, and you will find them like children. Fail to make the message reach them, and the poison will make them beasts.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Christian Jubilee in Japan

St. Patrick's Day, 1915, will have a special significance for the Catholic Church in Japan. The anniversary of the great apostle of Ireland is also the anniversary of one of the most memorable events in the ecclesiastical history of the Farthest East. On March 17, 1915, fifty years will have elapsed since the discovery of the faithful descendants of that race of martyrs converted to the Faith by St. Francis Xavier and his successors; of those heroic souls, who notwithstanding the most relentless persecution known in history, retained their faith and practised it in secret, and whose children constitute today the bulk of the Catholics of Japan. A brief summary of the events of fifty years ago may be of interest to Catholics the world over.

The prelude, as it were, of the great happening of March 17, 1865, had taken place not quite a month before, when on February 19 the first church built to honor the then recently canonized Japanese martyrs was dedicated in Nagasaki, the scene of their martyrdom. It was not the first church reopened in Japan, for the Church of the Sacred Heart in Yokohama antedates it by three years; but the solemnity of this dedication and the historical associations of the locality triumphantly marked the end of the bloody persecution and the dawn of a new era for the Catholic Church in the island empire. The Church of the Martyrs, the cathedral of the diocese of Nagasaki, looks down upon the land-locked harbor and is a conspicuous object from the ship at anchor in that beautiful bay. It must have been an imposing sight on that Sunday morning in February, 1865, when the men-of-war of all the nationalities which at that time had treaty relations with Japan, were assembled at Nagasaki, to take part in the celebration. Prominent among all were the war ships of the United States which had been the first to reopen the Nippon Empire. The commanders and part of the staff of each vessel, in full dress uniform, each with a guard of honor, took part in the dedication ceremony. A French battery drawn up in front of the sacred edifice fired a salute, the Russian naval band furnished the music. It was, no doubt, the great solemnity of this celebration, which was noised

abroad and aroused the attention of the ancient Christians in out-of-the-way country places, that led to their making inquiries and brought them in contact with the successors of their former pastors.

A few weeks later, at noon, Friday, March 17, Father Petitjean, who had charge of the church, noticed a group of some fifteen men, women and children, crowding about the locked portal of the church. He approached and asked them if they wished to see the building. Upon their affirmative reply he led them to the high altar and whilst he was kneeling for a moment in adoration, one of the women drew near and whispered in his ear: "All of us here have the same heart as you." In surprise, the missionary exclaimed: "Who are you? Where do you come from?" The woman replied: "We are from Urakami [a village some two or three miles inland from the city, where at present the most magnificent church edifice in Japan is nearing completion]; there almost all have the same heart." Before Father Petitjean knew what to answer, the woman continued: "Where is the venerable picture of *Sancta Maria?*"

We may imagine the surprise of the good Father to hear the Latin name of the Blessed Virgin from the lips of a Japanese peasant woman. These must be descendants of the ancient Christians; the thought struck him with such overwhelming force that for a time he was speechless. He merely pointed to the side altar with the statue of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus. They all crowded about it, knelt down and for some time carefully contemplated the picture of Mother and Child. And then the ice of reserve and reticence was melted, men and women exclaimed: "Yes, it is *Sancta Maria.* Behold in her arms *on ko Jesu sama,* the august Child, the Lord Jesus."

Veneration of the Blessed Mother of God was for these simple people the first indication that they had found the Church of their forefathers. They began to tell the missionary of their ancient traditions, how they had been told that on the 25th of the first winter month the Lord Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary in a stable; that they had a *sacramento,* called *baptisma* (the ancient missionaries had adapted the Latin religious terms to the Japanese pronunciation); that they never allowed a child to die without that sacrament; that one of their number was specially appointed to administer the sacrament and that at the time of baptism each one received the name of a *santo.*

There was no doubt that these people had retained a great part of Catholic tradition, weakened and in part disfigured as their further revelations disclosed, but sufficient to mark them distinctly as Catholics. Parts of prayers like *Ave Maria, Pateru Nosteru,* even the *Confiteor* had been handed down from generation to generation. They knew that the first day of the week was called *Domingo,* that every year a time of penance called *Kuwarezuma* (quadragesima) was followed by the feast of *pasuka* (pascha, Easter) to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. "Have you also these feasts?" they asked the Father. Upon his answering in the affirmative, the further question was: "Do you know the King of the Great Doctrine? We have been told by our ancestors that in the West, in a great city called Roma there lives the King of the Great Doctrine which they learned from *saserudote* (priests) sent by him. What is his name?"

Father Petitjean saw at once that they referred to the Holy Father. "Certainly I know him," he replied; "his name is Pius; it is he who has sent me to you. He will be greatly rejoiced to hear about you." At these words joy and contentment was visibly depicted on the countenances of those good people; they could no longer harbor any doubt that they saw before their eyes the lawful successor of those by whom their forefathers had been instructed. They spread the news among their fellow-villagers, thousands of Christians were found where nobody suspected their existence, and the temporary persecution and exile that many had to undergo in the early seventies did not in the least slacken their ardor or shake the firmness of their convictions. By far the greatest part of the Catholics of the diocese of Nagasaki are descendants of those ancient heroes of the Faith, and entire villages and some smaller islands are almost exclusively Catholic.

No doubt, the fiftieth anniversary of this auspicious event will be fittingly celebrated in Nagasaki and the whole of Japan. Presumably the magnificent church of Urakami, erected on the site of the former tribunal, where many of those who, in 1865, had declared their Christian affiliation were tortured and condemned, will be completely finished by that time, and furnish a setting worthy of the celebration.

May the prayers of the entire Catholic world on that occasion supplicate the Throne of Mercy that a new era of grace and prosperity may come to the much-tried Japanese mission. However much the Japanese may appreciate the self-sacrificing character of the Catholic missionary, few of them feel called to investigate the claims of Catholic truth. Modern skepticism and indifferentism are systematically inculcated at most of the higher seats of learning. Popular literature is apt to sneer at all supernatural religion. Their own ancestor worship and time-honored traditions are considered by most Japanese as fully sufficient for their needs and quite as good as imported doctrines. To make them realize that religion means subjection to God, His revelation, and His commandments, is a most difficult task, and one that will depend for its success, above all else, on the silent workings of the Holy Spirit to be invoked by our prayers.

May the prayers of American Catholics who have shown themselves so generous to us in our struggles never fail us in the work which we are striving to do for God and His Church!

Tokyo, Japan. VICTOR F. GETTELMAN, S.J.

The Young Man and Osteopathy*

In suggesting this vocation to the earnest young man, I would do so sincerely recognizing its worth now, and anticipating its possibilities in the future. It is a comparatively new and independent system of therapeutics, the first school having been founded by Doctor Andrew Taylor Still, formerly of the so-called Allopathic persuasion, in the little town of Kirksville, Mo., twenty-two years ago. The first class consisted of sixteen students, and the course was for four months. To-day we have upwards of fifteen hundred students enrolled in our schools which are legally recognized, and the course now is for a period of three years of nine months each in all the colleges except Philadelphia which demands a term of four years of eight months.

The following is a comparison of subjects taught by Association of Medical Colleges and Osteopathic Colleges:

MEDICAL COLLEGES	OSTEOPATHIC COLLEGES
Histology	Histology
Embryology	Embryology
Osteology	Osteology
Anatomy	Anatomy
Physiology	Physiology
Chemistry and Toxicology	Chemistry and Toxicology
Materia Medica	Principles of Osteopathy
Pharmacology	Osteopathic Mechanics
Therapeutics	
Bacteriology	Bacteriology
Pathology	Pathology
Medical Zoology	
Clinical Microscopy	Clinical Microscopy
Physical Diagnosis	Physical Diagnosis
	Osteopathic Diagnosis
Practice of Medicine	Practice of Osteopathy
Surgery	Surgery
	Applied Anatomy
Obstetrics	Obstetrics
Gynecology	Gynecology
Pediatrics	Pediatrics
Eye and Ear	Eye and Ear
Nose and Throat	Nose and Throat
Mental and Nervous Diseases	Mental and Nervous Diseases
Electro-Therapeutics	Electro-Therapeutics
Genito-Urinary Diseases	Genito-Urinary Diseases
Dermatology and Syphilis	Dermatology and Syphilis
Hygiene and Public Health	Hygiene and Public Health
Dietetics	Dietetics
Medical Jurisprudence	Medical Jurisprudence

After graduation, our examinations for permission to practice are under State supervision, and the certificates granted give us similar rights and impose similar responsibilities as in the case of other physicians in almost every state of the Union. This progress could not have been made if our methods had not been legitimate, our teachings sound, our practitioners qualified, and our results evident. As any profession or even industry, must be built up by experience, so every year our study is, not so much improved upon, as elaborated, the original thought still being predominant.

Doctor Still was a philosopher, a reasoning thinker, a student of nature and her ways, and an intelligent and educated man. He started out with the truth, that nature is complete, physically perfect (notwithstanding some magazine articles to the contrary), and that if we have a normal structure, in normal environment, health must reign; that any deviation from this condition must result in interference with the proper functional workings of nature, thus producing a lessened resistance and a liability to allow the ever attacking germs to find a desirable place to grow. Until such abnormalities are adjusted, nature can not throw off the disease, and internal medication will only change the symptom, and not the cause. When this startling yet reasonable theory was offered by Dr. Still to his medical brethren he was looked upon by some, sympathetically, as a visionary, and by others as a revolutionist. Outside and adverse opinion, however, did not abort the birth of osteopathy as a new science.

The theories of yesterday are the facts of to-day. Thousands upon thousands of the proofs of the efficacy of our work are energetic enthusiasts. Many invalids who came to our clinics discouraged, found relief, enrolled at our school, and faced the world in a few years with a diploma, health, and a message of hope to others. At the present time we have the following recognized colleges teaching osteopathy: American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri; College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, Los Angeles, California; Chicago College of Osteopathy, Chicago; Central College, Kansas City, Kansas; Still College of Osteopathy, Des Moines, Iowa; Massachusetts College of Osteopathy, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Philadelphia.

With all our schools, all our students, and graduates, we can not supply the demand. There are only seven thousand osteopaths scattered over the United States as compared to one hundred and fifty thousand medical practitioners, hence the opportunity for competent men and women. I understand that letters are coming in very frequently to the heads of the various schools (I have seen some on the bulletin boards myself) from prominent men asking for an osteopath for their particular towns, and in many cases offering a year's office rent free as an inducement. Does this demand occur in any other profession? Many thriving towns which support a dozen medical practitioners are without a single osteopath. These facts are not intended to lead my readers to believe that every osteopath is making a success. There are always cases in every profession of a square peg in a round hole.

To sum up, the student who has had the necessary educational requirements (at least a four years' High School course), has studied conscientiously, applied himself thoughtfully to his work, has the strong moral character so essential to success, has the determination to do things after he has thought them, will feel proud to belong to this most promising new profession and to help in the great work of relieving the world's sufferings.

The pioneer work which is open to the young energetic person is unlimited. Our disciples are in many

*The nineteenth of a series of vocational articles.

foreign countries. We have twenty osteopaths in London, and Birmingham, Bournemouth, Brighton, Liverpool and Manchester have each a few; Ireland has two, Scotland fifteen, Paris has two. Canada is represented by about two hundred, and we find our brethren pushing ahead in Germany, Sweden, British West India, Argentine Republic, British East Africa, West Africa and Honolulu; yet the foreign field is practically untouched and offers unheard of possibilities for ambitious young graduates.

Atlantic City, N. J. J. S. LOGUE, D.O.

Catholic Women in Social Work

It may be admitted, without apology or self-condemnation, that the great body of Catholic women, whether in Europe or America, have been slow to enter into any of those movements of the present day which have a tendency to withdraw woman from the domestic circle, and thrust her into the lime-light of publicity.

The Catholic woman, conservative both by training and heredity, shrank from whatever might be construed as forcing herself into the arena of politics. As a consequence, a movement, wide and deep and far-reaching, has developed in which Catholic women have taken slight interest, and in which they have been practically unrepresented. Nevertheless, this movement has continued to gather strength and momentum until it has become an element to be reckoned with among the forces of this restless age. Ancient usage and long-established precedents have been broken down, and new avenues for the ambition and activities of woman have been opened up. A German Catholic paper has summed up the woman's movement as, "the recognition, cultivation and development of the feminine individuality, with the ultimate view of the widest extension of her beneficent influence on present and future generations, the most perfect realization of the feminine and through it of the spiritual and human ideal."

German bishops were first among the hierarchy to discern that the activity of lay women, when properly directed, is an ever-growing power for good which should be enlisted in the cause of the Church; and they have, therefore, given their cordial encouragement to the formation of women into associations for the purpose of working at the solution of social questions of the day according to Catholic principles. This work had been hitherto left principally, if not wholly, in the hands of men and women who were agnostics or else members of Protestant churches. This circumstance has had a weighty effect upon those whom the movement sought to reach, since much of the work has been accomplished by a Protestant or anti-Christian propaganda. The awakening, however, though long delayed, has come at last. The first book upon the woman's question was by the German Redemptorist, Father Rassler, in 1895, and it was received with indifference and even with ridicule; but the meeting of the International Council of Women at Berlin in 1904 jarred the German Catholics from their apathy. They began to realize what they had lost for the want of organization. The intense anti-Christian spirit of the organization excited apprehension, and with very good reason. Of the two hundred who took part in proceedings of the convention, only four were Christians, and but one was a Catholic; all the rest were infidels or agnostics. It was quite enough to make thinking people sit up and begin to take notice. Professor Mausbach, Professor of Theology at the University of Münster, pointed out to the Catholics that the achievements of women as represented at this Congress demanded attention from the whole world. Thus encouraged, the German Catholic women determined to organize and bring into the field the influence of religion in their work. This was the beginning of the *Frauenbund* (Women's Association), which has accomplished so much for the Church and society in the ten years of its existence. It is modelled upon the *Volksverein,* and has had at its back that magnificent body of men who compose the Centre party in the Reichstag. Besides Professor Mausbach, Father Auerbacher, a Capuchin, and Father Cathrein, a Jesuit, were powerful advocates of the Catholic woman's movement, and lent their aid in directing it into the right channels. The work done in Germany, where the Catholic woman's movement originated, not only shows what can be done by organization, stimulated by zeal for the faith, but also emphasizes the necessity of such organization, if American women are to do their part in saving morals and religion at home. Happily our women are awakening to the situation. Associations are springing up in most of our large cities, and the recognition given to women at the National Conferences of Catholic Charities, at their biennial sessions in Washington, shows the change that has come over public sentiment within a few years past, and how cordially the Church authorities in the United States have welcomed women into their councils. It is a fact freely commented upon by the secular press, that the trend of the woman's movement to-day in the United States is toward infidelity and emancipation from the restraints of morality. Many of the leaders openly advocate free love and the abolition of what they term "the bondage of the marriage tie"; and these loose ideas of morality are propagated by them in their literature and from the platform.

In view of these conditions Catholic women can not remain aloof from social movements without neglecting a great opportunity to infuse into them Catholic ideas and Catholic morals, and in this way help to realize the aim of our late Pontiff, the great Pius X, "to renew all things in Christ." There is no question of our ability to put into this field trained women, intellectually the equals, and spiritually the superiors, of those who for more than two decades have been shaping the thoughts and beliefs and aspirations of vast numbers in our own

country and in Europe. Catholic women are needed to fight the growing tendency toward paganism in the home and in society. A single instance of this will illustrate this point. At a "Mothers' Congress" held in Seattle a few months ago, and at which there was an attendance of nearly a hundred women, ostensibly assembled in the interests of the children and the home, there were discussions, more or less profound, on many subjects. Resolutions on diverse matters, from endorsing the teaching of sex-hygiene and eugenics in the classroom to prohibiting smoking on the street cars, were passed unanimously; but of the cancer of divorce which is destroying the homes of the land, corroding the vitals of society, and filling the asylums, juvenile courts, and ultimately the penitentiaries with the unfortunate offspring of divorced parents, not a word was uttered. The crime of race suicide was also unmentioned. This is curious in view of the declared aim of the congress, viz.: "The welfare of the child and the conservation of the home." Now does anybody suppose those omissions would have been possible if a few representative Catholic women had been present, or even one, who would have discussed those questions from the standpoint of Catholic morals? The amount of lasting good to be done on occasions such as that alluded to is simply incalculable. The teaching of the Church is definite on all the social and moral problems which trouble our day; and in the discussion of all the vexed questions there is need for the Catholic woman with her positive religious convictions and her clearer vision of things spiritual.

M. JOHNSTON.

An Idyl of Age

He was a white-haired old gentleman with a marked stoop to the shoulders, and a step that was not so firm as he wished others to think; his hand trembled a good deal as he leaned heavily on his cane and felt for the sidewalk from the step of the carriage which had just drawn up before one of the old mansions on Fifth avenue; but he had a broad high brow with scarcely a wrinkle upon it and a kindly eye that could look the world in the face; evidently he had done no man wrong, and known much happiness in his long and active life. He put on his high hat and his long frock coat fell gracefully about his tall and graceful figure. He straightened himself up for a moment and then turned to help a lady from the carriage. She was strangely like and unlike him, and it was a moment before one realized that the reason for this contradiction lay in the fact that she was his wife. The grace and courtesy with which he offered his assistance, and the air with which she received the silent homage of his action, were as striking as they were unobtrusive, and made it clear at once that he was her knight and she was his lady. One felt that if the severe lapel of his broadcloth coat could suddenly be turned back, one would certainly find her favor pinned over his heart. She was his queen, of that there could be no doubt to the most casual observer, and he was her willing subject; he served her with most unmistakable pride and the most natural manner in the world. Long years of service had fixed their relations and made them easy.

They went up the broad steps, rather feebly but with much dignity, and entering the wide door that the footman held open, passed from sight. How one regretted to see them go! Their beautiful life-story went with them. How one wished that he might have known more, that he might have been invited within and permitted to sit down at the old lady's feet and learn from her own lips the secret of the influence she had acquired over that strong man, who evidently ruled others but was so obviously content to be ruled by her. She was not richly dressed, she was not beautiful, at least as far as regularity of feature was concerned, she did not even seem to be clever; but she had a power and a charm that all these qualities often fail to give.

Wherein lay her charm? It would seem that the romance of their courtship had never worn off. Not that they were still in love, at least not in the technical sense, for they certainly had never ceased to be lovers in the broader use of the word. The emotional intensity of their early love indeed had passed, but in its place had come something deeper, more enduring, more potent; the flash of passion had died away, but the calm light of unalterable affection still burned brightly in both of their hearts. Who had guarded the lamp that was still so radiant? In other hearts love had shone no less clearly at the beginning of their wedded life; but, alas, in many cases the golden glow had dwindled down into a tiny spark, had flickered for a while, and then gone out. How was it that it was still undimmed in these two hearts? Whose hand had trimmed the frail lamp all those many years? Some one must have poured in oil with constant care, some one must have been always on the watch when the flame grew fitful and trembled and flared. If it was still alight, some one surely must have kept it alight. How had it been done? Whose work had it been? One suspected that, if the truth were told, it would be found that she, not he, had been the cause. She was the Vestal, his was only a secondary part. And the result? She was possessed of a love and happiness that money was powerless to buy. What a sympathy, what a tolerance, what a forbearance, what a comfort had been the seed and the fruit of their more than fifty happy years!

And yet this was not all the truth. There were many other wives whose golden jubilee found their wedded love as fresh as it was on the day when they walked so bravely to the altar and plighted their troth for better or for worse; but their expressions lacked an indefinable something that almost transfigured the features of the kindly face that had turned so eagerly toward the other-day mansion. It was clear that she was coming home. A look of fond expectancy was in her eyes. She was proud of that stately gentleman, but he was not her all. She was happy to be with him alone, and yet there were others with whom she longed to be. She was listening with pleasure to his well-loved voice, but her ears were straining for the sound of other voices, not less dear. And now one could hear them as the door swung open, the voices of her children and her children's children. What a welcome was hers! What a chorus of love greeted her return! Into what an atmosphere of affection she passed from the chill indifference of the world! How her mother's heart throbbed within her! There were tears indeed on her cheeks, but not of sorrow, the smile on her lips was too unmistakably joyous to admit of that. Was this then the reason for that indescribably beautiful and illusive something that gave to her countenance a look almost of beatitude? Was she already tasting the sweetness promised by St. Paul to the patience, gentleness, courageous self-sacrifice and suffering involved in carrying out the ideal of Catholic maternity? Was she satisfied now that the prize was well worth the struggle? It seemed that she was, but the great oaken door had shut out the world from her secret. What a pity! So many others needed to learn it! Which were the better, her old fashioned ideals and standards and methods or the new, the modern?

She cared nothing, as one could see at a glance, about

woman suffrage. She had never come out of her beloved retirement to shout to the world her equality with man; she had no need to do so; in her own circle she had always been treated as though she were somewhat above him. She was not a feminist nor did she glory in any of those harsh and repellant names that are so often to-day on woman's lips; she had never even walked in a procession. She was simply a dear, old-fashioned, sweet old lady with no other kingdom than her home and no other subjects but those she loved. And yet she was far more of a queen and wielded far more of power than her worldly-minded sisters, whose clamorous self-assertion seems to end only in failure, or where it gains success does so at the cost of one of their most precious gifts. What was the cause of her charm, her power, her happiness? What indeed but her very womanliness, her own inalienable charm, the power and happiness that God meant every woman to have. J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

One Solution of an Important Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your editorial entitled: "Calumniating Women" (Vol. XII, No. 2), you ask: "Who is responsible for the anti-Catholic war news that is making its way to the front pages of our newspapers?"

With reference to the now officially retracted story about Belgian priests having committed outrages on German wounded soldiers, it may suffice to note what is generally known to readers of German weeklies and dailies: namely, that a number of Belgian civilians and officers disguised themselves as priests. A Protestant officer in the German Army tells of the capture of eight such scoundrels in one day, "and not one of them was a priest." Naturally the German troops did not immediately "catch on" to the masquerading scheme, and this may account for stories about outrages and "sniping" by priests.

However, this is only one of the cases exploited by enemies of the Catholic Church. Your hint to Catholic organizations might do some good, provided a sufficient number of Catholic readers of "Hearst horrors" and sensational dailies had enough common sense to quit paying good cash to newsmongers and jaundiced journalists who revile things Catholic and indirectly make fools of their Catholic supporters. But even then we would not get at the Judeo-Masonic clique "doctoring" cables in London and Paris. By those who have followed the "fablegrams" manufactured by this cable cabal during the last five or ten years the slanders AMERICA resents were to be expected. And there will be more. Here is one of the reasons: Europe's "lying trust."

La Lectura Dominical, a weekly published by the Jesuit Fathers in Spain, declared in its issue for August 22:

> Partly with evident amusement and partly with well-founded indignation we have on a previous occasion characterized the lying methods used by the majority of correspondents informing the world on the progress of the war.
>
> Whenever they speak of Germany they regularly use expressions suited to a negro State in darkest Africa. The officers of her army are ballet dancers; her warriors, the worst of savages; the German cannon, pipes from an organ; German guns are reeds; German aeroplanes, mere sparrows; the airships, soap bubbles; the powder of the Germans is sand; their bullets are cotton, and their horses and battleships of paper.
>
> In Europe there has been formed a powerful press syndicate, which we Spaniards, who have our own know full well. Poets, speakers, politicians, *enterpreneurs* with whom our press does not like to bother, simply do not exist. There is no press but that of the trust, no truth if the trust does not champion it, no interest but that of the trust.
>
> The same thing applies to Europe. Germany does not belong to the allied trust, or rather, Germany is against the trust. Politics, press, telegraphs—everything belongs to the trust; and this explains why Germany does not exist any more.

It so happens that the Germany of Luther and of Bishop Kettler and the Austria of Christian-Social "reaction" happens to be at war with countries in which the "liars' trust" has its principal strongholds. In spite of much that is anti-Christian, these two empires are not the favorite camping ground of the anti-clerical forces in whose interests the cable cabal invents "fablegrams." France and England, on the contrary, have been cursed by these enemies of all civilization for many years. The Ferrer uproar amply proved this.

Now let us note other significant circumstances! The Spanish periodical, *Razon y Fé,* another Jesuit publication, reports that *the Grand Orient of France has appealed to all foreign Orients for aid for the Allies,* adding that these latter stand for freedom and progress as opposed to the "obscurantism and reaction" represented by Germany and Austria!

According to *Italia,* published in Milan, a meeting of Italian Freemasons on September 23 declared for war on the side of the Allies! In accordance with instructions of the Grand Master, a volunteer corps for France and another for a landing in Dalmatia are to be organized. Father Baumgarten, who has for some years been stationed in Rome, informs the *Allgemeine Rundschau* (No. 39) that the most vicious enemies of Austria and Germany in Italy are the Masonic journals *Vita* and *Secolo!* The same may be said of a Buenos Aires lodge sheet with reference to Argentina.

Can this enthusiasm of Freemasonry the world over for the Allies be only accidental with an organization which works with "malice aforethought"? Has it no connection with the "liars' trust" and the cable cabal "doctoring" dispatches in London and Paris for many a year?

If it has, then our Catholic organizations are practically powerless to remedy matters. Their "resoluting" and protesting will not materially change matters. Even a general refusal of Catholics to buy papers which throw mud at the Church would not prove entirely effective. To go to the root of the matter, the American Catholics must free themselves from the slavery of anti-Catholic cable agencies, and this, as Father Plater, S.J., has pointed out, means they must secure their own wire, an independent international news service. ANTHONY J. BECK.

Dubuque, Ia.

Italians in the United States

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with great interest the defence of the Italian people's faith printed in a recent issue of AMERICA from the pen of Rev. Joseph Sorrentino, S. J. Like the Reverend writer, I too have lived for many years in Italy, and have learned to see and admire many noble qualities in the Italian people, especially their beautiful devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Also, in my conversations with other American Catholics, I have endeavored to maintain what Father Sorrentino maintains, *viz.*, that the vast majority of Italians are practical Catholics, but I have met with very indifferent success. First of all, against my contention has been invariably urged the patent fact that, in our country at least, the great majority of Italians do not measure up to the accepted definition of a practical Catholic, as one who obeys the

Commandments of God and the precepts of the Church. The logical-minded American Catholic finds it impossible to reconcile practical Catholicity with a positive disregard of that precept of the Church which obliges all Catholics under pain of mortal sin to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation, unless a very serious reason excuses. And what are we who would like to be apologists to answer? We can not deny what almost every Catholic priest tells us, that the Italians in the United States as a rule do not attend Mass regularly. And this condition exists in spite of the fact that many zealous priests have done, and are still doing, all in their power to induce them to attend the Holy Sacrifice, as do Catholics of other nationalities. In fact, I may say from my own personal experience, I know priests who go so far as to throw open the doors of their churches to Italians without asking or expecting any offering from them; and, furthermore, provide them with a priest of their own nationality out of their own resources. This is done, they tell me, in order to remove the objection that Italians sometimes make "that they have to pay"; or "that they do not understand." One would think such generosity would be very fruitful, but these priests tell me they find that out of a colony of perhaps a thousand souls some fifty will attend Mass regularly.

In the face of such stubborn facts from those who know, it will avail me little to state, as has the Reverend writer in his article, "that there are in Naples at least four hundred churches"; "that Mass is said in these churches from five or six o'clock till noon," and "that these Masses are attended by immense crowds." What the American Catholic, and more especially the American priest, wants to have explained is this: If Italian Catholics go to Mass in immense crowds when in Naples, or Rome, or Milan, why do they not do likewise in New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston, where there are to be found densely settled Italian colonies? It is the same Mass, and the same obligation exists. Why have we, therefore, such a small percentage of Italians attending the Holy Sacrifice? Until this is explained away, I see very little to be said for the practical Catholicity of the Italian people with whom Americans have become acquainted. If we say it takes a "public joy" or a "public sorrow to awaken Italian Catholicity, to have churches and shrines decorated," good Catholics who look on will not believe it practical Catholicity, but emotionalism. For, by practical Catholicity they undersand, not the kind that needs an earthquake or other calamity to bring it to life, but the solid faith that manifests itself to the world, in season and out of season, fifty-two Sundays of the year, in the church, and at the Holy Table of the Eucharist.

Furthermore, if you urge the claim that "Italy abounds in well-attended and well-taught Sunday-schools" it is very difficult to find a reason for the widespread ignorance of and indifference to the fundamentals of our holy religion that are evident in the case of so many Italian immigrants to this country. Of course one can not expect to find them all theologians, or trained in apologetics, but one has the right to expect them to show forth their teaching in their lives. "By their fruits you shall know them" must be the test of the religious training in the case of the people of Italy as it is in that of other peoples; and, judged by their fruits in the discharge of their religious duties, little can be said in justification of their Sunday-school education. Then again, if Catholic societies flourish so generally in Italy, to what are Americans to attribute the indisputable fact that Italians, once in this country, gravitate so quickly, and apparently so naturally, to societies whose principles are unalterably opposed to the Catholic Church, and whose banner is not the Cross, but the red flag, or other like emblem of Socialism or anarchy?

I bring forward these difficulties because they are the ones I have so often heard expressed against Italian Catholicity, and for which I have never found any satisfying explanation. It is quite possible Father Sorrentino may be in a position to throw a new light on this subject that will clear up what seems to be a glaring inconsistency between the Catholic lives of the Italians in this country and in Italy. If he will do so, he will be doing something that will be appreciated by me, and I am quite sure by other readers of AMERICA.

Boston, Mass. CATHOLICUS.

Religious Conditions in Italy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will your correspondent, Mr. Herbert Hadley, please give his proofs for two statements in his attack on Father Sorrentino's article about "Religious Conditions in Italy"? I quote from Mr. Hadley's letter in your issue of October 31:

> (1.) Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls beyond the age of sixteen know nothing of their prayers, nothing of their catechism and have never even been instructed for or made their First Communion or Confession.
>
> (2.) Ninety-nine per cent. of them stay away from Mass when they come to this country.

What do our priests say who are working among the Italians?

New York. JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

Workers for Real Social Reform

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a good deal interested in the controversy aroused by certain of your correspondents with regard to the backwardness of the Church at the present time in social reform initiative and leadership, with the innuendo that the Church has always been behind in these matters. Nothing is more amusing to me than the assumption of knowledge as to what the Church is doing and the very definite assertions as to her failure that one sometimes hears from young Catholics, "they may be young in mind, though old in body," who have usually been educated at secular institutions or have drawn their information such as it may be from Protestant sources. The magnificent social work, thank God it was not called that, but just plain charity, the charity that benefits not harms, accomplished by the Guilds and the religious Orders in the past is simply marvelous. They did not call it settlement work, but when I ventured to write of St. Elizabeth of Hungary as a pioneer settlement worker in the thirteenth century, Jacob Riis read a portion of that chapter at the opening of the Neighborhood House of New York. In just the same way the Church is doing an immense amount of social work right now that a great many Catholics who think themselves well informed know nothing of. We have thousands of social workers throughout the country whom we call Sisters and so on. These writers are emphatic in their assertions just in proportion to their ignorance. There is still plenty for Catholics to do, but we should be told of all that by some one who appreciates what is already being done and not by some one who ignores it.

JAMES J. WALSH.

A White List for the Opera

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Much has been said and written about the "White List" for plays, but what about our operas? The songs sung at the public from the musical stage could hardly be included in any white list. Is the representation of immoral themes justified simply because a thousand-dollar-a-night voice does it in rhymes and harmonized notes, or in a "foreign" tongue?

Hoboken, N. J. CANTOR.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914.

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"When Friends Fall Out" in Mexico

Villa and Carranza are in the thick of a hot quarrel. They were ardent lovers once: hence, the fracas abounds in rhetoric. Villa played Romeo; Carranza, Juliette; their balcony was the world: their "cooings" resounded from pole to pole. The one canonized the other: Romeo called Juliette a brave creature, a learned creature and just; Juliette lisped back hero, Napoleon, liberator. The change has come; Carranzistas have exhausted good Spanish, poor French and bad English in denouncing Villa, and with the same intent, are now contemplating the invention of a new language containing nothing but opprobrious epithets and wonder points. Meantime Villa is loading his guns. All this was to be expected: it calls for no comment. There is one feature of the campaign, however, worthy of note. The Carranzistas have opened a news agency in New York to tell people about the iniquity of Villa and the Catholic Church. Their first bulletin is at hand: there is an onslaught on the Church in it. Now do not forget the circumstances. Carranzistas, unreasonable haters of Catholicism, supporters of a faction that destroyed churches, defiled altars, vestments and chalices, murdered priests and ravished Sisters are making out a case against the Church. Their proposition is: "the Church was openly playing politics and, in a most shameless manner, kow-towing to Huerta murderers." That is quite clear: the arguments are equally clear. Here are the words of the official bulletin, printed with all mistakes:

Recently The Catholics of the United States sent a protest to the authorities at Washington, claiming that The Constitutionalists were persecuting The Catholics of Mexico. The letter which we reproduce below shows in what a manner The Catholic Church acted.

This letter openly shows that the Church, although by the constitution barred from the affairs of the state was openly playing politics. It was, in a most shameless manner, kow-towing with the Huerta muderers.

From Arch Bishop Mora to Urrutia—

MEXICO, July 11th, 1913

MY DEAR MINISTER AND FRIEND—

Thanking you for the kind terms of your favor of the 9th inst. which I received yesterday, I beg to assure you once more THAT ALL THE CURATES AND PRIESTS UNDER MY JURISDICTION, in compliance with their duty, will make every effort in order to bring about as soon as possible, the fulfillment of the aspirations of all the good people in this republic, who desire the peace and tranquillity of the beloved country.

I say that they do so in compliance with their duty because the Church desires peace, and to avoid bloodshed, and that all cooperate to the ultimate object of society, which is the well-being of all its members.

In this sense, I shall continue to animate to lose no opportunity to exhort parishioners to help to obtain this great boon.

In order to proceed in all justice, I would like, if you have no objection, to know the name of the person who is working against the government. One word from you on the subject will be sufficient.

I enclose a Memo. of something which may be of use to you, and which has come to my knowledge from trustworthy sources.

With kindest greetings, and assuring you of my sentiments of thankfulness, friendship and respect, I beg to remain

JOSE, Arzobispo de Mexico—

An analysis is now in order. Mexico had been running red with blood: murder and rapine had been rife: Huerta, good or bad, came to power: he was at least a *de facto* president, recognized as such by very many Mexicans and Americans, and by powerful nations skilled in diplomacy: the Archbishop of Mexico, anxious that men and women and children might be spared the horrors of unspeakable, savage strife, wrote to a Minister of State saying that both he and his priests, in accordance with duty, would make every effort to restore the peace and tranquillity so much desired by all decent people, Mexicans and others.

In this holy, manly, patriotic sentiment Carranzistas find an argument to prove "that the Church played politics." "Politics are played" forsooth when a man of God desires peace to save his countrymen from death, and their wives and daughters from worse than death. The Carranzistas have a strong case here. We are crushed into silence.

The second argument is no less crushing: it breaks every bone. This argument is found in these words of the prelate: "In order to proceed in all justice, I would like, if you have no objection, to know the name of the person who is working against the government." In other words, the Archbishop, in the interest of justice asks that any and all priests interfering in politics be reported to him. Since this is true, the Carranzista argument should read: the Archbishop of Mexico was desirous of preventing priests from interfering in politics. Hence the Catholic Church played politics. That is very

plain and convincing. The Carranzistas can now leave the domain of reason, fall back on the imagination and tell the world of cavities under altars filled with corpses, of cellars stacked with arms and ammunition, of nuns immured in underground tombs and so on. The imaginative element in their bulletins will no doubt be as entertaining and instructive as the purely rational element.

"The Butterfly Habit"

"Why is it," asks Mr. George P. Brett in the November *Atlantic Monthly*, "that the American people fail to encourage by purchase and use the best works of our modern authors?" That this is true, he has no doubt. His long experience as a publisher has shown him that solid books are little read nowadays by the 100,000,000 inhabitants of the United States. Books of great scientific interest or historical value find but a few hundred American purchasers. The records of our public libraries indicate that more fiction is read than all other kinds of literature put together, and the novels called for are largely of the "six-best-sellers" type. Mr. Brett heard a certain publisher complain that the selling of books had been curtailed by the cheap magazine, the automobile, the gramophone, the moving-picture and the new dances. The writer remarks:

> This tendency of the times for mere amusement, which my observation seems to show as prevailing among the younger element of to-day, must inevitably be the result of the greatly increased opportunities for excitement and pastime in modern life, which foster what has been aptly termed the butterfly habit of mind. This is born in early years of the "play method" of teaching in school, and strengthened by the habits of a society which votes continued serious conversation a bore.

Close observers will readily agree that this "butterfly habit of mind" is without question a striking characteristic of to-day's young Americans. Reading that requires concentration of mind, conversation that demands intellectual activity, and composition that indicates a cultivated literary taste in the writer, seem rarer accomplishments than they were thirty years ago. The application of false pedagogical theories, and the modern craze for amusement combined with the ease with which it can be gratified are wisely assigned as the chief reasons why reading, conversing and writing, in this old-fashioned meaning, are becoming obsolete. It is now too late, perhaps, to teach those born twenty years ago how to think, talk, read and write, too late to show them what to admire and love. But the children of to-day can be made proficients in these highly important branches. Parents, therefore, should see that the boys and girls God has given them are not deprived of this training.

"The New Reformation of 1914"

The day of grace has dawned. The new reformation has begun. It started in Des Moines, the nursing mother of the Knights of Luther, the home too, of one Spurgeon, a brawling anti-Catholic agitator of strong lungs and a vivid imagination.

Like most movements of this kind the reformation is to take place by a gentle process of annihilation, through suffocation, a popular method of evangelization with some folk. The people to be reformed are Catholics: that of course goes without saying. Here is the plan of action:

> The New Reformation of 1914.
>
> Dear Friend:—
>
> To save America from the fate of Spain, Portugal, South America, Mexico and the Philippines, you are asked by an unknown friend to make four copies of this letter. Mail two to friends, the third copy to some politician and the fourth to some newspaper—all unsigned. You are also asked to mutually agree with *Ten Million Other Patriots:*
>
> (1.) To employ only Protestants as maids, confidential clerks or private secretaries and advise others to do the same.
> (2.) To encourage and seek out Protestants in business.
> (3.) To encourage and read such papers as are free from Roman Catholic free advertising and influence.
> (4.) To remain away from motion picture shows or theatres which show offensive or biased religious pictures or plays.
> (5.) To support for office only such persons as stand for Free Speech, a Free Press, and a complete separation of Church and State.
> (6.) To assist in Federating all Patriotic and Fraternal Orders who are opposed to the things we stand for and be a "Free Man" in a Free country (*sic*).
>
> Signed A Patriot.

What will come of this? Other reformations ended in deep potations, illegal marriages and ill-gotten goods.

Christianity and the War

> Three hundred thousand church spires raised to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into His service! And—war to the death of them all!

Thus exclaims John Galsworthy in *Scribner's Magazine*. He beholds the nations praying to God for the destruction of one another. He already sees the reeling subversion that must follow when the tumult is ended and men return to their sound senses. "When this war is over and reason resumes its sway our dogmas will be found to have been scored through forever." Mystic Christianity, or the Christianity of dogma, long in dying, will then be dead forever. He can not say what is to take its place, something, however, that may be described as "the divine element in man, the God within the human soul," something, in brief, that we can best define as pantheistic humanitarianism, so popular in our day.

There is nothing new in these remarks. We quote them only as the latest utterance of their kind. Similar prophecies of the immediate destruction of the Church were made with no less confidence in many other centuries of the Christian era. The suppositions underlying the present accusations against her may be reduced to two. Either she has been directly instrumental in causing the war, or she has already outlived her usefulness as a factor able to hold in restraint the passions of men.

As Catholics we have no wish to defend every so-called form of Christianity, vaguely referred to under that name. We know that there is only one Church founded by Christ, that to Peter alone were given the keys of His kingdom, that to the Catholic Church alone, the Church of the Apostles, belongs the promise of the perpetual indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Is the Catholic Church then, or are her children responsible for the present war? The assertion has been plainly made. We need only ask in our turn: Are the governments of Germany or England Catholic? Are the statesmen of France or Russia Catholics? Belgium surely did not originate the war. Austria, though largely Catholic, is honeycombed with infidelity in its government departments. What then has been the attitude of the Catholics engaged in the war? They have simply obeyed orders. They have done their duty to their respective countries as best they understood it. Whoever may be at fault, their own escutcheon is without blot.

The Church, therefore, has not been responsible for the war. Has she, however, shown herself useless to humanity in not averting it? The Church, we may answer, has been impotent only in so far as men have turned away from her, have refused to listen to her voice. She still remains, as she must ever remain, the one divine institution to purify the world, to combat vice under every form, to restrain the unruly passions of men. But they are free to neglect her warnings as they were permitted even to crucify her Christ. There is no constraint of the will in God's service. How the Church has successfully curbed the concupiscences of man can best be illustrated by the lives of those in every age, our own not excepted, who have listened to her doctrines and practised her counsels—the saints of God without number. What then is the true cause of the evils of the world? It is nothing else than the same principle which underlies the pantheistic humanitarianism of our day, the idolizing of self. It was the beginning of the first fall from grace. It cast the angels from heaven and man out of paradise. Even to-day that new form of paganism, which cries out in horror at the abominations of war, sanctions without remorse the far worse and more widely destructive and abhorrent practice of the murder of the innocents.

But in her prayers, the Church, we are told, contradicts herself. Catholics of every nation are beseeching God for victory. He must be deaf to one side, if He would hear the other. Such misconceptions rest upon a complete ignorance of the prayer that is made for temporal favors. Catholics are taught that no such prayer is absolute. It is always conditioned by the dominant desire that God's wise and holy will be done. This prayer can never be lost or left unheard. It must bring its blessings upon conquerors and conquered. For temporal favors denied it may obtain the greater riches of spiritual bounties. The most highly favored may possibly be those who in the world's eye have been rejected, even as the prayer of Christ in the Garden was thus treated by the Eternal Father. The Church is ever consistent with herself. Her own prayer is for peace and not for war, but above all it is for the coming of God's kingdom upon earth, however victory or defeat may finally be apportioned.

Real Americans

Real Americans are much in evidence to-day. They always are at election time: that is to be expected, for after all the safety of the country depends on them. Their tactics, too, are much the same as they were last year and the year before, and ten years ago. For a while they worked in secret doing their best to discredit honorable men who stood for public office. At last they came into the open, blinked for a time at God's light, then called one another "liars," "crooks," "touts," "thieves," but through all this interchange of amenities they never forget the "Papist" nominees. Many lessons could be learned from this. There are a few to which attention should be drawn. The people who employ such tactics are "Real Americans." There is scarcely one of them without a hyphenated name. That should never be forgotten. Nor should it be forgotten that Catholics are to pay taxes, go to war, accept calumny meekly, but not dare stand for public office. The "Real Americans" will not tolerate such a monstrous thing. They own the country: we are their foot-stools.

I Have Made Up My Mind

Crystals are beautiful things. Many precious stones are crystals. The diamond is a crystal, and the quartz family sparkles in a variety of colors on cuffs and neckties and rings, and wherever else the adventitious aids of nature's quarries can accentuate native beauty by a new attraction or relieve the eye for the absence of beauty by a distracting substitute. Crystals are as wonderful in their birth as they are glorious in their full growth. They solidify out of molten masses or marshal along their rigid lines when some liquid evaporates or, more rarely, start into being from condensed vapors. It is a never ceasing source of wonder to see the multitude of molecules move into lines like well-drilled soldiers.

Crystals are usually handsome, but they are always hard and they have sharp edges and follow rigid lines and protrude into awkward points. Now if crystals had brains and a tongue in addition to their other fine qualities, they would find it hard not to be proud. They would at once be put with that class of people which is also likely to be rigid and hard and angular, the people who have made up their mind. It would be desirable to add the crystals to this family of crystallized souls. They might impart some of their beauty to their human counterparts, who do not furnish us with many precious stones or desirable ornaments.

The process of making up one's mind is mysterious indeed. If the process were put in other more intelligible terms, the makers might not flatter themselves so often upon what they have made. "I have made up my mind," is in most cases only a self-deception, a diamond statement of a charcoal reality. You should rather say you are set on having your own way, that nothing can change you, that there is very little reasoning of the mind but much stubbornness of the will in what you are pleased to think you have made up. Like your brother crystals you have cooled from some fiery state, in your case, one of anger or resentment; you have sharpened an edge on your tongue; you have developed a very stony, if very bright, look in the eye, and all your features have hardened into rigid lines. If you have made up your mind, there is no need of clenching the fists; the nails may hurt the palm. There is no need of gritting the teeth; by that you gratify no one but the dentist. The two ways in which mankind commonly comes into touch with crystals are found in the form of ice and sand-paper, and these are cold and rough articles. It is, as crystallographers tell us, the molecular constitution of matter which is responsible for crystals, and if you who have made up your mind into ice or fractured quartz on sand-paper, could look into the molecules of your so-called mind, you would find strange lines of force. Jealousy and spite and prejudices and pique and selfishness, these are the builders of human crystals.

Happily such are not always the forces making up men's minds. The Catholic who has made up his mind about the truths of his faith in obedience to God's word is a precious stone and may be as unyielding as you will. The happy couple who make up their minds at God's altar with God's blessings are a constellation of jewels; they are twin crystals and may their made up minds know no cleavage! It comes to this then that it all depends upon the mindmaker. If error or malice are the mindmakers, then mere hardness is no excellence. Herod made up his mind to cut off the head of the Baptist because of those at table, and Pilate resolved upon a worse murder because the voices of the mob prevailed. If, however, truth and goodness give firmness and beauty to the mind, if the will hardens into solidity out of the fire of charity, then adamantine infrangibility gives an added lustre to your fairness of soul. You are a crusader who bears a blood-red cross and have made up your mind because God wills it.

LITERATURE

Robert Hugh Benson

Monsignor Benson's Catholic life almost exactly synchronized with the reign of Pius X. Received into the Church September 11, 1903, he passed to his reward October 19, 1914. He was raised to the priesthood in Rome in 1904; and the Holy Father's grief over the lights that were falling from high places was assuaged by the sight of a bright young intellect, original and vigorous, coming forth from the Protestant Primacy of England to take up the championship of Christ and, with the most effective of modern weapons, to fight the battles of His Church in the newest avenues of life. The equal years that were given him were hardly less packed with achievement in his sphere than the full years of Pius.

In the decade of his priesthood he preached and lectured widely, up and down England, in Rome and Ireland and America; and between times he issued some twenty-five volumes, so artistically set and phrased that many will live in literature, and so uniformly wholesome and helpful that the inspiring eloquence of his voice and personality will continue long to preach from their pages. He had imagination and artistic tastes and a many-sided intellect, and a pen facile to translate the varied and subtle reaches of mind and fancy into clear and flowing phrase; but he never wrote for the sake of writing. He had a message from the King, which he begun to deliver only when the King had explained it, and he delivered it in such varying language as those for whom it was given could best understand. The key to it is found in the story of his preparatory struggles toward its acquisition, "The Confessions of a Convert." This is not merely a "human document" nor a controversial tract. The forces of grace that made Benson a Catholic despite himself, and then opened the floodgates of his powers and guided the wide-spreading stream through safe and fertilizing courses, are so visualized in and between the lines that they seem rising from the page to operate in like manner on the soul of the reader.

Reared in the citadel of Protestantism amid a cultured and literary family, fed on the very best that the highest Protestant cul ure has to give in school and university, and trained religiously with special care by the head of the Church of England, the fourth son of the Archbishop of Canterbury found at twenty-one that though he had been always obedient to his father's teachings, whom he loved and revered, his "religion had no spark in it of real vitality." It was an impersonal, objective thing that impelled him neither to fear God nor love him, permitted him to dabble in hypnotism, theosophy, spiritualism, skepticism, with whatever friend attracted him, and also to take orders in the Anglican establishment. Meanwhile he had read and traveled widely, climbed the Alps, steered the Cambridge eight, played half-back in football, and remained untouched by the moral evils that obtained in the best collegiate society. His mind was kept free of morbidity and open to the influx of grace. A retreat given soon after his ordination by Father Maturin, then one of the "Cowley Fathers," disclosed to him for the first time the Christian doctrine and Sacraments as an orderly scheme, springing inevitably from the Incarnation; and his subsequent travels, in 1897, through Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, bringing home to him the isolation of Anglicanism and the identity of Catholicity everywhere, awakened the suspicion that this was the scheme of Christ. He received the first shock of conversion in a little mud-chapel in Egypt, and the second when on the road to Damascus he read that Father Maturin had become a Catholic. But his response was less ready than Saul's. He returned eager to drown his doubts in active preaching and social work among the poor, the reading of anti-Catholic works, and in high ritualistic services; and all this failing, he entered the Anglican Community of the Resurrection.

He had "dedicated himself once and for all in the highest vocation open to man," he found the community edifying and congenial and doctrinally consistent, he went forth preaching missions in the slums to large audiences whose confessions he heard for many hours a day, he saw evidences of grace multiplying beneath his hand, and for two years he was happy. But the missions brought him into a nearer realization of Anglican incoherency—"hints and fragments and aspirations detached from their centre and reconstructed into a purely human edifice"

—and despite himself he got beyond his community. Only Papal Infallibility detained him; and a study of the Petrine texts made him wonder why he had not seen before that there is nothing more manifest in Scripture. Still he fought, and consulted every Anglican of weight; but grace was fighting, too, and not even the disloyal rebuff of a supposedly Catholic authority could conquer it. Arguments no longer availed. He knew that Catholicity was the system that Christ gave "because it worked"; it was for all always, and a child could understand it and know its duties, as Catholic children do. It was "humility and singleness of heart" that wrought conversion, not subtle distinctions; and so he "strove against despair, the very antichrist of humility," and made his submission with the little ones of Christ.

Kindness and liberty he had had, but that liberty was intolerable slavery. He needed not freedom to change his grasp on truth, but a truth that should make him free; not "broad ways of pleasantness, but the narrow Way that is Truth and Life." On the one side stood his old mistress, loving and loved, claiming him by every human tie; on the other, the Bride of Christ, dominant with light and power, claiming him because the Lord, of Whom she was the Bride and he was a son, had said: "Take this child away and nurse it for Me and I will give thee thy wages." Her he chose, for he feared the condemnation: "Unless a man leave his father and mother and all that he hath, he can not be My disciple." He left so much that was dear, subjectively and objectively, that his conversion is no weak argument in itself for Catholic truth; but there is still stronger argument in that which he found. He found certainty of sacramental grace, and the truth and love and liberty of Christ growing ever larger and sweeter, and his own powers expanding a hundred-fold under their sway. Giving all to Christ he had always more to give.

"The Light Invisible," which he wrote in 1902 as a sedative to his doubts, intending it to "hit the water-line" between Anglicanism and Catholicity, he later disliked for that reason. This must have been largely subjective, for it is an exquisite story and quite as Catholic as his later tales of the spiritual borderland in "A Mirror of Shalott." Unsatisfied by mystical experiments, he turned to the question of the Church's warrant for its teachings, and applying his conclusions to a decisive, concrete instance, wrote "By What Authority," finishing the last chapters **after** he had accepted as Divine the authority of the Catholic Church. Its success inspired his great historical series. "Come Rack, Come Rope," covers the same Elizabethan period, showing a deeper and tenderer appreciation of the poignant and pathetic heroisms of the children of the Faith; "The King's Achievement" goes back to Henry VIII's initial revolt against authority; "The Queen's Tragedy" portrays Mary's attempt to reestablish it; and "Oddsfish," the last legacy of his genius, unfolds how the Popish Plot frightened the weak and spasmodic velleities of Charles II into permitting Authority and its heroes to be trampled down again in shame and blood. As historical portraits these five novels are unequaled in English romance. They are true both to history and the deeper truths of inner thought and fundamental verity; and merely as novels, they have the essential quality, which Scott's do not now possess, of compelling interest. They will be read, regardless of their religious and moral value, and therefore this value is incalculably widened and intensified. With them may be classified the fifteenth century mystical story of "Richard Raynal" and the "Lord of the World" and "Dawn of All," which project into the future the cosmic development of Christian and of anti-Christian principles.

It was because he wanted God's message not only to go forth but to be heard that he conveyed it chiefly through the novel. His intimate experience of the evil consequences of heresy in our day inspired the "Sentimentalists" and "Conventionalists," "The Necromancers" and "The Coward." The demands of Faith, from without and within, are pictured in "The Average Man," "Initiation" and "The Winnowing," and "None Other Gods" is a twentieth century translation of "Richard Raynal." They are as faithful a picture of our age as are the historical novels of the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, constituting a gallery of persons, places, peoples, events, phases of thought, faith and heresies, fads, fancies, follies, glory and shame and pain and noble visions, that is as artistically pleasing as it is vast and comprehensive. No class or phase is missing. A review of remarkable insight, in the July and August *Catholic World*, notes that Mgr. Benson is accused of excluding Jesuits from his tableaux. Blessed Edmund Campion's splendid figure in "By What Authority" and "Come Rack, Come Rope" would alone suffice, had not his sympathetic sketch of Father Persons, his fine general tribute in "Initiation," and his making the Jesuit victims of the Oates Plot the real heroes of his latest and finest story, done full justice to the Society of Jesus.

Even this marvelous fecundity of fictional propaganda could not fill the measure of his zeal. "Papers of a Pariah," representing a friendly outsider's view of the Church and its working, "Confessions," "Non-Catholic Denominations" and "The Religion of a Plain Man" are eminently useful for controversial purposes, containing no word, however strong, that could grieve a friend or hurt a foe. His plays of the Nativity and the English Martyrs, his sketch of Lourdes and life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, his two volumes of Lenten lectures, and numerous articles, essays and brochures, do not exhaust the list of services his pen had rendered for "The Friendship of Christ." This was his master passion; and Death was the moment in which he was wont to set its climax. Death, he wrote, "is sweet and friendly as a firelit hall into which men may see from the darkness outside," and, in the last words of his last published discourse, "'To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' My Friend is mine at last. And I am His." Surely he who, neglecting the warnings of that disease to which he too soon succumbed, poured out his vitality for his Friend, has found Him.

M. KENNY, S.J.

REVIEWS

Trees and Other Poems. By JOYCE KILMER. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

It occurs so seldom in these days that trained literary ability is employed in the graceful service of Catholic ideals that it is a pleasure to recommend in these pages the new book of poems by Mr. Joyce Kilmer. We trust that it will not have to be said of him, as it has been said of Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson, that he has found his best and widest appreciation among those to whom his faith and his ideals were most alien.

These poems, be it understood, are no idle and forced exercises in versification. There is a freshness of genuine poetical impulse on nearly every page. Without being a departure from poetic traditions the poems exhibit spontaneously the distinction of individuality. Yet it is not easy to define the peculiar qualities in Mr. Kilmer's verse which give it its newness of music. It is simple and direct, yet not without subtle magic; it seems to be artlessly naïve, yet it possesses deep undercurrents of masculine and forceful thought; it is ethical in its seriousness, and yet as playful and light-hearted as sunlight and shadows under summer oaks. The supreme impression perhaps left on the reader of these poems is of a high sincerity which can afford to be frank and natural without fearing to imperil sanctities.

The commonplace character of many of the subjects may surprise some readers, for instance, "Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy"; "Delicatessen"; "The Twelve-Forty-Five"; "The Apartment House." The Wordsworthian test of skill involved in the poetic treatment of prosaic themes is not easy. The original inventor failed to meet it successfully in one or two cases. But we are much mistaken if Mr.

Kilmer's hardihood has not been justified by his achievement in every instance. A real creative faculty has transfigured these every-day objects of modern life, and we are enabled to see them in a newer and more truthful light than before. Thus the concluding stanzas of a fine poem, with the unpromising title "Delicatessen," will very likely help us to see the prosaic shopman in a new and—who will gainsay it?—the true way:

O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we, Thy children blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?

Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes that we may see
Beneath the shopmen's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity.

Here is a poet, moreover, who does not feel obliged to seek exotic subjects for his song in the moral order any more than in the material. He does not crave for attention by depicting the cultivated horrors of a soul that has damned itself. His cleanness of ideal revolts from the unholy juggling of the decencies before satyr-audiences; and he is moved to exclaim in his address "To Certain Poets":

You strut and smirk your little while
So mildly, delicately vile!

Your tiny voices mock God's wrath,
You snails that crawl along His path!

Why, what has God or man to do
With wet, amorphous things like you?

This thing alone you have achieved:
Because of you it is believed

That all who earn their bread by rhyme
Are like yourselves, exuding slime.

Oh, cease to write for very shame
Ere all men spit upon your name.

Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men.

The vigor of this denunciation is all the more forcible because it appears among poems as sweet and odorous as a day in spring. But Mr. Kilmer's conception of a true poet—and it is the right conception, and constitutes the basis of the only hope we have for the future of English poetry—causes, while it excuses, his bitter indignation. Elsewhere he gives expression to that conception in rememberable lines:

Vain is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal Bread and Wine.

In the beautiful dedicatory sonnet to his mother, Mr. Kilmer writes:

Take, then, a little gift of fragile rhyme:
Your heart will change it to authentic song.

The reviewer does not hesitate to predict that sterner and less partial critics will also find here the note of authentic song. J. J. D.

The Works of Father Frederick Faber. Centenary Edition. 12 vols. New York: Benziger Brothers. $0.75 each.

On the twenty-eighth of last June exactly one hundred years had elapsed since the birth of Father Faber, that priest whose name is a household word in the mouths of English-speaking Catholics, and the issue of the centenary edition of his complete works is singularly opportune. Quite apart from Faber's position as a spiritual guide, writer of ascetical works and hymnologist, the man himself stands at the dawning of that Second Spring of English Catholicism. The dark night of the Penal Days had barely passed when he was born, and at the time when he left the Church of England the hour had come for English Catholicism to stand forth boldly to repair the waste places in the spiritual Zion.

Faber presents Catholic truth as a thing of intense vitality; it becomes a mighty flood, sweeping everything before it, and bearing along the burden of the ages. But perhaps this is nowhere more emphasized than in Faber's hymns, which are typical of him and of his time. Faber was not a great poet, and the larger number of his hymns are hardly to be rated higher than pious ditties; this, for their academic bearing. But consider. The Church in England had just emerged from the state of a persecuted remnant, and the blood of the martyrs had hardly become dry. There were practically no hymns in the vernacular, and Faber's hymns were really the first attempt of importance to provide a popular collection. Such has been their popularity that many of them have appeared in almost every English Protestant hymnal; and if the writer did not attain to poetic heights he has left some masterpieces which have become almost immortal. What a world of sentiment and truth, for instance, is contained in the verses beginning:

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword.

Such hymns are the noblest crown of Father Faber.

H. C. W.

The Red Ascent. By ESTHER W. NEILL. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. $1.00.

When we first meet in this story Dick Matterson, a convert, he is all but crushed under the necessity of giving up his preparation for the priesthood in order to assist his family, who have lost everything but an unproductive estate and aristocratic tastes. Betty, a pleasure-loving sister, who adores horses and hates dishwashing; a crabbed father who earned a colonelcy in the Civil War, but nothing since; Jeff Wilcox, lawyer and devoted friend, and a neighbor's charming daughter, heiress to Texas lands which the Colonel declares were stolen from his father, are other prominent characters in the tale. The story of Dick's dogged determination to bring order and something like prosperity out of chaos and poverty, and of his temptation to seize the "beauty, the love, the liberty that the world offers," sacrificed once, denied him now by poverty, but still attainable by effort, is rapid, vivid and convincing; and though touched by pathos, as in capable hands it must be, is relieved by flashes of delightful humor.

"The Red Ascent" is a little sketchy in the earlier parts through a laudable but unnecessary attempt to spare the reader tiresome details, but the story's interest never flags. The last reading that Dick had heard before he left the seminary recited how cliffs outside Jerusalem had been the bloody battle-ground of so many warring chiefs that they were called "The Red Ascent." "Can not the path of every man, who struggles to attain the heights of idealism," he asked himself, "be likened to that bloody road?" The way before him, to be cleared by plough and spade and axe, he dubbed the "Black Descent," but found that even this can lead upward to the heights. Mrs. Neill's book is a strong, readable story, with little preachment in the lines, but much between them to please and enrich the memory. A. E. M.

Hoof and Claw. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35.

"And Wing and Fin" might have been added to the title of this new book, for fin and wing, as well as claw and hoof,

figure in this series of animal stories. Bear, minx, bison, fox, eagle, trout, wolf, elk, ram, lynx, otter, moose, sucker, fish-hawk—all these come in for their share of attention. The atmosphere is distinctly that of Nature's wilds, the mountains, the woods, the air. The author knows all the territory with interested intimacy, and has traversed the same country in his former works. He makes you feel at home with nature. The life depicted is almost wholly that of the beasts of the field; even the few human characters in the book are subordinated to their animal neighbors. If the degree of "intelligence" attributed to the animals is at times marvelous, it is believed that this is rather for the story's effect than an indication of the author's belief; but "that unknown and quite incalculable sense which seems to have its seat in the fine hairs on the back of one's neck, and in the skin of the cheeks," for being mentioned so often, leads one to suspect that there is more than quiet humor meant, though of the latter the author has a fund.

The gamut of the emotions is run in the book. Sadness is found in "The Trail of the Vanishing Herds"; awe in "Runners of the High Peaks"; humor in "Up a Tree"; weirdness in "Shadows and John Hatch." One must like the style of the stories, but, if not accustomed to Mr. Roberts' vocabulary, may be startled at such words as "glams" and "splangency," and have a lurking suspicion that Lewis Carroll may have had a share in the book's composition. But the author is speaking the language of the woods, and for this such are technical, rather than pedantic. If the book has any other purpose than interest, or devotion to nature, it is by no means evident. "Shadows and John Hatch," which furnishes the subject for the frontispiece to the illustrator of the book, Paul Bransom, is perhaps the best of the stories.

C. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The following books, which are being brought out this fall by English publishers, will soon be appearing, no doubt, on this side of the Atlantic: From Washbourne come "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough," "The Duchess Ilsa," by E. Vernon Blackburn, and "What Faith Really Is," by Father H. G. Graham. From Sands & Co., "New Testament Stories," by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., and "Norah of Waterford," by Rosa Mulholland." Longmans announces "The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation," by Mgr. Ward; "The Romanticism of St. Francis," by Father Cuthbert, and "The Upper Room," a drama of Christ's Passion by the late Mgr. Benson. Cassell will publish "What of To-day?" by Father Bernard Vaughan, and "The Wisdom of Father Brown," by G. K. Chesterton, while Smith Elder will bring out "Molly," a novel by Katherine Tynan, and "The Ways of Miss Barbara," by Mr. and Mrs. Castle.

The *Bookman's* list of the six novels that were most widely read in this country during the month of September is a sad indication that the general public's taste in reading is by no means improving. "The Eyes of the World," the first of the six, as has been already remarked in these columns, though a well-meant protest against morbid "realism" is likely to do more harm than good. "The Auction Block," which comes next, is an exposure of the life in the New York underworld, particularly of that portion associated with the stage. That a book so full of vicious characters and disgusting scenes should be a "best seller" is very disheartening. With "The Prince of Graustark," the third of the six, we rise at once to a much higher level. The story, as was said in our issue of September 12, while improbable enough, is clean, healthy and interesting. In "Hidden Children," the facile Mr. Chambers' thirty-eighth novel, he makes his leading characters' morals a little better perhaps than is usual with him—which is faint praise—and leads the reader through 650 weary pages. But having once produced a "best-seller," it is apparently quite easy to repeat the performance. "The Twenty-fourth of June," the fifth book on the list, was noticed favorably in AMERICA for September 5. It is gratifyingly free from the objectionable qualities that abound in "The Devil's Perch," the last of the *Bookman's* "best-sellers," which is merely the story of two married women's intrigues. The publishers announce that "this novel has never been printed in a periodical or a newspaper." That is something at least to be thankful for. Unhappily, however, it has now been published as a book.

What was perhaps the last work to which the late Mgr. Benson put his hand is "Vexilla Regis" (Longmans), a special book of devotions and intercessions on behalf of all affected by the war. Though his physician had made him cancel all engagements till Christmas, the state of Mgr. Benson's health did not cause his friends great anxiety. He died of heart failure, at Bishop's House, Salford.

Among recent books for the young are Mary Agnes Finn's "A Broken Rosary and Other Stories" (Benziger, $1.15), an edifying volume for Catholic girls; C. M. Home's "The Worst Boy in the School" (Benziger, $0.45), which tells how a lad's unamiable disposition was changed by kindness; "The Conversion of Cæsare Putti" (Benziger, $0.45); W. Hall-Patch's improving tale of St. Philip Neri's times, and Worthington Green's "The Boy Fugitives in Mexico" (Houghton, $1.25), the story of two Americans of sixteen, who do deeds of prowess that many a gray-haired campaigner would be proud to have achieved.

Those industrious authors C. N. and A. M. Williamson have finished in "A Soldier of the Legion" (Doubleday, $1.35) their fifteenth novel. *La Legion Etrangére,* that Algerian regiment made up of men of various classes, races and "pasts," would seem to offer much richer material for a romance than these authors were able to find. They have "gotten up" their subject well and give a great deal of interesting information about barrack-life in Northern Africa, but the story is ill constructed and its characters do not always act like human beings. The book opens well and promises to be quite absorbing, but several persons who are introduced with a great flourish soon disappear to make way for others less interesting, and some of the situations in the story are far from edifying.

"Little Eve Edgarton" (Century, $1.00) a marvelous maiden whose story is told by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, does so "want a house, and the things that go with a house; a cat, and the things that go with a cat; kittens, and the things that go with kittens; saucers of cream, and the things that go with saucers of cream; ice-chests—and". Here her heavy lashes assert their charming habit of coming "shading down across her cheeks." She is a unique successor to "Molly Make-Believe." The characters in the story are hardly human, and their words and actions would scarcely be tolerated among refined men and women; but "Little Eve" is a delightful contrast.

Mr. Stephen Graham having finished a pilgrimage to Jerusalem now makes one to New York. From Liverpool he takes passage in the steerage with a crowd of "Poor Immigrants to America" (Macmillan, $2.00), who for the most part are Russian peasants. After arriving here he goes tramping through the Middle West in search of good "copy." The author's impressions of America are interesting, but not very profound. He contrived to avoid meeting educated people and made the remarkable discovery that "the Negro's way of speaking has become the way of most ordinary Americans." "I remember always that I am a 'booster'" appears to Mr. Graham to be the chief tenet of the American creed. The book is fully illustrated.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:

The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by the Fathers of the English Province. Part III. Third Number qq LX-LXXXIII. $2.00; Popular Sermons on the Catechism. From the German of Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Vol. I. $1.50.

Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York:

Lady Rumdidoodledum's Children. By S. B. Dinkelspiel. $1.00; The Curly-Haired Hen. Text and Illustrations by A. Vimar. Translated by Nora K. Hills. $0.75.

Devin, Adair Co., New York:

Yourself and the Neighbors. By Seumas MacManus. $1.25; Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences. By Katherine Tynan. $3.50.

George H. Doran Co , New York:

Trees and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. $1.00; The Author's Craft. By Arnold Bennett. $0.75.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:

Appearances. By G. Lowes Dickenson. $1.00; A Soldier of the Legion. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. $1.35.

J. Fischer & Bro., New York:

Motets by Rene Becker; Tui Sunt Coeli; Laetentur Coeli. $0.12 each; Mass in Honor of St. Barbara. $0.80; Mass in Honor of St. Benedict. $0.80.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

The Doers. By William John Hopkins. $1.00; The Birds' Christmas Carol. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $0.60; Is Conscience an Emotion. By Hastings Rashdall. $1.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:

Oddsfish. By Robert Hugh Benson. $1.35.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:

Drift and Mastery. By Walter Lippmann. $1.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico. By Ellsworth L. Kolb. $2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Who is Responsible? By Cloudesley Brereton. $0.50.

Student Volunteer Movement, New York:

Students and the World-wide Expansion of Christianity. Edited by Fennell P. Turner.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

The Seven Champions of Christendom. By F. J. Harvey Darton. $1.35; The Story of Greece. By Mary Macgregor. $2.50; Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.35.

Yale University Press:

The Influence of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius and Aristides. By Henry Mortimer Hubbell. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Is Johnny Overworked?

When Johnny comes marching home from school, he does not ordinarily exhibit, in manner or appearance, those signs of "fatigue" with which certain recent theorizers in pedagogy have been pleased to invest the vespertinal schoolboy. If he lives in a small town, he has probably had the delicious joy of kicking an old tin-can through sundry arcs and ricochets for several blocks. Probably, too, he has covered some part of his homeward journey "hooked onto" a grocery wagon, warily regarding a menacing driver uttering dire threats. Quite possibly, after many dares and counter-dares, he has knocked the chip from some youthful shoulder, and allowed the high joy of battle to surge into his young soul. A whistle or a shrill call, the sound of altercations with the cook, preserving her household gods against assault, the scurrying of hasty feet, and the banging of doors; these are the familiar echoes which announce Johnny's safe arrival to the maternal ear. Hungry, he is; yet this is a chronic state, and no alarming symptom of decay. The more pressing wants of his inner being assuaged, he is off again to knock out flies, to play football, to coast, to skate, to engage whole-heartedly in the sports dictated by the season of the year. A boy is ready to face life, keen and undaunted, only after he has left school and its memories behind him. A keen eye, a seeing eye, invested with prepossessions, is required to discern in Johnny even the first traces of fatigue.

That's all very well, says the theorist, but I was not referring to physical fatigue. Johnny's muscles may not be tired, and yet it may be quite true that his mental powers have been pushed, during the day, to the limit of their endurance. This process, repeated day by day, will ultimately work harm to his nervous system, and by consequence to his general health. Putting my objection definitely, I should say, first, that the school hours are too long for our children from seven to twelve years old; next, that the length of the school year might profitably be curtailed, and finally, that the curriculum of the grade school is over-crowded.

These objections, as practical educators will recognize, are not factitious. On more than one occasion they have been urged seriously upon the attention both of educators and of the public. There is some truth in them, but their close alliance with the prevalent idea that mental work is bad for the school-boy, and that he should be taught through his fingers rather than through his brain, weakens their force in the minds of practical school-men who are well acquainted with actual school conditions. The public opinion which once bore with over-severity in the conduct of popular schools is now swinging to the other extreme. The American school-boy, says Dr. Perkins, is treated as a rare and delicate plant. That he should plow his way through the snow to school, is not to be thought of. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand brings up a vision of Johnny with wet feet, and dreadful colds, and refuge is taken in the excuse that one can not be too careful about Johnny's lungs, strong and vigorous as they would now seem to be. At the slightest sign of indisposition, he is kept at home, and probably put to bed. If he does get to school, he is not allowed to work more than four or five hours a day, or four or five days a week. Great care is to be taken that he does not strain his eyes with over-much reading, or that his mental poise is not unbalanced by too much study. These and similar practices do not appeal to Dr. Charles L. Dana, of the Cornell Medical School, who in recent issues of the New York *Sun*, has been discussing the results of his investigations on fatigue in school children. He finds that coddling mothers and "house-broken" fathers are too quick to adopt the "caressing attitude" toward their children, at the very time when a carefully considered firmness is most necessary for the child's proper mental and moral development. They think, apparently, that study is a dangerous thing for a boy, that persistent brain-work should be allowed him only under the most careful conditions, and taken away from him on the least excuse.

> Now as a matter of fact, this is absolutely wrong. Mental work is not only healthful for a growing child, but it is absolutely beneficial. There is nothing so important for him as to be impelled to do hard work, and to finish thoroughly a given task. If he works with the idea that the minute the sensation of ennui comes upon him, he should stop, his work will never be thorough or effective. . . . The European idea is, that after the age of ten a child is able to do hard work and ought to do it. The American idea is, that it is able to do some work and ought to be persuaded to do it.

Obliging members of the medical fraternity, Dr. Dana finds, have done their share in spreading the delusion that school children are generally over-worked. "Teachers have told me that their desks were loaded with doctors' certificates, advising this or that pupil to have a rest, or to be excused from a study that he did not like." Without doubt, serious harm both to mind and body may be the results of methods that are too exacting, but the effects of an unwise indulgence are far more disastrous. It is better that a child should suffer now and then, from "brain fatigue" than that he should never be trained to use his brain at all. Dr. Dana asserts that in his practice extending over thirty years, he has met with but one case of break-down from what was said to be over-study, and that in this case, the youth was restored to health by providing him with a pair of glasses.

Dr. Dana's investigations make it abundantly clear that the pupils of the English, French and German schools undergo a training far more severe than that to which American children are subjected. If little Johnny were named Otto Kaulen, and

if he lived, say, at Berlin, he would go to school for forty-five weeks a year. His bright and happy face would gladden the teacher's heart every morning at eight o'clock promptly, and under his or her tuition, he would remain for six hours, except on Wednesday and Saturday, when he would be dismissed after four hours of work. Johnny, as we know him in America, has a school year of from thirty-five to forty weeks, or about 190 five-hour days. The German school year is from five to ten weeks longer. Exclusive of religious instruction, the German school-boy's week numbers 1,635 minutes; Johnny's week has about 1,312 minutes. There are a thousand hours in the American school year; one thousand five hundred, in the German year of forty-five weeks. In addition to this, the German boy is usually in the grade school, by the time Johnny's mother, or the principal of the school, is thinking of promoting Johnny from the Kindergarten. In France and England, much the same conditions are found. The French school year has from forty-two to forty-five weeks, five days a week, and six hours a day. The English school year contains, on an average, two hundred five or six-hour days. The results of this intensive training as Dr. Perkins mournfully views the matter in the Yale *Review*, is that by the time the American boy is eighteen or nineteen years old, he is at the very least, two years behind the German, French or English boy.

One may find some consolation in this sorrowful conclusion by reflecting that statistics are proverbially misleading. Moreover, what may fit the temperament of the European child, and be found quite consonant with his surroundings, may be wholly unsuited to the child of American environment and tradition. But after all, is this special problem of retardation to be solved by giving the children more time in school? Some degree at least, of the backwardness which Dr. Perkins finds in American boys and girls, many experienced teachers will attribute, not so much to a too brief school year, as to the poorly arranged programs of study forced upon the elementary schools. After all, education is a process of training. Training implies concentration, and the attempt made in our schools to concentrate the child's mind upon six, seven or eight poorly correlated subjects, is an attempt to do the impossible. The result is not concentration, but dissipation and fatigue. Against the drag of an overloaded plan of studies, a teacher of the highest type can occasionally produce excellent results, but even the best efforts of a merely average teacher can not be expected to overcome this handicap. A thorough revision of the curriculum, rather than a new horarium seems to be called for, if we are to lessen this retardation. Let us build our railroad before we begin to worry about the time-table. P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Law and Lazarus

Lazarus, our unowned, disfigured brother, lies without the gates. Crumbs are his living wage; dogs, his medical attendants. He is not a pretty sight. He offends the esthetic eye. His unmannerly presence comes between our nobility and the wind. Plainly, something must be done for, or with, Lazarus. But what?

"Let us pass some new laws," proposes the sociologist, as he gazes at the wreck. "This Lazarus, as is obvious, is beyond our help. But there is hope for the future. Let us remove by force of law, the conditions which led Lazarus to this sorry pass."

"New laws!" straightway sniffs your old-line charity worker. "We have too many laws as it is. For all your laws remedial and punitive, such as he are inevitable. Let us offer Lazarus a dollar and an old coat: let us bid him hobble off to the nearest alms-house, and there shrive himself like a Christian man against death. Come, Lazarus!" And he gives him an arm, while the sociologist shrinks back for the moment for fear of infection.

Which of the two has proposed the fitter method of procedure? A difficult question, in the solution of which a brief biographical note may aid. Lazarus, as we know, saw nothing but evil things in his days, and yet he began life, a healthy young workingman, with the fairest of prospects. The seeds of the disease which at last carried him off, were implanted during his apprenticeship in a white-lead factory, which for the sake of larger dividends, dispensed with the necessary sanitary devices. At least, so I have heard; but another report says that he contracted the affliction, then generally termed "leprosy," in a match-factory. The records are not clear; but at all events, the progress of the disease was quite slow, in fact, for some years altogether imperceptible. Lazarus had married, and everything was happiness in the little cottage which he hoped some day to call his own. Suddenly wages dropped, owing to certain combinations which the captains of finance were mobilizing, and with the drop came a necessary recession from the modest standards of living in Lazarus' family. Ere long they were forced to take up their residence in a tenement. The surroundings were all that they should not be. We need not detail them. An unusually hot summer—and how hot it can get in a room which has no windows!—coupled with the use of embalmed milk, and the younger of the two children, sickly from babyhood, dropped out of the fight for life. Lazarus himself was far from well. He coughed a great deal, had no appetite, and ugly sores began to appear all over his hands and face. Often he was obliged to "lay off" for a few days, and soon the financial situation became alarming. The wife had never been herself since the "littlest one" went. Worry about Lazarus and the incessant struggle to keep the two little rooms they called home, still further weakened her powers of resistance, and in that bitter winter, when Lazarus finally lost his position in the white-lead factory, God's finger touched her, too, and she went out to be once more with her heart of hearts, the "littlest one."

By this time, Lazarus knew too well that the deadly poison of powdered lead had worked itself into his very fibre. The little home was broken up. A kindly neighbor took the older child under her care, but there were many hungry mouths to feed, and after a time the girl was sent to an institution in a far county. Lazarus never saw her again. He went about from village to village in the neighborhood, trying to work at odd jobs, and managing to subsist on the crusts of the poor. He was getting feeble, and was almost blind. That day when he fell near the gates of Dives, he was very near to death. But in that busy manufacturing town, no one heeded him until the sociologist and the old-line charity worker, themselves tired out after a hard day's work, the one in compiling statistics and examining proposed legislation, the other in distributing old clothes and excellent advice, drove off the pitying dogs, and proceeded to plan for him, each after the manner of his kind. Like many of the poor, Lazarus was fairly certain of a decent burial, if nothing else, from the agents of organized charity, who so often are in only at the death.

But what bearing has the law on the case of Lazarus? What can be said for the claim of the sociologist? With certain reservations, very much. Aristotle held that the state exists that man himself may exist, fitly, nobly. Leo XIII taught in more than one Encyclical, that it is the business of the state to provide efficiently for the welfare of man in those things in which he can not reasonably provide for himself. Indirectly, too, the state can and must foster religion, but for this end it can not legislate. The general principle, all

will readily admit. Discord arises, only when changing times and circumstances necessitate a change in the machinery which the state has hitherto employed to attain its end. Upon this broad principle, has been based much of what is termed the modern preventive and remedial legislation, designed to remove as far as possible, untoward conditions affecting life and morals, and to apply a sane and gentle remedy to the cure of those who have been affected by social and industrial evils, as yet beyond the law's control.

The instance which has been raised in the present case, confessedly of minor importance, is the duty of the state to secure proper safeguards for the worker in dangerous trades. To many, this very proposal now generally adopted, once smacked of socialism, or at least, undue paternalism, when in reality, it was but the state's belated awakening to its duty. On the other hand, there is grave danger that the state, in its social legislation, may infringe upon the prerogatives of the spiritual society, the Church, and upon the inalienable rights of the individual. To blind ourselves to this danger would be folly, in view of the marriage and other laws now in force in certain American States. While the validity of the principle enunciated by Leo XIII can not be impugned, an exaggerated notion of its extent, or an unwise application of law logically based upon it, must result in a despotism immeasurably more vicious than the evils which the state is endeavoring to remove. All this is true. And yet it is no argument against a just regulation by the state when needed, of the relations of men in social and commercial life. It may be asked why the law should be invoked to readjust, for instance, the strained relations of capital and labor. Will not religion suffice for this purpose? Yes, if it could be brought to bear upon the case. But capital and labor alike are often deaf not only to public opinion, but to the most urgent pleading of religion. Statute law is a club, a scourge, held in reserve for men who can not be reached in other ways. Admittedly, it is at best but a poor method of securing social justice. It does not reach the source of the evil, man's rebellious will, but it can often rescue the victims of oppression, and by its deterrent effects, make possible the ascent to higher conditions. Not public opinion, to cite a practical case, not religion alone, but the engine of the law, put in motion by religion, brought the children out of the English mines a century ago, miserable shrinking beings, some of whom had never seen the clear light of the sun, beings human in nature only, and not in manners, and scarcely reclaimable to civilization. And we have had similar instances nearer home, and still have.

But law can be enforced only when backed by public opinion. "You can not go any faster," President Wilson recently reminded the members of the American Bar Association, "you can not go any faster than you can advance the moral judgments of the mass." Ultimately then, the reform of social and economic conditions must be the work of religion which alone can advance these moral judgments. "If there be any remedy for the evils of the world," we are taught by Leo XIII, "it can be only in a return to Christian life and manners." But until Christianity has leavened the world, certain insolent powers in the social and industrial world must be held in check by the state, reflecting in its law the spirit of Christianity. In this is seen at once the law's efficiency, and its necessary limitations.

Doubtless the old-line charity worker erred when he denied all value to preventive social measures embodied by law, and stated his faith in methods of immediate relief alone. But he recognized the higher truth, which modern sociology persistently ignores, that man has a supernatural end. Let us strive to do away with all social injustice by every lawful means. Let us seek to prevent and succor poverty and suffering, in the spirit of the Divine Almoner, who, in the days of his flesh, had care for the temporal wants of His people. But, while we can not fully understand, let us in our most earnest striving to prevent human misery, admit that suffering has its appointed place in the divine economy. Many a man who like Lazarus received only evil things in this world, and submitted, not in weak despair, but in the sublimity of an abiding faith which sees God in the hand that chastens, has gone to God, because of the pain and sorrow that led him to the gates of Dives. And a nobler example is found in Him who, having joy set before Him, chose the Cross, despising the shame.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Czar and the Holy Synod have appointed Eudokim (Meschersky), formerly Bishop of Kashir and Auxiliary Bishop of Tula, Russia, to be the Russian Orthodox Archbishop of New York, Aleutia and North America. Archbishop Eudokim was born in 1871, and was a professor in the Ecclesiastical Academy at Moscow before his elevation to the Episcopate. They have also appointed Rev. Alexander Nemolovsky, a Russian Orthodox monk who has been in the United States about twelve years, to be the Bishop of Winnipeg and Canada. There are said to be 100 orthodox churches and chapels in Canada, many of them composed of Galician and Bukovinian former Uniate Ruthenians.

As an incorrect census of the Society of Jesus has been published in a number of secular and religious papers, the following figures may be of interest. On January 1, 1914, the Society numbered throughout the world, 8,262 priests, 4,481 scholastics and 4,151 lay-brothers; in all, 16,894 members. Of this number, 2,183 priests, 429 scholastics and 1,027 lay-brothers, totaling 3,639, are on the foreign missions. In the United States, including Alaska and the Philippines, there are 2,676 Jesuits. Of these, 1,211 are priests, 910 scholastics and 555 lay-brothers. These are divided among four Provinces, Maryland-New York, with 895 members; Missouri, with 859; California, with 404, and New Orleans, with 253. In addition to these, 265 Jesuits, mostly members of European provinces, are working in the Philippines, in Colorado and New Mexico. The annual increase of the Society in the United States on January 1, 1914, was 58, and of the whole Society, 180.

The State Minimum Wage Committee promulgated an order on October 23, which will affect all employers of women and minors in Minnesota. Remuneration is to be based, according to the order, on the necessary weekly living wage. In cities of the first class the mercantile wage is to be $9.00, the manufacturing wage, $8.75. In cities of the second, third and fourth classes, the wages are to be $8.50 and $8.25 respectively, and outside the cities, $8.00. The mercantile classification includes women and minors employed in all mercantile lines, office-help, waitresses and hair-dressers. The manufacturing and mechanical division embraces in addition, telegraph and telephone help, laundry workers, dry cleaners' employes, and lunchroom or hotel help. Whether or not the order will prove practicable, will depend largely upon the thoroughness with which the committee has performed its preliminary investigations, and upon its legal hold on the employer. The Minnesota experiment will be watched with much interest.

The old-time Know-Nothing scarecrow has again been set up in the political field by the self-styled "Guardians of Liberty." These worthies recently undertook to teach the

good people of New York how to vote, but they made the mistake of putting the names of Justice Seabury, a Protestant, and Mr. Oscar Straus, a Jew, on the list of candidates whom they wished to endorse. Mr. Seabury promptly replied:

> I seek the support of the citizens on my record as a judge. I have nothing but contempt for the so-called Sons of Liberty who seek to raise so despicable an issue as religious prejudice. I repudiate any assistance offered on such grounds.

Mr. Straus was even more emphatic in his disavowal of this set of bigots:

> I desire to protest against, as I deeply resent, such an un-American effort. I would far rather be defeated a hundred times than be elected by such methods. I would have addressed this letter to the so-called "Guardians of Liberty" but who are in fact the Enemies of Liberty, but as they are apparently a secret organization, I am unable to find their address.

"Who compiles the campaign literature of the 'Guardians of Liberty'?" asks the New York *Sun*. "I am old enough to remember," said Mr. Henry Watterson in a recent communication to the press, "when it was argued that the Pope might some dark night swim the Atlantic, and lead an Irish insurrection against the native Americans." The "Guardians of Liberty" are responsible for statements even more absurd than that cited by Mr. Watterson. "But to this owlish output of superstition and bigotry," remarks the New York *Sun*, "there is but one fitting answer. Don't be fools, or if you must be fools, do not assume that all the people are fools."

The connection of manners with the compilation of a National Directory of Catholic Charities, while not obvious, is made perfectly plain by a few gentle remarks penned by Dr. Kerby in the *Catholic World* for November. This directory is needed badly, how very badly, is known to every Catholic social worker. Two years ago the National Conference undertook to supply the need. After the expenditure of valuable time, much labor and some money, the Conference announces the suspension of its efforts. It has met an insuperable obstacle, lack of manners. Those concerned, simply refused to answer polite inquires, in no wise touching upon confidential matters, put and re-put by the Conference.

> As a result of the most persevering efforts, the files of the National Conference show at this date that complete information is on hand from ten dioceses; incomplete information is on hand from fifty-three dioceses; there is no information whatever from thirty-two dioceses. Out of a total of over a thousand institutions in charge of religious in the United States, information is on hand from five hundred and thirty. A last effort was made in June of this year when a personal letter was sent to five hundred and twenty-six institutions, asking that the simple directory blank be filled out and returned. *But thirty-eight replies were received to the five hundred and twenty-six letters.*

It is hard to see what excuse can be offered for this gross discourtesy. Complaint is frequently made by State officials, compilers of year-books, and by publishers, that as a rule, their politely worded inquries are not even acknowledged by Catholic institutions. As long as this policy is pursued, Catholic institutions can not complain that little notice is given them in State reports and books of reference. Meanwhile social workers all over the country, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, will regret that lack of manners has prevented the publication of the National Directory of Catholic Charities.

The presidential address delivered by Dr. Martin J. Synnott, to the State Medical Society of New Jersey, is of interest to all who are in touch with the modern attempt to teach morality, by imparting a surface knowledge of hygiene and sociology to youngsters in the public schools:

> Mental enlightenment, as such, is altogether inadequate to afford the moral check sought for by our hygienists. "I see the better and follow the worse," said Ovid. Sex instruction does not necessarily bring about self-restraint. It may impart light, but it does not impart power. And it is precisely an increase of moral potency that is essentially called for. We should teach the children the Commandments of God rather than the physiology of sex, and emphasize morals more than hygiene. What instruction is to be given, should be given in the home and by the Church.

Current theories of eugenism are worthless, Dr. Synnott thinks, since they are necessarily based upon an imperfect knowledge of biology and a still more imperfect knowledge of human nature. "After much pretended knowledge, we are just ready to admit our deep ignorance of biology. Many a weakly child has grown up to be a very valuable factor for the race. Newton was so delicate that only by the greatest care and solicitude did his mother succeed in keeping him alive." Dr. Synnott's remarks recall an even stronger passage in Smith's "Social Pathology": "The names are legion of those men of great talent whose works have glorified human life, and who yet were born into ill-fitting bodies which soon broke down under the tasks of life, but not before genius had done its work." The Blessed Curé D'Ars and the "Little Flower," to recall two great names at random, would have failed in the physical tests set by modern pseudo-science, conditioning the right to live. In fact, it is doubtful, whether under certain laws now in force in a few American communities, the saintly parents of the "Little Flower," could have secured a marriage license. And yet the spirit of high endeavor instilled into millions of minds by the very memory of a simple, holy child and a venerable priest, has done infinitely more for the "perfecting of the race," than any theory which has yet issued from the laboratories of those self-styled scientists, whose fundamental and most unscientific error is their refusal to allow for the fact that man is something essentially different from the brute.

The death of the American missionary, the Rev. L. L. Conrardy, in Hong-Kong on August 24, leaves the whole world poorer for the loss of one well worthy to take his place with Vincent de Paul, Damien, and all other heroic pioneers of charity. Father Conrardy was the friend and companion of Damien, and from him was drawn the inspiration of devoting his life to the Chinese lepers who are even more neglected than their afflicted brethren of Hawaii. To help them more effectually, Father Conrardy took a degree in medicine, and returning to China, was so successful in his charitable enterprise, that at the time of his death, the leper colony at Shek-Lung numbered over seven hundred inmates. Devoted to the lepers, this wonderful old man was interested in everything that tended to the good of souls and the glory of God. Only ten days before his death, he wrote a letter to AMERICA, full of praise and encouragement, enclosing his subscription for the next two years. "You can count on me for the rest of my days," he wrote. "If I could have my way, every English-speaking Catholic in the world would be provided with a copy of AMERICA." The holy end of this apostle of the lepers came, not as he had hoped among his lepers, but rather suddenly at the hospital in Hong-Kong.

AMERICA asks the prayers of its readers for this great soul, and hopes that all who were privileged to help Father Conrardy by their alms during his life-time, will not forget his successor, the Rev. G. M. Desmazières, who with equal courage is continuing the work at the asylum at Shek-Lung.

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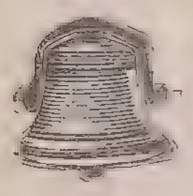
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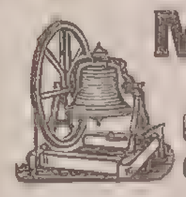
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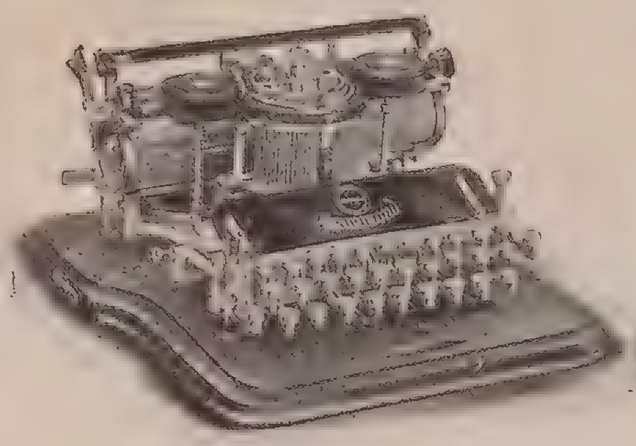
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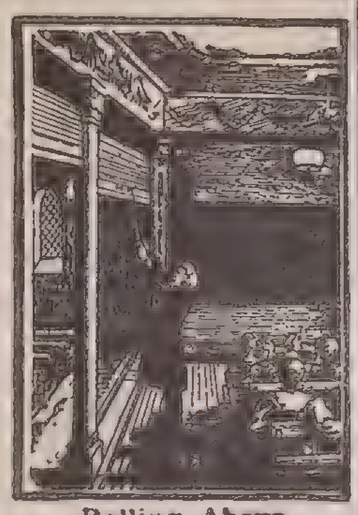
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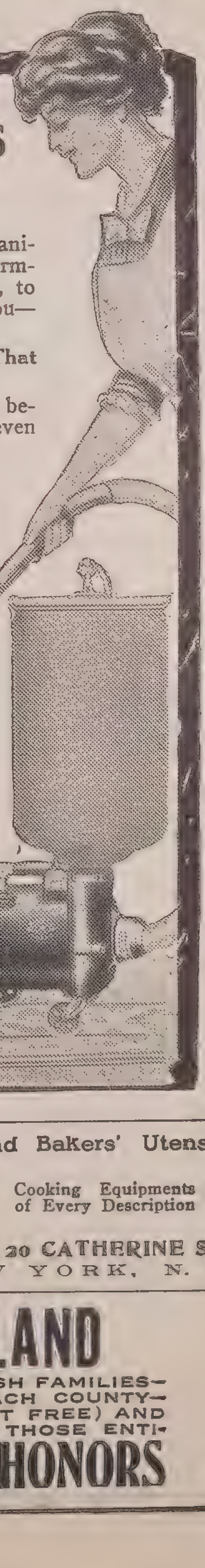
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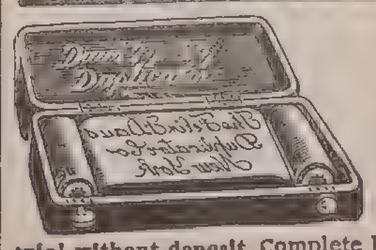
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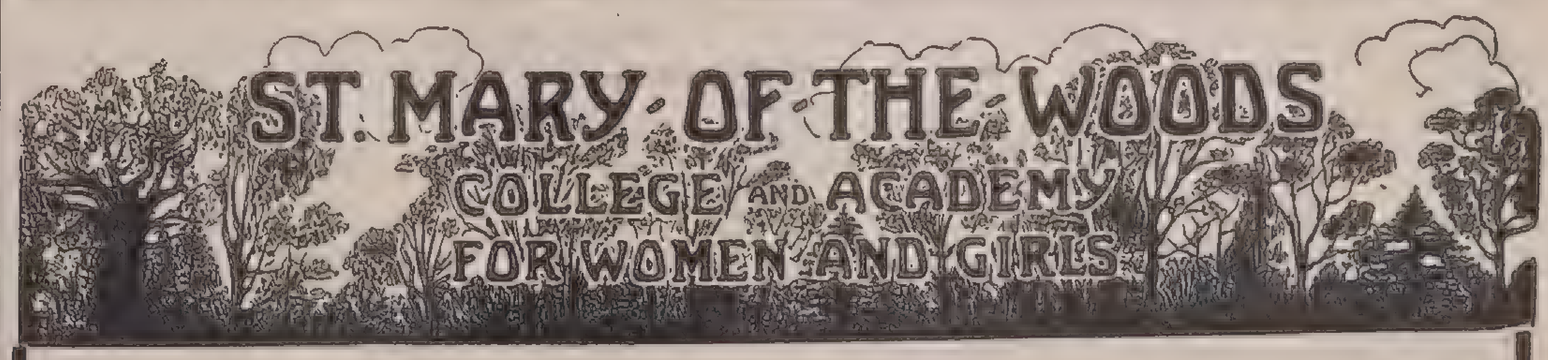
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—The situation in France and Belgium still remains unchanged. There has been no cessation of the German offensive, but the stubbornness of the resistance offered by the Allies has everywhere prevented their advance. In Belgium, especially, the losses of the Germans, which are said to be very great, have forced them to give up, to a certain extent, their possessions along the coast, and it has been rumored that the reoccupation of Ostend by the Allies will be announced at no very distant date. The river Yser, which for so long has been the scene of such desperate fighting, has been abandoned by the Germans, who have transferred the main point of their attack further south. Dixmude, Roulers, Ypres, Lille, la Bassée, and Arras, continue to witness the most desperate struggles, but the net results of the wanton shedding of human blood are practically negligible. What is worse, there seems to be no prospect of a truce to the fighting. General Joffre undoubtedly has the situation well in hand, and seems to be able to bring reenforcements to any point just as needed. There is a growing admiration for his generalship, and a confidence that he will be able to resist any attacks that can be made. It is said that he is quite content to allow the Germans to assume the offensive, as it involves costly losses which must eventually so weaken even their perfect war machine that at last human nature will be able to stand it no longer. He is, therefore, biding his time until the Germans have become utterly exhausted. He was willing to wait at the beginning of the war until the opportune moment arrived, and no one is likely to forget how severely he struck when he judged that it had come. That moment, however, to judge from present indications, is a long way off. So far from diminishing the fierceness of their assaults on the French lines, the Germans are massing larger bodies of troops at many points, and are making more violent attempts to carry the strong positions of their opponents than at any previous time. They seem to be bent on clearing every man out of Belgium, and to be prepared to be very prodigal with human life in order to accomplish their purpose. It has been pointed out that the struggle is every day receding further from the possibility of a crushing defeat for either side, and that as a consequence, a solution by force of arms has also become less and less likely. Germany, it is claimed, forsees the time when the dispute must be submitted to discussion, and wishes to be in a position in which she can insist that she retain the territory she has won. This would mean, of course, that Belgium would become a German province. It is incredible that the Allies, while they can fight at all, should abandon their heroic friend, without whom they would long since, in all probability, have been brought to their knees; and yet expediency has before this countenanced the sacrifice of friends. Whatever may the truth of the suggestion, and it is pure speculation, that some such motive is behind the present reckless waste of human life, it is cer-

Bulletin Nov. 4 p. m. -Nov. 10 a. m.

A Deadlock in the West

Belgium's Danger

tain that at no time of the war have the German efforts been more violent than they are at present in Belgium. There is absolutely no end in sight.

German Defeat

The thoroughness of the defeat which Russia has inflicted on Germany and Austria is becoming more apparent every day. Last week the Germans in Central Poland were occupying a line that stretched from Lodz to Radom, they have now fallen back to the river Warthe. Not only have they been obliged to retire from Radom and Lodz, but they have lost Petrikau and Kielce as well, and also Sandomierz, which being situated at the juncture of the San and Vistula rivers is a point of great strategic value. Dispatches from Petrograd claim that the Germans have been so badly beaten that they can not reenforce the weak parts of their line and that the Russian advance can not be stemmed. Whether or not this is true remains to be seen; so far at any rate the Germans have been able to retire in order. It was believed that they intended to stand firm when they reached the line of defence that they are said to have constructed from Thorn to Cracow, but it is now reported that they have failed to do so and that the Russians are already across the border. The Germans are certainly much farther back than they were at the beginning of October, and their advance on Warsaw has been as complete a failure as their rush on Paris. Both were brilliant and spectacular, but neither has gained for them any lasting advantage. In Northern Poland also, they have been forced to retreat until they are within their own border. Invasions of East Prussia and Silesia are not unlikely.

Austrian Reverses

The Austrians, too, have shared in the defeat, and the dispatches are again beginning to read as they did in September. Czernowitz has been retaken by the Czar's soldiers, and Jaroslau, and parts of the San river; and they claim to have advanced as far as the Nidzicka river, some thirty-five miles from Cracow. The Austrians once more seem to be unable, in spite of the most vigorous efforts, to hold back the march of the Russians. There is this difference, however, that the Austrians are no longer said to be disorganized. It remains true, nevertheless, that they have never been able to withstand for any length of time a determined Russian attack; the likelihood, therefore, of their doing so now is very slight, especially as Germany has just at present more than she can do to take care of herself. Vienna, however, has made the statement that the Austrian retirement is part of a general plan necessitated by the falling back of the armies in Poland and not by the force of the Russian attacks in Galicia.

The Fall of Tsing-Tao

What the papers with surprising unanimity have called the most picturesque incident in the war, has come to a close. The fortress of Tsing-Tao has capitulated and with it the whole Protectorate of Kiao-Chow has passed from the Germans. The defence, which lasted 74 days, was much shorter than was expected. It was probably abandoned to save useless expenditure of life, since its final surrender was inevitable. The arrow is no longer "pointed at the heart of Japan," and Germany has been ousted from her stronghold in the Far East. It is hard to overestimate the commercial loss to Germany involved in the passing of Kiao-Chow from her hands. Since its acquisition in the year 1897 German commerce has made immense strides in the Pacific; and Japan is rejoicing at having driven one of her most formidable rivals from Eastern waters. She is pledged to restore the captured province to China; and her own native spokesmen have had no hesitation in assigning the reasons for her readiness to do so. What she covets above all is an isolated position in the Far East. She has no desire to have the European nations as her neighbors; and she realizes that any further acquisition of Chinese territory by herself, would mean further acquisitions by other countries. This would be very detrimental to her interests, as it would involve the necessity of large additions to her army and navy and a proportionate increase in the taxation of her people. It is thought probable that the British troops, which have been cooperating with Japan, will be transferred to Egypt. The three squadrons of warships that have been detained at Kiao-Chow are also free, so that the Emden will need a doubly charmed life from now on, if she is to continue her daring depredations on British shipping.

Campaign Against Turkey

Russian operations against Turkey are slowly but surely gathering momentum. Already four Russian army corps, mainly composed of troops hitherto stationed in the Caucasus, have penetrated into Armenia and have won minor engagements at Passine, Diadine and Bajaset, the last named place being situated at the foot of Mt. Ararat; they have also driven back an offensive movement carried on by the Kurds in the district north of Kara kilissa, and are now taking possession of all the territory in the vicinity of Erzerum. Further south, Russian officers are said to be in command of a native force that is besieging Van. The Armenians who have no reason to be attached to Turkey, are reported to be everywhere receiving the Russians with open arms, and to be furnishing them supplies of every kind. Roman dispatches are responsible for the report that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is bombarding the Turkish towns of Zunguldak and Kuzlu. The British have taken Akabah, east of the el Tih desert, and the combined British and French fleet are reported to have silenced the forts of the Dardanelles. Their purpose, so it is declared, is to enter the sea of Marmora, capture Constantinople and the Bosporus, and then enter the Black Sea and engage the Turkish fleet. It is said that Russia will be unable to transport large bodies of troops into Turkey until the Turkish warships, and particularly the two cruisers recently acquired from Germany, which are inflicting serious damage on the Allies' shipping, have been

put out of commission. England, meanwhile, is looking with a good deal of apprehension on the movements of the Turks toward the Suez Canal. It is unfortified on its eastern side, and can not be adequately protected by British warships against a daring enemy. German engineers, it is claimed, if supported by Turkish soldiers, could easily make it impassible, either by blowing up a portion of the bank or by sinking vessels in its midst. The Turkish army, now moving toward it, has been estimated at from 15,000 to 150,000 men. The position of England in Egypt will continue to be precarious until the loyalty of the Egyptian army, organized by Lord Kitchener, is assured. At the head of the Persian Gulf the fortified town of Fao was captured by Indian troops aided by British marines and British warships. Batum, a Russian town on the east shore of the Black Sea, which is being shelled by Turkish warships, is still holding out. The German cruiser Yorck came into accidental contact with a German mine in the North Sea and sunk immediately with more than 200 of her crew. All Germany is elated over a raid made by a German squadron in the vicinity of Yarmouth. That German ships should be able to menace the coast of England and get away unharmed has come as a good deal of a surprise to the world at large, which has been generally of the opinion that the German fleet was hiding and trembling for its existence.

France.—On November 6, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, celebrated a solemn requiem Mass at Notre Dame for the officers and men who have fallen on the battlefield. While the schools and colleges of the city were represented by their official heads, the Government of this Catholic people saw fit to continue its policy of aloofness from all religious movements. Apparently, the Government considers it an extreme extension of courtesy not to forbid them. At the last moment, however, President Poincaré appointed a "personal representative," allowing it to be understood that the delegate was in no sense an official person representing the Cabinet. The wish of the *Figaro,* expressed some weeks since, that the Republic of France might learn from the great American Republic, that a government may without degradation take part in religious movements, remains unfulfilled. Meantime the Socialists, alarmed at the revival of religion, are clamoring against the good Sisters who are doing such heroic work for the soldiers. Thus is gratitude shown. The brawlers should be sent to the front to learn the lesson of patriotism from the thousands of priests there. An effort has been made to reopen the University of Paris and other institutions of higher learning in the capital. At Paris, the usual courses in the advanced studies are now offered, as in former years, but a great change has taken place both in the faculties and the student-groups. As practically all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and twenty are in the army, the students are, for the most part, elderly men and foreigners. Two hundred of the professors are also at the front, and their places have been taken by masters and lecturers on the retired list. The reply of the French universities to the universities of Germany on the cause of the war has been published, and is being read to the pupils of the high-schools and lycées. Throughout the country the elementary schools have fared better than might be expected. This no doubt is, in one way, at least, a blessing for the children: it distracts their mind from the horrors of war.

Church and State at Paris

Education in War Time

Germany.—The number of prisoners of war in the German concentration camps, as given for November 6 in a Reuter telegram, was 433,247. They are divided as follows: French, 3,138 officers and 188,618 men; Russians, 3,121 officers and 186,779 men; Belgians, 537 officers and 34,907 men; English, 417 officers and 15,730 men. Prisoners not yet encamped were not included. Reports agree in stating that the treatment of the captives has been very humane. In this connection Germany has again shown a new consideration to the French captive priests who had been forced to bear arms. They were removed from the concentration camps, at the request of the Bishop of Paderborn, and transferred to Catholic institutions. Belgian priests detained for one reason or another have similarly been housed at the Münster seminary. Great indignation had been expressed in Germany at the imprisonment in the English concentration camps of German male residents between the ages of 17 and 55. No objection was made to securing such as might be under suspicion, but the German Government insisted upon the liberation of all others. England was therefore notified through the American Ambassador that this must be done by November 5 or Germany would apply England's own method in retaliation. Unfortunately no heed was given to this remonstrance and English male subjects resident in Germany are, under the same conditions, being gathered into the concentration camp at Ruhleben.

German Concentration Camps

Great Britain.—Two problems continue to trouble the Government at home. What is to be done with aliens who may be hostile, and what disposition is to be made of the Belgian refugees? The sensational wing of the press continues to demand that all Germans and Austrians, including those recently naturalized, be interned. It is urged that while foreigners over fifty years of age may be of little use as soldiers, they may be exceedingly useful as spies. On the other hand, the police have lessened their activity in rounding up aliens, because the military authorities are unable to supply suitable quarters for their internment. The question presented by the friendly aliens is scarcely easier of solution. Hitherto

Aliens, Hostile and Friendly

the Belgian Relief Committee has hesitated to employ Belgian workingmen, on the ground that this might unsettle the English labor market. It has now taken the higher ground that unhappiness and demoralization are likely to follow complete idleness for an indefinite period, of a people trained to work, and it has been decided to introduce the Belgian refugees, as far as possible, into trades and occupations in which the native population can not readily be employed. Farming, in which it is felt the traditional Belgian skill in intensive cultivation will be very valuable, lace-making, zinc-working and diamond-cutting, are suggested as occupations in which the Belgians might be employed without injury to the English laboring classes. The Government is now conferring on the matter with a committee made up of Belgians and members of the Labor party.

Ireland.—The Irish Volunteers' first National Convention, held in Dublin October 26, was attended by delegates representing 180 companies that adhered to the original organization. On the same day, *Eire,* a new daily paper supporting its principles, was issued. Mr. John McNeill, who was reelected president, said the movement was started for the defence of Ireland as against the Carsonites when the Government, yielding to the Orange threats, had broken their own pledges and coerced the Irish Party into accepting a partition of the country. The army mutiny had impelled Mr. Redmond to take up the movement and, unwisely, to assume control of it. When later, while the Home Rule Bill was still suspended with an Amending Bill around its neck, he urged the Volunteers to fight for England on the Continent, they had to part company with Mr. Redmond and keep the organization to its original object, to defend Ireland within its own shores. They were Irish soldiers, not imperial mercenaries. The Convention passed resolutions to that effect, and also pledging its members to resist the threatened Ballot Act, a form of temporary conscription. It was stated that Mr. Redmond had never turned over to the committee, composed in equal parts of his own nominees, any portion of the funds subscribed, but that they were receiving considerable sums from the United States. Among their supporters was the President of the American Hibernians; the President of the Irish National League of America had also seceded from Mr. Redmond on the recruiting question. Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin are still urging Irishmen to enlist, though they insist that Ireland has contributed much more than her quota to the army, that her home needs, owing to the demands of agriculture and the drainage of emigration, are pressing, and they are embarrassed by the War Office's refusal to form an Irish Brigade and grant them the facilities afforded to the Carsonites.

The Volunteers and Mr. Redmond

Mexico.—There is scarcely any need of dilating on conditions in Mexico. Suffice it to say that they could scarcely be worse. A crisis is at hand, and no doubt Carranza will soon be forced to yield to pressure. His successor will be a Villista. Meantime the "First Chief" is attempting to recover lost popularity by calling Mexicans to arms against Americans. He is also trying to persuade his countrymen that American Catholics are anxious for armed intervention. This is a calumny worthy of Carranza. It was invented in order to discredit the Church. It now seems opportune to print portions of two affidavits sworn to by two different priests, victims of the same persecution. Some names are suppressed for prudential reasons. Though the portions printed are as graphic as any parts of the fifteen or twenty other sworn affidavits in AMERICA'S possession, yet they are not as shocking as many passages that might be quoted.

The Crisis and Two Affidavits

First Affidavit

While we were all being kept in a special room, as narrated by Father ——, this Father asked permission from the officer in charge of the guard that I might leave the prison and receive medical attention, as I was suffering from a very high fever. At this request Villa became very angry, for I overheard the officer telling Villa and also heard Villa uttering very vile words saying: "Take the big goat out and shoot him." . . . One of the soldiers put a rope around my neck and led me out. . . . Then I was led to a corner of a room and a soldier pulled the rope tight around my neck and choked me until I became unconscious. . . . I recovered consciousness quickly, but the soldier again pulled the rope tight, choking me. I again lost consciousness and in coming to my senses I heard Colonel Fierro inquiring of the soldier: "Is he dead?" and I answered, shaking my head, no. "Then shoot him in the head," said Colonel Fierro, and a shot was fired over my head so near that I saw the flash, etc.

Second Affidavit

On going out of the room we were met by several soldiers who were commanded to load their rifles by Colonel Fierro, . . . then some one nicknamed Vaca told us . . . we were all sentenced to be shot. . . . Vaca then tightened the rope around my neck and with his thumb and forefinger caught me by the throat and choked me until I became unconscious. When I came to, I was lying on the floor, and when Vaca saw that I opened my eyes, he drew his revolver and pointed the same at me and fired a shot at my head. . . . He then commanded me to stand up . . . and he again caught me by the throat and choked me as before. I fell to the ground, not losing consciousness, however, and Vaca then tightened the rope around my neck and then I became unconscious. My senses returned and when Vaca saw this he again choked me. . . . On the platform of the station . . . we overheard a colonel . . . speaking in language worthy of the time of Sodom and Gomorrah. We were placed in a freight car under guard of soldiers. . . . When our train was about to leave, the Sisters sent a girl about fifteen years of age from their school, with blankets for the Fathers. Villa ordered this girl to be thrown into the car. . . . The girl, breaking loose, ran away. . . . In Paradon they put a prostitute into our car. (The rest is for the most part unfit to print.—*Editor.*)

Comment would detract from this narrative. Future numbers of AMERICA will contain other items bearing upon the conduct of the Mexican patriots.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Backward Children

The use of the Binet-Simon test or of any other ready made formula for the determination of the backwardness of children has always one serious drawback that must be carefully attended to, or the application of the test will do harm rather than good in a great many cases. It is that any universal measure of human beings, any criterion that is supposed to determine human ability, any examination method that has ever been invented does not make due allowances for the individual. Individuality is the most striking and significant feature of humanity. In spite of the immense number of human beings alive at any one time no two of them look alike. It is probable that no two human beings have ever been born who looked exactly alike. What we mean by looks is practically the facial features and expression. This represents only a very limited portion of the individual and yet even to this small amount no two human beings have ever exactly resembled each other. What is thus true of the human face is true of every portion of the human body. There is a general impression that the rest of the body of most people is almost identical in appearance, but just as no two human faces are absolutely similar, so no two corresponding portions of any other part of the surface of the body are the same. Anatomists even go farther and tell us that no two parts of the interior of the body are precisely alike. Blood vessels divide differently, nerves are distributed differently, tissues are differently arranged, there is no absolute anatomical type for any portion of the body. Anatomists must strike an average and expect any human being to approach that more or less closely, but every man differs from every other in every portion of his tissues quite as much as in the face. Nature has no hard and fast plan to which she is bound, but only an idea of function which she secures.

Here, then, is the most important characteristic of men, individuality. A great deal of modern education and social science seems to have a definite tendency to treat all men alike and to make identical criteria for them, above all, attempts to develop them in the same way. If it were possible to make all men alike, which fortunately it is not, the endless variety which more than anything else in the world makes life worth living from the human standpoint would be sadly interfered with. You may try to pour humanity into the same educational mould or model it by the form and pressure of its time into identicalness, but it always comes out charmingly different. These differences in their almost infinite variety are of themselves a testimony to the Infinity that creates them.

In a number of instances of the application of the Binet-Simon test that have come under my observation, directly or indirectly, the difficulty has been that some of those who applied the test with most confidence have been least well intellectually developed themselves to apply it in such a way as to respect the individuality of young people. Merely mischievous boys with tendencies to disturb others because of a certain restlessness of disposition—and in one case at least because of an ability to learn things rapidly and easily when he really wished that he had time hanging heavy on his hands—have been pronounced lacking in mentality or mental control, because the examiner had not succeeded in getting a satisfactory test. Women examiners, particularly, are likely to become impatient and then draw hasty conclusions which may affect seriously the future of an individual, though the only trouble in the case is that they have not sufficient sympathy for the individual to recognize what is the real difficulty. They can standardize ordinary mediocre children, who have been brought up in nice conventional surroundings where regard paid for what others think is the supreme ideal of existence, but they can not judge properly of the departures from this, some of which may represent eminently desirable elements of human nature.

Any one who attempts to grade backward children ought surely to know the story of Sir Walter Scott, who, while at school, as we have it on the authority of his teacher, was "an incorrigibly idle imp and who refused absolutely, when every gentleman knew some Greek, to learn even the alphabet," yet proved to be one of the geniuses of the race. It is children who are different that sometimes need more care and attention, not for their own sakes and to keep them from being nuisances to others, but for what they will subsequently accomplish for humanity, rather than the unnumbered multitude of nice conventional children who will never amount to anything in the world. Nor is it merely the poetic mind that may thus be unsubmissive to ordered teaching, but even the future scientific genius may give no hint of what is to be. In the chapter on the Irish School of Medicine, in "Makers of Modern Medicine," I have quoted—in telling the story of the famous Dr. Stokes of Dublin—a passage in which the late Sir William Stokes, himself a very distinguished physician, records in his biography of his father, that the first Sir William's apparent

> indolence and disinclination to any steady methodical system of study were sources of real concern to his parents, and caused his mother especially much anxious thought. One day while reading his favorite author, Sir Walter Scott, he fell asleep, to be awakened shortly after by some warm drops falling on his face. He started up to find his mother bending over him. It was her tears that had awakened him. Stung with remorse at having been the cause of so much sorrow to his mother, whom he loved very dearly, his nature underwent an immediate and salutary change, and the dreamy, indolent boy became thereafter the ardent and enthusiastic student.

This Sir William Stokes became one of the most distinguished of nineteenth century physicians, famous for his breadth of view and for his scholarly knowledge of medicine.

We all remember the story of the ugly duckling. It

was hatched among the ducks, seemed particularly awkward in its movements, so that it became the laughing stock of its companions, to its own and its foster mother's serious disturbance, until one day it discovered its true brothers and sisters in the swans and then it proved, instead of an ungainly duckling that could not by any chance be able to fit properly into its lowly surroundings among the ducks, to be one of the graceful birds of the park and not a conventional inhabitant of a poultry yard.

It not infrequently happens that children, and particularly boys between twelve and sixteen, do not mature well. Some apparently physical lack of development actually seems to keep them back for even several years. They become discouraged rather readily. Some of them have to do a great deal more work than others in order to accomplish the same tasks. For such boys there sometimes comes, about sixteen or seventeen, such a sudden efflorescence of ability that it enables them not only to catch up but to outstrip their companions, and prove that they too have real talent approaching genius. One of the best thinkers that I know has told me that he went through an experience of this kind that was very discouraging for himself and for his friends. I know of another case which occurred in one of the best educators of the country. I used to think that these were much more exceptional than they are until some of the studies made by means of the Binet-Simon test where mistakes were made, brought a series of them to my attention. Dr. Max Schlapp, who is one of the New York State Commission for the Investigation of the Feeble-minded and who has for years been occupied with this subject of backward children, has told me of a number of such cases that have been under observation and has emphasized the necessity for taking this element into account always. He has enabled many teachers to understand something of the difficulties of such boys: yet how hopeless the outlook often was.

Of course it may be said that these are only the exceptions that prove the rule. The fact of the matter is that there are so many exceptions, however, that it is dangerous as yet to attempt to formulate the rule. We do not know enough about the developing young human being to be able to set standards or make formal declarations. Many a young person who does not come up to nicely planned standards and examination tests, not only by the Binet-Simon method, but in our examination ridden education, proves to have much more in him than some of those most successful at examinations. Some people actually seem to have a special faculty for passing examinations who do not prove to have very much faculty for anything else.

We can only do harm rather than good by any premature attempt to introduce fixed standards of judgment for retardation of mental growth, or backwardness, as yet. The standard will work all right for certain cases, the judgment with regard to which could easily be made without any such formal test, but it is likely to fail in a number of those cases where judgment is most difficult, and where the supposed information obtained from a fallacious test will so readily lead astray and give us some of that most undesirable knowledge which Josh Billings so aptly called "the knowledge of things that ain't so."

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The Great Message

To-day we are cursed by over-specialization. It is no longer enough to say to a man, "Be good." If there are a thousand ways for a man to be bad, you must tell him the thousand particular ways in which he can be good. In an age of specialists, the moralist must specialize just as much as the other scientists; otherwise very few will understand him even if they show enough interest to listen to him, which is improbable.

Perhaps that is why the social message of the Catholic Church has reached so few at the very time when every one needs it most. The old inclusive commands sound trite to many a worldly ear. What is more, the ways of giving them have, in many cases, become ineffective. To-day men expect things to be brought into their homes and daily lives. They no longer go out to seek truth or moral help.

The crazed specialists who fill our schools and colleges, who write for our magazines, who dabble in philanthropy, and lead our laborers, have no desire at all to ask the Church her opinion. If the Church has anything to say, they expect her message to be brought to them by some obliging person, and they expect it to be brought in a form they understand. This attitude of the specialists may be the result of laziness or merely of bewilderment. In any case, it is exasperating. But that does not alter the fact that it exists, and that it accounts very largely for the failure of the Church to bring her message home to these wandering souls by the old methods.

The opinion of the Church is so little known by Protestants and agnostics that they have actually come to the conclusion that she has no opinion at all. Even some Catholics are showing a lack of confidence in the Church. They themselves have come under the specialists' spell. They have heard what those outside the Church say; and being human and weak they have turned traitor.

As a matter of fact, the message of the Church was never fresher or more virile than to-day. Its very freshness and simplicity help to hide it, just as the simplicity and childlike qualities of a really great man often make him obscure. The message is so simple that the youngest child in our schools knows it by heart. "Love the Lord, thy God; and love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God."

In this exquisitely simple command is summed up "all the law and the prophets." It is the greatest social message the world has ever known. Even if a man is an agnostic or an atheist, it is at least possible for him to

love those about him. He can fulfil the human part of the message, even if he is unconscious of the divine motive.

The love which Christ preached and the Church preaches to-day is far more than mere sentiment or emotion. Your love for your fellow-men may show itself in a hundred ways, none of which could be branded as emotionalism. You can not rob a man if you love him; and you can not be indifferent or unjust to him. With love, the dishonesty, the hatred, the envy, all the evils that tear us to pieces, are impossible. The love "of the law and the prophets" is the central moral force of the universe. Its negation is decay, death, hell. The source of this love is known to naturalistic science as magnetism, its effect is called cohesion. If you destroy the cohesive bonds of a substance, say by friction, you create heat and even fire. The human diseases which result from acts of excess and immorality are merely forms of this same decay, the destruction which follows any breaking up of nature's cohesive bonds. Nature demonstrates the central idea of hell-fire before our very eyes. This is love as scientists know it.

To the man of the street love is known as fellowship. An act of hate destroys this fellowship. It creates disorder and restlessness, the characteristics of all heat and decay. Any break in the fellowship or love of one man for his neighbors brings social fire, social decay. What is the disease of society to-day if not the disorder of hate? The simple, inclusive command, "Love God and thy neighbor," has been denied and attacked. The result has been and is social hell-fire.

To the spiritual minded love is charity. The saints see in love much more than the scientists see, much more than the men in the street. The scientist specializes, the man in the street specializes; each sees a part of love. But the saints and the Church see love as a whole and call it charity. The scientist says, "Do not drink too much alcohol; the excess will cause disease." The man in the street says, "Be decent and honest, and respect your fellow-citizens, otherwise you will start a social revolution." The Church and her teachers say, "Love God and your neighbor; for if you do not, you will not only bring physical disease and revolution, but you will kill your soul."

The Church speaks at once in the language of science and of the man in the street and of the saint. She is sounding the dominant chord of temporal and eternal life. But because to-day is a day of specialization, her language is not heard, nor if it were heard would it be understood by many.

The Church to-day needs laymen, as well as priests, who can carry her message into the thousand and one specialized lives of the scientists and the men in the street. The Catholic business man can carry the message in a specialized form to his fellow business men. The Catholic laborer can interpret the general message to the special needs of his socialist friends. The Catholic woman of society can meet the sins of society by another special form of the message.

The business man is honest among his kind; but he is often dishonest to his laborers. The society woman may be honest to her servants and her creditors; but she is often a traitor to the highest function of woman. She needs to have the message of love interpreted in one way; the business man needs it in another. And among the best interpreters are those who move in the same circle of life, who understand its difficulties and temptations, who can learn the tact necessary to make their message heard.

The great message of the Church is both old and new; but the way in which we give it to the world must be new. For each and every man in every class of life we must have a special messenger and a special form of the message. Then we can look for a true regeneration. We can then expect the millions of Protestants and agnostics to hear us. Then, too, they will learn that the simplicity of our message is but the simplicity of greatness.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Woman and Religion

Some thirty years ago when the problem novel was coming into vogue, the theological aspects of "Robert Elsmere" were already *passé* with those American women who led the public opinion of that day, but to its suggestions of social service as a substitute for the formal worship of God there was as yet little or no response. Theology was long since at a discount, and by the most advanced women utterly discredited, for the Concord School of Philosophy was supposed to have fired the shot which had struck home to the vitals of the Christian religion. It is true that the Emersonian variety of pantheism still held the mind up to a fictitious supernaturalism which for a time did service in maintaining a moral tone of some aspiration. But as the "Over-Soul" has so little support in right reason—which for its three dimensions has God first, myself second, and all phenomena else next—that "Free Thought" easily brought it down to so many varieties of spiritualistic and materialistic conceptions that each woman of pronounced individuality could choose her favorite, or failing to be pleased could elect one of her own making.

Although for most Protestants dogmatic Christianity was intellectually dead, and had been buried by "Higher Criticism," yet, as it still persisted in the lives of some representative women, it was a force to be reckoned with in any sort of social enterprise desiring nation-wide recognition. Otherwise the Woman's Christian Temperance Union could never have flourished. Just how weakened the essential elements of Christianity had become can be gauged by the fact that at the close of her term as president Miss Frances Willard could, without offence to her international union, eulogize the red flag as the emblem of a great host making for industrial peace, when in fact it is the most potent force organized among the

masses in tearing down the truths upon which peace shall be established. Evidently once a popular assent is given to the right of private judgment in things of vital import to the soul, the inherited Christian sense becomes too dull to distinguish foe from friend. So it was that gradually our Blessed Lord lost His place in the Atonement with women active upon the sociological field, and became merely the most conspicuous figure in all time as a leader of men upon paths of social betterment. His path was indeed steep for the multitude of His day and generation to climb. But it is the belief that under the law of evolution, which is taken for granted, human nature is so susceptible of change that it is becoming less difficult to be altruistic, especially so now that universal education is insisted upon. When "all is becoming" there is no Being, and having no point of rest by which in contrast to realize action, Transcendentalism after a little while tumbled down at the hest of Utility. And the philosophy which was to set all the folk wise who would "hitch their wagon to a star" is now as the Temple that once stood at the tip-top of Concord hill. It is being preserved, for it has been hauled down to the slough at the bottom to make room for a commercial enterprise. Just so the ecstatic wave of spiritual independence has sunk to a foundation that rests upon schools in which God is left out.

Indeed women are more sinned against than sinning! They did not blast the Rock of Ages, for since they were taught that the individual is at once the "created and the creator" how could the Ten Commandments stand in defiance of the knowledge of the age? There is superficial evidence that woman's religion is now flourishing. But the facts are extant to show that the vagary known as "Christian Science" is the mental product of a man. For it was one of "old Doc Quimby's" mental patients who first preached the Quimby cult before establishing it as her own.

Just here a deeper aspect of the case is presented, for the question arises, Why does woman accept the authority of men? Why does she not become her own authority, since "free thought" and private interpretation of the Scriptures is the criterion of the masses? Besides it is a popular superstition that women are more religious than men. Hence in this land of religious liberty women are as free to make a "new religion" as is the distinguished President Emeritus of Harvard, and not a few are as well qualified.

It were of course sufficient to remind Christians that our Lord commissioned men, not women, also, to preach His gospel to all nations. Yet if this were the opportunity it would be a satisfaction scientifically to trace back the designs of Almighty God, thus coming to the basic principle that not the individual is the unit of civil society, but rather the family. Consequently in the constitution of things human it is writ large that the family, being a moral body, has its authoritative head in the man. If the head goes wrong, what shall prevent the other members from following? Surely without the supernatural revelation to man by God of the fundamental laws relative to things human there is extant no explanation which can reconcile a bad world and a good God. Inquisitive woman wants to know! She has, alas! taken man's word for it, not God's. So the ripest fruit of the so-called Reformation is a popular absence of belief in the authority of Christian dogma. There is, too, a more deadly bloom which is already passing into the green. Since God is alleged to be merely within and not also distinct from His creation, it is absurd to pray. One were best to grin and bear it, for as Nature is constantly evolving, beginning nowhere and going onward and upward forever toward the self-same place, by supplication one can not, for she can not, change one jot or tittle of her law. But worst of all is the propaganda, well in the bud, that the Christian religion is but a shrewd scheme to "prevent us from doing what we want." The acceptance of the world, the flesh and the devil as the aim and end of existence is set forth upon the principle that "self-expression" is the law of life to the utter repudiation of *self-sacrifice* which as a guiding principle of Christianity has unnerved and enslaved the human mind.

Of course it were too much to expect that women should be strictly logical in doctrine. Better still that deeds do not logically follow words, else the divorce-courts would be put out of commission by the repudiation of the Sixth Commandment, and animality would be in full swing. Neither should one expect women logically to follow their leaders, as sentiment holds in sway the multitude. But a false psychology is perhaps as dangerous to religious health as a radical deduction. A national leader of women, of international fame, Rev. Anna Shaw, President of the Woman Suffrage Association, does not "believe in being tied down to rules as old as the hills." But Dr. Shaw does believe that the marriage service should be "cut out. It is useless and has served its day." However, to accommodate the prejudices of the "after Christians," to use Professor Devas' admirable phrase, Reverend Anna Shaw performs a ceremony of marriage to suit each case.

> "The principals consult me beforehand and we prepare the vows." But there shall be no head to the families thus set up. "As for the word *obey* I had only one girl who wanted to make such a crazy promise. There was only one thing for me to do. I refused to marry her." ". . . It is wrong for one human being to be obeyed by another. It is an absolute sin." (Address, Philadelphia, June 15, 1914.)

Happily the positive quality of mind is rather rare among women. For this reason they are pious, loving and serving God because of a recognition of His goodness, rather than because of a comprehension of His glorious works. Not less religious is man than woman, they differ only in the expression of their piety. Once mechanical, mathematical, inexorable law occupies the throne of religion in the mind of a sincere woman, consequences moral and intellectual are thrown to the winged

winds. There is the stuff of which heroes are made in those women who because of false teaching are thrown back upon a mechanical ideology for their moral code. Where one such has a national vogue her influence makes greatly for the destruction of that which she elects to serve, namely, the cause of mankind, which is enthroned to the exclusion of Almighty God. One of our ex-presidents has called upon Miss Jane Addams for a political service, assuming her influence to be foremost among American women. It is too true that Miss Addams has a vast sympathetic following which is based upon the enchantment of mechanical order. This "best-loved woman in the United States," who is a pathfinder for Bebel's most vicious book, has this to say:

"The Socialists are making the sole attempt to preach a morality sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep pace with even the threads of screws and the size of bolts, so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another." (Newer Ideals of Peace.)

What, then, is the religion of women dominant in the sociological affairs of our country? Certainly it is not Christianity.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY,
Director of Boston School of Political Economy.

The War and the Revival of Catholicism in France

As a spectator in Paris of the first two weeks of war I am left with the impression that one of the chief results of the present conflict will be a great revival of Catholicism in France.

Of all the peoples in Europe the French are almost alone capable of rapid communal expression. That criticism of the democratic ideal which bases its case on the inability of masses of men to express their collective will in an adequate manner, seems borne out by the greater part of modern European history. Yet the French nation by some oddity in her development gives this accusation the lie. That indescribable thing which differentiates one nation from another emphasizes in her case the fact that the strange force in Gaul, which has ever made her the decisive battleground of Europe, is capable of being canalized into the collective protest of a people. And it is this power of rapid communal expression that leads one to think that the Catholic revival in France will not be a passive one, expressing itself merely in a cessation of attacks on the Church. It will be an active, nay, even a violent, national movement that will reimpose the Faith on France.

Gaul, again, almost alone among the children of the Roman Empire, retains the Roman tradition in its purity. You can watch her reimposing it on the Maghreb, on the northern shores of Africa, in her military camps, the straight roads, the planting of trees, and the towns with their one straight street. Europe, which once held northern Africa and lost it in the great Moslem raids, holds it again through France. That which alone has made the second reoccupation of the Maghreb incomplete is that though the soldier of the Roman tradition has recaptured Africa, the Roman faith is absent. The faith of St. Louis no longer vitalizes the French arms. Yet this clinging to the "secular" side of the Roman tradition, has ever made Gaul the battleground of Europe. From those boundaries of hers, which have hardly varied since she became a nation at the close of the Dark Ages, she has led those great European raids against Western paganism and Eastern decadence. She alone was capable of conceiving the Crusades; she alone in her fierce practicality conceived the Revolution. On whether the Faith holds firm in France, then, depends eventually the salvation of Europe. That is what lends such extraordinary interest to the prospects of a complete resurrection of the Church in Gaul at the conclusion of this war.

I see this Catholic revival, first, through a series of recent happenings, and then through a series of personal impressions.

Before the war began there were numerous signs of a renascence of the Faith in France. (Mr. H. G. Wells, who almost alone among non-Catholic writers has a strong sense of *fact,* although his interpretation of facts will not always be acceptable to the Catholic mind, has recorded his own belief that a great revival of Catholicism will be among the most marked developments of the twentieth century.) In the face of such conspicuous conversions from infidelity as those of Paul Bourget, Huysmans, Brunetière, Coppée, Retté, it was impossible to ignore the influence of the Church among litterateurs who a few years before were entangled in materialism or Eastern mysticism; while an esthetic appreciation of the Faith was a clear note in the verse and prose of the French naturalist writers. Again one saw the resurrection of the Catholic spirit in the admissions of radical politicians that the attack on the Church had been barren of results, save that it had tended to strengthen and renew the Catholic body. These realized their inability to dissociate the French mind from the moral demands of Christianity. Active anti-clericalism died about the year 1905. Moribund radical politicians did, it is true, attempt to revive the anti-Christian ardor of past years at the time of the Agadir crisis, against the advice of many of the keener minds of the movement; but that was a distinct failure. Thus, before the war, the reappearance of the Catholic spirit in literature and the effective pressure of the Catholic mass of the nation on the politicians had opened the gates to the rising tide of the Catholic renascence.

What, then, of after the war?

To a person who witnessed, as the present writer did, the extraordinary religious fervor in Paris at the commencement of hostilities, not merely among ardent Catholics but among those who had for many years neglected their religious duties, it would seem impossible that there should be a reaction to indifferentism at the cessation of hostilities. Mornings at Mass, and afternoons spent in wandering through many churches in all quarters of the

city, speedily brought me to the view I put forward: that this crisis has *shocked* the French nation into a realization of the power of religion in moments of high tragedy. And if in moments of high tragedy, why not in those minor tragedies that crowd even everyday life?

Nor do I think that these personal impressions of mine of great services at the Madeleine, the Sacre Coeur de Montmarte, play me false. I find that other witnesses support me. I quote from an article from the pen of an acute observer in a recent number of a prominent London weekly:

> To what extent the services attracted once rather slack congregations I realized less than one month ago. Outside a village which never was famous for church-going enthusiasm, I chanced upon a game-keeper engaged in conversation with half-a-dozen soldiers bivouacking under a railway bridge, a few miles north of Hirson, and he was just saying: "In our village there are no political parties; no Royalists, no Imperialists, no Radicals; everybody goes to Benediction at night." This was the plain truth, and it applied to all those parishes where a priest was left: everybody went to Benediction at night. The old Catholic feeling, which no amount of religious controversy can kill, was alive everywhere.

It seems to me impossible that those of the French nation who were shocked by the destruction of Reims cathedral and other churches, can revert to the Radical game of taking these very edifices from their rightful owners. I can not see how the death of great priests like the Abbé Délebecque, the bravery of those thirty thousand of the clergy who are, according to a London estimate, at the front, can fail but to impress the imagination of a people who have been asked to regard these men as cassocked imbeciles. The French nation is united. When atheist has stood shoulder to shoulder with Catholic in battle, the former can no longer call the latter unpatriotic and a danger to France. Those who have sneered at the pulpit as the "coward's fort," will have to admit that even if the pulpit is the "coward's fort," the priest in any other kind of fort is a very brave man. Those who have regarded the Church, even as many did at the time of the Revolution, as dead, will have to admit not merely that it is alive, but alive and kicking. How can there be a revival of religious persecution in the face of such impressions and admissions?

There is one other point I would emphasize. If Alsace-Lorraine becomes again at the end of this war an integral part of French territory—I do not say that it should or will, O Heckler for Neutrality!—it is not conceivable that even the stupidity of Radical politicians will allow them to impose the anti-Catholic laws on a province that has enjoyed a large amount of religious liberty under German rule. And is it possible to make an exception of Alsace-Lorraine to the exclusion of the other provinces of France? The answer is self evident. Here I end my somewhat dogmatic diagnosis and prophecy of the future of Catholicism in France, knowing full well that prophecy is apt to be not merely unwise but foolish!

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

A Catholic Daily Newspaper

A saintly priest has well said that, "if the daily newspaper as it comes into our homes were to be given to the world in book form it would have to be placed upon the Index." No thoughtful observer of our times who has the welfare of mankind at heart would venture to disagree with him. Whilst there is good as well as evil in the daily newspaper even of to-day, the evil has outgrown the good and has become dangerous on account of its insidiousness. The good comes like the light of the day; we see it and rejoice in it because it brightens up everything. The evil comes like the invisible dust in the air; it penetrates our thoughts, reaching every nook and corner of our minds unperceived, until by its accumulation it has besmirched our moral views and has made evil lose its ugliness for us. We condone the evil on account of its evanescence, failing to realize that although its impress is momentary the constant recurrence of it produces a lasting influence.

The daily newspaper of to-day is in a decadent state. By common consent and practice the daily newspaper has three functions: to inform the people; to communicate between buyer and seller, and to mould public thought. Only one of these functions remains anything like normal, namely, that of communicating between buyer and seller and even this has been perverted. Because the success of the daily paper depends upon the number of its readers, keen competition for readers has brought the price of it below the cost of production and has widened and thinned down its function of informing the people into one of pandering to their curiosity, animal instincts and prejudices. As a logical sequence the burden of earning dividends has fallen upon the advertiser, and the function of moulding public thought has been sacrificed to his interests and to the whims of the people.

While society in general has something very vital at stake in the newspaper's decadence, Catholics have more at stake than society in general. It strikes at our civilization, but it also strikes at Christianity the foundation of our civilization. If Catholics really want to hand down their precious heritage of faith in its full strength and vigor to their children and their children's children they must reform the press at least in so far as they themselves use it. A Catholic school education and a sermon once a week with even the best home environment will not withstand the post-graduate work of the newspaper, which in picture and type daily presents the weakness, crimes, scandals and sins of the community in attractive coloring as though they were the deeds of heroes and martyrs. It is man's nature to become imbued with what he sees, hears and reads until it is part of him and he reflects it in his acts.

The daily newspaper has every qualification for good that it has for evil; it remains for man to make it an agent for good. There are always more edifying acts in a community than disedifying ones; more good deeds

done than bad ones. For every faithless husband and wife there are hundreds of faithful ones. For every one who commits a crime there are thousands who do virtuous deeds and noble acts. For every evil act which is dressed up as an heroic deed there are thousands of real heroic deeds which could be set forth in their nakedness. A daily newspaper which would record what is beautiful, good, noble and edifying in the community would be a power for good. It would find many readers, for, after all, there is a better psychological foundation in the people for good than there is for evil. Most Catholics would support it; all ought to support it. Those who would not do so in the beginning could be educated to do so. What people really want in a newspaper is the news. When that has been told simply, briefly and truthfully without nauseating details, whatever more is to be given most people would prefer to have come from the good side of life rather than from the bad side. It is only the morbid, perverted mind which likes to wallow in intellectual and moral filth and the majority of human beings have normal minds.

New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have large enough Catholic populations inside of a newspaper radius to support a distinctively Catholic daily newspaper. A capital of two million dollars would establish such a paper in any of these cities and carry it to an investment basis. It might take from five to ten years to do it but it could be done if the project were carefully managed and persevered in. The financial returns after the paper had been securely founded would be ample to justify the undertaking on a commercial basis and the ethical returns and the good which would come to civilization from it would be beyond calculation.

The task of establishing such a paper belongs to the layman. It is peculiarly a function of the "Lay Apostolate." It fits the layman exactly and the layman fits it. It is a business enterprise which can be used to extend the Kingdom of God and preserve the truths which Christ has revealed to us. There is no preaching in it, merely an acting out in everyday life of the teachings of the Church for the edification of all. It is a way, too, in which help can be extended to the brother outside of the Church who has not been blessed with the faith and to whom the Catholic layman is a brother's keeper. There are thousands of good people in the world clinging to the remnants of a pre-Reformation standard of morality which the story of divorce, dishonesty, political debauchery, murder and everything which is debasing as it appears in the daily press insidiously robs them of, setting them adrift in the ocean of irreligion and immorality. A clean, edifying daily paper might preserve for them this vestige of Catholicity which they have by inheritance and tradition, and perhaps ultimately bring them the full substance of what is now a shadow.

Reformation of the press within itself can scarcely be hoped for on account of the practices which have sprung up in the newspaper business through competition for commercial advantages. It must come from an outside force strong enough to gather and hold readers on an ideal standard of ethics. The Catholic Church undoubtedly is the best equipped and strongest organization for this purpose in the world to-day.

The resources for a Catholic daily newspaper exist. Much of the best newspaper talent in the country is Catholic. There is ample capital in the hands of Catholics for a Catholic daily paper. Catholics who have thought about the matter are willing and ready to do their part. Catholics who have not thought about it are either indifferent or disinclined to do anything. Serious sober thought would make all realize that in such a task there lies a duty. Really all that it is necessary to do for bringing into existence what every thoughtful Catholic seems to think ought to exist is to organize the resources at hand, to coordinate them and direct them to the desired end with a strong faith, firm purpose and persevering effort.

Catholics in the United States have built churches, schools, and eleemosynary institutions and have liberally supported them. They have done these things for the preservation of their faith. What they have done, excellent as it is, is incomplete and insufficient until they have buttressed it with the establishment of Catholic daily newspapers. Such papers are necessary for a voice in matters of public interest, for defence of Catholic principles, and above all for correct information on a thousand and one subjects which through ignorance or design are misrepresented or ignored in the daily newspapers as now published. They would serve a splendid purpose for postgraduate work among Catholics by keeping them in touch with the social, philanthropic and intellectual life of the Church, by reports of the happenings in parishes and eleemosynary institutions and of the proceedings of conventions, summer schools and gatherings of various kinds. There is not a day but that something is going on in some part of the United States of interest to Catholics in all parts of the United States, an account of which would be both instructive and inspiring. Such papers would supply to Catholics the crowd-stimulation which comes to men who address vast, sympathetic audiences and would give them some sense of proportion of their numbers compared with other religious bodies and the population at large.

Catholics need Catholic daily papers also for the purpose of strengthening their Catholic weekly papers. Strictly speaking, a weekly newspaper can not be produced because news is too evanescent to be of interest at the end of a week. Catholic weekly papers could be made most interesting and valuable journals were there Catholic daily papers from which to draw the news of the day. They ought to summarize the news of the week and comment on it. At present only a few of them, notably AMERICA, can even attempt it. Were this generally done they would be much more welcome in Catholic families and when known and understood would be regarded as

an indispensable part of the literature of the household. Under existing conditions it is practically impossible to make our Catholic weekly papers what they ought to be because there is no reliable source of information for summaries and comments.

A Catholic daily paper should be planted in the hearts and faith of the rank and file of the laity. The capital should be subscribed by the many not by the few. Twenty thousand subscribers of one hundred dollars each would be ideal for a capital of two million dollars. This would give the paper a Catholic foundation from which it could not be dislodged. A stockholder holding one or even ten shares would place the Catholicity and efficiency of the paper before his dividend; a stockholder holding from one thousand to ten thousand shares probably would reverse these items. Besides, no man can bequeath his Catholicity to his heirs, and it often has happened that the second, third, or fourth generation removed from the most devout parents, has been found outside of the Church. Then again with holders of a few shares of stock, death and the change of fortune could not bring embarrassment to the management through new, unfriendly interests.

What legacy can a father leave to his son so pregnant with happiness as something which will help him to maintain his faith? What sincere Catholic would not gladly invest thousands of dollars to insure his offspring's loyalty to the faith? In daily Catholic newspapers Catholics have the best security for the faith of their children and their children's children which mere money can give. How much better to invest a little of one's wealth in these than to leave it in forms which corrupt and debauch? One can see the future of one's own family in what has happened to one's own generation of those who have gone before. How many have lost their faith through the influence of a non-Catholic environment and a degenerate press God only knows?

LAWRENCE F. FLICK.

London in War Time

It is Trafalgar Day. Round the decorated Nelson column in Trafalgar Square there have been all day patriotic demonstrations, to which a practical purpose has been given by making collections for the war relief fund and for our guests, the Belgian refugees. Round the base of the column hang memorial wreaths, in honor of the brave men who met their deaths so resolutely and devotedly when the lurking danger of the North Sea struck their ships and gave no chance of striking back. We are proud of our navy in this war. It has done all we expected and we expected the best. Our ships have kept their silent watch on the narrow seas; they have paid the price in gallant lives; when the opportunity offered, they have fought with the disciplined efficiency that brought swift destruction on their opponents; and in the hour of victory our seamen showed a reckless courage in saving the lives of their late enemies, and a manly appreciation of the courage with which the German sailors kept their guns in action to the last.

The great day of trial—the pitched battle on the sea—is still to come, but we look forward to it with confidence. Meanwhile the navy is keeping our shores safe by its mere presence and its silent power. And it is also keeping the great ocean routes clear, by "bottling up" von Ingenohl's squadrons behind the batteries of the Frisian coast. There are a few hostile cruisers still on the prowl. They were out before the war began. Some of these raiders have been hunted down; the rest will soon be caught. Meanwhile the damage they can do is relatively a trifle. Our food-ships come into our ports; our mail steamers and cargo ships start on the appointed days. There has been none of the huge rise of prices that was predicted before the war. For a few days they had a tendency to rise; then came the official statement as to supplies available and on the way; the guarantee of insurance on food cargoes; after that prices first steadied and then in most cases actually dropped. Raw material for the sugar refineries was short for a time, because the war had come as a surprise. A Government grant to the importers settled the difficulty and now the price is very little above what it was six months ago. In the London restaurants and teashops the scale of prices has never been altered from the peace tariff.

The war is, it is true, fifteen weeks old. The first week was the worst. We were plunging into the unknown. There had been no war with a European neighbor for many a long year. We had never attempted a general mobilization. We could not realize what the readjustment of business would mean. And then there was a really dangerous financial crisis. The London banks had been financing big foreign transactions, taking over bills for half Europe, helping the Stock Exchange to carry on with prices dropping hourly in the anxious week before the crash came; and financing contractors, traders and manufacturers on securities that now left no margin. An immediate liquidation would have meant a deficit of fifty millions sterling. If a run had started, the great banks would have gone smash like a train of fireworks crackling off in succession. The four days' bank holiday, the temporary moratorium, the Government guarantee of a whole series of liabilities, and the issue of pound notes and ten-shilling notes (not of the Bank of England but of the Treasury) warded off disaster.

The mobilization went like clockwork. Every one who had anything to do with it was surprised at the easy and rapid way in which the home army expanded from about 150,000 to over half a million. Then came the rush of new recruits and old hands rejcining. In some of the foreign papers I have seen absurd stories about the people hanging back. The plain fact is that the rush of recruits surpassed all expectations, and at one moment was an actual difficulty on account of all preparations, that had been made on the most sanguine estimates, proving insufficient. Even those who had opposed the idea of war were enthusiastic supporters of the Government from the moment that the Germans marched into Belgium. Whatever may be thought in other countries of the merits of the quarrel, the people here are solid in support of what they hold to be a just cause and a necessary fight for the safety of the country and the empire.

And I feel sure that no praise can be too great for the calm, orderly spirit in which they have faced the trials of war time; for the generosity with which all classes have contributed to the funds raised for the victims of the war; and finally for the eager kindness with which they have welcomed and provided for a host of refugees from Belgium. Not the least praiseworthy feature of this hospitality is the way in which even Protestants are taking care to provide for the spiritual needs of these Catholic exiles. At the Alexandra Palace, a great place of entertainment in North London, where the scheme had proved a failure and the huge buildings

are derelict, temporary quarters are provided for many hundreds. It is a kind of receiving depot from which the refugees are passed on to more permanent quarters. Here the theatre has been converted into a church with several altars. The high altar is just behind the line of footlights. The refugees begin the day with Holy Mass, said by some of the priests who have come with them. It is true that Catholics are represented on the reception committee, but the majority are Protestants.

And let me note that the war, though it has temporarily paralyzed more than one of our organized Catholic works, is indirectly helping the Church in England. At the front and at home Catholics are doing their part. One of the first patriotic gifts made after the war began was the offer by Cardinal Bourne of the free use for the wounded of a fully equipped and fully staffed hospital just founded at Willesden Green in North West London. Catholic names are numerous in the roll of honor of those who have fallen in fight.

Just after the Belgian refugees began to arrive we had a Catholic procession in the streets of London, ending with a service at the Cathedral. It was a processional of prayer for the dead and for an honorable peace. English and Irish, Belgians, French and Poles marched under their national banners. We had about 5,000 in line. I acted as one of the marshals and interpreters for the foreign contingents. While the procession was being formed I had a talk with a soldier in khaki uniform, a gunner of our Royal Artillery, with a row of war medal ribbons on his jacket. The Soudan ribbon started the talk and we exchanged memories of old campaigning days on the Nile. I asked him where he last saw fighting and he told me he had been wounded at Mons, had now recovered and next week would be back with the guns in France. Then we talked of the fighting in Belgium. "I never saw men like the Belgian priests," he said. "I could not imagine braver or better men. They were up to the firing line, and whether you were Catholic or Protestant didn't matter. They never asked, but just set to work to save your life. I am an Irishman and I was a Protestant until Mons. But their religion is the religion for me, and I have put my name down to be a Catholic."

The soldiers' letters are full of praise of the priests and nuns. One of them, written by an English private in a line regiment, tells of the impression made upon him by what he saw in a French village. He tells how at one end of it there was a little convent and the nuns "in a gray uniform," stood by the door giving fruit and refreshing light wine to the tired men as they tramped past. "To my dying day," he says, "I shall never forget those nuns; they looked so beautiful and holy and pure." And the writer is a Protestant.

But I am getting away from London. Of the war in France I shall say nothing. The expeditionary force slipped away from the country in utter silence in the mid-August days. Since then it has been characteristic of the people that no news has been black enough to depress them, though the tidings were at first disappointing enough. The less worthy class of newspaper writers have been fanning the flame of hate against the Germans, and working up a spy scare. The scare has the slenderest foundation in fact, but it has had some unpleasant results, notably a riot in South London and a good deal of harrying out of their situations of men with German names. But this has been the only scare.

You will say, what about the Zeppelin scare? Well, there has been very little excitement and no panic on that head. We all know by the experience of Paris, Namur and Antwerp that bomb throwing from the sky is likely to come. London is a big target, and has its arsenals, magazines, wireless installations and the like which a daring German raider might try to damage. Or there may be mere reckless scattering of explosives and incendiary bombs. Perhaps when the attempt is made there may be some local panic, but I doubt it. Meanwhile London submits with patience to the precautions imposed by the authorities, with a view to making it difficult for the raider to choose his targets. London is gloomy enough at night; no lights in shop fronts, dim lighting of streets, a faint glimmer in the street cars that makes it impossible to read. It is a bit of a nuisance, but it is a very minor "horror of war." Aerial scouts cruise about, high-angle guns are mounted, searchlights sweep the sky. But every one I have spoken to looks on the whole business with more of interested curiosity than alarm. Property is being insured against damage, but rates are low, two shillings and sixpence per cent. per annum is the ruling rate now, and a shilling more if one lives too near a Government establishment. The rate covers all kinds of incidental losses also.

Taking it all round, the war has not caused one-tenth of the trouble that was expected. We have got used to the new conditions and are keeping "business as usual." The long battle in France has come to something like a deadlock. We are getting used even to the dearth of news. For the moment we are chiefly interested in looking after our Belgian guests, and waiting with a mild curiosity for what Count Zeppelin and his colleagues may do. For the rest we are all pulling together and trying to help each other, but there is less poverty than one usually has to deal with in London as autumn comes on. Things may be more difficult when winter is upon us, and when the November session of Parliament brings heavier war taxes. But we do not worry about what is coming. The quiet patience of every one, their cheerful patience, is wonderful. There are few households, perhaps there are none, that have not relatives or friends either at the front or awaiting orders. But every one accepts the changed condition of things and all its anxious possibilities in a quiet, matter of fact way. There was far more nervous excitement over the South African War. There is not a trace of the flag wagging, mafficking and other absurdities of that period. Yet the South African War was a trifle compared with our present business.

London. A. HILLIARD ATTERRIDGE.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

The Abolition of the Greek-Catholic Church by Russia

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Two weeks ago a European news dispatch was published to the effect that Count Andreas Szeptycki, Greek Catholic Archbishop and Metropolitan of Lemberg, Galicia, was made a prisoner of war by the Russians and had been carried off to the interior of Russia. In connection with this outrage the following may be of interest to the readers of your journal. In a recent issue of the *Utro Rossi*, a Petrograd daily, we read the following item:

> The Holy Synod is in receipt of a telegram, announcing the arrival, at Lemberg, of the Orthodox Archbishop Eulogius, who is to deliver a memorial sermon in one of the Greek-Catholic churches. High Mass is to be celebrated by him there on September 27th. *The Orthodox Rite has been declared the dominating religion in Galicia.* The Holy Synod sent its blessing to such Greek Catholics as are prepared to embrace the Orthodox faith.

Archbishop Eulogius, referred to in the above telegraphic message, is the typical representative of the Russian State Church,

which took part in the plot to seize Galicia. The *Nowa Reforma*, a prominent Cracovian paper, in commenting upon this message, says:

> The Metropolitan, Count Szeptycki, was made a prisoner of war and removed from the city of Lemberg, with the obvious object of preventing him from protesting against the dissolution of the union between the Greek Catholic Church and Rome. It is of interest that Archbishop Eulogius deemed it proper to celebrate Mass in the Greek Catholic church, although the city of Lemberg harbors a newly-erected and spacious Orthodox church. By so doing the archbishop desired to make it clear to all that the Russian Government decided to change the Greek Catholic into an Orthodox church. *To this unheard-of suppression of the conscience and religious sentiments of Greek Catholics the attention of the whole civilized world should be drawn.* The justification of the Greek Catholic Rite is based upon its union with the Vatican. Not only Ruthenians, but many Poles are members of this Church. The purpose of official Russia in destroying this union and in declaring the Orthodox Church the dominant religion in Galicia, is to strengthen the political foundation laid by Russian machinations before the outbreak of the war, and thus to continue their ruinous influence even in case Russia should be forced to evacuate or give up Galicia.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to add that the recognized leaders of the Ruthenians in the Austrian Parliament, Dr. Lewicki, Professor Romanczuk and Dr. Olesnycki, have also solemnly protested against this infamous crime committed by Russia upon the most sacred ideals and sentiments of the Ruthenian people.

ALEX. VON NUBER,
Austro-Hungarian Consul-General.

New York.

One Vote Lost

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am a convert to the Faith, and can not but marvel at the passivity of the millions of Catholics in the United States under the manner in which the President and his appointees ignore their appeals in behalf of decency and humanity. I have always been a Democrat. My ancestors have been Virginia Democrats since the foundation of the party, but I will vote the Republican or Progressive ticket before I will again support an administration that ignores the appeals of millions of my coreligionists. I believe that every Catholic worthy the name holds, or should hold, the same view of the matter; and if Catholic voters would voice this opinion broadcast in the Catholic press throughout the land, the present Administration would feel that it could no longer afford to ignore their appeals.

Sligo, Texas. W. P. LUPTON.

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My article on "Religious Conditions in Italy," published in AMERICA a few weeks ago, has found opponents. It seems that in certain quarters there is a disposition to believe that the bulk of the Italian people are not good Catholics; the reason assigned being the character of the Italians in this country. Is this a good reason? No. Circumstances here are so different from those that obtain in Italy that a man who should judge Italians in Italy by those in the United States, would certainly be misled. First of all, what of the Italians who come to this country? As a rule they are from the poorest and lowest class. Obliged to fight for their very living almost from the first day of their arrival, they are lucky if they can get anything at all to do in our cities. Many of them, moreover, come from country places where the fatherly solicitude of the parish priest was sufficient to keep them away from evil, they come by thousands from a country abounding in Catholic traditions and pious practices to the worst quarters of our large cities, to tenements where they are crowded together because of the high cost of living. Besides, among them are to be found a certain number who in Italy would hardly be allowed by the police to go about freely. Compared with the others, although much in the minority, they are far more conspicuous. They are bad people such as are found in the lower strata of every community. Secondly, our immigrants come to a country where an unknown and difficult language is spoken, where the ideas and the ways of the people are widely different from those to which from their childhood they have been accustomed. They live among people who but too frequently despise them. The Italian immigrant hears himself called opprobrious names by persons whom he has never offended and toward whom he feels inclined to be kind in spite of all the injuries heaped upon him. As Archbishop Glennon says: "He is greeted with terms of contempt and forced to seek shelter with his countrymen in the poorest quarters. He does not speak the language of America, therefore, he is uneducated; he is rude of appearance, therefore he must be an anarchist."

The Italian immigrant, moreover, comes among people full of life and energy, and he thinks his best recommendation to them is a fair knowledge of the English language and a large amount of the "mighty dollar." He comes to a country that prides itself on its freedom and on its progressive principles, a kind of freedom and a code of principles he may have heard often condemned at home. He comes without a priest; not rarely he has not a church in which to worship God. He has not the means of building one and, besides, in a short time he will return to Italy where the friendly parish priest to whom he has promised a sum of money for a statue or for an altar or, maybe, for a charitable institution, is already anxiously awaiting him. For the Italian immigrant does not as a rule intend to make his home in the United States. His object is merely to work for a time in order that the higher wages he earns in this country may enable him to pay off his debts or to give a dowry to his daughters, or to make his future life in his dear old place comfortable and happy. Such being their ideas, such their desire for money, and such their resolution, often carried out, of leaving the country as soon as possible, can the immigrants welcome the priest, even if they find one to take care of them, who needs and requests money for the Church, for the school, for the rectory, for the club, especially as they are unaccustomed to support the Church? Often, however, and this happened especially in the first decades of the Italian immigration, they do not find any priest to work among them. As a consequence, influenced by their surroundings, misunderstanding the spirit of the country where they live, they begin to feel a certain freedom in religious practices even though they may keep the Faith in their hearts. History repeats itself, they say: many of other nationalities have lost the Catholic Faith in the first or second generation for want of priests, and the Italians are not an exception to the rule.

Since these are the conditions of Italians in this country, do AMERICA's readers think it fair to make them a basis of judgment for the 35,000,000 Italians in Italy? What would the honest, industrious Americans think if they saw themselves despised and hated, as they are, in some Latin American republics, because they are judged there according to the standard set by a comparatively few insolent Americans, who would hardly be tolerated in this country and who disgrace their fellow-citizens abroad and at home? It is the same with the Italians except to a stronger degree. A comparatively limited number of them are bad, the rest are good, honest, law-abiding citizens, who are laboring under extremely hard circumstances. The names of the bad ones travel all over the country, the others are ignored or con-

fused with the former; and so they are entirely misunderstood, they are trodden down even by people who should rather extend to them a helping hand and make life easier for them by drying their tears, by making them feel at home in this grand country, among men of all races and creeds and especially among their fellow Catholics. And yet in spite of the odds that the Italians have to face in this country, only a few of which I have pointed out, are they after all as bad as my opponents make them out to be, and perhaps many people are inclined to believe them? I reserve my answer to this question for another letter.

Woodstock, Md. JOSEPH M. SORRENTINO, S.J.

Filling the Gap

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In this, your hour of dire distress and pitiable need, allow me to hasten to fill up the gap in your subscription list about to be made by Francis Emmerich. I presume that he is a competent judge of his own powers of discernment, but if he can see no difference between AMERICA and the *Menace* he is pretty badly off. Perhaps it will be some consolation to him to know that I am jumping into the breach and taking his place.

Monmouth, Ill. JOHN J. RYAN.

Help for Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In response to your recent appeal for help for the priests and nuns who are suffering from the effects of the war in Mexico, I wish to ask if it would not be possible to raise a subscription through your columns, and to ask you to act as treasurer. If you approve of this suggestion, I take great pleasure in sending you ten dollars to start the subscription, and I offer it with an earnest prayer that it may be accepted for this purpose, and that many may respond to your appeal. It is natural that the whole world should turn at present to the terrible need in Europe; but there is danger of our forgetting in America that an equally unholy war in the suffering country so near us, has left great need in its train. While answering the cry that comes to us across the sea, we may not be able to do all that we wish for those at home, but can not each one of us do a little?

Windsor, Vt. A. S. EVARTS.

Indifference is Impossible

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your recent number of the *Catholic Mind* on the Mexican atrocities has just come to me. Is it possible that such inhuman barbarities can be perpetrated on Catholic Sisters at our very doors and Catholics remain indifferent? I am going to ask you to send at my expense a copy of this pamphlet to every priest of our diocese of Boston. If Boston, true to her traditions, feels it a duty to protest against such persecutions as have been practised on the Jews of Russia, surely the Catholics of this city under their watchful and public-spirited leaders will find a voice to cry out against these heinous cruelties perpetrated on the defenceless women who have so completely consecrated their lives to the love of God and their neighbor. And if they do not cry out, who will? As Joseph Smith, a non-Catholic writer, commenting on the disgraceful supineness of Catholics in the face of the filthy *Menace* situation, says in a Boston paper with more force than elegance, the Catholics with their millions in number in this country ought to be able to enforce respect and fair play, provided they have spines under their shirts and not rubber tubes. And so it is to be hoped that our Boston Catholics will be able to cry out so as to be heard by all their fellow-citizens who hate injustice, not excluding such papers as the *Globe* and *Post* which do not refuse Catholic patronage. And may I ask you to send a copy also to our President and every member of his non-Catholic Cabinet? Ignorance may be the reason for their support of these perpetrators of barbarities; it is difficult to see other excuse. I take it AMERICA is ready to stand behind all charges contained in this pamphlet. And may I offer a suggestion? As it is sometimes asserted that partisan politics on the part of Catholics is the cause of their being persecuted by the Carranza-Villa cabal, open your columns to the American representative of that régime and challenge them to prove it.

BOSTONIAN.

Reparation for the Outrages in Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been thinking of the horrible sacrileges committed in Mexico against the Blessed Sacrament, and of our share in the matter, and it has occurred to me that we Catholics of the United States ought to make public atonement by a public Communion of Reparation and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. If we are powerless to do more, let us at least make amends as best we can.

Sparta, Wis. A PASTOR.

"Lest We Forget!"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The news received in our country all passes through England, and much of it comes from official France. Never, I think, in all the history of the world have such hideous calumnies been repeated and credited as the falsehoods told by French atheists in order to inflame not only their own nation, but every other nation on earth with hatred and frenzy against Germany. These men who deny God and His commandments, who make light of affronting Him, of bearing false witness, recently appalled the whole world by announcing that their Cathedral of Reims had been deliberately destroyed by the German "Huns," and lay prostrate, "a heap of smoking ashes." The injury to the cathedral has since been fully explained, and is reparable. The defacement of this same cathedral by the enemies of God during and after the French Revolution has been for years undergoing repairs, and has been evident to all travelers, as well as to the French people, who have gazed at the sacred places. Every other beautiful church in France, was more or less mutilated, not by the fortunes of war, but by blind hatred of God, the same mainspring of evil action which animates Poincaré and Viviani to-day, and all the rest who have hacked and mutilated the school books of French children, erasing every mention of God and prayer. Curiously enough, too, in this connection, I may mention that Bruno's history of France for children, in use in the French schools for more than thirty years, was "revised" in 1905, and not only every allusion to religion eliminated, but a full-page illustration of the Cathedral of Reims was suppressed—a map being substituted—and, also of course, all allusion to it and to the Catholic kings of France.

The atheists try to keep from the eyes of little children even a picture of a church of Christ, of a temple of God. And yet these same men are calling the world to witness the "vandalism" of Germany, and its malicious and "systematic" destruction of a "sacred edifice"! Let us remember that neither in the Cathedral of Reims nor in any other church, whether it be magnificent or humble as the stable of Bethlehem, have French officers been allowed to attend Mass:

nor have other functionaries of the Government, under pain of disgrace or dismissal. All these and other infamous laws seem to have fallen silent during the war frenzy which appears to have animated even French Catholics, to judge from the awful things that they say and write against the Germans, and the Emperor, with more hatred of their neighbors Catholic and Protestant than love of God. They actually call the French army the "Army of Christendom"; that army into which the French "Grand Orient" has invited all the Freemasons of Italy, if they fail in an attempt to overcome Italian neutrality. From a Catholic point of view France seems to be in a very pandemonium. All the persecutions and tyranny, the exile and death of innocent nuns, the killing of faith in the souls of children, seem to be forgotten. French Catholics who never united (as Leo XIII counselled wisely) to prevent the Republic from committing such outrages, have now arisen as one man to crush Germany and recapture Alsace, which would mean practically to put that province under the tyranny of a government which would immediately exile the religious Orders, steal the churches and establish godless schools.

To an outsider watching events and knowing facts, such a frenzy of race-hatred seems incredible, and the clever infidels are playing their game, exciting evil passions by calumnies and manifold devices of Satan, laughing in their sleeves all the while at having cunningly brought the French Catholics "to heel," and forced priests to kill their neighbors, but never once swerving from their own fixed purpose to "kill God"!

The Government allowed some Catholics to sing and pray last month before Notre Dame (the *Matin* called it "a lot of old women brandishing the cross"), but two weeks ago, when a paper was presented to Viviani, signed by 180,000 Catholics, asking for a day of national prayer to be appointed for France by the Government, he scoffingly denied the request, saying that it would affront French "public opinion"! Years ago Bishop Bougaud, of Laval, in his remarkable book, "L'Église et le siècle," deplored the fact that "France is the only great nation that does not pray"! What will be the outcome of these horrors? God only knows, and the future is safe in His hands. All Catholics everywhere must pray for the Catholic Church in France, not for the French Church, *l'Église Gallicane,* that it may become as it was in the past, the Church which produced saints, it mattered not of what rank; kings, noblemen, peasants, all were equal before God; all were united in one Lord, one faith, one baptism. This splendid faith caused France to be justly called the *fille ainée de l'Église.* May she come back as a nation to her Mother, whether it be through defeat or through victory, through happiness or through adversity! Catholics of every race can unite with her, praying to God, "Thy Kingdom come," hoping for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world, that great and undivided army with one Divine Leader, and ardently desiring the downfall and confusion of the enemies of God in every land.

Lucerne, Oct. 9. A CATHOLIC AMERICAN.

Dispassionate Readers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am very much surprised that any of your readers should take umbrage at anything contained in your "Chronicle," concerning the present war in Europe. I have been intensely interested in the conflict, have read AMERICA faithfully, and was quite unaware that you displayed any bias in what you printed. It never entered my mind that you were striving to set yourself up as the first or the last authority on things relating to this European struggle or that you aimed to convert anybody to the point of view of the "Chronicle." In fact the point of view was so often in the plural number that I can not conceive how any one should imagine you to be making or trying to make a single point to the exclusion of others. All I expect of you is that you will continue to give the "Chronicle" as heretofore and let your readers draw conclusions to suit themselves. Dispassionate readers know full well that though you endeavor to be all things to all men, you can scarcely hope to be anything to some men. If you succeed in pleasing the majority of your subscribers, you will be eminently fortunate. At any rate, state matters as they appear to you and I have no doubt that you will give satisfaction to the unbiased portion of your clients.

Hopkinsville, Ky. J. P. W.

Germany's Bearing in the War

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read an article by H. C. Watts, in your issue of October 31, in which the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant are blamed for the cruel arrogance and cynical brutality of the German Government in this war. What of Austria? Austria is the only great power left in Europe that is wedded, body and soul, to the Roman Church. And it was Austria that precipitated this deluge of blood. The name Austria does not appear in your writer's contribution.

I do not know who Mr. Watts is; but I have followed AMERICA for some time, and believe your effort is to be fair. Here is your chance.

Philadelphia, Pa. A. L. H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am not quite clear as to what your correspondent means. If he is of German nationality and resents any implication of "brutality and arrogance" being made against his Fatherland, that is quite proper—from his point of view. If, on the other hand, he thinks Catholic Austria is shielded at the expense of "Protestant" Germany, he is a bit wide of the mark. So far as I am aware, Austria has not made the claim to world-power that Germany has, and Germany, if Trietschke, Bernhardi and others are to be considered spokesmen, bases her greatness on the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant. It is the former of these who says:

> Thus the new poetry and science became for many decades the most effectual bond of union for this dismembered people, and decided the victory of Protestantism in German life.

And continuing the same topic he says:

> Germany was raised to be the home of heresy, since she developed the root-idea of the Reformation into the right of unrestricted and unprejudiced inquiry.

The effect of the Reformation has been to destroy authority in matters of religion, and to magnify private judgment. When, in addition to this, Kant's philosophy eventually and logically ended in destroying belief in things not apprehended by the senses. such as God and the supernatural, the whole centre of spiritual gravity was shifted from God to man. The very natural consequence followed that there is nothing great in the universe save man, and nothing great in man save himself; the supreme glorification of egotism. And whereas, ordinary simple man, even with the assistance of sanctifying grace, falls a long way below his Pattern; it is evident that without that grace, and denying its source or even its existence, he would be still more unlike the image in which he was made and created. The ethics of Jesus Christ, promulgated by His Church, have nothing in common with the ethics of Kant. The one is supernatural, and finds its

source in a Living and Personal God: the other is intellectual, and depends upon the validity of a syllogism.

H. C. WATTS.

Delirious Gallomania

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Enclosed, please, find a little sedative for your delirious gallomania and kindred maladies. If your editorial staff must engage a linguist to translate the German article for them—*risum teneatis amici*—I will bear all the expenses. Your editors seem to be deplorably ignorant of everything that pertains to the great Teutonic race, the torch-bearer of civilization.

Urbana, Ill. DR. HAROLD MCCARTHY.

[German news in AMERICA is in charge of a man who knows German thoroughly. However, this should not quench the Doctor's charity. The Belgian Relief Committee would gladly accept the money.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Religious Conditions of the Italians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In response to Father Corbett's question I beg to say that my work has brought me for the last ten years in contact with a large number of priests from Maine to Savannah and as far west as Pittsburgh. The statements in my letter, for which proof has been called by Father Corbett, are the outcome of my own observation and of repeated discussion of the Italian question with priests and also bishops who were in touch with the work. I may say without exaggeration that my statements have been borne out by their almost universal testimony. I do not, however, use 99 per cent. in the exact numerical sense. What I meant and what I mean now is that the majority of Italians, especially men, are not practical, good Catholics, but are woefully deficient in the practice of their religion.

New York. HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," says Shakespeare. Evidently Mr. Herbert Hadley, your correspondent in last week's AMERICA, must have thought that he would have strained mercy to the breaking point had he been a wee bit more indulgent toward the much-misunderstood and much-maligned Italians. Certainly Mr. Hadley is acting neither nobly nor squarely when he rivets his eye on the evil and entirely overlooks the good; when he looks at our "festas," our "prostrations before the statue of the Madonna, our processions in honor of our Patron Saints" as anything but expressions of piety. Besides, what authority can Mr. Hadley's word have when compared with that of Father Sorrentino, who, as it appears from his article, has lived in Italy, and so is an eye-witness of what he asserts? Moreover, I wonder what statistics Mr. Hadley consulted before he committed himself to all those *hard* statements about the religious conditions of the Italians. He says that "99 per cent. of them stay away from Mass when they come to this country." Is this possible? No. Numbers will show that this is entirely false.

Let us consider three of the States where Italians are in very large numbers: New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. According to statistics given in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" there are in the State of New York about 700,000 Italians. If 99 per cent. of these stay away from Mass, and only 1 per cent. go, in actual figures it means that 693,000 Italians miss Mass, while 7,000 attend. According to the same encyclopedia there are in the State of New York fifty-three Italian churches. Hence, if what Mr. Hadley says is true, it follows that each church has an average attendance of 132 members. A ridiculous number indeed for all who witness the large crowds of Italians at the many Masses in New York. During my stay in this country I have had the good fortune, or shall I call it bad fortune in this case, of having always gone to one of these churches. Not counting the children's Mass, we had five Masses for the people, *all Italians*. And I must confess that there were certainly far more than 132 present at *each* Mass. Evidently, then, Mr. Hadley did not consider the Italians of my parish when he wrote that letter. But what about the other fifty-two churches? Are they as well attended? Really I do not know from personal experience, but from what others tell me they are doing nobly. Moreover it should be remembered that many an Italian goes to the church nearest his own house to hear Mass, whether it be an Italian church or not. So much for New York. What about the other two States? There are about 300,000 Italians in Pennsylvania. If only 1 per cent. are church-goers, it means that the number of faithful Italians there is 3,000, while the rest are breakers of the Sabbath. In the same State there are forty-seven churches for the Italians. If only 3,000 go to church, it follows that each can count on only sixty-four Italian members. A miserable number indeed. Surely Mr. Hadley must have spoken a little too fast when he said that 99 per cent. stay away from Mass. I know that statistics do not make the pleasantest of reading, and I am loath to tire the patience of my readers by placing before their eyes a long list of numbers. But I am sure that they will not refuse to visit our Italians in New Jersey. We are 250,000 there. Of these, if we have to take Mr. Hadley's word, only 2,500 are practical Catholics. For these 2,500 Italians thirty-one churches have been built. What a prodigality for this money-loving country of ours. For it would mean about eighty-one members for each church. Of course, my data is a few years old, and the number of Italians has increased since then, but the number of churches has also increased as can be seen from the "Catholic Directory" for 1914. And so I am afraid that Mr. Hadley has been guilty of a little exaggeration. Hard saying number one.

Mr. Hadley makes another sweeping assertion. He says: "The Italian . . . falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer." Proselytizing the Italians is a job that does not pay well at all. People say, and with good reason, that the Italian has the faith so deeply rooted in his heart, that he may become an indifferent Catholic, but a Protestant never. There are, however, proselytizing societies that try to wrest the faith from the Italian. But what success have they? With the old folk, none. With the young, very, very little. Let Mr. Hadley read Father Lynch's article on "The Religious Conditions of Italians in New York" (AMERICA, March 21, 1914, p. 558), and he will see that the statement that "the Italian . . . falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer," can stand a great deal of amendment. Hard saying number two.

There are many more hard, very hard sayings in Mr. Hadley's letter. I might take them up one by one, and show that a more sane view can and should be taken of the religious conditions of the Italians. It is true, things might be much better. But of what nation can not the same be said? He casts a slur on our devotion to the Madonna, on our heavy candles, on our processions in honor of our patron saints. He asserts that thousands upon thousands of our boys and girls know nothing of their prayers; and that parents send their children by preference to the public schools. A great deal might be said about all these hard sayings which might tip the balance of prejudice a little more in our favor. I hope Mr. Hadley is in good faith. But I think I have said enough to show that he is grievously mistaken about the religious conditions of the Italians.

Baltimore, Md. G. REALMUTO.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914.

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Patriots to a Patriot

In far away Magnolia, Arkansas, there is an anti-Catholic paper called the *Liberator*. Not long since it published the following letter:

Alamo Court No. 1, Guardians of Liberty of Texas, a patriotic organization of American citizens, with Courts throughout the entire United States, which has for its purpose the maintaining of the United States Constitution, and the complete separation of church and state, desires to express to you, and other patriotic Mexicans our hearty approval of your actions and the great good and service you have and are rendering the people and the country.

We would especially commend your actions in ridding your country of the basest of human vultures, the Catholic priesthood. Whenever women are forced to secretly confess to a man who has never married and knows nothing of the sacredness of woman or of home, it is but natural for immorality to exist, and until this practice is stopped it is impossible to raise up a liberty-loving, intelligent, patriotic, moral generation.

Again assuring you of our appreciation of your invaluable worth to your country, and trusting that you may continue your good work until the people of your country are freed, indeed, from the root of the trouble, the Roman Catholic Church, in the language of the patriot, we would exclaim, "Viva Mexico by Villa."

This is interesting for two reasons. In the first place it contains almost the exact words of the wife of one of our accredited agents to Mexico. How did the "Guardians" get so accurate a version of the lady's opinion? In the second place it reveals better than anything else the ideals and moral standards of the illustrious writers. They congratulate the Mexican Constitutionalists through Villa, their leader. Good! The thoughts of the illustrious Guardians run this way then: the Constitutionalists brutally murdered some twenty priests: we, the Guardians of Liberty, rejoice in the deed of blood and congratulate Villa on it; the Constitutionalists tortured priests in most savage style: we, the Guardians of Liberty, are glad of it, and bespeak our joy to Villa; the Constitutionalists profaned and pillaged churches, desecrated altars and sacred vessels, indulged in unspeakable orgies in chapels and convents: we, the Guardians of Liberty, find pleasure in this and would have Villa know it; the Constitutionalists ravished nuns, drove some mad by their brutality, pursued others across housetops, whence the poor creatures flung themselves to the streets below to escape shame: we, the Guardians of Liberty, approve of it, our hearts leap with joy over it, we hail Villa for it; the Constitutionalists blasphemed God, in one instance publicly and brutally denying His very existence: we, the Guardians of Liberty, find pleasure in this, and salute Villa for it; the Constitutionalists in a frenzy of hatred and lust, violated laws human and divine: we, the Guardians of Liberty, approve of it. Why not? It is a blow at the Catholic Church. Such is the attitude of our illustrious patriots, citizens of a land discovered and largely colonized by Catholics. Their program is not yet complete. They have yet to invite Villa into their noble company. He may refuse to make the descent.

Then there will be one other creature left to receive the congratulations of the Guardians. His name is Satan: his home is hell. But perhaps later on Satan, in virtue of his office, will greet the Guardians.

Delicacy of Conscience

A good conscience is an inestimable treasure, a pearl without price. It is easy to stain it and almost as easy to spoil it. For, deny it as we may, every faculty of the soul takes color from environment and deteriorates under abuse.

These are the reasons that send men of letters back to ancient Greece and artists back to medieval Rome. Those who love art and letters cross the centuries to sit at the feet of the masters; they will not take their standards from the little men about them, they will not drink except from the wells that are undefiled.

Why should it be otherwise with Catholics in the matter of delicacy of conscience? Why should they be willing to accept their standard of morality from a godless world? Have they no Masters in Israel to whom they may have recourse in order to keep their judgment sound on matters that are vital for their supernatural life? Are they less concerned about moral principles than the painter about color schemes, perspective and light and shade? Or do they think that they are exempt from the tendency of all life to yield, to conform, to take up with the ways that suit a particular environment and make life easy? Surely better is expected of them. It cost Christ so much to teach us the truth that we should be jealous of its purity. It cost our forbears so much to keep it intact, that we should be watchful lest we lose even the slightest portion of it. It is a precious heritage that has been vouchsafed us, this seeing the things that others have longed to see and have not seen. Much has been revealed to us that has been hidden from the worldly

wise. Are we viewing things in the white light of divine revelation, or are we forming our judgments according to the tenets of the world, the world, that is, in our Lord's sense of the word, whose teacher is the father of lies? Is our general Catholic conscience losing tone? Its purity is in the keeping of the individual. Are we safeguarding it?

Votes for Women

Ten States and one Territory have extended the franchise to women. It is quite possible that within the next quarter century the franchise will be universal. What is woman going to do with her vote? The professional promoters have a ready answer. Her entrance into public life is to effect, by degrees, the moral and social renewal of the face of the earth. Politicians will yield to statesmen; politics, to political economy. The poor will no longer be with us, and vice shall hang its ugly head. Rapine and war will cease, and you and I will find ourselves in a world where all the men are chivalrous, and all the women, good. It is very beautiful, this prophecy; beautiful as a dream. It is a dream. A transformation so radical is not within the power of ballots. Votes can elect good men, but they can not make men good. The suffragists in public conventions have grown eloquent, pathetic, on the evil effects of physical dirt, in streets, factories, homes. They have had nothing to say on the moral dirt of divorce. Race-suicide is a viler menace to home and country than child-labor. We have heard much of the latter; not a word in condemnation of a practice that is worse than murder. Not the right to vote, but the willing fulfillment of our duties to God, to one another, and to ourselves, makes homes possible, men happy, and nations great. As a political measure, the extended franchise, may or may not prove a blessing to the State. But as a means of reformation, public or private, it is at best but a poor substitute for personal religion.

China and Chicago

From China, a missionary writes an appeal for cancelled stamps. For a pound of these old stamps, he can buy a baby, sometimes two or three babies, from parents who otherwise would throw the children in the street to die. From Chicago, a fashion-editor pleads for our babies, exposed by parents equally unnatural. "Is it not possible," she asks, in her "Fashions from Paris" column, "that we mothers can dress our children decently, as well as becomingly? On the continent last year, I saw frocks so extreme, that I was hoping they would gain no popularity. But I hoped in vain." Unfortunately, old stamps can not buy our babies from these pagan parents. Style covers all sin. The plain word, "immorality," applied to dress, is a joke. A cartoonist is making a living, selling his illustrated witticisms on the improprieties of fashion to a Sunday magazine syndicate. One recalls with a shiver, that even the pagan satirists, in the worst days of Roman corruption, were too deeply religious to consider this a "joke." They saw in it another indication of a nation rushing to destruction. Adult immorality in the matter of dress is sufficiently deplorable. Can its spread be checked if the children are taught to continue it? He is far worse than a pagan, who forgets the fine old pagan saying, that the deepest reverence is due to a child. Of the traitor Judas, Christ said that it were better had he never been born. He passed the same terrible sentence upon those who scandalize His little ones whose Angels ever look upon the face of God.

Current "Literature"

"America's greatest magazine" is the modest way that a certain monthly of wide circulation describes itself. Such a claim is a challenge, so let us see in what this greatness consists. Here is what those found who scanned the November issue of the magazine in question: three serial stories by authors whose fame chiefly rests on the numerous salacious novels they have written; four short-stories of which the central characters are thieves, wantons or profligates; a "theatrical" department with its usual display of women; a short paper on Egypt; a bit of prose about the war and some "ethical" verses. The last three articles described, which do not fill four of the magazine's 111 pages of reading matter and illustrations, are of some literary value, but the rest of the number's contents is either worthless or immoral. Indeed, there are several stories in the magazine that can not fail to defile, permanently, the minds and hearts of thousands of those who read it. Yet "America's greatest magazine" is probably little better or worse in this respect than a dozen other cheap monthlies of which the combined circulation runs up into the millions.

Who are the readers of all this pernicious trash? Is it possible that Catholics are numerously represented among them? Quite possible. In fact the publishers would doubtless have to record a very marked falling off in their sales, if all the Catholics in this country should suddenly stop buying and reading "America's greatest magazine" and all its near relatives. It must be owned, also, that even in Catholic circles there are men and women belonging to the class thus sketched by the reviewer of a recent "best-seller":

> Clearly there is a large public which likes to open a book full of lips and bosoms, embraces that hurt, beautiful dark faces of ardent males and marvelous deep eyes of women. Also they like these things to be larded with contemptuous references to people who "trot along the worn little path of strict conventionality like a flock of herded sheep." This sort of book is received as very lawless and dashing by a large class of readers, who thereby contrive to enjoy the sensations of being wicked without any of the bother. The vicarious profligacy of respectable people who buy this sort of fiction is not a little touching. . . . These books, however, are by no means only sinful and

dashing. They are also illiterate and silly. They stupefy the mind and help in thousands of readers to degrade and blunt all sense of life's reality, all sense of the dignity and usefulness of things and words. These books are also ugly. . . . It is the hopeless vulgarity of conduct and taste which makes of this literature a power to enervate and destroy. Nothing in these books is real—not the virtue; not the wickedness; not even the "desire." It is the easy, fluid perfunctoriness of the whole thing, its vulgarity of idea, its utter lack of style, dignity, reality, and sense of real value that makes a book like this a power for mischief.

Is it at all surprising then that Catholics whose reading chiefly consists of books like those just described, and such periodicals as "America's greatest magazine," should find literary works insupportably "high-brow," biography and history "deadly dull," and Catholic books and papers lamentably lacking in "interest"?

Talking to Oneself

An ordinary man looks around and makes sure no one is present before he begins to talk to himself. He knows that talking to oneself is considered a sign of a weak mind. Yet, why should the soliloquy be excluded from the public? You may sing, you may whistle, you may tap your fingers idly or impatiently, you may play a musical instrument, but you may not let your thoughts rise above their very subdued whisper unless you are in complete privacy. "I beg pardon, did you say anything?" we may perhaps hear, and with a blush of shame at being caught talking aloud to ourselves, we hastily reply, "Nothing at all." We are afraid of being classed with the weak-minded. Why, to-day, they are excluding the soliloquy even from the stage, and when dictographs become cheaper, a man will not dare to swear even in private. The speaker will not address the sides of his taxicab with the splendid retort, the brilliant epigram and crushing argument which unhappily did not come half an hour before. The man who bumps his toe in the dark will choke his rebellious thoughts to silence. That business plan which is going to overwhelm your rivals, that anticipated exultation in the joys of the new honor you are ambitioning, can be given no expression. You may gesticulate and move your lips with the explosive vehemence of a character talking in a moving-picture but may not speak aloud, or the dictograph "will get you."

There is no special reason for sorrow over the fact that the art of speaking to oneself is disappearing. It may even be a thing to be thankful for that many a ridiculous fury kindled to vehemence by personal and private eloquence will be quenched through lack of verbal fuel. The triumphant answers to pet enemies may be less frequent because their authors have ceased rehearsing them to themselves. It is very hard to refrain from uttering to other audiences what has been so often applauded by enthusiastic self. The thought which has been allowed to utter itself in sound is not far from launching itself in act. If wickedness loses its voice, it may be so weakened as to lose the power of thinking.

Anger and fear indulge, more than contentment does, in talking to self. It is naturally hard to know the vocabulary of a language which is spoken only to one, but if we may judge by personal tendencies ninety-nine per cent. of the words uttered to oneself are not fit for polite society. The caddy who said that a golfer on a certain trying occasion had recourse to the most profane silence he ever witnessed, fortunately prevented by his presence some interesting additions to the language of intense emotion. A private explosion may indeed relieve the overcharged heart, but it may also stir up a languishing resentment to more vigorous action. Put your finger on the lips of fear when it would talk to you in private and you will probably spare yourself the painful toil of traveling over various bridges which in reality you shall never cross. Indulge in the silent satisfaction of calm and peaceful joy.

When the pagans were alone, they talked to the trees or the springs or the waves, in all of which they believed guardian spirits existed. When the poets are alone, they talk a great deal to inanimate nature, if we may believe what they put into print. Those of us who are not pagans or poets have a more consoling and comforting practice when alone, and it is guaranteed to do away with all need of talking to oneself. "Enter into thy chamber and having shut the door; pray to thy Father in secret and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee."

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

III

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON.*

In most ways that count, Katharine Tynan-Hinkson is the very antithesis of Alice Meynell. Perhaps therein lies one secret of their long friendship. In any case, while the reticent, lily-like Englishwoman stands out as a triumph of the "artistic temperament" in spite of much domesticity, her Irish sister will be found quite incorrigibly and engagingly domestic in spite of the often-abused "temperament" just mentioned. Mrs. Hinkson has given us some ten or twelve volumes of verse, along with uncounted prose on all manner of subjects; and she has remained first, last and always, a woman and a mother. The touch of a glorified, an impassioned domesticity is upon all her pages.

> I sing of children and of folks on wings,
> Of faith, of love, of quiet country things;
> Of death that is but lying down at night
> And waking with the birds at morning light;
> And of the Love of God encompassing—

So rang the sunny Introduction to her "Innocencies"; and it might well stand as *apologia* for her entire poetic work.

Katharine Tynan started life in a little Irish village of the County Dublin, and she has kept always her love of Ireland and of the green fields. But, like most people who praise and sing of country joys, she wandered off early to the big gray city where, for better or worse, the business of living has been concentrated. Her first little volume of poems, "Louise

*The third of a series of literary papers by the author of "The Poets' Chantry."

de la Vallière," full of *triste* and tender dreaming, was published in London back in 1885. Ever since she has gone on finding herself and finding life, and never losing hold upon literature.

In 1893 Katharine Tynan was married to Henry Albert Hinkson, an Irish author and barrister. The story of this happy union has very definitely colored her subsequent work. The "Lover's Breast-Knot" was confessedly its fruit, as are the child-poems which dance, and sometimes weep, in and out of the other volumes. There is a rather unusual note of tranquillity in Mrs. Hinkson's love poems, an absence of storm and stress, of passion and of mystery. They are as domestic as possible: songs of a peaceful love sitting by its own fireside, a love fulfilled and motherly, purified but not dimmed by long service, close to earth yet holding fast to the sacramental seal of heaven. "The True Marriage" might worthily have found place in Patmore's "Angel in the House"; but it needed a woman to write that tense, recent poem, "Any Wife":

> Nobody knows but you and I, my dear,
> And the stars, the spies of God that lean and peer,
> Those nights when you and I in a narrow strait
> Were under the whips of God and desolate.
> In extreme pain, in uttermost agony,
> We bore the cross for each other, you and I.

Even more vividly poignant, if possible, are Katharine Tynan's poems of motherhood: the "gripping" and much-discussed "Maternity," "Love Comfortless," and all the lyrics centering about the little dead son, Godfrey. The thought of the return of the dead was an early *motif* in Mrs. Hinkson's work. Sometimes it was the loving mother, "a little ghost in white," stealing back quietly "to rock a tiny cradle all in the hushed moonlight"; again, it was the child, come back joyously to the dark nursery and darker hearts left behind, with messages from "the dear God's House in the glittering air."

But in all this wistfulness there is no morbidity. Indeed, there is a peculiar nobility in Mrs. Hinkson's treatment of "our sister, the death of the body"; a quite unaffected courage and a smile all the more convincing for its unforgotten frost of tears. We need look no further than to a little lyric out of "Experiences" for illustration. It is an elemental fragment, peasant in its simplicity and directness, a song of Christian immortality with all the humanness of people living close to Mother Earth. "Planting Bulbs" she has called it:

> Turning the sods and the clay,
> I think on the poor, sad people
> Hiding their dead away
> In the churchyard, under the steeple.
> All poor women and men,
> Broken-hearted and weeping,
> Their dead they call on in vain,
> Quietly smiling and sleeping.
>
> Friends, now listen and hear,
> Give over crying and grieving,
> There shall come a day and a year
> When the dead shall be as the living.
> There shall come a call, a footfall,
> And the golden trumpeters blowing
> Shall stir the dead with their call,
> Bid them be rising and going.
>
> Then in the daffodil weather
> Lover shall run to lover;
> Friends all trooping together;
> Death and Winter be over.
> Laying my bulbs in the dark,
> Visions have I of hereafter.
> Lip to lip, breast to breast, hark!
> No more weeping, but laughter!

All along, it has been Mrs. Hinkson's gift to transmute and transfuse what ordinary people think of as ordinary things. Fain she is not of the far pilgrimage, nor the dream princess, nor the flower of the air. But looking upon the humble, universal things of life, "Sweet scents and sounds, sweet shade and sun," the travail of the "little ass of Christ," the death and birth and love and life of man, she finds all, as in Eden, *"very good."* And in spite of the many outside influences that have touched her sympathetic verse, in spite of the fact that her quick and constant productiveness has sometimes been betrayed into reminiscence both of herself and others, Katharine Tynan is in all her best work quite strikingly original. She has achieved a note of delicious naïveté: a tender, colloquial human note, and in the devotional pieces a note with something in it of the old medieval intimacy. This tranquil yet wondering simplicity is not a very common grace in our complex modern life. It is, withal, a very Catholic quality; the treasure of *shepherds* and *kings*, in the late Monsignor Benson's discerning words:

> Before I tell of Thee, God's Son,
> And all the sweet salvation
> That Thy birth brought to laboring men,
> Make me Thy little child again.
> Bid me put off the years, and be
> Once more in meek humility
> Thy little one and wondering-eyed.
> Give me their faith who stood beside
> The manger that Thy cradle was.
> . . . . . .
> Yea, give me their humility!

This is the poet's prayer at the beginning of her exquisite volume of "Miracle Plays," a prayer fulfilled to the letter and the spirit as well throughout its gracious pages. The whole series is in her best manner; steeped in the mysterious light, the "aching joy," the prophetic pathos which for all time to come have enveloped the years of our Lord's infancy and childhood. Katharine Tynan is no lover of abstractions in divine or human things. Her vision is translated instantly into terms of the simple and concrete. This, doubtless, is the secret of the dramatic realism and the gentle familiarity with which she invests spirtual themes. Who but herself could have given us that unique and delectable song of St. Joseph, "The Man of the House":

> Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
> This is your name that pleases me,
> "Man of the House."
> I see you rise at the dawn, and light
> The fire and blow till the flame is bright.
> I see you take the pitcher and carry
> The deep well-water for Jesus and Mary.
> . . . . . .
> There are little feet that are soft and slow,
> Follow you whithersoever you go.
> There's a little face at the workshop door,
> A little One sits down on your floor:
> Holds His hands for the shavings curled,
> The soft little hands that have made the world.
> Mary calls you: the meal is ready;
> You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.
> I see your quiet smile as you sit
> And watch the little Son thrive and eat.
> . . . . . .
> Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
> Guard me mine own and my own roof-tree,
> Man of the House!

A glorified domesticity: we end where we started, having rounded the circle. This is the note for which Mrs. Hinkson's poetry will be remembered, whether they be poems of nature, or of childhood, of man or of the good God. After all, it is not so difficult a thing for human love, having raised a mortal to the skies, to draw an angel down!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Oddsfish! By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

Monsignor Benson has already filled a long historical gallery with the portraits of Henry and Elizabeth and the Marys of Scotland and of E gland and a multitude of types and personages of their court and day. The present, and unfortunately the last of his great tableaux adds a notable extension to make room for the more difficult figures of Charles II and his luckless brother and successor and many another about whom the variations of Protestant annalists have sorely perplexed historians. In "Oddsfish!", a title suggested by the favorite expletive of Charles II, there is no perplexity. Charles and James and their moods and modes and policies, and the springs and courses and consequences of the anti-Catholic plots and the hundred moot points that vex the students of the period, are set forth in clear and persuasive sequence by Roger Mallock, an ex-Benedictine novice of gentle blood and many tongues, whom Pope Innocent XI selects to stimulate the pro-Catholic tendencies of Charles and moderate the headlong zeal of James. How, with all his cleverness and fidelity, he fails in both, and how, notwithstanding Charles' sworn pledge Titus Oates and his fellow-perjurers do to death five Jesuits and other innocent victims; and how, despite the King's sensualities and infidelities, Roger is won by Charles' charm and fundamental honesty and gains him to final penitence and reconciliation with the Church; and how he loves and loses the wilful but winsome Dorothy Jermyn and regains his Benedictine monastery in Rome, is all told, with much besides, in 460 closely printed pages that are still closer in enthralling interest.

"Oddsfish!" is a well-woven and self-sustained story that achieves its purpose by hiding it in the narrative, and also throws a new and often convincing light on historical puzzles of fascinating interest. Mgr. Benson's theme is a dark and worldly age brightened here and there by heroism. Dorothy, very human in love and loyalty, takes her place rather with Mary Corbet and Beatrice Atherton than on the high spiritual plane of Marjorie Manners and Isabel Norris, and Charles II was an unpromising choice for a hero; yet hero he is with all his sordidness, and the aged Benedictine narrator carries the reader with him in his unchanging love "of Dorothy Mary Jermyn, the least of sinners, and of Charles Stuart, the greatest of all sinners, yet a penitent one." His view of Jesuit influences on James may be questioned, but his fine delineations of the Jesuit marytrs and Jesuit character, his minute and vivid portraits of Charles and James and Oates and Stafford and many others noted and notorious, but above all the interwoven picture of the doomed and dying Church snatching victory from defeat and death and thrilling to resurgent life even in the citadel of her foes, render this book, which he just lived to finish, an enduring and most satisfying memorial of the gifted author. M. K.

Ancient Greece. By H. B. COTTERILL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

To treat within a volume of less than 500 pages of "Ancient Greece" from its early civilization to the rise of Macedon and to fit within this space accounts of the many-sided activities of the nation in the arts, literature and philosophy call for whatever skill an author may have in selecting and combining his materials. Mr. Cotterill, however, has acquitted himself worthily of the task he essayed. In actual amount of matter, Bury's one-volume history, while no larger, has, owing to the use of smaller type and thinner paper, double the matter in this book. Yet Mr. Cotterill's work will give the general reader to whom it makes its appeal, a definite and by no means meagre account of "Ancient Greece."

In the discussion of the early Achæan and Cretan civilization, to which in a new work one turns expectantly, owing to the constantly increasing finds of the excavators who have followed in the footsteps of Schliemann, and among whom Sir Arthur Evans is so brilliant a figure, the author is not only full, but extremely interesting and informing. The numerous illustrations, some in color, are executed with a finish that is not the least of the volume's merits. "Ancient Greece" presents in an attractive way and in a surprisingly brief compass an adequate account of a historical period of which it is a calamity to be in ignorance, even if many have sustained that deprivation without a notable loss of health and prosperity. At the end of the volume are useful tables to assist the treacherous memory. A. P. M.

Poems. By EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Martin's poems have the Horatian spirit and they aim at the Horatian flavor. Their outlook is urban with just a touch of the suburban like Flaccus's. The workmanship is considerably less perfect, and the humor more ephemeral and more hasty—incidentally also more decent—than the Roman's. In other words, Mr. Martin, as we might expect, is more American than Q. H. F. He knows his Park Row and Riverside Drive and Fourteenth Street, and is familiar with Boston and Philadelphia, and life at intermediate points, and he cultivates the quizzical, good-natured attitude toward the ups and downs, the vanities and ambitions of life where men are thickest. His fun is always good, healthy fun, and generally succeeds. The humorist has too much good taste to be irreverent. He derides hell as an ancient joke, though One, Whom Mr. Martin evidently reveres most profoundly, did not look upon it in that light. Isn't it strange that death and hell are so frequently attractive subjects for humorists? What is the psychology of it? "Has the fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?" asks Hamlet. And Horatio replies, "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." Perhaps humorists feel the seriousness of these things so much that they laugh to conceal their concern. Or haply they meditate so much on death that they come to be on easy terms with it. One of the most amusing poems in this volume is that in which the poet tries to contemplate himself in the early stages of that final state in which poor Yorick is addressed by Hamlet. Here is one stanza:

> I think that when the greedy worm
> Began upon my brains,
> I'd wish him luck, and hope he'd get
> His dinner for his pains.
> I'd warn him that they would be apt
> With him to disagree,
> For, if they fed him well, 'twere what
> They seldom did for me.

The title of this very original poem is "A Mortifying Subject." On the whole this book of light verse is quite enjoyable. It is witty and deftly done, and reflects a cheerful as well as a thoughtful temper. J. J. D.

Gideon's Band. By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

This tale of the Mississippi has some historical value, as its author is an authority on the life and manners of the Southern States before the war. Not without interest for the reader will be the studies of conditions in the cities, some old and some just beginning, that lie along the great river's banks. Then too there are some good pages on the rivalry of boats, their owners, crews and motley human freight. The

story has to do with the first trip of the Votaress from New Orleans in the year 1852. The decks are crowded, and yet the author introduces all on board, and for five-hundred pages gives a wordy panorama of too many miles of shore and chute, island and eddy. Through it all is spun the thread of the romance of the owner's son and his rival's daughter. It is knotted, of course, and tangled, but unravelled successfully at the end. The plot, it must be confessed, is not very probable, and the characters are somewhat overdrawn. It is quite unreal that love-making and merry-making should go on while the cholera is raging and claiming victims from immigrant's deck to captain's chair, and many stops have to be made to fill shallow graves along the river. It is far more probable that panic would have ensued, putting an end to feuds, emptying decks and silencing bell and engine. "Gideon's Band" is doubtless placed first on the list of its author's works, only because it is his latest book, not his best.

J. T. B. F.

The Story of Greece. Told to Boys and Girls. By MARY MACGREGOR. With Nineteen Plates in Color by WALTER CRANE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. Arranged by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00.

The Seven Champions of Christendom. Edited by F. J. HARVEY DARTON. Illustrated by NORMAN AULT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35.

Now that Christmas is not so far away, intending purchasers of books for children should keep in mind these three beautifully illustrated story-books. In the first Mary MacGregor has written for little readers 103 tales, mythical and authentic, from the history of Greece. She begins with stories of Pan, Persephone, Perseus, etc., and ends with the conquests of Alexander the Great. Boys and girls who open this book will hardly stop reading till they have unconsciously stored up a vast deal of useful lore about ancient Greece.

The second volume named above is a collection of stories suitable for children to hear or read on fifteen holidays ranging from New Year's Day to "Bird Day"—whatever that may be. The compiler has gathered together some 125 tales or anecdotes which teachers, parents or the children themselves can turn to when they are seeking appropriate matter for holiday observances.

How many of our readers can name "The Seven Champions of Christendom"? To most it will doubtless be news to hear that they are St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland and St. Patrick of Ireland. These valiant knights, needless to say, have no connection whatever with the saints whose names they bear. For "St." read "Sir," and for "Christendom," "Chivalry." Richard Johnson at the end of the sixteenth century collected, wrote down and published what had long been related as stories at village firesides. Mr. Darton has now excellently adapted them for boys and girls of to-day who delight in reading about slain dragons, rescued maidens, vanquished Paynims and malignant wizards shorn of their power.

W. D.

The Home Book of Great Paintings. By ESTELLE M. HURLL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.50.

It is a fact pregnant with meaning that the "great paintings" should be the work of Catholic artists exclusively, and have, for the most part, an exclusively Catholic message. This fine quarto encloses in some 800 pages fifteen pictures each of Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Murillo, with descriptive and biographical details of their works and lives. The paintings, with one exception, are well chosen, and are excellently produced, and the explanatory matter, written in simple and untechnical language by one who understands technique, supplies a full and interesting story of the purpose and character of the artists and the meaning of their works. As the majority of these are altogether Catholic in inspiration, it is creditable to the writer that she has been able on the whole to enter sympathetically into the spirit of a religion to which she does not belong. Certain significant omissions in the story of the Annunciation, and occasional expressions such as "in the Middle Ages the Christian religion was a religion of fear rather than of love," betray a lack of that knowledge which gives sympathy its due proportion, especially in relation to pictures that require the understanding of faith as well as intelligence for adequate appraisement. Nevertheless the combination of story and pictures is one of the best and most inviting of the many books that unconsciously spread and popularize the wholesome message of Catholic art.

M. K.

Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott. Selected by JESSIE BOUSTELLE and MARION DE FOREST. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

This is a chatty little book of letters and poems and diary extracts from the hitherto jealously guarded treasures of the Alcott Home. Like a breezy and yet quaint series of genre films they make the reader intimate with Bronson Alcott, the idealist teacher and philosopher of Concord, and with his idyllic family life. His system of psychological child-study and training was quite original. The four clever daughters who owe their literary fame so largely to the careful application of their father's educational system, are brought in these letters very close to our human sympathies. Bronson Alcott's ideas on child-training are so full of common-sense that "Little Women Letters" will doubtless do their share in inoculating moderns with his old-fashioned "Orchard House" principles.

P. G. R.

Statuta Dioecesis Oklahomensis. Oklahoma City, Okla.: Printing Department of St. Joseph's Orphanage. $7.00.

These statutes were promulgated for the diocese of Oklahoma on August 21, 1913, in the first synod held by the Right Rev. Bishop Meerschaert since the erection of that diocese. From the term "Diocesan Statutes" it would be wrong to infer that they contain only such enactments as are applicable in the diocese for which they were issued. Diocesan synods afford to bishops one of the best opportunities of securing the observance of the universal laws of the Church. Hence it is not uncommon for the ordinaries to embody in their diocesan statutes the most important among the ecclesiastical laws, especially those of recent date, and to add to them enactments providing for a prompt fulfilment of the aforesaid laws. It was with this object in view that the Right Rev. Bishop of Oklahoma drew up his diocesan statutes, as is shown by the sections on Incardination, Sacred Music, Frequent Communion, etc. These statutes, followed by several appendices and an elaborate alphabetical index, form a neatly printed volume of about 150 pages.

H. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among recent books of fiction deserving of commendation are "Lord Clandonnell," by S. M. Christina (Benziger, $0.60), the story of the passing of beautiful Castle Dysart from the hands of the bigoted Protestant Lord Clandonnell, to a Lord Clandonnell who is a Catholic priest, the whole tale involving and evolving a mystery that keeps the reader in suspense till the last page.——With "The Prophet's Wife" (Benziger, $1.25), there is ushered into the large field of story-writers a new

author, in the person of Anna C. Browne. The adoption of orphan boys and the founding of homes for unfortunate women are some of the themes that come in for interesting treatment.——Homer Greene's book, "Handicapped, the Story of a White-Haired Boy" (Houghton, $1.25), holds instruction, interest and a lesson for every one that reads its pages. Paul Bolton's case has parallels in the lives of many of our boys, and the account of his rapid forging ahead, despite many drawbacks, should have a wide appeal. It is a first-rate story.——"The Doers" (Houghton, $1.00), by William John Hopkins, and "Five Birds in a Nest" (Benziger, $0.60), by Henriette E. Delamare, are books for little folk. The first tells how a five-year-old boy watched the mason, the carpenter and other artisans working, and the second relates the adventures of a family of children whose home was on the Rhone.——"Shipmates" (Benziger, $0.60), is the latest of Mary T. Waggam n's nice little books for Catholic boys and girls. It is the story of how "Roving Rob" was reclaimed by "Pip."

Those who have been reading with profit and pleasure during the past five months the final editorial in each number of AMERICA will be glad to learn that the writer, Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., has gathered them into a book called "Mustard Seed," which Kenedy will soon publish.

Catholic Mind for November 8 should be of particular interest to sociologists. The paper Father Richard H. Tierney read a few weeks ago at a meeting of the Illinois State Charity Organization on "The Needy Family and Institutions" begins the number. Father Blakely's articles on "Safeguarding Jim" and on "Catholic Social Workers' are reprinted from AMERICA and so is Father Woods' paper on "The Workingman's Home." The letter Pope Benedict XV addressed to the world concerning the great war concludes this issue of *Catholic Mind.*

For the setting of her latest novel, "The Witch" (Houghton. $1.40), Mary Johnston has gone to the England of James I. It is a sombre tale with a tragic ending, both hero and heroine being unjustly condemned for practising witchcraft. The author has been successful in bringing vividly before us the early seventeenth century with its wide-spread belief in witches. Of course it was chiefly in Protestant countries that the delusions throve. We seldom hear of witches in Spain. The wonderings of Joan and Aderhold bring them to America, where hospitable Indians give them a home. but England is the scene of "the witch's" doom. Miss Johnston has written books that are pleasanter reading than this.

The Fathers of the English Dominican Province are successfully continuing their translation of St. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa Theologica" (Benziger, $2.00). The third number of Part III, embracing Questions LX-LXXXIII, is now ready. In this new volume can be read the Angelical's masterly treatises on the Sacraments in general and on Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist in particular. The 200 pages devoted to the Blessed Sacrament show us the great Doctor at his best. No one has written on that lofty theme with more learning and lucidity. Those to whom the Latin "Summa" is a closed book may here read this beautiful treatise in English.

Regarding the statement in our review of "The True Ulysses S. Grant" three weeks ago, that the author was a Westerner and volunteer and showed slight regard for Eastern generals, and "the perfect West Pointer," a correspondent correctly states that General King is a native of New York, a graduate of the United States Military Academy, and served in the regular army, 1866-1879. His services, however, was chiefly in the West, where, after his retirement from the regular army, he became Instructor and Brigadier-General of Wisconsin Volunteers, 1882-1899, and Superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy, 1901. Whether this influenced him or not, the proclivities noted are manifest in his otherwise excellent biography.

The fortune of a good magazine, especially a Catholic one, lies in the taste and capacity of its readers; and we fear that in this respect *Studies,* an Irish Quarterly Review of Letters, Philosophy and Science (Educational Company of Ireland, Dublin, $3.00 yearly) has not had so far the good fortune it deserves. Besides literary and historic articles in the present number by Dr. Barry and Professors O'Neill and Boylan, each an expert in his sphere, and accounts of Louvain, Catholic reform in German theatres, Belgian primary education, the electron theory of matter, and the varied output of current thought in some fifty pages of reviews, there are remarkable articles by Sir Bertram Windle on the age of man as attested by geology; by Father Connolly, on Carl Lueger; by Professor Rahilly, who throws a new light on Roger Bacon, and several fine poems, notably by Rev. R. Kane, S.J., and Katharine Tynan. *Studies* is an "up-to-date" record of Catholic literary and scientific achievement and a convincing corrective of what is heterodox in every department of modern thought.

Cecil Chesterton, G. K. Chesterton's younger brother, who, unlike G. K. C. (who still remains entangled in the meshes of some brand of the "Higher Anglicanism"), became a Catholic some two or three years ago, is coming to America to lecture early next January under the management of William J. Feakins. Mr. Chesterton is at present the editor of the *New Witness,* a weekly paper originally started by Hillaire Belloc for the purpose of attacking modern fads and fancies such as Socialism, eugenics, vegetarianism, etc. He was the co-author with Hiliare Belloc of the famous "Party System," a book on English political life which attracted so much attention in Great Britain two years ago. Mr. Chesterton is now writing a volume on the war which will appear shortly in this country under the title: "The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart." He will lecture on: "Catholicism and Democracy," "Socialism and the Servile State." "Woman Suffrage and the Family," "The Return to Medievalism," "George Bernard Shaw, Heretic," "Dickens and the English Democracy," "Byron, Shelley and the Revolution," "New Forces in English Literature," "The Decline of the English Parliament," "The Jewish Problem," etc., etc.

Miss Katherine Brégy, whose discerning papers on "The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry" our readers are enjoying, contributes to the current *Catholic World* an excellent "Interpretation" of Ernest Dowson. She thus assigns him his place in English literature:

> In the eternal justice of things, Dowson must go down to history as a literary decadent. Never as a literary degenerate—that would be a cruel and false arraignment! Decadent art is not yet corrupt or corrupting. It is a tired art, pale or feverish: too tired to work its fine dreams into any approach toward a fine reality; too tired to fight, to reconcile inconsistencies, to pierce through the obvious smoke of conflict that it may, in Francis Thompson's fine words, "see and restore the divine idea of things." But none the less, it has its moods of beauty. If it be art at all, it captures something of the multitudinous vision and experience of man! In Ernest Dowson's work the memorable moods, the moods most perfectly and poignantly expressed, are delicacy and disenchantment. They are not the robust or heroic virtues of literature: none the less we take them for such as they are.

Another noteworthy paper in the November *Catholic World* is Father R. A. Maher's account of the failure of "Protestantism in Cuba."

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton Co., New York:
The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. $1.40.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Wonderful Romance. By Pierre de Coulevain. $1.35; The Charm of Ireland. By Burton E. Stevenson. $2.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
From Dublin to Chicago. By G. A. Birmingham. $1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:
Early American Churches. By Aymar Embury. $2.80; The Pastor's Wife. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." $1.35; Freckles. By Gene Stratton-Porter. $1.50.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone. $2.00.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Belshazzar Court. By Simeon Strunsky. $1.25; The Changing Drama. By Archibald Henderson. $1.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Meditations on Votes for Women. By Samuel McChord Crothers. $1.00; Good Stories for Great Holidays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. $2.00; Vocations for Girls. By Mary A. Leslie and Katherine Wiley. $0.85.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
The Great War. By Frank H. Simonds. $1.25.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Need of Change. By Julian Street. $0.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
A Woman's Career. By Myrtle Reed. $0.75.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Half Hours. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Salvation by Knowledge

It is an interesting phenomenon in the history of the human intellect to observe how one age resembles another. History repeats itself, not indeed in incidental details, but in its great outline, and in its tendency and direction. Certain basic facts may be noticed from century to century, which make us realize the force of the ancient adage that there is nothing ever new.

Take but one instance of many that might be adduced to substantiate this statement. Gnosticism was the name given to a sect of heretics in the early ages of the Church. The name itself is derived from the Greek *gnosis,* which means knowledge, and it gives the keynote of their fallacy. They claimed that salvation was insured by their superior knowledge; the more they knew, the easier and the more certain their salvation. Hence salvation was impossible for the ignorant. There were many by-paths to their heresy, but taking it in the large, such was the substratum of their doctrine.

THE NEW GNOSTICISM

If we leap in thought over the intervening centuries to the present day, we shall be amazed at the evidence of Gnosticism we see all about us. Look, for example, at the modern craze for education. Every city, town, village and hamlet must have its public library. It does not matter much what kind of books are crowded within its walls. So long as they are books, they are supposed to be the instruments of knowledge, and knowledge is the one supreme blessing for the world. Quantity is required, not quality. Read, read, read, and you will become educated, is the twentieth century watchword. Salvation cometh by education. That the population of our cities spends its time reading the "six best-sellers," dealing largely with matters of sex, excites no fears in the heads of the managers of our large public libraries; neither does the fact that their shelves are groaning under the weight of hundreds of thousands of books that should never have seen the light of day. But the people must be saved, and salvation comes by reading, and reading great quantities of books is nowadays looked upon as education. We have a supreme contempt for the so-called Dark Ages. How could any one be educated in the thirteenth century, for instance, when there were no steel, fire-proof book-stacks, and the linotype had not yet been invented?

But this is not all. So great a thing is salvation, that whole populations much be saved, even in spite of themselves. Children must be hurried into school, even at a tender age, to prepare for salvation. Hence our Kindergartens, and our Montessori Houses of Childhood. And then they must, by force of law, remain in school for a stated number of days, weeks and years, for a stern officer of the State seeks out truants, and forces salvation into the recalcitrant brains of stragglers. All men must be saved; salvation comes by education; therefore all men must be educated. This is the syllogism of the rising generation, and the entire population must go through the processes of what is to-day fondly looked upon as genuine education. Nor is there to be any escape. There must be free books, and free lunches, and free transportation to and from school, and, some day, free clothes. Shall not salvation be free?

IGNORANCE THE ONLY CRIME

Hence the contempt now everywhere manifested for ignorance and the ignorant; hence our vacation schools, our continuation schools, our evening schools, our University Extension lectures, our schools for everything under the sun. Thus, too, our insatiable desire to learn everything at once. In former ages, the human mind was allowed to grow and develop by degrees, along normal lines, just like a flower. But salvation must not be delayed. We must be educated over night, in twenty lessons without a master. We must be taught twenty different things, passively, joyously, without effort, by the aid of moving pictures, and our teachers must do the work for us, for we are fast losing the power to think for ourselves. Thus the crowded curriculum is overflowing with fads, interspersed with play, and dominated by ring-around-the-rosy methods, and scarcely half the day can be given over to the real work of mental training.

There can be no religion without a god. The god of the new gnosticism in education. For the One True God of our fathers there is no room in the modern educational institution. We worship at the shrine of education. We sacrifice fabulous sums year after year on the altar of knowledge, without a murmur of protest, because we are seeking salvation, and salvation is cheap at any price. Ignorance, consequently, is the only crime in the eyes of many modern educators. Only the illiterate and the uneducated are thieves and liars and adulterers; only the ignorant are corrupt and sinful. If people were only educated, they would *ipso facto* be good citizens, paragons of virtue.

Nor is this all. Just as the rising generation must be educated in order to be saved, so also the generation just risen must be saved. To carry on this grand work of regeneration, we have produced a new species known as the professional uplifter. Always unmarried is the uplifter, nearly always a woman, and invariably drawing a large salary at the expense of the city, county, State or nation, or of some heavily-endowed, self-constituted charitable agency, with an insatiable propensity for investigating.

GOVERNMENT BY "EXPERTS"

And then the thirst for salvation goes still further. Only the educated are competent to lead and guide and govern us, and a college or university degree is now required in many places in order to gain an entrance into public life. We are largely turning over the functions of government to "experts." This is the name which they assume. They dominate our school boards, our municipal activities, our charitable enterprises, our governmental

energies. These experts all draw large salaries, and they manifest a monumental arrogance toward those whom they think are not as highly specialized as themselves. Does this seem exaggerated? If it does then your fortunate experience has been that you have never met a typical "expert."

Strong lights cast dark shadows. It is a question if we are really as highly educated in this twentieth century as we imagine we are. It is not such a far cry after all from the Gnostics of the third century to the Gnostics of the twentieth century. Let us have education, by all means. The more we have of it the better. That is what the human mind is made for. But let us have real education, not heresy sailing under an assumed name.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

SOCIOLOGY

The Modern School of Philanthropy

Seven miles to the north of the most congested sweatshop district in the world, in the academic quiet that hangs over Columbia University, Mrs. Florence Kelley is lecturing on the sociological aspects of modern trade and industry. She is telling her class that modern industry is a menace to the family, to public health, to education and to morality. She has no difficulty in proving her thesis. She has seen with her own eyes the things she tells of. She has lived with the workers, has striven to help them in their struggle against oppression, has noted the change that has come over their class in the last quarter century. The older ideal of home, she says, meant a breadwinner, the father, and a mother who was a homemaker. It connoted children, carefully trained at home, in school, and at church, for this world and the next. This ideal home is rapidly disappearing from our manufacturing centres, and society, apparently, does not count itself the poorer for the loss. Vast numbers of men never form families, because they fear the drain upon small incomes, made insecure by the precarious nature of their occupation. Women have entered, or have been forced into, industrial and commercial life, to engage, many of them, in a health-breaking toil which tends to unfit them for marriage and its responsibilities. We see no danger in the ominous fact that thousands of young girls are employed by night, in factories, in hotels, laundries, telegraph and telephone offices. These workers are free agents before the law, voluntarily contracting to sell their labor for a price. The freedom to make contracts, even though harm result to the general social welfare, must not be restricted. The law allows it and the court doth give it.

BREAKING UP THE HOME

The withdrawal from the home, not only of mothers and daughters, but of the children as well, is made possible by the resources and demands of modern industry. Literally millions of American children, growing boys and girls, are thus exposed to the physical and moral dangers of street-trades, and to the degrading environments of mill and factory life. New York city alone annually issues working papers to more than forty thousand children under sixteen years of age; and in comparison with the statutes which legalize child-slavery in many American communities, the labor laws of that city are the most perfect flowering of all that is desirable in social legislation. Mrs. Kelley suggests that our grandchildren will recall with horror that, because of political or incompetent school-boards, an almost incredible number of city children are at school on a part-time schedule. Possibly; but posterity's horror may well deepen when it recalls that in this year of grace, 1914, eighteen million children were growing up in schools in which the name of Jesus Christ, unless it were mentioned as the designation of an historical personage, like Socrates, Buddha or Confucius, was anathema to the law. Surely, this is not training children to those virtues which alone make home-life possible. In dangerous trades, and through industrial accidents, either preventable or unavoidable, which kill or cripple breadwinners, thousands of homes are annually broken up. The meagre income of these workers, barely allowing them to live, has precluded the possibility of leaving a penny for the support of the bereft family. The common result is, that the mother goes to work at some under-paid job. After a struggle, the children are parcelled out to State and private institutions. Of these refuges, about ten per cent. will endeavor to fit the child to make his way in the world, by reproducing, as far as possible, normal home conditions. The other ninety per cent., unwittingly perhaps, and unwillingly we gladly concede, help to form mere wrecks and fragments, mere flotsam and jetsam tossing on the waves of the social sea.

PROFESSIONAL PHILANTHROPY

What are we going to do about it? We have been besieged by commissions and reports, tabulations and statistics, flashlight photographs and social exhibits, until some of us have awakened to the truth that "something ought to be done" to prevent modern industrial conditions from becoming greater sources of danger to the physical and moral well-being of the community. Meeting the realization that the study of social maladies is quite as necessary as researches in cattle diseases, maintained by Government bureaus, the modern school of philanthropy has come into being.

The school of philanthropy is worthy of praise, first for the investigations which it has conducted, and next for its work in awakening public opinion to the gravity of evils connected with modern industries. Its suggestions for remedial measures have been incorporated, from time to time, in excellent laws. But nothing more can be said in commendation of the school of philanthropy, as it exists outside the influence of the Catholic Church. It is false in its underlying principle that man is not made for a supernatural end. It is false in its plan of social betterment, which excludes supernatural religion as the first means of improvement, without which all others are but temporary, superficial or pernicious. Men, women, children, made in God's own image, are, in its estimation, so many economic or social factors, with certain physical and psychic differentiations, but nothing more. Christianity may or may not be, according to circumstances, a factor of value in life. Normally, religion is an æsthetic, a spiritual, an uplifting influence, like a love for music or painting, or the refining atmosphere of a cultured home, or the strong motive which dominates a man bent on achieving material success. But it is nothing more. It is certainly nothing for which a man should sacrifice comfort, ease or life itself.

A MENACE, NOT A REMEDY

This materialistic philosophy identifies man's perfection with economic independence. It aims to make man happy and virtuous by making him healthy and wealthy. But it is foredoomed to failure even in the narrow sphere of activity to which it restricts itself. Ruling God out of His world and the hearts He has made, it is, in effect though not in purpose, a menace to right living. Picture the ideal order which it proposes to establish. Every man sits under his own fig tree, assured of a suitable income, secure in the thought that his family is provided for in case of his death. Not only are his reasonable wants supplied, but the changed face of the economic world allows him a modest degree of luxury. But there is nothing supernatural, either in his heart, or in the heart of the community. Social legislation, good fellowship, supply the place of religion.

Will content or virtue be affected by this ideal order in which material prosperity is assured to all?

The question is ridiculous. All philosophy, all literature, our own observation, combine to teach that man's wants increase in

proportion to his possessions. Recent studies in the cost of living indicate that as the family income increases, the family finds new wants, hitherto deemed wholly unnecessary. A married man whose weekly wage is $8.00 does not dream of buying an automobile or a grand piano. Increase his stipend tenfold, and he begins to think the purchase feasible. Man's wants are as the daughters of the horse-leech. Furthermore, it is absolutely untrue that there exists a relation of cause and effect, or even of occasion, between material prosperity and good morals. In fact, it does not seem an exaggeration to say that, as a rule, the more prosperous man is in this world, the weaker is his desire for the better things of the world to come. His heart is with his treasure, and his treasure is the root of evil.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW

To the Catholic mind, the theory and practice of the modern school of philanthropy is nothing short of abominable. In their recent book on the juvenile court, Flexner and Baldwin furnish an excellent example in point. The authors complain of the tendency to consult for the welfare of the delinquent or neglected child on the primary ground of the child's membership in some religious sect. It is quite possible that in many Catholic families where poverty and dirt are supreme, the unfortunate child may never learn the excellence of a bath, or the value of knowing how to read and write. It may be undeniable, on the other hand, that in institutions from which the religion of Christ is absolutely barred, he will soon be taught to take his tub nicely, to read and write and cipher with precision and dispatch. But if we are forced to choose, we hold that it is infinitely better to deprive a child of his bath rather than of the Sacraments; better far that he remain forever blind to all that is beautiful in literature, art, and the refinements of society, than that he lose his passport to heaven, his Faith. We must take more care of our souls than of our bodies, the Catechism teaches. We must take care of our bodies, our minds, our material prospects; these are the only factors of right living which we know with certainty, says the modern school of philanthropy. Moreover, poverty, sickness, dirt and ignorance are a bar to joyousness in life. But they are no bar to the enjoyment of eternal life, Catholic philanthropy avers. "This is life eternal, that they know Thee, the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." If men can be taught to save their souls, all else, in comparison, is of no importance whatever.

Yet Catholic philanthropy is fully alive to the preventable evils which flourish in every form of human activity. It is ready to use all proper means to make the world a better place in which to live. It recognizes that man has a body as well as a soul, that poverty in itself is not a virtue, that dirt may be the result of sin, that joy and happiness, and reasonable comfort, far from hindering, may well help man to attain the end for which God made him. But it will have no part in any scheme for social betterment which refuses to recognize that God, and not material prosperity, is man's last end.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"We need more legislation to help the babies, and less to help the hogs," said Dr. J. N. Hurty at a recent state convention of nurses. Dr. Hurty asserts that 20 per cent. of all the babies born in America, die before they are one year old, and that twenty per cent. more do not live five years. If the little dears need more legislation to help them over life's hard places, by all means let each nursery in the country be equipped with a complete set of the Revised Statutes. But perhaps what is needed is not more legislation, but better legislation, and a large and generous reform at home. Senator Root says that we make altogether too many laws. From 1909 to 1913 inclusive, national and State legislatures passed 62,014 statutes. During the same period, 63,379 decisions of national and State courts of last resort were reported in 630 nicely-bound volumes. Plainly, it would seem to be wiser to give over passing foolish laws, and to begin to teach the children, even in the sacrosanct public schools, a little more religion.

Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, "John Ayscough," with two other Catholic chaplains, has been "mentioned in the dispatches," by General French. The bravery and devotion of the clergy, chaplains, officers and privates, has been noted in every army now engaged at the front. A French colonel recently said the cheerfulness, ready obedience, and spirit of sacrifice, displayed by the priests in the ranks, more than doubled the strength of his command. Meanwhile Viviani and the skulkers at home, represented by such papers as the Paris *Matin,* continue unblushingly their measures of hostility against religion. One wonders if, in the days of peace, the Catholics of France can nerve themselves to send these rascals packing.

One may be sure that whatever ex-President Taft may say in public will be wisely said. He thus comments upon certain proposed radical changes in the country's fundamental law:

> It seems to me that what we need to-day is more reverence and respect for law and order, and less hysterical clamor for more law and a new order which leads no one knows where.

Well may Mr. Taft question the prevalent American tendency to use the agency of law to correct evils, springing from a source which the law can not reach. "Freak" laws only aggravate untoward conditions, and even the wisest ordinance is frustrated in a community where reverence for rightly constituted authority is a forgotten virtue.

"No one can despair of France," writes the *Month,* "with the 1913 figures of the Propagation of the Faith before his eyes." It is from France that the largest proportion of foreign missionaries is drawn, and out of her poverty the Church in France contributed last year over six hundred thousand dollars for the missions. Next in order, come the United States and Germany with Alsace-Lorraine, with respective alms of three hundred and eighty thousand and one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. One is rather surprised to note that between them, Catholic Italy and Spain contributed but ninety-four thousand dollars. England and Ireland could furnish but sixty thousand dollars, forty thousand of which were given by poverty-stricken Ireland. Commenting on England's small offering, the *Month* remarks that "our people have yet to learn as a matter of experience that one does not lose by lending to the Lord." This is doubtless true, but no one knows better than the *Month* the poverty of English Catholics, and the pressing calls for alms at home.

Through the medium of the daily press, a New York Episcopalian church offers a very attractive program to the tired church-goer. As this particular Protestant church does not countenance the Mass, the morning service will be a sermon by the minister. At 4 P. M. Gaul's "Holy City" will be rendered by a special choir, and at 8, there will be a "Symposium on the Ethical Aims of the Political Parties," conducted by a Democrat, a Republican, a Progressive and a Socialist. Not to be outdone by these followers of the establishment, a Methodist Church announces that "on Tuesday evening, election returns will be received." While waiting for tardy precincts, the "Music Makers will render a Sacred Program." A Baptist clergyman intends to preach on "What I Saw in Burma," and the Church of the Messiah is to hold a social service meeting, during which the

pastor will discuss the war in Europe and its relations to the "Social Question in America." Finally, a gentleman who does not mention the Church of his allegiance, gives warning that he will preach on the topic, "Why is the Church Losing Her Hold?" It seems scarcely necessary to preach a sermon to find the answer. This may be had by perusing the weekly ecclesiastical advertising column in any New York newspaper.

John Barleycorn has fallen upon evil times. Russia's intention to abolish the sale of vodka, and France's restrictions on the manufacture and sale of absinthe have been known for some time. In the armies, both of the Germans and of the Allies, the use of alcoholic liquors has been banned. Throughout London, licensed premises, including clubs and restaurants, have been ordered to close at ten instead of eleven P. M. In garrison towns the closing hour is nine, and it has been recommended that public houses be forbidden to open before ten or eleven in the morning. "It is mistaken kindness on the part of civilians," says the London *Times*, "to offer drink to soldiers, as training is thereby impeded and discipline adversely affected." In America, corporations with large employee lists are endeavoring to affect what legal prescription can not do, by putting a premium upon total abstainers. A steel company in Illinois, is planning a "dry" campaign among its workers, because under the workingmen's compensation law, it can not afford to retain men who drink. Over the entrances to the plant, huge electric signs flash these and similar questions, "Did Booze Ever Help You to Get a Good Job?" "Did Booze Ever Make Your Family Happier?" The motives here suggested may not be the most sublime, but they may be exceedingly useful in lessening intemperate drinking.

According to statistics prepared for the *Spectator* by Mr. F. L. Hoffmann, the homicide rate of the United States is the highest of any civilized country in the world. Last year the number of murders approximated 6,500. This is probably much lower than the real figure. Because of their reluctance to establish a felonious crime, coroners' juries frequently call murders "accidents." The murder rate of New York is six times that of London, three times that of Berlin, and larger by sixty per cent. than that of Paris. The worst American city in this respect is Memphis, which has 68 murders per 100,000 of population. The best is Milwaukee, with an average of 3.4. The most appalling feature of this black record is that the average has been steadily rising. The Rochester *Post-Express* attributes this increase to laxity in enforcing the law, and to faulty court procedure. This explanation the Chicago *Tribune* rejects as superficial.

> Police laxness no doubt helps swell the list of homicides in this country. But there certainly must also be deep-seated sociological and pathological causes for our leadership in murder. The psychopathic laboratory in this city is now attempting a study of crime and criminals. But its work is limited. This country has need of a more effective and exacting system of getting and keeping crime data. We can not attempt to cure this sinister abnormality of our civilization without having made a thorough diagnosis of it first.

There is a good deal of nonsense in this learned prosing. None of the many commentators on Mr. Hoffmann's figures have noted that this increase in murder and other crimes of violence, coincides fairly well with the abandonment of religious teaching in the schools, and above all in the homes, of the American people. Bishops Candler and Williams, with other non-Catholic clergymen, are expressing their grave concern that several generations of Americans have grown up with no religious training whatever. Dr. J. H. Greenstone writes in the current "American Jewish Year Book" that the lack of religious education among Jewish children, is such as "should not be tolerated in a self-respecting community." It is not at all clear that our greatest need is a diagnosis made by psychopathic experimentation. The disease and its main causes are fairly well known. What is desired is a remedy, and the remedy is to be found, not in law or psychopathy, but in religion.

"It is at least comforting to think," comments the *Month*, "that France may take her present visitation as a salutary warning, not only against further legislative injustice, but against a suicidal social practice which is at once abominable in the sight of God, and ruinous to her temporal interests." It would seem that a similar warning is almost as necessary in the United States. Hare-brained enthusiasts, ignorant alike of morality, science and human nature, are striving to legalize practices scarcely less deplorable, on the plea that what the race needs is not quantity, but quality. What Dr. Flick wrote some months ago in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* has recently been stated even more strongly by Sir William Bateson, when he said that the efforts of so-called eugenists were making America a spectacle to the civilized world. While the highest forms of eugenism may not advocate, they at least have no hard words for the practices, which in the last forty years, have cut cruelly into the resources of France. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, certain French "sociologists" were at pains to explain, that the falling birth rate in France simply indicated that the race was gradually working toward ideals of perfection. What it really meant, is thus expressed by the *Month:*

> In 1871, the population of the new German Empire was forty-one millions odd, about five million more than that of France; now it is over sixty-five million, while France is still under forty. France, in other words, has increased by less than four millions in forty-three years, while Germany has grown by about twenty-five millions! It seems certain that on this occasion France, without the aid of Russia and England, would have proved as easy a victim to German arms as in 1870. Malthusianism is no less a foe to national greatness than it is to Christian life.

War is often the scourge in the hands of God, driving a people back to decency. So it was in the days of the Old Testament; so too, perhaps, in the wars that have devastated Europe more than once during the Christian era. Is the growth of this repulsive form of crime among the American people to bring upon them a similar punishment?

The *Living Church* for October 31, opens with a lyric of 164 verses on "The Summer of All Saints." This is really not so long when one considers that 11,066 Saints are immortalized in these imperishable verses. Brevity is consulted by devoting but a single line to the eleven thousand followers of Saint Ursula, and the space thus saved allows the poetess to commemorate in a line and a half, Saint Thomas à Kempis, lately raised to the altars by the See of Milwaukee. For the first time in history, very probably, the name of Saint Aloysius appears in the *Living Church*—tardy honor!—where for the sake of rhyme, and not from historical considerations, he is bracketed with Saints Jerome and Athanasius. By poetic license, doubtless, Saint Francis de Sales is assigned to the See of "Genoa," and the Apostle of the Indies, not without the sacrifice of melody, has his name changed to "Xaxier." The rhyme scheme of "The Summer of the Saints," seems borrowed from Gertrude Stein, the gifted singer of "Tender Buttons." "Holy and body," "how and flow," "loving and giving," "Antioch and Joan of Arc," "theology and humility," "Ursula and Bonaventura," "modesty and heart-pierced by," are possibilities which should not be overlooked by the next editor of Walker. It may be feared, however, that not a few members of the Protestant-Episcopal Church will like these Saints as little as they will like Miss Irving's verses. Three of them are Popes, and most of them are the merest of post-conciliar papists.

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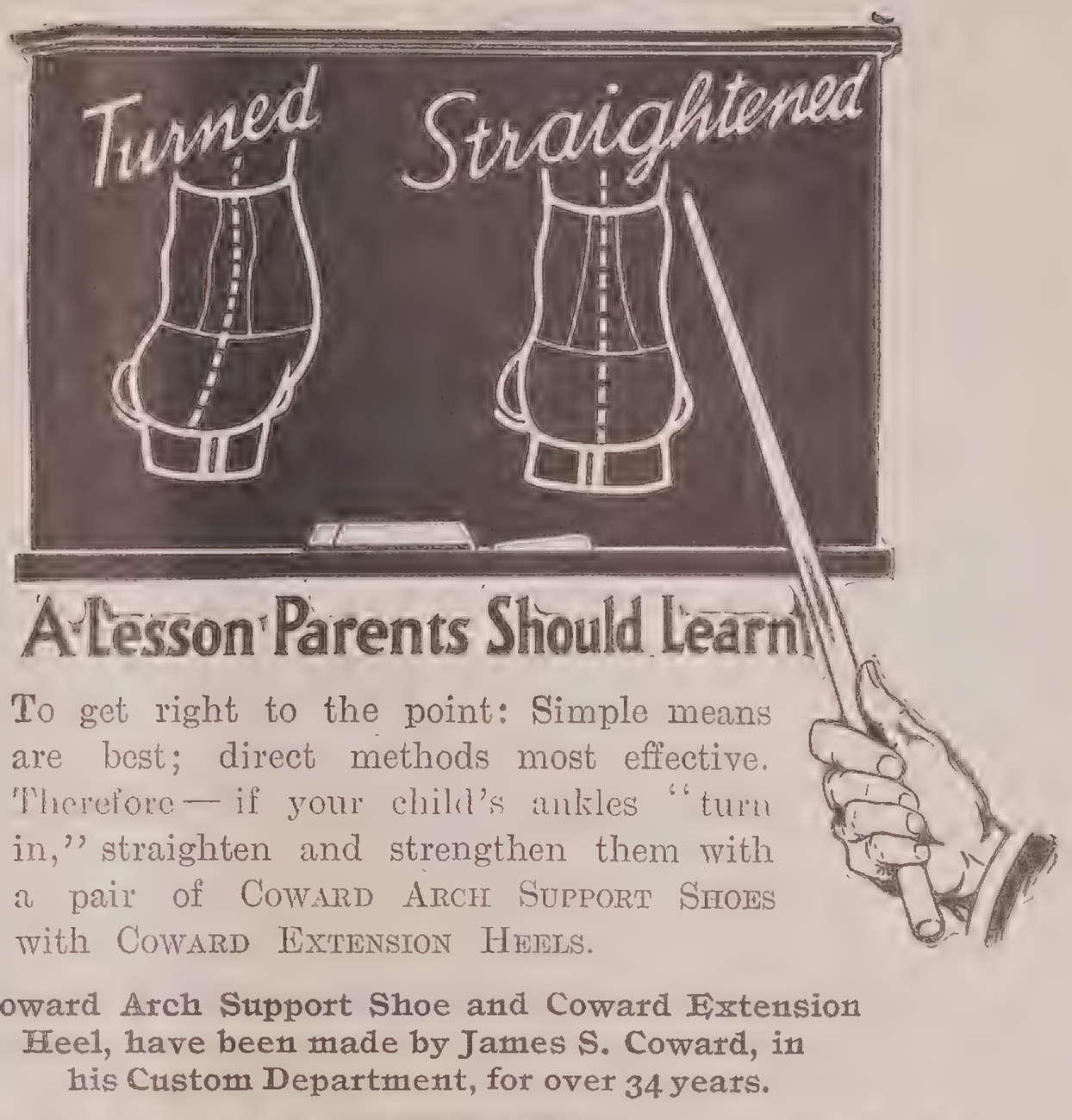
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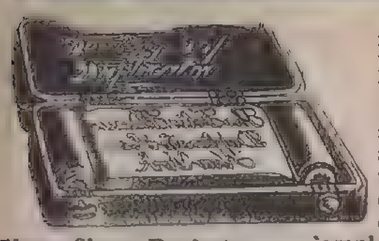
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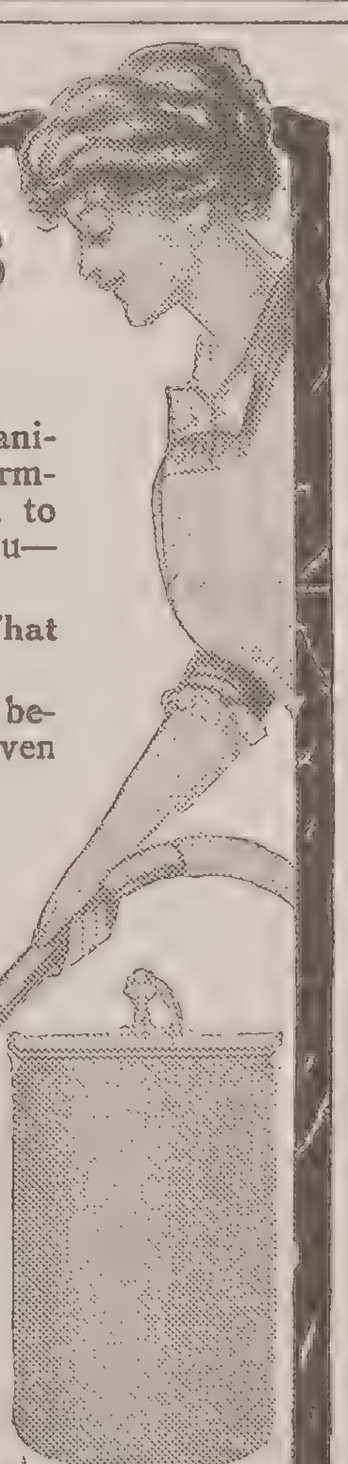
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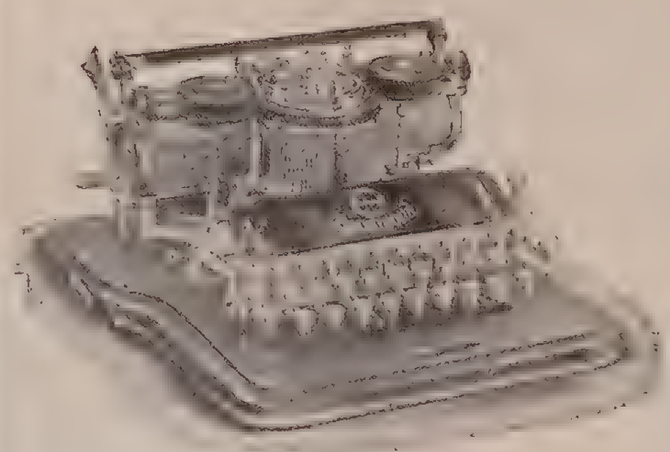
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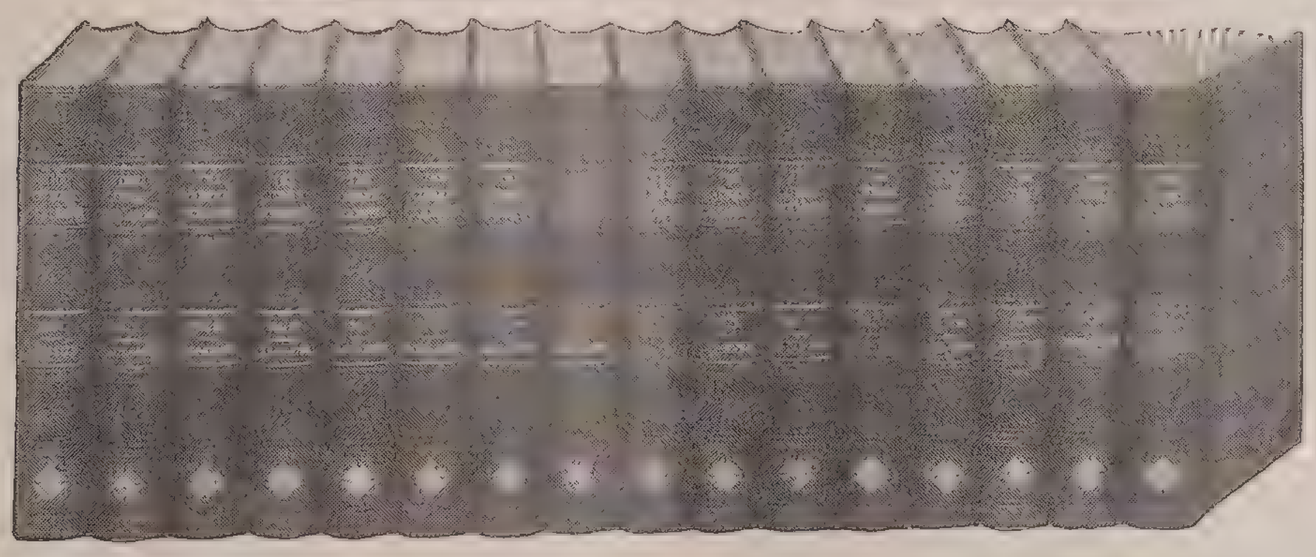
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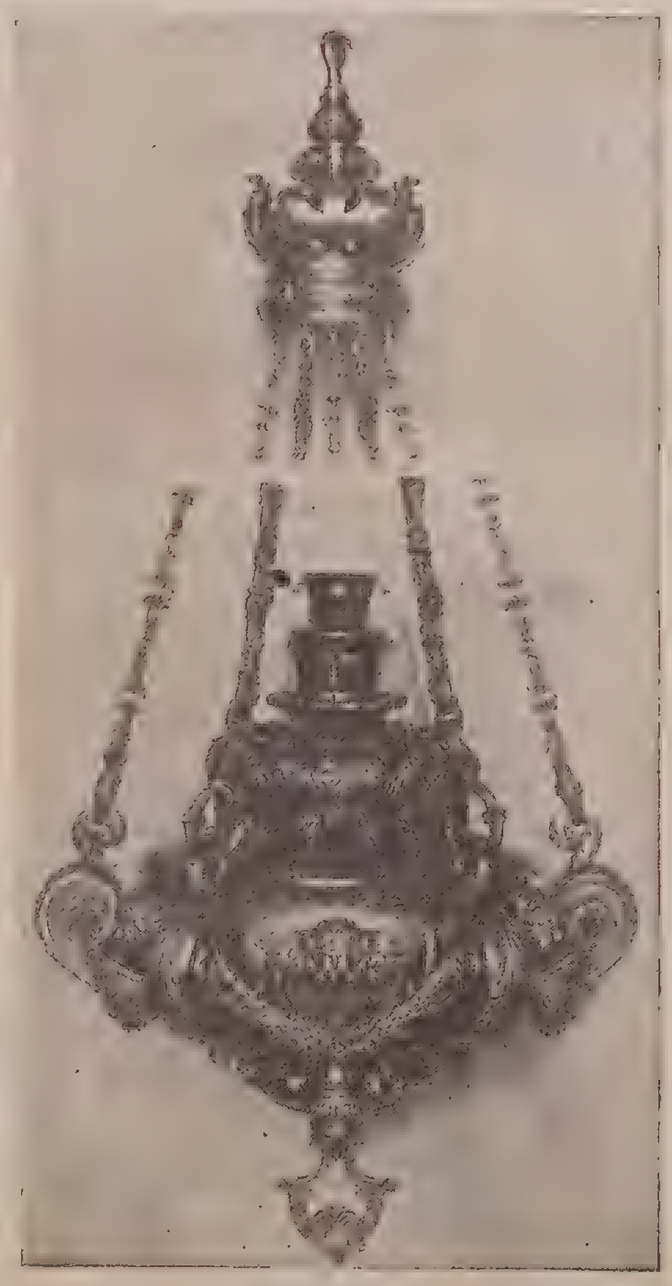
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CHRONICLE

The War.—The deadlock in France and Belgium has undergone no important modification. Bitter hand-to-hand fighting still goes on, with no sign of cessation on either side. The Allies have advanced a little further along the coast, and the Germans have made some progress in the vicinity of Ypres, but this is all; and in neither case has any very great advantage been gained. In Belgium the flooding of the canals, which so much impeded the Germans, is now interfering with the movements of the Allies. Further south, but still in Belgium, towns and vallages have been won and lost as often as several times a day. Official reports from Paris and Berlin repeat the same names on consecutive days in the dispatches which chronicle their victories; so that the best description of the conflict seems to be that the line is swinging back and forth and finds no stable resting place at any point. The Germans have not given up their strenuous offensive, but it would be a mistake to imagine that the Allies are content merely to withstand their attacks. In many places their resistance has been so active that they have not only held firm but have even driven the enemy back with great loss. The Germans have in no wise given up their intention to push on to Calais, indeed, near Ypres they have got within fifty miles of it; but it is safe to say that their prospect of attaining their desire is as remote as it was last week, and much more remote than it was in the days that immediately succeeded the fall of Antwerp.

Bulletin, Nov. 10, p. m.-Nov. 17, a. m.

Deadlock in the West

There has come a decided lull in the active operations in Poland, but everything points to a struggle in the near future that is likely to exceed all previous battles between Germany and Russia. Germany persists in denying that Russian troops have crossed the Silesian frontier at any point, and is particularly explicit in stating that Pleschen has never been occupied by them. Russia is silent on the subject. It is reported that the German army is massed in great numbers and in strong entrenchments from Kalisz to Czenstochowa, and is prepared to check any further advance by the Czar's army. Russia so far has not given battle. Two explanations are given for the delay, both of which have their share of probability. The rapid retirement of the Germans, especially in the centre after their defeat at Warsaw, had at least partially for its purpose to draw on the Russian centre ahead of the rest of their line and so expose it to the danger of being enveloped; this was clearly perceived, it is said, by the Russians, who refused to be led into the trap, and so have halted their victorious pursuit in Central Poland until they can make also good their advance on the left wing in Galicia and their right wing in East Prussia. The other reason is that they have not been yet able to bring up enough troops to ensure victory in another pitched battle. Their inability to do so has been occasioned by the fact that the Germans destroyed all the railroads, as they retreated from Warsaw. The movement of an immense army on foot is necessarily slow. On the other hand the railroad system in Silesia is not only intact but is very efficient. As the usual service has been temporarily discontinued, and all the trains are being employed in the transportation of troops, it is believed that heavy reenforcements have made the Germans once more superior in numbers. How long it will take the Russians to bring up their army it is hard to say, but it seems certain that the great battle of the east will begin at no distant date. Russia certainly is not likely to re-

A Lull in Poland

linquish the fruits of her victory, and Germany realizes that another defeat would very seriously imperil Berlin itself. Meanwhile she is assuring the inhabitants of the threatened province, who last week were fleeing in terror, that there is no danger of an invasion. One of the ways in which she has undertaken the defence of Silesia is the resumption of the offensive in the north. This seems to have been successful. Moving from Thorn along the Vistula she has forced the Russians to fall back in the direction of Warsaw; and northwest of Plock she has gained a great victory, capturing many prisoners. The Russians, nevertheless, are in places fifteen miles within East Prussian territory, and by capturing Johannisburg they are said to have secured their foothold.

Austrian Reverses

The situation in Galicia looks worse for the Austrians that at any time of the war. One Russian army is rapidly advancing in Poland along the Vistula, and is said to have already crossed the Schreviava river, and to be within fifteen miles of Cracow. It has even been asserted that various parts of the city are already in flames. Vigorous resistance is being offered to this Russian army, in the hope that it may be held where it is until the troops in Galicia have been able to fall back. This they are endeavoring to do, but are pressed by another Russian army which is sweeping west from the river San. Already this second army has captured Rzeszow, Tarnow, Jeslo and Krasno. It has, therefore, been brought to a point not more than fifty miles from Cracow and almost to the place where the victorious Russian advance came to a halt some weeks ago. The passes of the Carpathians are still held by the Austrians, but a new invasion of Hungary by the Cossacks is again talked of and seems to be not unlikely. Austria's campaign in Servia has been more successful. She has penetrated that country in three different places, but in the engagements which followed there has been, apparently, no decided result, as both sides claim victories.

The Audacious and Emden

For some days there have been rumors of the loss of the British superdreadnought Audacious. They have now been confirmed by very circumstantial information given by passengers on board the Olympic, which was called to her assistance on October 27, and after rescuing her crew saw her sink off the Irish coast. England has exercised a severe censorship regarding the incident and has kept the catastrophe secret for three weeks; even now she refuses either to confirm or to deny the report. As a consequence it is not yet officially known how the disaster occurred, although it has been stated that the Audacious struck a German mine while at target practice and was so badly disabled that it was impossible to save her. To prevent danger to shipping she was blown up by orders of the Admiralty. Her entire crew were rescued. This loss has been partly offset by the destruction of the German cruiser Emden, which was engaged in battle by the Australian cruiser Sydney, off the Cocos Islands. As soon as she sighted the Australian vessel the Emden tried to escape, but was quickly overhauled, and being outranged, was completely riddled during a running fight that lasted more than an hour. At last she caught fire and was run ashore and abandoned. Many of her crew were lost, but the daring captain was among the rescued. He and his men were given the honors of war. Her career, which lasted more than three months, was a particularly glorious one, and is almost unrivalled in the history of the sea. With her destruction the Pacific and Indian Oceans have been almost cleared of German warships. Only the Königsberg and the Karlsruhe, and the fleet that was last heard from off the coast of Chili, still remain. Another German submarine raid resulted in the sinking of the British gunboat Niger in the Downs. This loss is comparatively trivial, but it was a daring feat to dash in among 200 British vessels and sink a warship within sight of the English coast.

Other Items

The rebellion in South Africa, in spite of some minor successes gained by General De Wet, is not proving serious. During the week the rebels were defeated twice, at Sandfontein and again near Winburg. Contradictory reports make it difficult to ascertain just how the Turkish campaign is progressing. An engagement of minor importance has taken place near the Suez Canal. The Turks have seized El-Arish in Egypt, and have made vigorous attacks on the Russians at Koprikoi, where both sides are said to have suffered heavy losses.

Austria-Hungary.—The infamous plot for the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand has been instrumental in bringing about the one thing it sought to make forever impossible. To-day the ideals of the great Catholic Archduke have been realized to an extent that would hardly have been possible during the normal course of his life. The aims he had set himself have all been justified. He worked for a strong army and navy, and he sought above all to build up a united nation whose strength should be its loyalty to dynasty, morality and religion. Three months of war have already undone the harm caused by centuries of political intrigue. They have formed a united people. Thus Hungary no longer consists of ten million Magyars, but of all the nationalities fighting about the banner of the monarchy. Upon the Ruthenians only has any doubt been cast even by our own American press, and that doubt has been authoritatively set aside. To complete the work planned by the murdered Archduke it is necessary now to inaugurate a complete legal reform which shall assure full rights to each of the many nationalities. This is already freely discussed. Its execution should be coupled with a religious revival for which the war may possibly prepare the way. It is touching to note in this connection that the Archduke has left in his will a foundation for a perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, binding the

Triumphant in Death

nuns to pray for all personal and political enemies of himself and his wife—for all, therefore, who conspired to bring about his death.

France.—In an official communication directed to the various embassies the French Foreign Office, replying to a note of the German Chancellor to the Vatican, denies that the Cathedral of Reims was in any way used for military purposes. The dispatch further quotes the solemn declaration which was made some time ago by the Archpriest of the Cathedral, l'Abbe Landrieux, and published in the Paris *Temps*. The protest of the Archpriest concludes in these words:

A Ruined Cathedral

> In the name of the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims, and in my own name, I attest that at no time were batteries placed before the Cathedral, that no posts of observation were placed in the towers, and that no cantonments of troops of any sort were placed in the proximity of the Cathedral.

A writer in the London *Post* reports that the battered and unroofed Cathedral "looks like a ruin." Fears are expressed that even without further attacks from the enemy, a severe winter will complete the wreck of France's most venerable Cathedral. The marvellous beauty of the wonderful façade; "the story of the *gesta Dei per Francos* in stone," has vanished forever. According to the writer in the *Post,* even now fragments of stone are falling, and each new day reveals some new injury to the building. The Archbishop of Bordeaux has issued a vigorous protest against the aerial attacks on Notre Dame.

Germany.—The *Corriere d'Italia* recently published an interview of its Berlin correspondent with Count Hertling, the President of the Bavarian Ministry. As perhaps the foremost Catholic leader in learning, as well as in statesmanship, his views will be of interest to all. He thus sums up what he considers to be the three factors of the war. The first factor, he says, is Russian pan-Slavism, which vainly sought to gain its purpose through the Balkan alliance, but successfully brought it about through the Servian agitation. The second is the French desire for revenge which welcomed alliance with any enemy of Germany. The third is "England's old intention of destroying German commerce, trade and power upon the sea." Germany, he argues, has been forced into the war and will fight for her existence to the last drop of blood. That German militarism has brought about the war, while "its enemies are fighting for freedom on the side of Russia," he characterizes as "nonsensical and ridiculous." The practically universal repudiation of Bernhardi's book on the German side would show that this view is not restricted to the twenty-five millions of German Catholics. The *Stimmen,* likewise, argues that had it not been for the military training given to German youth, the nation would have been made the laughing stock of its foes, and that, therefore, the present war justifies the precautions taken in the past, which were nothing more than a necessary condition for national existence. No doubt, of course, is entertained as to the absolute justice of the war and the nation's rightful "invocation of Christianity and the Gospel."

Militarism or Selfpreservation?

Great Britain.—The King's message at the opening of Parliament expressed the confidence of the people that, regardless of whatever sacrifice asked, England must triumph in the war against Germany. Addressing the Commons, Mr. Asquith declared that he now believed that the war would not last as long as was at first thought. The Premier based his opinion on the fact that the Allies had utterly defeated the first designs of Germany. "Our enemy has tried three objective points," said the Premier in his Guildhall speech, "and has been baffled in all—Paris, Warsaw and Calais. But we shall not sheathe the sword until the menace to the peace of Europe, the military ideals of Prussia, are utterly destroyed." On the same occasion, Lord Kitchener spoke with deep appreciation of the splendid troops furnished by the colonies, notably by Canada, Australia and New Zealand. "They are training in this country to-day," said Lord Kitchener, "more than a million and a quarter men who are eagerly awaiting the call to bear their part in the great struggle." The parade of the colonial troops on Lord Mayor's Day is said to have been "the finest recruiting propaganda that could have been devised." Recruiting, especially in London, seems to be meeting the wishes of the authorities, and while the question of conscription will probably engage the attention of Parliament, it does not seem likely at present that conscriptive measures will be adopted.

War Speeches

Lord Roberts, called by the Kaiser some years ago, "one of the finest soldiers of our age," died in France on November 14. Lord Roberts was born in Cawnpore in 1832, and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. In 1858, during his first Indian campaign, he won the Victoria Cross, and in 1901 was elevated to the peerage as Earl of Kandahar. For the last ten years, Lord Roberts endeavored, but with little success, to prepare his country for the war which he believed inevitable. Time has shown the wisdom of his counsels.

Death of Lord Roberts

Ireland.—The Agricultural Department has issued a detailed report showing that in every county there is a large increase in the area under tillage, in many cases double and treble that of the previous year. The increase is chiefly in wheat, winter-oats and "catch-cropping," to meet the demands occasioned by the war. By means of instructors, leaflets and varied information concerning seed-supplies, the Department is assisting the farmers to extend their agricultural operations intelli-

Agriculture and Enlistment

gently, and as a result there is an increased demand for farm laborers and a diminution in those eligible for military service. A report that the Ballot Act or some form of conscription was about to be enforced occasioned a considerable emigration of young men from the Western counties to the United States. Bishop Naughton, of Killala, strongly condemned their action, both because the report was unfounded and in the present industrial conditions of America they had better prospects at home, where they were needed. The Gaelic League has also advised the young men against leaving Ireland for any quarter, particularly in the present crisis. The war is not attracting them, for despite many military devices and the encouragement of the Irish Party and the daily papers, enlistment is still reported slow. Among other causes, the Government's promise to support dependent relatives of enlisted men has not been kept in many instances, several having had to go to the poorhouse; no attention has been paid so far to the reasonable demand of the Irish bishops that the regiments at the front should have chaplains; the Ulster Protestant Volunteers have been sent to Egypt, while the Irish Catholic regiments have been placed on the firing line, where three have lost 90 per cent. of their men. The Dublin Corporation and public bodies generally pass resolutions in support of the Irish Party, and often in favor of the war, but the young men do not respond to recruiting pleas.

Mexico.—The week has been one of riot and blood. Villa took the field with 45,000 men and displayed his usual skill and courage in battle. Carranza moved his troops close to Vera Cruz with the intention, no doubt, of making a timely escape through that port. An unconfirmed report states that a truce of six days was declared in the hope of a settlement of outstanding difficulties. Meantime our Government had issued an order recalling the American troops from Vera Cruz. The evacuation is fixed for November 23. To the credit of the Administration be it said, that it was willing to transport priests and Sisters marooned in Vera Cruz. At the present writing it appears that General Funston informed the Government that the Church Extension Society will attend to this matter. This is an uncalled for interference in a good work.

War and Affidavits

To the revelations made last week are now added a portion of two other affidavits:

First Affidavit

They took possession of the college on August 25 or 26: they held a dance in the chapel and took the ornaments and vestments and threw them into the yard. . . . When one of the servants went into the yard to gather up the vestments and ornaments, he was told he would be shot, if he did not leave the things where they were. The women camp-followers used the benediction veils as shawls and one of the officers took a chasuble and folding it used it as a saddle-blanket on his horse. . . . As to the conditions of affairs in Zamora: . . . the Governor there treats the priests most cruelly. He goes out on horseback and makes the priests follow him on foot. One day the Governor struck a priest saying, "We are told that if one strikes a priest, his hand will wither. Let us see if this be true," and saying this he struck the priest again.

Second Affidavit

Others (Sisters) . . . were given hard manual labor and were treated like slaves: they were obliged to grind corn and wash clothes . . . (too shocking to print, Editor AMERICA). There are others (Sisters) who through some feeling of revenge have been stolen away . . . over forty priests were obliged to come out of the Spanish consulate, where they had taken refuge. They were fined, treated badly by word and deed, being shut up in cages, as if they were beasts.

Next week's issue will contain further affidavits. A decent reticence, however, forbids the publication of much of the matter contained in sworn statements in the possession of AMERICA.

Spain.—For some time past Spanish politics have been revolving about two questions: "What is Spain going to do in Morocco? What part will Maura play in the politics of Spain?" The practically unanimous sentiment of the Spanish people is opposed to the continuance of the present state of affairs in Morocco, where 80,000 troops are being maintained at a daily expenditure of more than a million pesetas, and this without much probability that such a sacrifice will ever repay the country. Socialists and Republicans have openly declared that Spain must immediately get out of Morocco. The "Traditionalists," through the lips of the eloquent Vazquez Mella, condemn the treaty with France, which has led Spain into this dangerous venture and clamor for another International Conference similar to that of Algeciras. The Reformists, led by Don Melchiades Alvarez advocate a purely civil policy, one which will subjugate the Moors by persuasive means only. The Liberal Democrats propose a compromise. Instead of wasting millions of pesetas on a foreign war, they ask that part of this money be spent in the development of Spain's national resources. The Romanones Liberals and the Dato Conservatives are the only politicians who, while opposed to a war-policy, still defend it as a national necessity. The last word of the present Government, seconded by Romanones, is that Spain is doing in Morocco what she can not refuse to do. Time and providence will solve the problem, but Spain's present duty is to force the rebels into submission by concentrating a yet larger force in Northern Africa. But this program convinces no one. The present Cabinet, like its predecessor, which was headed by Romanones, has neither clear views on the Moroccan question, nor any definite plan of pacification.

Maura and Morocco

The Maurists strongly oppose the continuance of the military policy in Africa, and desire that the Spanish protectorate over Morocco work for the pacification of the country by schools and hospitals rather than by military force. The policy of the Government Señor Maura has denounced as an inexcusable compromise with the enemies of social and religious order.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

War Orphans

ONE of the results of the lamentable struggle that is wasting the world is the opportunity that has been given our own land to exercise charity. In many ways American benevolence has hurried to the aid of European misery; we have not hardened our hearts, nor looked with unconcern on the tears that will not dry on the cheeks of widowed women. Now at the bidding of the Chicago *Tribune* we are turning our eyes toward the orphaned children. It has proposed that citizens of the United States adopt the bright, red-cheeked, lovable little children, whose fathers lie in untimely graves, and who, being too pitiable a thing for the cannon to kill, and too young to care for themselves, must inevitably suffer unless we in our opulence come to the rescue. The scheme is not altogether original and has been tried on a large scale in Canada on behalf of English children, with marked success. There has, too, been a successful, though rather limited, attempt on the part of those in charge of orphan asylums to find childless people willing to adopt and rear as their own the tiny mites of humanity whom death has robbed of their parents. And no one knows better than the priest how ready Catholic fathers and mothers have always been to open their homes and their arms to the waifs whom a heartless world passed by and left to starve.

It would seem, therefore, at first sight that we Catholics ought to welcome with fullest approval the philanthropic suggestion of the *Tribune*. We can not, however, commend it. Catholics can not view the question from the standpoint of pure philanthropy. Our judgment must not be based on the dictates of unaided reason. We have a higher principle of guidance. Revelation should have its part in our decision. Now revelation tells us that temporal interests are always to be subordinated to eternal interests, and that corporal suffering and the other hardships of life are a slight thing to bear as the price of the safeguarding of the Faith. Faith is the priceless jewel for the purchase of which Holy Scripture tells us we ought to be willing to sell all we have. How, then, can we stand by passively and give our approval to a scheme that is likely to take from many children the most precious thing they have or can hope to have? A beautiful home with the prospect of a good education and an easy and affluent life are no compensation for the loss of faith. The comparison is a pitiable one. It is selling one's heritage for a mess of pottage.

What then shall we say? At the present moment the scheme seems very far from being practical. It is almost out of the question to determine now what children are so destitute of friends or relatives that they have no hope of being cared for at home. Unless, however, this point is established beyond a doubt it would be a crying injustice to the children themselves and to their parents to transport them out of their native land and uproot them from the country to whose traditions and history and glory they have an unquestionable right. It would also be an injustice to the European nations to rob them of the flower of their destitute children, for it is these only that the *Tribune* will accept, at a time when their male population is so depleted, and they have dire need of every boy who gives promise of developing into a good and healthy man. To us it seems almost a crime to do so. If we wish to perform a work of true altruistic charity we need only establish an orphan fund which will enable the countries themselves in their first years of need to take care of their own destitute children.

Supposing, however, that the scheme were not impracticable and unjust, it has, as it is proposed, an essential lack that must win for it the disapproval of every Catholic. We object to the proposal because it makes no provision for the safeguarding of the Faith of the children. The *Tribune* says that it will "send to Europe a corps of physicians and nurses who will see that no children are accepted except those free from taint of every sort." From this it would seem that the scheme is not so Christlike after all. The Saviour sought out principally the halt and the lame. What the *Tribune* promises is "strong, sturdy, bright-eyed, clean-limbed children." But there is no need of adopting such children into American homes. Undoubtedly they will be just as much in request in the childless families of Europe and there will be many such after the war. Is it not something like kidnapping to steal them away now? Granting, however, that their native lands would be glad to have the children taken off their hands, no Catholic would think of even considering the *Tribune's* plan until it has agreed to add to the corps of physicians and nurses some Catholic priests, whose task it shall be to determine whether or not the child is a Catholic child, and until it has given the further assurance that such Catholic children shall not be put into non-Catholic homes, but shall be placed only in Catholic institutions or in thoroughly Catholic families. It is obvious to all that this concerns particularly the country which is evoking most of the world's sympathy, for Belgium's children are almost all Catholic. Above all their Faith should be safeguarded. Unless this is done we can neither call the proposed plan a work of charity nor can we wish it God-speed.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Young Man and the Religious Life*

OF paramount concern to the young man deliberating on a choice of the religious life, is the consideration of its deep significance, its importance and excellence. He is about to purchase a pearl of great price for which he must be ready to give all he has; a high tower is to

*The twentieth of a series of vocational articles.

be reared for which he must needs calculate the wherewithal. That pearl, that tower, is evangelical perfection.

Charity is the scriptural ideal of perfection. Following of Christ is the practical realization within us of this ideal. Now charity sets no limits to our endeavors. A certain degree, tested by our observance of the Commandments, is necessary and sufficient for entrance into eternal life and for companionship with Christ. But charity shows us yet a more excellent way which is that of the evangelical counsels. Their general object is the sacrifice of everything that would weaken or impair charity. In particular they inculcate renunciation of riches, of carnal pleasures and of all ambition and self-seeking, with a view to the acquisition of a spirit of voluntary submission and generous devotion to the service of God and of our neighbor. Self-denial is the watchword of Christianity; no one can follow Christ without the cross. In this respect all Christians are bound to have at least the spirit of the evangelical counsels. Their actual observance, however, means supreme self-denial, means the cross on Calvary, and therefore the closest following of Christ; in a word, evangelical perfection. Now whereas there are many who, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, privately and individually practise such perfection in every walk of life; there are others who under the guidance and direction of ecclesiastical authority make a public profession of the practice of these evangelical counsels. Their state of life is called the religious state, and those who embrace it are called religious. Such persons are not necessarily more perfect than others, but by their state they adopt the best means of attaining perfection, and, moreover, bind themselves by the solemn obligation of the vows to the pursuit of perfection.

The religious state, or the profession of the evangelical counsels, as regulated by the Church, to be perfect, requires: First, the three evangelical counsels of voluntary poverty, perfect chastity regarded as a means to perfection, and in pursuit of that perfection, obedience to lawful authority; secondly, the external and perpetual profession of these counsels. To insure this stability in practices which are not made obligatory by any law, the religious promises himself to God by perpetual vows. The religious state then is a mode of life irrevocable in its nature, of men who profess to aim at the perfection of Christian charity in the bosom of the Church, by the perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Like some consecrated temple or hallowed object of the sanctuary, the religious stands specially dedicated to the honor and service of God.

The great variety of religious Orders and Congregations is one of the glories of the Church. Besides the common end of the religious life, which makes it a school of perfection, the different Orders have special objects of their own, dividing them into contemplative, active and mixed Orders. The contemplative Orders devote themselves to union with God in a life of solitude and retirement; the active Orders expand their energy in doing good to men by dispensing the corporal works of mercy. Where the activity is spiritual in its objects and requires contemplation for its attainment, we have mixed Orders such as those devoted to preaching and higher education. It is clear that this variety also permits a larger number of men to find a religious profession adapted to their needs and dispositions, and multiplies the services which religious render to Christian society and the world at large.

What must be the credentials of the young aspirant to such a religious life? Necessarily none other than his gifts of nature and of grace along with Christ's general invitation: "If thou *wilt* be perfect . . . come follow me." True, the Lord may call one in a very special and extraordinary way, by private revelation or exceptional illumination of mind and all but irresistible solicitation of will. Ordinarily, however, a right intention and such fitness of nature and grace as will give a well-founded hope of his rightly discharging the obligations of the religious life in the Order he contemplates entering, warrant the young man to make his choice. Grace of course prompts and assists, as it does for every supernaturally meritorious act.

With his cause clear, his aspirations lofty, his will cleansed of all paltry self-interest, his heart aglow with love of God and of the things of God, his courage high to surmount all obstacles of flesh and blood and of an alluring world, let the young man consider what symptoms in the past and what reasons in the present seem to make a choice of the religious life especially desirable for him. Has God attracted him for any length of time by the sweet solicitation of His graces, or has the thought to be generous for God lingered with him in spite of natural repugnance and struggle against the thought of a religious life? If so, the fact is worth heeding. God may be strengthening his will in that way for the sacrifice. Although of itself, mere sensible attraction is not a vocation, it may be a special manifestation of it, though not necessarily so. What is vital, however, is that the young man examine his fitness for the religious life. Ordinarily certain physical and intellectual, and always good moral qualifications are required. There may be impediments. Poor health may be a bar to entrance, so also in most cases a lack of sufficient talent or studies. A strong virtuous character, and especially freedom from sinful habits, are indispensable requisites. Poor judgment, ingrained selfishness or stubbornness, an unsympathetic, unsociable, querulous temperament, want of docility, are all poor recommendations for any religious candidate. Duties to parents or relatives, financial obligations may, temporarily at least, disqualify the candidate. Once the main question of a religious vocation has been settled, it will be a secondary and an easier matter to determine the choice of a particular Order or Congregation, according to one's aptitude or temperament or generosity. When deliberating on his fitness let the

young man be earnest in prayer for light and guidance, and especially be a frequent communicant at the altar rail. If at all possible let him make a retreat where he can commune alone with God about the weighty problem that confronts him. By no means should he neglect to confer with a prudent and experienced director or confessor who is enlightened about the religious life and will be able to advise what is best for his particular case. Before the decisive resolution is taken, the young man should ponder well, that God's loving invitation is tendered not with any threat of His displeasure in case of a refusal, but with the assurance of His predilection for the generosity of an acceptance. Special love prompts the invitation; special love should dictate the response. Sacrifice is the test of the generosity of our love.

Can anything but the purest and highest motive sway the young man in such a choice? Is there aught of craven spirit or ignoble purpose or pusillanimous sentiment in a soul that can pledge itself to such disinterested and lofty service? No, the religious is not within cloister walls because he is a coward in the battle of life, one disappointed in ambitious hopes, a pessimist or a weakling as the world loves to caricature him, but because he is supremely solicitous for what is of supremest interest in this world and the next, God's greater honor and glory and the closest companionship with Jesus in the spreading of His Kingdom in his own soul and in the souls of his fellowmen.

JOSEPH F. HANSELMAN, S.J.
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Italy's Neutrality

THE neutrality of Italy in the present European conflict has, undoubtedly, deprived Germany and Austria of the support of a very powerful modern army and navy. But to remain neutral was the best policy the Italian Government could adopt, for according to the treaty of the "Triple Alliance," Italy was not obliged to take part in an offensive war.

When the first clash of arms between Austria and Servia was heard, there were outbursts of enthusiasm and love in many an Austrian city in favor of Germany and Italy. This was especially the case in Vienna, where friendly demonstrations were frequently made in front of the German and Italian Embassies. All this, however, found little echo in Italy. For, as soon as the people realized the future consequences of the war, they kept aloof from any outside show of sympathy toward any nation.

The first official declaration of Italy's neutrality appeared on August 2 in the following royal decree:

Since many European nations are at war, and since Italy is at peace with all the belligerent powers, the Government of the King, and all the citizens and subjects of the Kingdom are obliged to observe strict neutrality, according to laws in force, and according to international agreement. Any one violating these laws, will suffer the consequences, and will incur the penalties provided by the aforesaid laws.

The reasons on which this decree was based were discussed by the Italian Cabinet at a time when only Austria and Servia were at war, and were published on August 2 by the *Tribuna*, a semi-official paper of the Government. They may be summed up as follows:

1. It is according to the spirit and letter of the treaty of the Triple Alliance that none of the allied Powers can compromise itself in an action which will have general consequences, before having interchanged views with the allies, and taking advice from them.

2. This general regulation of the treaty is supported by special agreements between Austria and Italy, in everything concerning the situation of the Balkan States.

3. As it is known to all, the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, from which the present situation arose, was not communicated to Italy. Hence Italy has not been able to exercise her right in counseling its ally in this diplomatic step. On the other hand, it is clear that once the Austrian ultimatum had been sent, Italy could not force Austria, an ally and friend, to recall it. The Italian Government, however, has tried every means to obtain from the Austrian Government a promise for the territorial integrity and sovereignty of Servia. This, the Austrian Government has promised, but without giving any pledge.

4. The fundamental points of the treaty of the Triple Alliance are of a character eminently defensive, and make for the maintenance of the territorial *"status quo."* Hence Italy can not be obliged to take part in an offensive war, so much the more since its allies had not consulted her.

5. Lastly, since Italy has been kept in darkness as to the real intentions of its allies, she has not been able to take, in due time, the necessary measures of precaution for the defence of its vital interests, which in case of war would be necessarily and grievously exposed to danger, especially, when one remembers the long coast defence.

"We are authoritatively informed," says the *Tribuna* (August 2), "that the Italian Government firmly believes that, according to the letter and spirit of the treaty of the Triple Alliance, Italy is not obliged to take part in a war which is not defensive. The Government, however, will examine, how, safeguarding Italian interests, it can maintain a favorable attitude toward its allies."

In the meantime a partial mobilization of the Italian army and navy was ordered. The people became alarmed at the news of the extent of the war and at the rise in prices. But the Government reassured them of Italy's neutrality and, to prevent all abuses, fixed prices on all merchandise, and punished the guilty with severity. In this way peace and the ordinary measure of prosperity were soon restored to the country.

It is difficult to know, even now, how Germany and Austria received the news of Italy's neutrality. It was rumored, for a time, that the Kaiser had made strong personal appeals to King Victor Emmanuel III, to induce him to fight with Germany, and that the Austrian Government intended to declare war against Italy. But these were mere rumors. On August 24 the "Agenzia Stefani" published the following telegram sent by Baron Conrad von Hetzendorf, chief commander of the Austrian army, to the Austrian embassy at Rome:

The rumors spread in Italy that Austria has hostile inten-

tions against the kingdom of Italy for failing to participate in the war, are utterly false and without any foundation whatsoever. Such rumors have the malignant stamp of a third party hostile to both countries. I beg of you to do all in your power to deny effectively all such reports.

It was said, at that time, that Italy's neutrality would be temporary and in order to keep England neutral; that there were secret understandings between the three Governments; and that the Italian army had to be ready to strike the common foe at the right time. But all these were mere conjectures.

In Italy the great majority of the people accepted, with satisfaction, the Government's policy of neutrality, especially, because it was directed to the safeguarding of the national interests. The different political parties held meetings all over the country, and almost all of them agreed: 1, that their duty, for the present, was to stand with the Government; 2, that Italy's neutrality should be an armed and watchful one; 3, that should her rights or prospects be in danger, war should be immediately declared.

At that time, therefore, public opinion seemed to be decidedly in favor of neutrality. Of late, however, many seem to be wavering between the Government's prudent and careful watching of events, and the opinion of a certain class of journals strongly sympathizing with France and England. The journals have been drawn, very probably, toward the "Triple Entente" by France and England's golden offer of Trent and Trieste. Disturbances have taken place in Rome, Milan and Venice, caused by mass meetings and shouts of *"Viva Trento, Viva Trieste," "Viva la guerra," "Abbasso l'Austria."* But the Government took decisive steps to check such manifestations: a number of turbulent persons were arrested, their flag was seized, and the crowd was dispersed.

Who are those persons, after all, who are now boasting of being the only real patriots left in Italy, the only watchful guardians of the dignity and greatness of the nation? Who are those who are now lauding to the skies the bravery of the Italian army and navy? We have but one answer to offer: they are, precisely, those same persons who, in our last war, so vigorously opposed the Government, and characterized the war as a barbarous and an uncivilized act, insulted the Italian army and navy and the national spirit, inaugurated general strikes in almost all the leading cities of Italy, and started, not long ago, a revolution known as "the red week." They are in a word, the radicals, the real enemies of modern Italy.

At present the Government, the Constitutionalist party, the official Socialists with the ex-premier Luzzatti, the Nationalists, the press in general, and the great majority of the people desire the neutrality of Italy. She must remain neutral: 1, to save her economic resources; 2, to safeguard her national strength; 3, to remain faithful to her foreign policy.

The Reformed Socialists with their leader Bissolati, a few Radicals, and almost all the Republicans are of opinion: 1, that Italy should not remain neutral; 2, that she should immediately join the war with the Triple Entente, for the realization of her old aspirations of annexing Trent and Trieste, and for supreme and absolute dominion of the Adriatic.

This opposition, however, can never and will never prevail against the country's wishes of neutrality. To quote the words of the *Corriere Subalpino,* the organ of the friends of the famous ex-premier Giovanni Giolitti:

> To join with the Triple Entente at this juncture would be an act morally bad, and politically problematical. We are not obliged, by the treaty of alliance, to take up arms and fight for Germany and Austria, but we would be faithless and disloyal were we to stab in the back our allies and friends. Nor can any one say that in politics these words have no value; for even Machiavelli, in defending the omnipotence of the State, never stooped to such cynical doctrines. Moreover the dignity and the honor of a nation are above Machiavelli and above everything else. *Non de solo pane vivit homo* but by dignity and honor too.

The *Giornale d'Italia* says:

> If we have any right at all to shout *Viva Trento, Viva Trieste* because they were once Italian territories, why should we not shout, with the same right: *Viva Nice, Viva Savoy, Viva Malta,* the beautiful island, which were also once under the Italian flag?

These two quotations will suffice to express clearly the national Italian spirit.

Will Italy remain neutral to the end? It is difficult to foretell. We hope so. As our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV remarks in his encyclical: "The griefs, mournings and miseries of this mortal life are already too many to be increased, thus rendering the present state more sorrowful and wretched."

P. M. TELESE.

The Church and Politics

IT is a common accusation made in our day that the Church is engaged in politics. Her very service to mankind, her spiritual ministry, her ritual itself and her sacraments are transformed by the imagination of unscrupulous men into methods of cunning intended solely to assure for her a temporal and political ascendancy. Leaving aside such extreme assertions in which Socialist writers and many anti-Catholic journals freely indulge, we may reasonably be called upon to answer the question: "What is the attitude of the Church toward politics?"

That the Church, in the first place, can never entertain political ambition is certain. She clearly, and without hesitation, acknowledges the sovereignty of the State in temporal matters, reserving to herself the spiritual sovereignty in things of the soul. To all the accusations against her she has but one answer to make, the answer of Christ when accused in precisely the same manner: "My kingdom is not of this world." That very kingdom of which He then spoke, in as far as it exists here upon earth, is the Catholic Church herself. She alone dates

back directly to Him, and the mission confided to her is nothing else than the continuation of His own. It is a spiritual mission. But that her fulfilment of it should be misinterpreted, even as was Christ's mission, is to be expected. The world is ever the same. But this misinterpretation will never obscure the truth laid down by the Supreme Pontiff with whom the last word on the matter rests. There is no ambiguity in the answer given by Rome. In his encyclical *Immortale Dei,* on the Christian Constitution of States, Pope Leo XIII wrote:

> The Almighty has apportioned the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits that are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, for each a fixed orbit, within which the action of each is brought into play by its own right.

What is contained within each of these two provinces the Holy See defines no less accurately in the same encyclical:

> Whatever in things human is of sacred character, whatever belongs, either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and *political* order is rightly subject to civil authority.

The Church, therefore, according to the institution of her Divine Founder and the declaration of her Sovereign Pontiffs, is not concerned with purely civil and political matters, as long as there is no violation of the laws of God and no infringement of her own sacred rights.

Questions, however, arise which are neither spiritual nor purely civil. It is necessary here that State and Church should cooperate harmoniously, taking due account of the relative excellence and nobility of the respective ends of Church and State. Thus for the Church matrimony is a sacrament, for many States a purely civil contract. The State may rightly make all *due* temporal provision; but the Church must no less clearly maintain her own spiritual jurisdiction; for its exercise her clergy and hierarchy are responsible to Almighty God. Education, in the same manner, may properly be insisted upon by the State to the extent required for good citizenship; but the Church must not in any way be hampered in the spiritual and moral training of her children, to fit them to become likewise true citizens both of the State and of that spiritual Kingdom whose invisible head is Christ. It is her solemn duty to insist upon this right as it is the sacred duty of the State to aid and not to hinder her in its fulfilment.

The fact, therefore, that both powers, the secular and the spiritual, have authority over the same citizen can not of itself cause the slightest conflict, since all authority in State and Church is alike derived from God, who has perfectly coordinated them to work in harmony with one another. "For the powers that are, are ordained of God," as St. Paul writes. The Church on her part has always sought to restrict to the utmost her demands. It but remains for the State equally to respect her rights in order that the two powers may work together as soul and body. This, we know, can perfectly be realized only among a Catholic people, yet it is the ultimate perfection of the citizen. So individual, domestic and public rights one securing the earthly, the other the spiritual welfare of the citizen. So individual, domestic and public rights will alike be safeguarded and hedged about by divine, natural and human laws.

Two points have thus far been made clear. The first is that the Church can not entertain political ambitions. The second, that she must safeguard the spiritual rights of her children. The crucial question, therefore, is that which regards her action in matters that are not only political but likewise touch upon spiritual interests. Here, too, her attitude has been perfectly defined. She will not interfere except in as far as the moral and religious interests of souls may require such a course. Then it becomes her sacred duty to do so within the limits of her possibility. The power which she thus exercises is not, however, political, but spiritual. Victor Cathrein, S.J., in his "Moralphilosophie," thus briefly explains the important point at issue:

> The Church can never for earthly ends ordain or prescribe anything in temporal matters. But she has the right to provide that her subjects be not seduced to commit sin or suffer detriment to their spiritual welfare through the ordinations of secular authority. It would be very wrong to call this indirect power over temporal matters a secular power. It is and remains a spiritual power, because it extends to temporal matters only in as far as spiritual interests are concerned. Its formal object is spiritual.

Should any political party, or should the State itself, propose what is unjust and sinful, it is evident that the voice of the Church must be heeded. The Church must always protest against crime, the great enemy of the State. Of two things, however, both Catholics and non-Catholics may rest assured. The first is that the Church will never interfere with any man's economic or political views unless those views are sinful. But against sins she is obliged to cry out. The second is that loyalty to the Church will never stand in the way of any genuinely patriotic interest. A true Catholic must of necessity be a true patriot. If any should be inclined to doubt this fact let them look to the great battlefields of Europe and see the priests and religious, forgetful of all past injustice, persecution and banishment, returning in undiminished numbers to the flags of their native lands, offering freely their service and their lives, and generously pouring forth their blood for the countries that had rejected them. Whatever, therefore, is beautiful, whatever is good, whatever is just, whatever is ennobling in the patriotism of any land will always be blessed and promoted by the Sovereign Pontiff, whose kingdom is not of this world, but whose voice is raised against sin and injustice wherever they lift their head, in private life or public.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

The Awakening of Faith in France

I

LAST April I listened to M. René Bazin telling of the hope he cherished for the return to Catholic practices of the land which he adorns so handsomely by pen and piety. I little thought that the blessed time was near. Nor did that true son of the Faith think that the day of the Lord's return was nigh. And yet the anticipations of the brilliant litterateur were well founded. He knows his France well; its working class of city and country, its artists, its writers, its statesmen. In all these lanes of life he had met men with faces looking toward the golden sunrise, against which, in more gleaming splendor, shone "the city set on a hill which could not be hidden." The pilgrims have come to the bourne of their travel. The hopes of M. René Bazin and of millions of true Frenchmen have been realized. For the true Frenchman is the Catholic Frenchman. Mgr. Baudrillart well expressed the truth when he wrote, shortly after the outbreak of war, *En redcvenant tout à fait française, l'âme nationale se retrouve catholique.*

That the nation has become Catholic is everywhere apparent. The greater papers report religious incidents even to minutest details. Even politics, though most diverse in aim and principle, offer no interference, because editors and readers are all united in a manner hitherto unknown, to make the cause of France the cause of each and all. The field staff at the Aisne; the regiments at the front; the multitudes in town and country see the war with one and the same eye. Those who do not know Catholic France, the real France which, true to the Church in spite of the efforts of a hostile Government to make it infidel, has always remained faithful to the Church, are wofully mistaken if they believe that the Government succeeded in "blotting out the light of Heaven." If these lights were extinguished it was only in atheist skies. Even here, thanks be to God, they have been relit. May they burn on forever! May those who feel the need of Faith in times of war, realize that it is as necessary in times of peace. May the shocking shortage of competent nurses, hospitals and convalescent homes teach the Government that no helpers are so numerous, so skilled or so well-placed and equipped for service in time of war as in time of peace, as the nuns who were cruelly expelled a dozen years ago, and who, God bless them, have returned to take care of the wounded.

Writing in the *Echo de Paris,* the late Count de Mun appealed to Catholics to yield themselves entirely to the influence of the mysterious workings of God's grace, which is accomplishing miracles in the conversions of souls. "Here is the great miracle of these days," he said, "on battlefield, as in ambulance, God once more takes possession of souls." The awakening of Faith in the minds of the people, is "due, of course, to the fearful struggle in which they are involved; but the special cause at work is the sacrifice of life on the part of priests and nuns who have shed their blood on the field of honor; the former fighting, the latter caring for the wounded in trench and plain and hospital." The Count ended his appeal with these words:

> After God, to whom we pray with unfailing trust; after the patron saints of France, whom we call to our side unceasingly, it is the legion of these priests whose sacrifice intercedes for us; and the Sisters whom dire necessity leads into the daily growing number of hospitals, who are our saviors. Without "decrees" or "official permission," they are remaking, to-day and to-morrow, the Christian soul of France.

I give a few facts which show how widespread is the return to Catholic faith and practices. There are Masses said at all the principal churches of Paris, in the course of which, patriotic sermons are delivered by stirring preachers. At Notre Dame, Father Janvier, the celebrated Dominican, thrills his large audiences by fervent words:

> Jeanne d'Arc prayed without ceasing for the success of her call. Assuredly, I have absolute confidence in the valor and skill of our generals, the courage and resolution of our soldiers; but I tremble at the thought of how useless are these resources, if God does not fight for us. Help us, fight for us, Warrior-Maid of France! Wrap in your victorious oriflamme the flags of our allies. Soon, I trust, we shall drive the invader back to his own country. Our victory will not be stained with brigandage; we will not slay women and children, nor make them walk before us to screen us from the enemy's fire. Christianity, Chivalry and Justice will guide us to the end.

Other noted orators are to be heard at the Madeleine, Montmartre and St. Etienne du Mont. On Sundays and during the week these churches are filled, not with women only, as used to be the case before the war, but with men. At a service held at the Madeleine for the success of the army and navy, noted generals and admirals were present. Although the President of the Republic was absent his wife was seen in a front place praying earnestly all the time. She walked near the Cardinal as he went out to bless the vast crowd which was gathered in front of the church. At the requiem Mass for Count de Mun, the full Cabinet was present. This time President Poincaré assisted. The Governor of Lyons, who is a general also, attended Mass with his staff and received Holy Communion before starting for the front. At Vanne a regiment marched from its barracks to the train headed by two chaplains, the bishop's secretary and some religious. At the station the soldiers crowded around the priests, cheered them lustily and gladly took the medals which they gave them. At Montpellier, Cardinal de Calvières and the city prefect exchanged visits. At Poitiers General Pellarin begged the bishop to bless his cannon. The Coadjutor Bishop of Nancy, having had to go as a reserve, was made by the authorities chaplain of the corps to which he belonged. The parish priest of St. Andrew's at Niort was invited by the officers of the 7th Regiment of Hussars, to bless their sabres. When he came to the officers' hall he found fifty of them gathered about a table in the centre of the room. Unrolled upon the table lay three French flags. The lieutenant made a speech in which he told of the good the Church's blessing would bring to the sabres. The priest congratulated them all on the grand example of faith they were setting the army, using the famous words of Jeanne d'Arc to make his lesson sink deep into their souls: "The men will fight, but it is God who will give victory." At the order from the lieutenant, fifty sabres flashed in air, all pointing to the flags. So they were blessed.

TERENCE KING.

An Early Transaction in Cotton

MANY men of many minds and many women too are now engaged in trying to formulate some practical scheme to avert the disaster the European war has brought to the financial hopes of our Southern cotton planters. This recalls a big international war-time transaction in cotton, the results of which had a far-reaching effect on Catholic pioneer progress in the West.

There came from Ireland, in 1792, an immigrant named John Mullanphy, with his wife and a year-old babe. Born near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, in 1758, at twenty he went to France and enlisted in the famous Irish Brigade in which he served until the Revolution drove him back to Ireland. The immigrants remained a year in Philadelphia and then went to Baltimore, where Mullanphy prospered in busi-

ness, until 1799, when he pushed on "further West" to Frankfort, Ky. Here his store became the trading centre of the section, and his house the hospitable refuge of the missionaries who visited this district from time to time to minister to the scattered Catholics settled in the neighborhood.

St. Louis was then a French settlement. In 1804 Mullanphy fell in with one of its founders, Charles Gratiot, who persuaded him to leave Frankfort and locate in St. Louis. As he spoke French he was soon at home there and the store he opened on Second street was an object of wonder. He invested the money his enterprise ensured in real estate, his energy and initiative contributing constantly to the growth of the little town. A letter he sent back to Father Badin in Kentucky gives an interesting picture of conditions then in the community, for which Archbishop Glennon, the other day, dedicated his new three-million-dollar cathedral:

ST. LOUIS, UPPER LOUISIANA,
October 29, 1804.

REVEREND SIR: I now sit down to write according to promise. The first news I shall tell is a very bad one: our priest leaves us to-morrow or the next day. His name is Mr. Janin, a man very much beloved by the people because, as they say, *il n'est pas Bigot, ils datent le declin de la Religion de's le commencement Français* (1790), for be afraid it is a very low Ebb here. On Sundays you see but women, and not many of them, and a few men at Church. Ther's here a small but good church, a good presbytery house and a fine garden and orchard. One of the gentlemen from this place goes to Congress, and I am pressing them to make up some money to fetch out a priest, but I am very much afraid I shall not succeed. I like this country much better than any part of the United States I have yet seen. The lands in general are better; it is healthy and navigable water every day in the year. This town is beautifully situated on the high banks of the Mississippi, with fine gardens and orchards.

I have bought a very good house with a fine garden and orchard for 3,000 Dollars Merchandise and am situated very much to my mind, and altho' sales are dull, *je ne minuit point*. . . . I could wish very much you were placed here, but I know you could not bear the laxity of morals; I don't mean to say the people here are more criminal than your Catholics in Kentucky; indeed I do not think they are so much so, but they will dance on Sunday and neglect attending at Church.

I am Dr. Sir yours with Consideration and Esteem, and wishing you health and a large prize in the Lottery.

JOHN MULLANPHY.

Evidently the social and educational disadvantages of the frontier town did not appeal to him, for, in 1809, he took his family back to Baltimore, where he put his children to school. They were there when the War of 1812 with England broke out, and during its progress he sent them to live in New York. He was in Baltimore himself among "The Defenders" in 1814, when Fort McHenry was attacked and "The Star Spangled Banner" written; and in January, 1815, took part with Jackson's men, at New Orleans, in the defeat of Packenham. Foreseeing an early peace, the low price of cotton during the war appealed to his commercial instincts. He purchased all he could get hold of and stored it in New Orleans, where it was taken to form the unique ramparts behind which "Old Hickory" fought his famous battle. When Mullanphy protested against the seizure of his property Jackson is reported to have answered: "You say this is your cotton, then, egad! I know of no one who has a better right to defend it. Sergeant, get this man a musket, and see that he has a chance to fight for his cotton." As soon as the war ended he took the cotton to England where what had cost him about four cents a pound was readily sold for thirty and made him an immense profit. It is the first "cotton corner" on record.

He came back from England to New York in 1817 and two years later again settled down with his family in St. Louis and there remained to the end of his days, dispensing much of his great fortune in charity and the promotion of education and the Faith. He gave twenty-four acres of land in 1827 to the Religious of the Sacred Heart, to establish their St. Louis Convent, the second in the United States. To this he added a house and $1,000 to help to open a school. The saintly Madame Duchesne was his intimate friend. The following year he brought the Emmitsburg Sisters of Charity to take charge of a hospital he founded, the first Catholic institution of its kind in the United States. For many years it was the only hospital in St. Louis. He started the Church of St. Ferdinand at Florisant, Mo., and generously assisted the building of the Jesuit Novitiate there, also erecting a convent for the Sisters of Loretto. His minor gifts were constant and numerous. When he died, on August 29, 1833, it was found that his will devised $25,000, of which $3,000 was for a home for aged widows and the rest a donation to the twelve bishops then in the United States to open orphanages for boys. He had fifteen children, eight of whom lived and continued his benefactions. His only son, Bryan, who died a bachelor, in 1851, was Mayor of St. Louis in 1847. Bryan Mullanphy's will left one-third of his estate, about $200,000, as a trust fund, "to furnish relief to all poor emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle in the West," but litigation to define the purpose of the trust defeated for years any immediate practical results. Changed conditions have since made it impossible to devote the fund now to anything even approximating the object expressed in his will, and the eccentric manner in which he devised the funds almost entirely frustrated the compromise by which they are at present devoted to charitable purposes.

John Mullanphy's name is recalled to the St. Louis of to-day by the Mullanphy Hospital and the Mullanphy Orphanage Asylum, as that of his daughter, Mrs. Ann Biddle, is preserved in the Biddle Home and St. Ann's Foundling Asylum. His life in St. Louis was one long deed of charity that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust, even if men, in the hurry and bustle of these materialistic days, seem to forget his varied and picturesque record. "Among the distinguished men engaged in laying the foundations of the city and building up the same," says John E. Darby, one of the non-Catholic historians of St. Louis, "no one was more prominent than John Mullanphy. . . . A man of great enterprise, foresight, judgment, he contributed more than any other individual to the building of St. Louis. . . . A worthy man and a good man. In charitable deeds he never had a superior in the city of St. Louis, and his works will live after him as long as the Mississippi laves the shores of the city where the institutions founded by him in the cause of charity and religion shall stand."

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

Helping the Belgian Orphans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Among the thousands of people interested in the relief of Belgium, quite a number have suggested the organization of a movement to bring over the Belgian orphans and find homes for them in this country. This movement undoubtedly appeals to every one as a beautiful act of charity. But unfortunately, after considering the facts of the case, I fear that it is not practical at the present time, and this for

obvious reasons. Belgium has been invaded and its population driven out and scattered into different adjoining countries. We learn every day from private letters, as well as from newspaper reports, that a great many families are scattered and that their members are ignorant of one another's whereabouts. In some cases the father is a prisoner in Germany, the mother and perhaps one child may be living in Holland, and another child in England. It is veritable chaos. After the war comes to an end, these people must be brought together and only then will it be known who are orphans without relatives to take care of them. At the present time, it is impossible to fix upon the orphans who will depend upon charity from outsiders. So no practical work can be done at present, and we should wait in patience until the end of the war. Another thing that must not be lost sight of is the fact that Belgium is a country, the population of which is, practically speaking, entirely Catholic. Consequently the Belgian children are Catholics too, and undoubtedly if they were to be brought up outside of that faith, it would be entirely against the will of their parents or relatives.

J. F. STILLEMANS,
Director of the Belgian Bureau and President of the Belgian Relief Fund.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Chicago *Tribune* is following up the "Christmas Ship" idea of the Chicago *Herald* with an appeal to its readers to arrange to adopt Belgian war orphans. Of course you know the kind of people who are in a position to do this, as a general thing, and the ultimate result to the orphan. Can not AMERICA sound the alarm over in the old countries and make a world-wide appeal to Catholic institutions to take in these children, even if the abandoned little ones left in our own alleys and elsewhere, have to be given less care and attention for a while at least. I know every one with any Catholic blood in him will assist in saving these children if properly appealed to and an organized effort is started in their behalf

Chicago, Ill. M. SMITH.

The Italians Again

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several friends have asked me to write a few lines in defence of the much-maligned Italians. This request has been occasioned by the recent publication in AMERICA of two letters reflecting on the Catholic spirit of Italians both here and in Italy. The first communication emanated from the pen of Herbert Hadley, New York; the second comes from Baltimore and is signed: "Enotriae Amator." It ought to be made a felony for any one to assume such an unintelligible pseudonym. Affecting the scriptural parlance of the incredulous Jews, Herbert Hadley declareth it indeed *a hard saying* that the Catholic spirit is keenly alive among the Italian people, that is, if we judge of religious conditions across the water from the religious spirit of the Italians who come here.

But are we justified in adopting such a criterion? We may take for granted that Italy does not send us the *crème de la crème* in the way of immigrants, nor does any other nation for that matter. No nationality has an exclusive monopoly of either vice or virtue, of Catholic faith or infidelity. Human nature is pretty much the same the world over. We find the same good and bad traits in every son of Adam, and it matters little whether he happens to be born under an Italian, German, French, Irish or American sky.

We certainly would send up a roar of protest that could be heard from New York to San Francisco, should any one dare to judge the Catholic spirit of Ireland from the Bradys, Gradys, Bourniques and Brushinghams who dropped the O as big as a cart wheel from the front of their names, and are now parading in our midst as Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian preachers. How many, not only of Celtic but also of German parentage, have twisted and distorted their good old Catholic names beyond all recognition in order to remove every vestige of their nationality as well as of their religion? Shall we judge of Catholicity in Ireland and Germany from the defection of these miserable apostates who have abandoned their faith in order to advance their material interests? Hardly. For it would be jumping from the particular to the universal.

It is not true that the Italian falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer. It is, however, true, that here in the United States the proselytizer puts forth greater efforts among the Italians than among people of any other nationality. My seven years' sojourn as pastor of perhaps the largest Italian parish in America taught me to appreciate the high grade of morality existing among those poor people. Undoubtedly one of the greatest evils menacing the Church to-day is the appalling number of mixed marriages. In Guardian Angel parish we averaged about 275 marriages annually. You can scrutinize the matrimonial register from A. D. 1898 to 1905, and you will not find the record of a single mixed marriage. How many rectors of other nationalities can make that boast? The Italian, as a rule, not only abstains from work on Sunday, provided he retain his job, but he religiously observes the feast of his patron saint and a great many more that are not holidays of obligation. It is a matter of history that an infidel administration tried to diminish the number of festivals and religious processions in Southern Italy, but lamentably failed. My experience has been to see the church crowded on the feasts of SS. Peter and Paul, Nativity of St. John Baptist, SS. Vitus, Roch, Lucy, Sebastian and all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin just the same as on Sunday. As to approaching the Sacraments, I have been kept hearing the confessions of Italian men until after two o'clock Holy Thursday morning. Poor Sicilians have come fasting twenty-one miles on the train in order to make their Easter duty. Of course I can only speak of the religious conditions prevailing among the Italians in and around Chicago, as they came under my personal observation.

✠ E. M. DUNNE,
Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In re "Religious Conditions in Italy" it may be of interest to readers of AMERICA to hear an explanation of the apathetic attitude of Italian immigrants in matters of practical religion from the late Holy Father Pius X. He was aware of the deplorable condition of his fellow countrymen in foreign lands and deemed it necessary to establish a seminary for the sole purpose of preparing Italian clerics to labor among them. In his letter of foundation (March, 1914), among the reasons given for their religious apathy is the following: *"Plerique enim . . . iidemque fere non satis doctrina religionis instructi";* or, in plain English, they are not thoroughly instructed in their religon. Any comment would be superfluous: suffice it to say, that it would be well, in these days of prevention, to anticipate a continuance of said condition by removing the cause.

However, it is a fact that those nationalities alone give evidence of being appreciative of their religion who have been persecuted on its account. If compelled to suffer for their Faith in their own lands, they show love for it in a very practical manner when on foreign shores. The Italian has never been persecuted; his land reeks with the blood of martyrs in the struggles between Christianity and paganism;

then it was a question of the divinity of Christ; now it is the divinity of His Church and this is the very point of which they seem to be the least aware. They will never be any more practical until they are instructed, nor will they ever realize what the Church really is, until its doors have been closed to worship by some persecutor.

New York. FORESTIERE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Sorrentino seems to admit, and tries to account for, the religious indifference of the Italian immigrants. The only difference between us is that he attributes this indifference to their poverty and environment in a new country, and I seek its cause in Italy itself.

Poverty is hardly the cause of religious indifference, as our poor are generally our best Catholics. Neither will environment explain the difficulty, otherwise the same ought to be true of the Germans, the Poles, the Slovaks and Catholics of other nations who have migrated to this country. How is it that the vast bulk of these people in precisely the same condition as the Italian immigrant are not religiously indifferent? Then again, it would appear that this environment which kills the essentials of Catholicity in the Italian immigrant seems rather favorable to the growth of the accidentals, such as processions, festas, etc. Lastly, environment and untoward conditions in America will not account for the great ignorance of their Faith, for their hatred in many cases, and very frequently their distrust of their priests, for their ever-ready acceptance of help from proselytizing societies and for other noted traits of the Italian immigrant. It is well to remark that conditions for the Italian in this country are not so hard as is at times represented. Few, if any, immigrants find employment so readily and so constantly, and none in proportion send more money back to their native land than the Italian. It is not true that the Italian immigrant is judged by a few exceptions; we form our judgment from the bulk of Italian men to-day, who, after twenty-five years of struggle and striving by American and Italian priests, after a great expenditure of money given by American Catholics, show themselves impervious to the practical teachings of the Church.

Father Realmuto calls for mercy. It is well to remember that it is no mercy on the part of the surgeon to spare the knife if the corruption is deep. You can not put an organ in order by gilding the pipes, nor can you eliminate typhoidal germs from the pump by painting the handle. Father Realmuto with his figures and statistics has not proved and can not prove that the majority of Italian men who come to this country, after his twenty-five years of labor among them, are not religiously indifferent. This is the meaning of 99 per cent. which, as I said last week in answer to Father Corbett, was not to be taken with mathematical exactness. Will Father Realmuto count next Sunday the number of *men* that attend Mass in his church regularly and tell us that number together with the number of Italian men who live in his parish? It is true, it is the testimony of numbers of priests who have worked among them, even Father Sorrentino admits it by laboring at its explanation, and it is the result of observation, that the bulk of Italian men do not go to Church, do not frequent the Sacraments. Many of them readily work on Sunday; many of them hate and despise and distrust their priests; they are easy victims to proselytism, not in the sense that they lose the Faith, but they readily and willingly accept the goods furnished by Protestant societies and attend their services, and the reason of that is not found in their environment. The letters of Pius X, his efforts toward the reform of seminaries in Italy, the stringent regulations that have been made in Rome for the coming of Italian priests to this country, all tell in no uncertain tone some of the causes of the condition of Italian Catholics.

New York. HERBERT HADLEY.

The Outrages in Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am a new subscriber, deeply interested in the Mexican chronicle of the last two issues of your paper. Will you kindly let me know more fully your attitude toward the problem?

New York. J. L. C.

[The Mexican problem has a triple aspect, political, economic and religious. The last aspect only has been our concern. Under ordinary circumstances the Mexicans would and should have taken care of this themselves. In this instance, however, our Government, no doubt with the best intentions, made itself sponsor for the Constitutionalist party, thereby incurring certain duties. Among these not the least is the duty both of righting wrongs and of preventing further crime. Unspeakably frightful crimes, wanton enough to make strong men shudder with horror, have been committed against priests, Sisters and lay people; and AMERICA feels that in justice both to itself and to American citizens who abhor such brutality, our Administration should bring every possible *moral* pressure to bear upon the Mexican criminals, who have time and time again said that they are acting under the authority of Washington.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Hint from a Rural Parish

To the Editor of AMERICA:

This is a seaside settlement drawing a big crowd in the hot months but harboring about three hundred Catholics during the rest of the year. For them the pastor, Rev. W. J. McConnell, celebrates two Masses on Sunday. To-day at each of the services he prefaced the sermon by reading from the current issue of AMERICA the account of the persecution of the Catholics in Mexico, and of the outrages committed on them by the Constitutionalist bandits. It was shocking, he added, that such things could happen at all, but incomprehensible that they could have taken place without any protest being made in Congress by the Catholic representatives included in the membership of that body. There were precedents for such action in the petitions introduced some time ago on behalf of the Armenians and for the Jews of Russia. His congregation, he said, was only a small one, but he believed that the men of it should at once communicate their indignant remonstances to the Congressman of the district and request that measures should be adopted by the Federal authorities to have the outrages in Mexico stopped. He was sure they knew they never could have begun had the influence of the United States been exerted at the proper time.

The example of this little country parish could be followed with a probably satisfactory outcome by other congregations, urban and rural, if their pastors took the matter in hand. The program of action is very simple and direct; good will and ordinary political experience are all that is necessary.

Now is the time to call the roll and to find out why the Catholic Congressmen have ignored this Mexican question and what they intend to do in the future to adjust the issue. Many non-Catholics also would surely assist, did they have the shocking details of the outrages brought directly to their notice. This is the time to act for practical results.

Belmar, N. J. CITY VISITOR.

AMERICA

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Thanksgiving

"IT is truly meet and just, right and profitable, for us, at all times, and in all places, to give thanks to Thee, O Lord, the Holy One, the Father Almighty, the Everlasting God," sings the Church, not merely once a year, but as often daily as she reaches the most solemn part of that never-ending Sacrifice which is itself the most perfect act of thanksgiving man can offer his Creator. It is, of course, wholly fitting, however, that in a Christian nation like ours a special day be set apart on which we make to God a united public acknowledgement of all the blessings the year has brought us. We thus take the most effective means, moreover, for enjoying an uninterrupted continuance of Heaven's bounty. It is a noteworthy fact that "think" and "thank," as philologists assure us, are words derived from the same Anglo-Saxon root. Almighty God, who is kind even to the thoughtless and the ungrateful, will be particularly gracious toward those who thankfully remember all His past mercies, while it is plain from the miracle of the ten made clean, that nothing grieves more sorely the Heart of Our Saviour than "benefits forgot." Gratitude, be it recalled, is not merely good manners, it is an act of justice. If the sincere and humble expression of thankfulness wins even from selfish man new and greater favors, what limit shall be set to the blessings that the generous Bestower of all good gifts pours upon those who never fail to make Him the due return of gratitude for all His loving-kindness?

Wary Reading

Violent unbelief has never been attractive. The normally constituted mind is reverent, and listens in no kindly spirit to revolt and protest against familiar traditions and time-honored truths. Those who would obtain a hearing must disguise their reactionary tenets and give them a presentation that makes a show of sympathy for the old and well-worn habits of human thought. Even with us, in spite of our wide drifting from religious moorings, there is little sympathy with the open, unvarnished expression of intellectual atheism. In their practice men may be as unconcerned about the divine Master of the world as they please, but in their speech and in their writings, they must not assail the existence or the prerogatives of God. Such a stand is not popular. God may be ignored, and the practice of ignoring Him is growing every day; but He should not be attacked. This much at least of the old respectability still exists. How long it will maintain its influence may be a matter of doubt, but its influence has not yet ceased to be a fact. Even attacks on Catholicism, the staple of so many pulpits, have not found favor with the more cultured of our people. They may pass with congregations that are ignorant and with pastors who have to eke out their poverty of positive instruction with attacks on the Pope and the Church; but our better educated countrymen have forced their preachers to substitute other topics for their Sunday morning talks. The practice of religion, therefore, as such, has not been openly assailed, at least not often.

And yet atheism is not silent. Its words are guarded and skilfully disguised but it continues to instil its subtle poison in many ways. Of late it has become bolder. An example in point is the recent novel, "They Who Question." In it there are three characters sharply and sympathetically drawn, all of whom independently, and without influence exerted on them from without, by three different processes, give up all belief in God, and resolve to live as best they can without Him. The exclusion of the other world with its hopes and fears is developed so gradually and so artfully that it is made to seem a natural and by no means a shocking thing. Souls that are unquestionably good wrestle painfully with unmerited sorrow and receive not even a suspicion of relief, they grope pitifully for light and find only darkness. The principal character is at the beginning one of more than ordinary holiness and nobility; and yet all that she hoped for and cherished in her youthful dreams of the goodness and the nearness and the love of God crumbles about her and she is left standing among the ruins, cheerless and despondent and an infidel. All the stock objections are urged against religion not by argument but by the events of life. They are not put strongly or controversially or in a spirit of angry revolt, but are presented by the sheer weight of life's sufferings and the seeming indifference of the Creator to His creatures' pain; and it is their accumulation that drives divine love out of a beautiful, trustful soul and leaves in it only bitter questionings.

When the book has got thus far it stops. Of course the process may or may not be altogether unusual in those of non-Catholic convictions, but it has no counterpart within the Church. It is well, however, for Catholics to realize that there are many doubts, much unbelief, and

a growing attitude of irreverence for things supernatural and divine in the hearts of those about them. Such books are not to be read, but it will do no harm to know that they exist. Wary reading is required nowadays of those who would safeguard the purity of their faith.

Children's "Social Betterment"

Not long ago some very earnest Philadelphia school-ma'ams made a canvass of their pupils to learn what proportion of the children drank beer at home. For doing this the zealous investigators had the authority of their principals, but not that of the Acting Superintendent of Schools. Indeed he was so wanting in sympathy with the movement that he promptly disavowed the teachers' action, but not before they had gathered and published an alarming array of statistics, which doubtless proved to admiration that the boys and girls coming from homes where beer was a beverage, were without exception the dullest, tardiest, most untidy, and most unruly children in the school.

Our readers will unanimously agree that the "Acting" Superintendent of Schools who acted in this instance with such unseemly haste and faulty judgment should be at once removed from office. He is a clog to the wheels of progress. That the noble work of our public school teachers for the "social betterment" and "uplift" of the little ones committed to their charge, should be hampered and impeded by medieval reactionaries is not to be borne. For who has a better right than the school-ma'am to regulate her pupils' diet? Indeed our public school system, admirable as it is, can not be brought to flawless perfection until every teacher is provided with a tabulated chart that will indicate at a glance, the minutest circumstance bearing on the parentage, domestic habits and environment of every child in the school.

Miss Perkins should know for example at just what hour little Mildred is accustomed to rise in the morning; what breakfast cereal she prefers; what her father's favorite recreation is, what salary her sister Mabel receives, what her big brother's literary tastes are, and what is the area of the back yard in which she plays. As for little Reginald, Miss Simpson has of course an inalienable right to be told what time he seeks his truckle bed, whether he uses paste or powder for his teeth, if he sleeps with the window open, who his playmates are and whether they always pronounce their final consonants, if his mother does her own cooking and whether his sister Sally's intended husband is addicted to the use of tobacco.

It is plain that a child's aversion to spelling is likely to be intense, should his father be a printer; the hue of the domestic wallpaper has more than once proved a serious obstacle to concentration of mind; geography doubtless comes easier to boys and girls who have near relatives commercial travellers, and school-children who haunt the moving-picture hall can not be reasonably expected to let mental drudgery of any kind curtail in any way this most important amusement.

It is absolutely necessary that the modern school-ma'am should know about her pupils' home life. Otherwise how can she effectively work for the "social betterment" of the little ones the State has entrusted to her care? Meanwhile the benighted Sisters in the parish school persist in thinking that they have done their duty by the boys and girls parents send them, if they teach the children to fear God, love the neighbor, respect authority, and read, write, spell and cipher correctly.

"Not Anticlerical But Inhuman"

The worst spirit of French anti-clericalism is exhibited in the attacks of the Socialist press upon the nuns who are nursing the wounded along the battle lines in northern France. These devoted women are enduring all the sufferings and horrors of war for the sake of their country and of humanity. More than one has given her life in the work. Their crime is that they offer the consolations of religion to men dying and in pain. The hostile newspapers call this an unfair advantage taken by the Church of the opportunity the war has given it.—New York *Sun*, November 10.

Not merely the hostile newspapers; the Government itself is displaying even bitterer hostility to the twenty thousand priests and the devoted religious women who are giving heroic service to their country. The men on the fighting line had shown too much appreciation of those priests and religious and their services. Hundreds of such reports as this come from the soldier-priests: "Many officers and men come to confession during the night in intervals of the fighting and I have a crowd at the Military Mass on Sundays." Another recites that on ten different occasions of danger he had given public absolution to the kneeling soldiers at their own request; and the substance of many narratives is thus voiced by the Abbé Castelin:

> War is a great mission. The men here no longer know what human respect is; they have become fervidly religious. They make their confessions in the streets, on the roadside; they attend services, sing hymns and recite the Rosary. All wear medals, not round their necks or in their pockets, but in their caps or on their tunics.

This would never do; Premier Viviani had not "extinguished the lights of Heaven" to have them relit on the battlefields of France. The Masses and confessions and absolutions as well as chaplains were in violation of his petty regulations, and he had provided against Extreme Unction and final reconciliation by ordering that in the hospitals the wounded and dying shall have to sign a written request in order that a priest be admitted to them. But General Joffre, being a soldier, not a Masonic politician, disregarded the despicable restrictions, and gave full liberty to clergy and soldiery to serve God and country together. The little Masonic clique who had machined themselves into the government of France and

harried Christian officers in time of peace, dared not tamper with the triumphant war chief nor tie up in its official tape the surging religious spirit of the troops. But medals and scapulars were more tangible; and their suppression was according to its measure. The Archmason Lafferre, who had fled to Bordeaux with his paper and his Cabinet, demanded that the "scapular and the medal of the Sacred Heart, the official stamp of a Catholic" should not be given to the soldiery; and at once it was so ordered. The zealous Viviani, whose neutral conscience would not permit him to order public prayers for peace after President Wilson's example, improved upon the command and also prohibited the Rosary.

This is but one example of the petty persecuting spirit of this miserable Government in the midst of war. By another decree it has seized on all the remnants of Church property that its penalizing laws had left, including even the funds of the infirm clergy. The same mail that brought this decree to the diocese of Bourges, brought also an account of the heroism of Sergeant Lemoine who, himself wounded, sought out his officer among the dead and dying, rescued him amid a rain of bullets, and carried him for miles to safety. Sergeant Lemoine was a priest of Bourges. It is the heroism and Christian nobility of such as he that prompt the persecutions of the fanatics of the Viviani type. The Christian revival that their presence and action are fanning into flame must be quenched at all cost. Christianity must fall even though France fall with it. Of this spirit the New York *Sun* writes:

> Its true description is not anti-clerical, but inhuman. The narrow bigotry which it propagates is far more terrible than that which it imputes to those who disagree with its teachings. Its ultimate triumph in national life would mean complete servitude of the soul.

Let us hope that the Christian spirit that has burst forth amid the perils of war will assert itself in peace, and that the virility displayed by the clergy on the battlefield will insist on impressing itself on the Government of the nation until religion and liberty shall again reign in France.

Wisdom from the East

Representative-elect London, the first Socialist to be sent to Congress from the State of New York, reluctantly allowed himself to be interviewed the other day. In the prologue the restrained reporter attested that Mr. London will carry with him to Congress "the best knowledge the universe affords," for he thoroughly understands "life and humanity." In a word he is a "storehouse of wisdom." At the interviewer's entreaty Mr. London then discoursed profoundly on shoes and ships and sealing-wax, scattering with a prodigal hand such jewels of wisdom as these:

> Education brings all men to a level, and a high level. The more you know of people, the more you love them. Large families enslave a man. Economic freedom for both sexes is the only road to progress, personal and national. A man who must slave to feed many mouths is weighted down to his treadmill labors. He can not educate himself or his children. For those who are not independently well off I believe in small families. A girl should be educated exactly as a boy.

It is not hard to picture what the domestic life would be of a family in which Mr. London's lofty principles were strictly reduced to practice. To avoid the humiliation of accepting money from their husbands, wives would of course leave the home in charge of a well-paid servant, and going forth into the marts of trade become bread-winners themselves. That lone, lorn, little tomboy whose parents' love for "economic freedom" and "education" would doubtless be much warmer than their affection for her, would sternly demand for herself, no doubt, the same independence her father and mother enjoyed. Every week she would exact from them sufficient money to procure as much and as varied "knowledge" as the other boys of the neighborhood were getting. Every sensible person is aware that nowadays knowledge is power, and that a man's usefulness, virtue and happiness can be measured exactly by the number of things he knows. This principle, as Mr. London implies, is of universal application. For instance, there are no really unamiable persons in existence. "The more you know of people, the more you love them." As the Socialist Congressmen would doubtless admit, however, the perfection of a man's "economic freedom" depends to a large extent on the use to which he puts the knowledge he possesses. Our prisons are said to be restricting at this very moment not only the "economic freedom" but even the personal liberty of men whose knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic is exceptionally profound, but who unfortunately used their skill in these branches, for forging checks or falsifying accounts. With regard to Mr. London's Malthusian propaganda, he should be reminded that if the "poor but prolific" race to which most of his constituents belong, had adopted that abominable practice, in all probability Mr. London would not now be a Congressman-elect.

Just As You Say

Here is a short formula for civilization. It heralds the substitution of deference for force, of charity for selfishness, of obedience for wilfulness. The young find it hard to utter; the old find it easier. When ideas are new in the mind, when hope is dazzling bright and difficulties disappear in its splendor, when experience is limited, then the lips can hardly shape these words. But test the exultant plans by the acid of experience, sober enthusiasm by the humility of failure, broaden sympathy by the knowledge that comes with years, and most men and women will anticipate their own objections or prejudices and cry, "Just as you say." Time, however, is not always a softener; it is sometimes a toughener. If it mellows the fruit, it hardens the wood and bark, and some hearts turn the sap of life into fiber rather

than into luscious pulp. The self-made man who has been spoiled with constant success, whose father made the best shoe-lasts before him and whose son is learning to make the best shoe-lasts, just as he does, after him, is likely to exclaim, "Just as I say," at least when there is question of shoe-lasts. Yet it was a man of that description, a man proud of his family success, who nevertheless was deferential in other points. He did not wish to go beyond his lasts and was ready to utter "Just as you say" when you could get him away from his pet subject.

Take that phrase from the language of the army, and the army becomes a disorganized mob. Take it from business, and the wheels of commerce are blocked. "Just as I say," is grit on the bearings; "Just as you say," is a lubricant. What is it that marks off society from anarchy? It is the recognition of authority, and recognition of authority is a philosophical and lordly way of expressing, "Just as you say."

In the famous Greek tragedy of King Œdipus there is a stormy fight going on between the king and his brother-in-law. It had reached that helpless stage so often witnessed in wordy quarrels, where one combatant almost out of breath shouts, "You did," and the other combatant equally breathless replies with the convincing and powerful cry, "I didn't." There were several ways out of this dead-lock besides the death of both parties, but the brother-in-law heard something he could agree with and at once interjected, "Just as you say" or what amounts to that. The ultimatums disappeared for a time at least, and reason seized the opportunity to talk. "Just as you say" will always win a truce, if it does not succeed in avoiding hostilities.

Our eloquent Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, has spoken many excellent speeches in his busy life, but his biographers ought to rank a recent sentence of his far above all more lengthy and more elaborate exhibitions of oratory. "Is that your last word?" (Last word is English for ultimatum), he was asked in an exchange of diplomatic conferences, and Mr. Bryan replied in words which should never die, "There is no last word between friends." We might risk spoiling the finality of that phrase by stating that if there could be a last word, it would be, "Just as you say," which comes immediately before, "Just as we say," and with that harmonious chord the music of friendly conversation comes to a happy close.

There is yet another place where this magic phrase wins wondrous victories. It is heard there softer than a whisper, but results in the eloquence of deeds and speaks in power through a life of holiness. What is a saint but one who to every prompting of conscience replies at once and effectively, "Just as you say." How can we better sum up the life of the Saint of Saints than in that sublime and divine way of voicing, "Just as you say," the courageous words which made Calvary, "Not My will but Thine be done."

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf

"The best of the world's best literature" has been so often of late years brought to the "average reader's" attention that he is apt to be either somewhat callous to the subject or suspicious of its exponent. The best speeches, the best poems, short or long, the greatest novels, realistic, romantic or prurient, the most permanent dramas, the most popular short-stories, heart-songs and heart-throbs, chosen by the people or for them by their ever-ready and unfailing, if not infallible guides; the funniest stories, the wittiest after-dinner speeches, enumerate or imagine what catalogue or category you will, and sooner or later an advertisement of the same will appear in some "leading" magazine. The advertisement will be a masterpiece of the art of publicity. No cereal or cosmetic would be proclaimed with greater care or blare of ink and adjectives. The bindings will be described; color-photographed with a skill that makes the reader's eye the salesman's advocate. For the grosser wits, the pounds of paper, gallons of ink and number of hands employed to print, paint, paste and bind will all be set forth duly. Then the fame of the writers, the repute of the publishing house and above all the great, unquestionable, indisputable, every-where-recognized authority of the superior intellects that deigned to leave their Olympian calm long enough to gather up all these Sybilline leaves for the poor, dear public. And all yours on approval if you will first tear out and mail, etc., etc.

We have all had the experience and so perhaps we suspect the "bookshelf." We may have found on it things which burned our fingers, or perhaps soiled them. At least we were careful to keep the bookshelf, whatever its length—an all-important feature, by the way—at a due height, so children could not reach it until they were well out of their "teens."

Meanwhile the library in our little sitting-room was growing, growing; but alas, "like an unweeded garden," if "things rank and gross in nature" did not "possess it merely" at least there was a profuse foliage of "best-sellers" and a woful paucity of things worth garnering. Notably lacking, too, we sadly reflected, was any consistent and readable collection of Catholic books. True, on the top shelf, among the little books and small collections of verse, there was a various and gaudy aggregation of devotional books or of very good stories about very good people. They were a little shop-worn or shelf-worn, but not overmuch used. They needed blowing off when we took them down on occasion of a mission or the First Communion of the children. They opened with an ominous crack, suggesting much glue and little using. We had bought some of them at church fairs or missions, others had been given as premiums to us or our children. They were very good indeed to have there, but to read—well, really we prefer something in a more literary style.

A literary style! There is one unquestioned master of a literary style in English. So transcendent a power has he shown in the wielding of our language that he seems to have done for it what his great master, Cicero, did for Latin: to have laid himself open to his own complaint against a great classic; that it seems to exercise a tyrannous and almost blighting influence on succeeding writers. The English author who answers to this description is Cardinal Newman. Yet to most laymen, it must be feared, Newman is a name too much linked with controversy or theological disquisition for them even to think of his works as a source of interesting reading, let alone literary enjoyment. But let us examine

his bookshelf and see what it contains for the Catholic layman, the Catholic American of the twentieth century.

First of all we must not be content to judge Newman's, of all books, by the cover or the title on it. In the selection of his titles the Cardinal differed from the author of the "gripping" novel or the "staggering exposé of conditions." Now in looking at his books' tables of contents what do we find? An array of masterly essays by a masculine mind on subjects ever interesting and never more so than to-day; subjects on which we have often sought information and rarely gotten satisfaction; on which we have desired to form sane judgments, but have been contented for the most part to accept second-hand "views." As parents, with sons perhaps in college or daughters at some prominent convent school, we feel that we ought to have definite ideas, not sketchy and hazy notions, about education. Have we ever read Newman's lecture on "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning"; or "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Professional Skill"; or "Duties of the Church towards Knowledge"; or "Discipline of Mind"? We have heard, doubtless, of his "Idea of a University," but we did not realize that it was the treasure-house of just such masterpieces as these. For, mind you, they are masterpieces every one. Purer, finer English words and phrases were never mustered or marshalled than you shall find on those same pages; nor, we may add, more eloquent rhetoric, nor more cogent argument.

Sociology presents us with the ever-recurring problem of the relative values of discipline and influence, as forces in the moulding and guidance of masses of men. Have we ever read a better treatment of the difficulty than in Newman's "Discipline and Influence" among his "Essays"? Have we ever read a more perfect example of lucid exposition?

We like visualized history, and so, after getting a few facts from a manual or an encyclopedia, we turn to some historical novelist to visualize for us some epoch that has struck our fancy. An historical novelist may be defined as one who turns facts into fiction. Newman does not do that. Read his "Athens," his "Tribes of the North," his "Turks," and see the difference: he turns dead facts into living ones, torpid generalizations into quivering details of life and emotion.

The good, old-fashioned habit of reading sermons on Sunday afternoon or at other times, has gone the way of the spinning-wheel and the andirons and, unlike them, has not yet come back from the garret to a new life of respectable prominence amid our bustling world. Otherwise it might have been worth while to call attention to such gems of eloquence as "The Second Spring," the "Gospel Palaces" or such profound character studies as "Saul," or "Abraham and Lot," or "St. Paul's Gift of Sympathy."

Our ignorance of disputed points of history and our repugnance to reading controversial literature has more than once put us in the embarrassing position of either confessing our ignorance or admitting assertions that were no compliment to our religion. Had we read Newman's "Historical Sketches," or his "Essays Historical and Critical," or his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England," we might have had something to say about Charlemagne, or the Rise of University Education, or the Eastern Empire, or we might have learned the secret of the strength of the Protestant Tradition.

Fiction is Newman's "left hand," but like Milton's prose, it is the left hand of a giant. Has history been more clearly visualized or description carried to more vivid lengths than in "Callista"? A problem ever practical and clear is analyzed to the uttermost. As a love-story it is voted a failure, yet what more dramatic passage in all love-literature than Callista's rebuke to the lover who sought to make religion the servant of his romantic passion. Set it beside the rejection of Ophelia in "Hamlet," and even that comparison it will endure. But we must leave room on your Catholic bookshelf for some other authors, doubting no whit that if you can not find them you have friends who will aid you in the selection.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

REVIEWS

Germany and England. By J. A. CRAMB. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

The Case of Belgium in the Present War. New York: The Macmillan Co. $0.25.

Who Is Responsible? By CLOUDESLEY BRERETON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $0.50.

The Facts About Belgium. Washington: The Belgian Legation.

The Real "Truth About Germany." By DOUGLAS SLADEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

One American's Opinion of the European War. By FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.50.

The German Enigma. By GEORGES BOURDON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Whatever may have been the cause or causes of the present European war, and even now they are in dispute, the issue is now clear, and the world gazes upon a conflict for mastery between the German and British empires. The struggle is all the more bitter, the ultimate results so far-reaching in their effect, because these two standards of empire are, in themselves, totally opposed. If we narrow down extraneous issues and come to bare facts the British empire is intrinsically scarcely British or imperial. In itself it is, excluding Ireland at present, a confederacy of free, self-governing nations, knit together by some bond that is far removed from the accepted imperial idea of centralized domination, but whose essential idea is democracy. The German empire is of an entirely different character, and to understand the spirit that dominates this power it is necessary to get into the German temperament and character, and this the late Professor Cramb may be said to have done. To understand the spirit that animates Germany in this war we must understand German mentality and its environment for the last forty or more years; and given this factor we can apprehend this phenomenon of a people united with a single purpose. For, let critics say what they will, Germany is a united people, and the war has drawn all classes together in the closest bond. And the bond is first, a love of the Fatherland and a belief in the greatness of its mission, and, secondly, hatred of England.

To sum up the working out of this gospel of a vision of world-power and hate in a few words is impossible, but Mr. Whitridge's survey of the question is undoubtedly the sanest and fairest that has so far appeared; and even he, lover of Germany that he is, declares that if the outcome of the struggle be world-power for Germany or downfall, then, for the sake of the nations that are to come, let it be downfall.

To discuss the diplomatic moves by which the war may be said to have come to be may be interesting, but it is futile. The blame may be here, or it may be there, and the nation that is without sin may cast the first stone. When the professors and learned men of England and America beat their breasts and cast ashes on their heads, and cried alas! they mourned for things they are better without; and they shed no tears for the democratic and homely virtues which are the real greatness of the German nation. Professor Cramb, too, saw strange visions:

> And what is the religion which, on the whole, may be characterized as the religion of the most passionate and earnest minds of young Germany? What is this new move-

ment? The movement, the governing idea of the centuries from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, is the wrestle of the German intellect not only against Rome, but against Christianism itself. Must Germany submit to this alien creed derived from an alien clime? . . . Thus, while preparing to form a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion.

Does the fact that Belgium has drained the cup of sacrifice to the dregs supply a running commentary to this vision of the English professor who knew and loved Germany as much as his own country? Is Louvain but an incident, or is it a land-mark set up? And is it by chance that the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris received the first attentions from the air bombs of Germany?

Of the doctrine that might is right, of the outcome of the war, of the sufferings of Belgium, or even of the negotiations between Austria and Servia, of which Mr. Sladen writes somewhat lucidly, there is no space to treat. In the terrible struggle which is now going on in Europe we can only hope to catch a glimpse of the motives that have influenced the belligerent nations, and perhaps discern which cause is making for righteousness and true liberty.

Some time before the storm broke, a conscientious French journalist set out to learn from the spokesmen of Germany what lay between the two countries; to find a basis for a reasonable understanding with Germany. Whatever may have been his hopes, they are now frustrated, yet the work of M. Bourdon is not in vain. To him Germany was an enigma, and he sought to peer beyond the veil to uncover the mystery; but the answer has been given, and it is war. One does not need to be a jingo to see that war was inevitable, and has been for many years past; nor is it necessarily chauvinism to say that a patched peace will be no solution of the difficulty. A great principle has united Germany to face nearly the whole of Europe, and an equally great principle has drawn the allies together to withstand Germany. Had the war really had its foundation on the murder of the Austrian Archduke or the invasion of Belgium it might have admitted of some compromise. But it is a war of principle, and humanly speaking, its end can only be when one side or the other is utterly crushed. H. C. W.

Yourself and Your Neighbors. By SEUMAS MACMANUS, Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY. The Devin-Adair Co. New York: $1.25.

Seumas MacManus' book is not pure fiction. It is an artistic portrayal of facts, the idealization of the real. It contains a series of eighteen interesting sketches, strikingly characteristic of the peasant life of Ireland in far Donegal. The author has the rare gift of reproducing artistically the unstudied, oral expression of a witty, imaginative and emotional people. For those who are Irish-born, sketches like "Yourself and Herself," "The Lore You Loved," "The Masther," "The Come-Home Yankee," "When the Tinkers Came," can not fail to set flowing again the streams of those simple, primitive, humorous affections that warmed and refreshed them when life was young, but which may now, alas! be choked up and forgotten under the spell of a false admiration for the artificial and too often tawdry attractions of their new surroundings. The reading of Seumas MacManus' book will be for them like a refreshing breeze from the mountains and hills they once loved, and help them to hear again in memory the curlew's call, the rapturous thrill of the invisible lark-choirs, the fairy-like music of the fiddle at the cross roads, that had

> in it the wailin' o' the wind, and the sighin' o' the sae, the loneliness o' the bog and the loneliness o' the sky, the whistlin' o' the blackbird and the singin' o' the lark, and the throopin' o' the fairies and the beat of their ten times ten thousand little feet at the moonlit dance on the rath.

Even the sociologist and educationalist may find the reading of such simple books useful. They suggest the question, whether the foundations upon which future mental and moral greatness are built, the imagination, the feelings, mental powers, the near sense of and reverence for God, are not more effectually developed in the young, in homes by mountain, valley, stream and moor, than when in the artificial environment of crowded city life? M. J. M.

Mustard Seed. Some Pungent Paragraphs. By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $0.60.

In this attractive little volume are gathered some three dozen papers which, with a few exceptions, were originally published in the editorial pages of AMERICA. The book is well named, for the chapters, which are generally about four pages in length, are full of epigrams, figures, illustrations, anecdotes and applications that will yield the ruminating reader valuable lessons on the conduct of life. In his preface the author begs us to remember that "many of these papers are intentional caricatures" and that no "indictment of a whole class" is intended. "Mustard Seed" should not be read through at a sitting, but taken a few pages at a time, when in a meditative mood. "You Were Right," "Chuckling to Oneself," "Will-Hygiene," "Giving Bad Names," "Borrowing Trouble," "You Begin," to name but a few, are cleverly disguised sermonettes that will force the surprised reader to exclaim with smiling contrition: "Thou art the man!" No doubt AMERICA's subscribers will now be eagerly watching for more of Father Donnelly's pungent "Mustard Seed."

W. D.

Venerable Philippine Duchesne. A Brief Sketch of the Life and Work of the Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart in America. By a Religious of the Sacred Heart. New York: The America Press. $0.25.

Those who are at all familiar with the work of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in the United States will be glad to learn that something has at last been published about Mother Duchesne. Hers was an eminently heroic life. She was a type of the strong French character at its best. Catholic to the core, with the will of a man and the heart of a child, an idealist, facing death without a tremor and feeding her soul on dreams of the foreign missions and a martyr's crown, insatiate of labor, heedless of fatigue, and supremely contemptuous of the comforts of life; such in brief is the subject of this sketch. And what a devotion she had to the interests of the Sacred Heart! Among the many marked women who were the first members of the Society to which she belonged, she stands out in some respects as the most marked of them all. Catholic education and Catholic ideals of womanhood in the United States owe her a debt that is far from being generally realized. This little book, it is hoped, will inspire many readers to the courageous following of high ideals, and will induce some appreciative and facile pen to undertake a more extended study of her life.

J. H. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Would a town which boasts of a High-Church Anglican bishop be left completely at the mercy of incompetent dentists, whose knowledge of their profession is so slight as not to recognize a carious tooth? Would the bishop's daughter, who rejoices in the sweet name of Ingeborg, be forced to leave her home and travel unaccompanied to London, to dwell there alone for a week while searching for

dental relief? During a tour to Lucerne would she become unwittingly engaged to a fellow-traveler, whose very appearance she detested? Could the mother of six children leave her family for a week without her absence being noticed? These are some of the absurdities that the anonymous author of "The Pastor's Wife" (Doubleday, $1.35), asks the reader to believe. After all the plot of a story should be at least probable. Many pages in this book might have been copied from a work on obstetrics.

Father Thurston begins the November *Month* with an article that exposes the source of the so-called prophecies regarding the present war, which are ascribed to a seventeenth century monk named Brother Johannes. The author of the forgery is probably Josephin Peladan, a French "Seer," who writes "mystic" nonsense. Lewis Watt makes an interesting comparison between G. K. Chesterton and Sir Thomas Brown. They were quite similar in their attitude toward the Church. John Ayscough and Father Martindale contribute good stories to the number, and "D." some reminiscences of Mgr. Benson. The editorials, for the most part, bear on the war, and "H. T." takes another shot at the so-called prophecies of St. Malachy. Onofico Panvinio, a sixteenth century writer, seems to have supplied the data that was used.

In the well-named and well-written little volume "Appearances" (Doubleday, $1.00), G. Lowes Dickenson, an English journalist, chronicles the impressions he received while traveling through the Far East and through the United States. He is such an enthusiastic admirer of Nippon that he has "no doubt" that the "civilization of Japan is higher than that of America." "The physical attractiveness of the people" he found very striking and even their "sexual purity" in his opinion compares favorably with that of European nations. After reading the latter assertion we are not surprised to be told that "All America is Niagara. Force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment," and that among the thousands of papers in this country there are possibly five "which contain in every issue some piece of information or comment which an intelligent man might care to peruse." Can it be that the dinners Mr. Dickenson ate in Yokohama agreed with him better than those he took in New York?

"Rada, a Drama of War in One Act," by Alfred Noyes, which was produced last winter in New York, has now appeared in book form. (Stokes, $0.50.) The scene is laid in the Balkans on Christmas Eve in a village just taken by the enemy. Two soldiers are quartered in the house of Rada, a newly-made widow, Subka, her little girl and Nanko, a half-witted schoolmaster. At the climax of the tragedy Rada kills herself and her daughter to escape a worse fate, and the village idiot proclaiming himself a striking example of "the survival of the fittest," starts the "Adeste Fideles" on the gramaphone that was to have been Subka's Christmas present. The play, which is written with its pacificist author's usual vigor of expression, doubtless represents but too faithfully some of the horrors that are actually taking place in Europe now.

A correspondent sends us the following recollections of the lamented novelist, Mgr. Benson:

> One of his hobbies was the making of tapestry, and I love to think of him busy at work, and all the time thinking out the plot of a new novel. One of these tapestries of his hung round the walls of his study, and in the bedroom in which I slept, was another, "The Dance of Death," as he called it. It showed the visit of Death to "all sorts and conditions of men," to the schoolmaster, the doctor, the soldier, the Carthusian, where Death and the monk are arm in arm, the bishop, the Pope and the final scene, over the bed, was the meeting of Death with Robert Hugh Benson. And now that meeting has taken place, he has laid down his hard-worked pen, his voice is still, his eyes are closed, at last he is at rest.

A rest well won! For Mgr. Benson had crowded into the eleven years of his Catholic life work of which an industrious nonogenarian might well have been proud. He burned himself out. But his intimates aver that he died as he wished and hoped to die. Mgr. Benson also wrote good verses and a volume of them is announced for early publication.

Those who have been reading the war editorials in the New York *Evening Sun* will be glad to know that they have been collected into a volume by their author, Mr. Frank H. Symonds, and given to the public in a popular form that will bring it well within the means of most readers. The writer, who is a clever newspaper man, is not a novice in the chronicling of wars, and his past experience has made his account of the main movements in the east and west theatres of the conflict not only graphic, but accurate. It is safe to say that "The Great War" (Kennerley, $1.00), in its 256 pages contains the clearest and most comprehensive story of the struggle that has yet appeared. Later works will, of course, give greater detail and better authenticated information, and will avoid the defects that are inseparable from collections of isolated essays; but at the present moment Mr. Symonds' book is very valuable.

"Uncle Remus and His Friends" (Houghton, $1.25) is a judicious selection from the inimitable "Br'er Rabbit" and other "Affikin" stories that won Joel Chandler Harris the affection of the children of the world, and of such others as never get too old to be young. There are forty-five tales in two sets, one marking the triumph of Rabbit wit over the might of big Brothers Lion, B'ar etc.; the other showing Uncle Remus roaming at large in exposition of "de truf" from Limbo to the "watermillion" paradise in "de Nunited State er Georgy"; and between them Mr. Harris' early plantation songs are rather unwisely sandwiched, for the folklore tales are on the highest level of excellence. The introduction is a sympathetic but all too brief biography of the wise and kindly and modest humorist who, in the forty odd volumes he contributed to the original literature of America and the folklore of the world, never set down a word that offended taste or charity or truth. There are twelve illustrations, one of his bedroom which shows, not very clearly, his beloved pictures of our Lady and St. Anthony and the beads he was wont to say long before he was received into the Catholic Church. There should be generous welcome for many other such selections from his published works, and also for his unique, but as yet uncollected letters to his daughters at their convent school, which, like all he wrote, are happy, healthy and delightfully original.

"Letters and Addresses on Woman Suffrage by Catholic Ecclesiastics" (Devin-Adair, $0.10), is a pamphlet Margaret Rorke has compiled with the object of proving that the Church has taken no official stand against extending the voting-franchise to women. It also contains an excellently written discussion on the "Church and the Position of Woman To-day," by Father Joseph H. McMahon, of New York. With some of the reasons presented in these pages the majority of Catholics will find themselves in agreement. To say, however, that woman needs the ballot for her spiritual and intellectual growth, and that "to centre her interests in one family, no matter how large, is selfishness," is

mere nonsense or worse. Apart from the fact that the statements on page sixteen concerning St. Paul are little short of scandalous, many will believe that the compiler has weakened her argument by including the paper "Why I Believe in Woman Suffrage." If the pamphlet reaches a second edition, Catholic sensibilities should be consulted by omitting the introductory paragraphs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.:
The Secret of Pocomoke. Mary T. Waggaman. $0.75.
Crowell Co., New York:
Women of the Classics. By Mary Sturgeon. $2.50.
Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Grand Assize. By Hugh Carton. $1.35.
Duffield & Co., New York:
Westminster Abbey. II Vols. By Helen Marshall Pratt. $4.50.
E. P Dutton & Co., New York:
The German Enigma. By Georges Bourdon. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. $1.25; Poetry. By Arthur Quiller-Couch. $0.50.
J. Fischer & Bro., New York:
In a Flower Garden. Cantata for Juvenile Voices. By Edith M. Burrows. Music by W. Rhys-Herbert. $0.75.
Harper & Brothers, New York:
May Iverson's Career. By Elizabeth Jordan. $1.25; Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. By Gaillard Hunt. $1.50; California. An Intimate History. By Gertrude Atherton. $2.00.
Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Boys' Book of Battles. $2.00; Prints, Their Technique and History. By Emil H. Richter. $2.00; The Eskimo Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. $1.00.
P. J. Kenedy & Sons; New York:
Mustard Seed. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. $0.60.
J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Prehistoric Man and History. By G. F. Scott Elliott. $2.00.
Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
What Can I Know? By George Trumbull Ladd. $1.50; The Book of the Blue Sea. By Henry Newbolt. $1.50.
The Macmillan Co., New York:
Japan To-day and To-morrow. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. $2.00; The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. By H. G. Wells. $1.50.
Oxford University Press, New York:
Hamlet and Orestes. By Prof. Gilbert Murray. $0.25.
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By Theodore Roosevelt. $3.50.
Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
Rada. A Drama in One Act. By Alfred Noyes. $0.60.
Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
Henri Bergson. A Study in Radical Evolution. By Emil Carl Wilm. $1.25.
University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.:
Water Reptiles of the Past and Present. By Samuel Wendell Williston. $3.00.

EDUCATION

The Latest Apologist for the Carnegie Foundation

In its October number the *Educational Review* sees fit to criticize those organizations which, "at various summer meetings," have passed resolutions condemning the activity of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It observes, with some heat, that "two often-exploded lies are still iterated and reiterated, sometimes by persons who are in genuine ignorance, and sometimes by persons who are actuated by malice." The *Review* then states, "for purposes of future reference," first, that, the Carnegie Foundation has no animosity toward sectarian colleges, and no criticism to make of them; that, in the second place, the Foundation is not engaged in oppressing or suppressing small and struggling colleges.

These two negatives are stated clearly enough, but they do not justify the insinuation that these accusations are made by "persons who are in genuine ignorance," or by those "actuated by malice." Recent criticisms of the Foundation have been offered by the Catholic Educational Association, and by the National Educational Association. We can speak for the officers of the Catholic Educational Association who passed a plainly-worded resolution, condemning the work of the Foundation as "pernicious." These officers, representing as honorable a body of men and women as can be found in America, were well acquainted with the activities of the Carnegie Foundation. They understood thoroughly the purport of their resolution, and their resolution voiced the general opinion of American Catholic educators. To say that they acted in ignorance or malice, is but to exemplify anew the air of calm superiority which has marked the dealings of the Carnegie Foundation, with schools and educators who refuse to sell their independence for Mr. Carnegie's dollars.

RELIGION UNDESIRABLE IN EDUCATION

It can not be denied that by the very magnitude of Mr. Carnegie's gift, a gift, however, intended only for those colleges which will throw off "denominational control," the impression has been created that religious influence in education is something highly undesirable. The public has been led to think that, in the opinion of Mr. Carnegie and in the judgment of his representatives, who scrupulously administer the bequest in the spirit of the donor, an education without the religious element is essentially better than a cultural training imparted in schools where religion exercises some control. "If you want my dollars for educational purposes," says Mr. Carnegie in effect, "you must first give up all allegiance, public or private, to any religious conviction, and all adhesion to any sectarian body. It is not enough that you do not teach any religion in your school. By suitable changes in your charters, you must put religious teaching beyond the range of possibility." Can it be denied that this is the meaning of Mr. Carnegie's offer, or that this is the interpretation which, quite naturally, has been almost universally accepted? To hold out an alluring bait of dollars, at a time when religious indifference is already widespread, and when forces hostile to religion are actively at work is, to put the matter plainly, to finance a propaganda of unbelief. The Catholic Educational Association, not in the least blinded by the gleam of Mr. Carnegie's gold, says that this baiting for the colleges is pernicious, and detrimental to the best interests of religion and education alike. The Association had a right to express itself in this fashion, if only to protest that it did not share the opinion which the Foundation is foisting upon the public, that religious influence is fatal to intellectual training. It may not have been the intention either of Mr. Carnegie, or of his Foundation, to spread this opinion. But it is none the less true that the general public can read no other purpose in the activities of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The Catholic Educational Association did not criticize any person for "keeping faith" with benefactors. They criticized the "deed of gift" itself, and they assert that such a deed is a detriment, not a blessing, to the cause of education.

EXCHANGING RELIGION FOR DOLLARS

The weakening of religious influences, foretold by critics of all beliefs and no beliefs, as a result of the Foundation, has actually begun. In order to fall within the purview of the statutes of the Foundation, colleges have either changed their charters, or have become unfaithful to religious obligations originally set by their founders. In one year, Drake University, of Des Moines, Iowa; Central University, of Kentucky; Drury College in Missouri, and Franklin College in Indiana, revised their charters so as to abolish all denominational tests in the choice of trustees, officers and teachers. Again, the cases of Coe College, Iowa, and Swarthmore College (Cf. Fourth Annual Report of the Carnegie Foundation) exemplify the unworthy efforts that have been made by some institutions to become participants of the steel-magnate's

generosity, efforts which have provoked the reproach that they were ready to sever all religious connections in order to obtain money from Mr. Carnegie. It is not worth while to point out the loss of academic dignity involved in these proceedings. It was a sacrifice of academic independence, and worse, an offering to Mammon.

There is justice in the contention that the scramble of these and other institutions to get within the scope of Mr. Carnegie's "benefactions" can not but react injuriously upon the religious life of the nation. The public sees that great material advantages are held out to those who are willing to forsake spiritual ideals. The college is asked to hold religion a thing of small worth. It is asked to name the price of religion. A Foundation, most respectable in its money connections, offers a new lamp of gold on condition that the old lamp of religion be relegated to the lumber-room. The college accepts, nay, clamors for the exchange, and thereby shows the public how profitable it may be to sell your religion for material advancement.

MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

The *Educational Review* refers to "individuals and institutions who are engaged in getting money from the public and from the parents under false pretences," and suggests that these should receive the criticism which is now being leveled against the high-minded Carnegie Foundation. It is always the lamb that has muddied the waters. The *Review* may rest assured that the standard of intellectual honesty is quite as high among private institutions, as it is among schools and colleges which name their price, or among those who pay it. Mr. Carnegie's defenders have yet to show that an education from which religious teaching is excluded is superior to the training in which the precepts of Christ have part. They have yet to show the credentials which justify Mr. Carnegie's Foundation in laying down the conditions upon which a college may be suffered to exist, and finally they have not, as yet, proved that dependence upon Mr. Carnegie's dollars is less degrading, morally and intellectually, than, let us say, a dependence upon the teachings of the Westminster Catechism.

It is with quite an air of finality that the latest apologist for the Carnegie Foundation bids all benighted folk, "particularly New Yorkers," peruse an article in the *Dial* for July 16, 1914, entitled "A Live Wire." We have carefully studied this production, and fail to see what strength it lends to the position assumed by the *Educational Review*. The intention was, no doubt, that the reader should be profoundly impressed by the following statement:

> It was only the other day that he (Mr. Churchill, President of the New York Board of Education) distinguished himself by a violent onslaught on that worthiest of philanthropies, the Carnegie Foundation, on the ground, forsooth, that Mr. Carnegie does not choose to extend his benefactions to institutions which flout the very idea of a university by establishing sectarian tests for their teaching.

Tremendous as is this indictment, we refuse to be crushed. "Idea of a University" seems to recall a fairly well-educated man, one John Henry Newman. But apart from this unfortunate connotation, it remains for the writer in the *Dial* to show that Mr. Carnegie's is the "worthiest of philanthropies," and that sectarian tests "flout the very idea of a university." Our logic may be small, but, as it seems to us, these are the very points at issue. Our "Live Wire" artist will be busy in ruling out all the great universities of the past and the greatest of our day, which were founded on definite religious principles, and in proving that negation of religion is not "sectarian."

ALBERT MUNTSCH, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Bad Samaritan

The old-fashioned Samaritan doubtless means well, but his work was rough, unscientific. He picks battered travelers out of the roadway, and pours oil and wine, septic medicaments into their wounds. He carries them into private hostelries, and for their expenses puts pennies into mine host's hand. Plainly, this is to encourage carelessness, mendicancy. It is upsetting plans scientifically devised by schools of philanthropy, for the relief of the afflicted. Was not Mr. Garizim aware that this rural district had been assigned to the recently incorporated Allied Charities of Samaria? Surely, these gentlemen should have been consulted; yet, quite without authority, Mr. Garizim announces that he will call later to make further expenditures, should these be necessary. Methods of this type are as unwise as they are well-meant. We can never attack the problem of public relief squarely if private and sectarian charities perpetuate this wasteful "overlapping." An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Let the representative citizens of Jerusalem and Samaria forget their religious prejudices, and unite in recommending a non-partisan State Road Commission. These shameful highway robberies will soon become as remote as the savageries of the Dark Ages. Private agencies, especially when dominated by the "sectarian outlook," can never hope to suppress public evils. This is the work of the State, committing its duty into the hands of capable persons possessed of the "social outlook." We can recommend no fitter agents for this work than men and women—especially women—who have been trained scientifically in the modern school of philanthropy. We are pleased to hand you herewith a revised list of our graduates.

COMMERCIALIZING CHARITY

Not quite so obvious, but to the same effect, is the "message" of the modern school of philanthropy. Has it ever been your fortune, gentle Lector, to sit on the benches of such a school?

Gentle Lector: Yes; and for all my obtuseness, I could not but note that the lecturers frequently wept like the Walrus and the Carpenter, because of the extremely low salaries begrudgingly paid by hard-hearted municipalities to willing social workers.

Auctor: Thanks, gentle Lector. That is the answer you must give, if these poor lines are to proceed smoothly. And did they not say, that most of our city officials were slow to acquire the "social view"?

Gentle Lector: They did. I may add that the "social view" means "the view I am now advocating." "Broadmindedness," or, "an open mind," signifies "taking my word for it." Quite clearly, too, "narrowmindness," or, "the sectarian view," means "opnions which I, Sir Oracle, reject." In fact, it is one of the privileges of these schools that one finds——"

Auctor: Yes, the privilege of these schools, assumed or conceded, are many. You are over-willing to talk, Lector, and I will e'en take the words out of your mouth. Are you to write this Homily, or am I? One of these privileges is, to discover that what our fathers did for charity, we may now do as a profitable means of livelihood. Again, the wisdom often displayed by the lecturers in these schools is very deep and wide. There can be little doubt, that were the Governance of the Universe to be dominated by their syllabi and theories, one short generation would expunge completely all the evils against which the wisdom of ancient sages, and the inspiration of the Christian religion, have done battle in vain for centuries. For there is much virtue in your "social view";

power unlimited in sociological planning for "the perfecting of the race."

SCIENTIFIC PHILANTHROPY

Gentle Lector: But hold, Auctor. Let us be fair. We must admit that these schools have at least taught us the unwisdom of helping impostors. Prudence must rule our charitable endeavors. Though I am not learned in Divinity, I believe Aquinas teaches there can be no virtue without prudence. We must investigate before we help.

Auctor: I suppose, Lector, you are thinking of the time when, without investigation, you helped a family through a bad winter. You contributed weekly, three dollars, only to find, when spring came round, that the pastor and the tender-hearted Prefect of the Young Ladies' Sodality, had likewise been lavishing their charity upon very unworthy objects. Naturally, you felt a bit sore. But do not regret it altogether; you shall not lack a reward. Yes, prudence is a great virtue; yet I think that when without it, we give of our small means to many in His Name, we are saved by a good intention. But, as it seems to me, scientific philanthropy means that we give to a few well-investigated poor, without any good intention at all. At least, it is not supernatural. We do not aid our suffering brethren out of love of God, but because giving "makes for social betterment." That is the difference. I should say, between St. Vincent de Paul and Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Also, our alms help to pay "overhead expenses" connected with organized philanthropy. I will be blunt, Lector, and I may be a raving bigot; but I have never found that scientific charity had much charity to spare, when there was question of private institutions, particularly Catholic institutions, officered by Sisters and Brothers who, by working for the love of God and a bare sustenance, disturb the economic order of high salaries for charitable workers. Scientific philanthropy, Lector, means philanthropy under the control of scientifically-trained philanthropists, "stripped of sentimentality," and only schools of philanthropy breed such. As for institutions, they are medieval, and that is quite enough to damn them.

STATE AND PRIVATE CHARITIES

Gentle Lector: Truly, Auctor, language runs away with you. Perhaps some social worker has flicked you on the raw of late?

Auctor: Yes. Do you read the *Survey?* Sometimes? Well . . . no matter. But in the last October number, you might have seen an article on "State Money and Privately Managed Charities." It is an intensive study, based on the returns from forty-six States. It is impressive with statistics, footnotes, and judicial decisions. It is very high-minded. The author all but cites Aschaffenburg.

Gentle Lector: It must be an excellent article.

Auctor: I have expressed myself but poorly. It is a very wretched article. But it illustrates excellently the "social point of view." It sums up the case of the State against the privately managed charity. In the latter, it sees seven distinct disadvantages. On the credit side, it can write but four "alleged advantages." I quote the heading. That is, this broadminded social worker, whose sight is free from "civic strabismus," can see no real advantages, but only "alleged advantages" in privately managed charities—such as Brother Barnabas' famous school at Lincolndale.

Gentle Lector: Well, you remember the definition I gave you of the "social point of view," don't you?

Auctor: Perfectly. The gentleman in the *Survey* further tells us, that "managers and supporters of private charities are compelled to oppose general measures of social reform."

Gentle Lector: I think he is right. By "social reform" he probably means, "a new order which will secure to me and mine excellent jobs." Phrases carelessly tossed off by your social workers are, to the initiate, as pregnant as Lord Burleigh's nod.

Auctor: It may be. But as I was pondering upon frames of mind and similiar topics, my eye was caught by the headlines in the New York *Tribune* for October 27: "Grand Jury Assails Dep't. of Charities. In Bitter Presentment Urges Abolition of Present System. Food in Hospitals Scored as Unfit for Human Consumption. Conditions at Home for Aged Shocking. Feeble-Minded Children Only Partly Clad." I assure you the text of the Grand Jury's report did not make pleasant reading.

Gentle Lector: But surely, Auctor, these were not privately-managed institutions?

Auctor: No. They were city-managed institutions. Or, rather they do not seem to have been managed at all.

Gentle Lector: I am momentarily shocked into silence. But I know that the Commissioner who has been publicly designated by the director of a school of philanthropy as eminently possessing "the social point of view," rejects, and intends to investigate these findings of the Grand Jury.

Auctor: So I have heard. But while the Commissioner is investigating the Grand Jury which investigated his institutions, the Commissioner himself is being further investigated by the State Civil Service Commission, which is investigating the Municipal Civil Service Commission, because it is charged, the Commissioner "in appointing investigators to investigate charitable institutions went outside the Civil Service list."

Gentle Lector: This sounds very much like The House that Jack Built.

Auctor: Yes. And charity has as little place in it.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, England, has announced that the University of Louvain will accept, in part, the invitation of Cambridge to continue its session at the English university. Fifteen professors of the Faculties of Theology, Philosophy and Law, will resume their courses at Cambridge. It is also reported that the University of Chicago will engage one or more professors as special lecturers.

Through the Secretary, Miss Elisabeth Marbury, the New York League of Catholic Women announces that it has undertaken war relief work. The League will cooperate with other organizations now in the field but, according to the prospectus recently published, will engage in a special branch of work. This will be, "to send assistance to the many religious orders which have been driven out of their convents in Belgium. Even in France and Belgium, in localities where the Sisters are as yet unmolested, many are quite without resources, and yet are striving to care for hundreds of sick and homeless men and women who seek shelter and care at their hands." This worthy charity has the hearty approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley.

The question of sororities and fraternities is again troubling the Chicago high schools. In some of these schools the "frats" seem to be flourishing almost as successfully as they did some years ago, when the School Board undertook to suppress them. It is now admitted that these efforts were not so effectual as was then thought. Children in the seventh and eighth grades are being "pledged," and the line between members and non-members in a few high schools is closely drawn. According to one investigator, the secret societies will prevail until certain high school principals are "with-

drawn from the school system." The objection made by the school authorities is that secret societies interfere with the discipline and studies of the school, and are sometimes hurtful to the morals of the children.

With the avowed purpose of the World's Purity League, lately in convention at Kansas City, Catholics will sympathize, but they will regard the methods by which the League intends to gain its end, not only as useless, but more likely to do more harm than good: "Frank, clean, open-minded discussion of social diseases is the best way to stamp out the plague," says the League's president. "Nothing can be accomplished in darkness, and nothing can be accomplished by prudery. The doctrine that the white-slave traffic can and must be annihilated, must be given the widest publicity." But how is this remedial? We can not talk vice to death. The world has known of these horrors for generations. Why further discussion of the symptoms of disease? Government officials, investigating the foot and mouth disease, do not engage in "frank, clean, open-minded" public discussions of the repellent symptoms they observe. What is new and worth noting, they consign, not to publications for general circulation, but to bulletins for cattle-owners, and to technical treatises intended for physicians. We have had enough, and to spare, of indiscriminate public talk on these matters. "Christ, not hygiene," religion, not public discussions, will save the world.

Last winter a minority of the teachers in the public schools of Cleveland formed a labor union. Its dissolution, as a body which could not further the best interests of the public, was requested by the School Board and the Superintendent of Schools. Those teachers who refused to withdraw were, after due warning, dropped from the roll of the city's employees. After charges and countercharges the matter was brought into the courts. The teachers won their claim, and the superintendent who refused to reinstate them, in accordance with the court's ruling, finds himself under sentence for contempt. No one will dissent from the decision that labor has a right to organize to protect its rights, but labor might profitably consider that its rights are often identified with the rights of the employer. Apart from special considerations which may be connected with the situation in Cleveland, teachers must see that an organization which refuses to work in harmony with the school authorities can be of no real value to its members. It is imperative that a school have a central authority. If teachers may organize against the principals and School Board, and force their demands by threatening a strike, why may not the children join together to overrule the teachers?

On the battlefields in Europe death and devastation are working out their unholy purpose; but amid it all the life of grace flourishes. It was Friday, October 2, the feast of the Holy Angels and also the first Friday. In the trenches of the French army were many soldier priests, and at one point of action a number of them desired to receive Holy Communion in honor of the Angels and to celebrate the devotion of the first Friday. The battle was raging, and there was no question of the soldier priests leaving the firing line, even for the sake of their immortal souls. But the military chaplain attached to the regiment heard of their wish, and, taking his life in his hands, he set out for the thick of the fighting, carrying with him the Most Blessed Sacrament. All around him the bullets shrieked and whistled, and at times the firing was so heavy that the priest had to crawl along the ground on his knees. But the heavenly guardians strove with the angels of death and prevailed, and the priest with his Burden at last reached the trenches. In the stronghold of Death he gave the Bread of Life to his brother priests and then departed, while the soldiers of Christ again took up the arms of France. It is still possible to be a Catholic and a priest, as well as a brave man and a patriot!

Is the charm which certain Protestant Episcopalians find in Retreats, the charm of asceticism or estheticism? Judging from several recently-published accounts, it would seem that estheticism largely prevails. A lady who had been persuaded "by the wife of a priest," to make a "retreat," tells her experiences in a recent number of the *Living Church*. The "convent" in which the exercises were held, was, of course, "spotless"; and as is usual in books, though not always in life, the nuns were "sweet-faced" and "quiet."

> Mass was said daily at seven o'clock. The chapel was very beautiful. There was just a faint odor of incense [Surely! to Protestants, incense is a Note of the True Church] and as the dear, familiar words were spoken in the solemn stillness of the early (!) morning, it was slowly borne in on me that I was indeed in a holy place. The quiet nuns, etc.

Monks, according to Browning and the Protestant concept, are generally built on the plan of Daniel Lambert. Not so the conductor of this retreat. He had "a fine, thin face, suggestive of power and humility." It must be remembered, however, that this gentleman was a Protestant monk. One wonders how popular retreats would be among these good Protestants, were they given in chapels where a shrieking riot of color and tinsel and imitation marble and paper flowers, well-meant for ornaments, betokened the congregation's artistic and actual poverty. Protestant retreat masters generally speak "beautiful, simple English." On the other hand, it has been noted that the diction of certain unusually successful Catholic retreat masters, closely resembled the English of the Hans Breitmann Ballads. Does the Protestant Episcopal Church teach as "the Faith of the Church," that the dead have "a conscious knowledge" of what we on earth are doing? This monkish retreat master, it seems, inculcates this belief upon his followers.

By the recent death of Franz Brandts, Catholics have lost one of their most successful social workers, a pioneer and pathfinder for the present generation. Outside of Germany his work is better known than his name. There is no one familiar with Catholic social organizations who has not heard of the great Volksverein with its almost 800,000 members. Comparatively few, however, may know of the important part played in its foundation and development by this Catholic leader who was placed at its head, with Windthorst as honorary president, and who remained its constant director. Its program of social instruction, its activity in every field of social service, its unequalled literary productiveness have long been the admiration of friend and foe. Socialists themselves, against whom the influence of the great Catholic organization was always directed, have accorded to it their highest tribute of praise for its thoroughness and efficiency. While still a young man Franz Brandts had foreseen the course which social and economic development must take, and had rightly measured the dangers of that radicalism which was then gaining ground. He therefore prepared himself to meet successfully the issues of the future and remained to the end of his long and fruitful life a guide and inspiration for the fellow workers who had been trained under his leadership. His name, likewise, is inseparably connected with the enterprising Catholic workingmen's movement known as the *Arbeiterwohl*. It was largely due to the labors and devotedness of Franz Brandts that the great Catholic social ideals of Windthorst were so completely realized in Germany.

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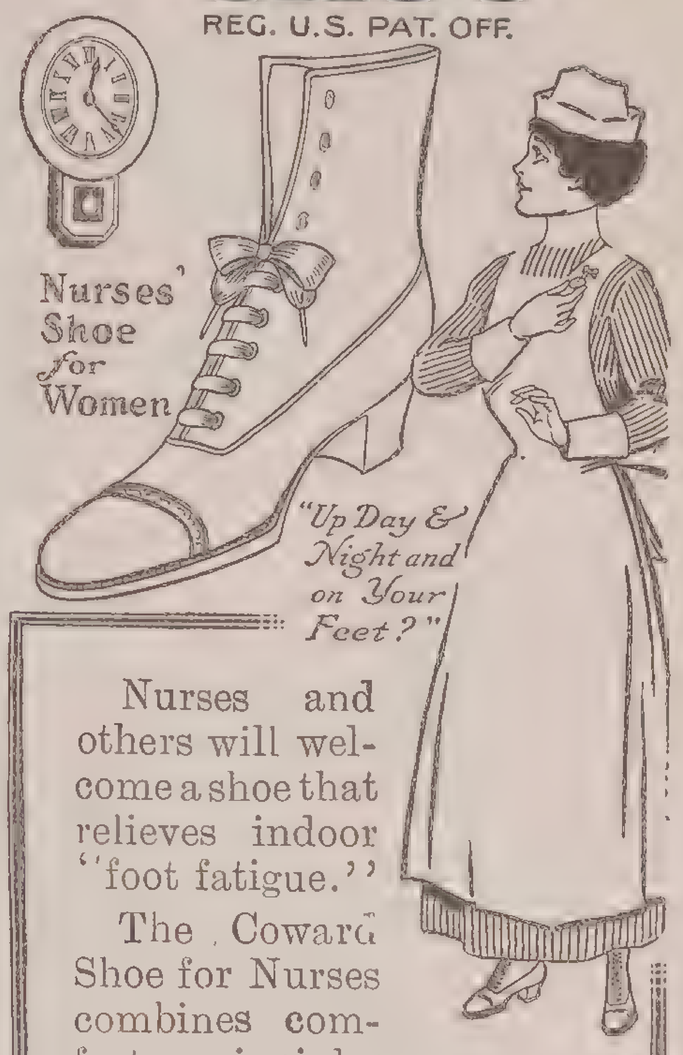
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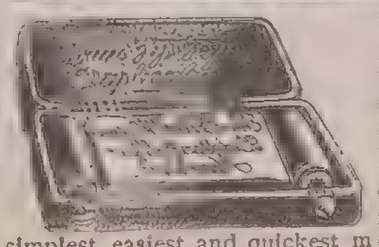
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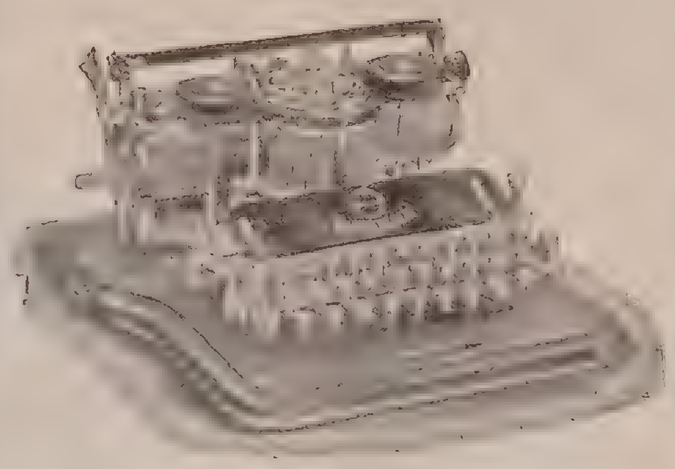
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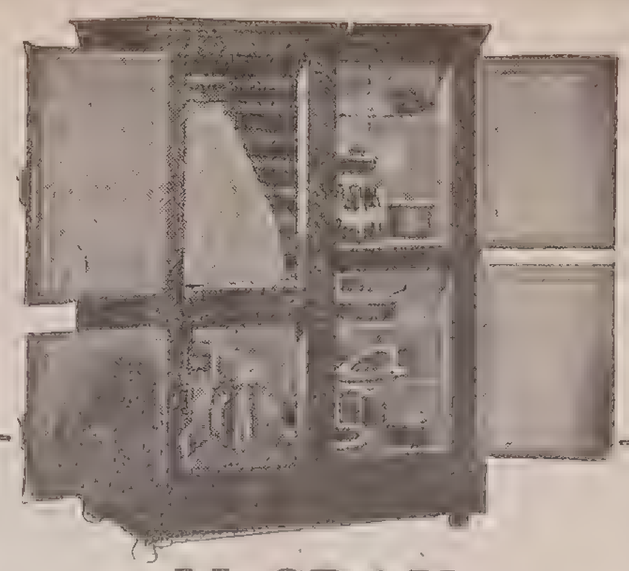
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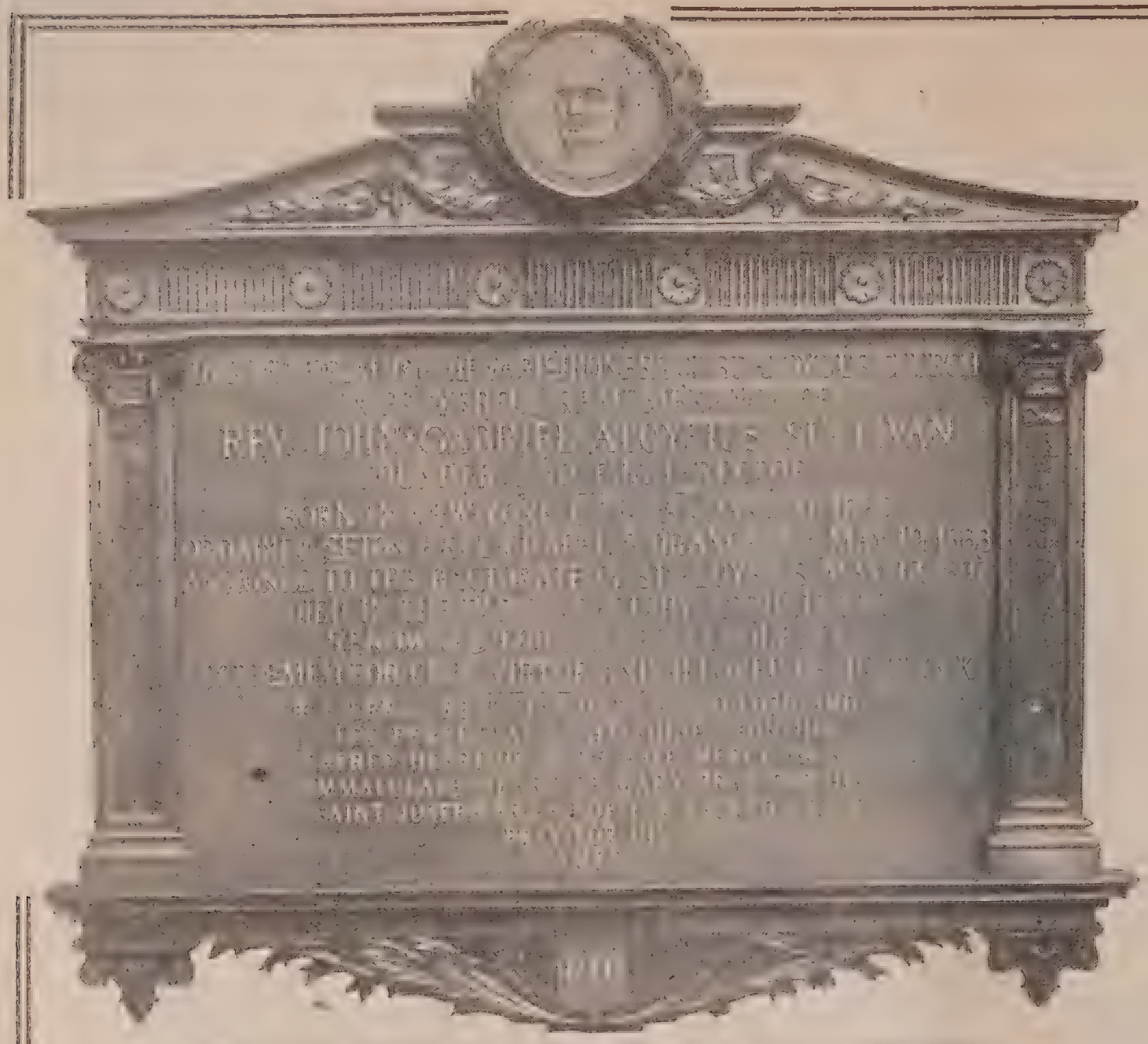
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—The main interest in the great conflict has shifted back to the eastern theatre, which is again the scene of very desperate fighting; and the lull which recently characterized the situation in Poland is now the chief feature of the situation in France and Belgium. For many weeks the progress of the armies in the west from the North Sea to Switzerland has been extremely slow; so slow, in fact, that readers of headlines in the newspapers are no longer deceived, but have come to realize that the terms "notable successes" and "satisfactory progress" signify very small distances. In both Berlin and Paris considerable elation is felt if it can be recorded that the Germans or Allies have been able to push onward at any point as much as a mile in a week, or even less. This, however, has not meant that the fighting had become either less determined or more desultory. The contrary was true, and the lists of casualties indicated that the struggle was without parallel for bitterness, courage, and loss of life. Night and day it continued with terrifically destructive energy. An example in point is five massed attacks made by the Germans south of Verdun within the space of two hours. A marked change has been noted, however, especially in the north, during the week. In some places the rival trenches are incredibly close to each other, so that the rifles are not more than a few hundred feet apart; under such circumstances artillery fire has become impossible, as it would prove as dangerous to friends as to foes. Then, too, the winter has settled down on France and Belgium; the fields, which have been flooded, freeze by night and melt during the day, with the result that the soldiers at times are deep in mud; add to this that snow has fallen over the fighting area; and it is no wonder that there has resulted a very perceptible weakening both in the frequency and fierceness of the attacks. Another reason has had a very important share in the partial cessation of active operations. The Germans, who have all along been maintaining a strong offensive against the Belgians, French and British, have found themselves obliged to transfer large bodies of troops from France to Poland. It meant a sacrifice to do so, but the prospect of a Russian invasion was so imminent that it had to be averted at any cost. Judging, therefore, from the fact that the unflagging violence that formerly characterized the German movements against the Allies has almost ceased, it is safe to say that, for the present, the Kaiser is concentrating his attention mainly on Poland, and that for some time to come he will be content to hold his own without endeavoring to push forward against Calais. In the west, therefore, the position of the armies, with the exception of some unimportant changes in the vicinity of Verdun, is about the same as it was a week ago; but the general situation has undergone a very important modification in this sense that for the first time in many weeks there is comparative quiet throughout the long battle line.

Bulletin, Nov. 17, p. m.-Nov. 24, a. m.

Comparative Quiet in the West

In the east events are transpiring with bewildering and kaleidoscopic rapidity. The German retreat, which is claimed at Berlin to have been mainly strategic and to have been no less brilliant than the retirement that won such praise for the British, after having covered nearly one hundred miles and reached almost to the Silesian border, has come to an end; and close upon it has followed another advance into the heart of Poland. The excellent railroad system at the disposal of the Germans has enabled them to bring up such reenforcements that they have been able to drive the Russians down from Soldau and Lipno to Plock, and up from Kutno to Gombin. A great battle is now in progress between Lodz and Lowicz, and on its outcome much depends. Should it prove successful for the Germans, they can again march on Warsaw, which even now is only forty miles from the point of their furthest advance, or they can turn to the north and so relieve the pressure in East Prussia, or bend south and so join the Austrians in the region about Cracow. The Russians report that they have checked the German army that has been trying to pierce their centre, and that they are continuing their advance in both East Prussia and Galicia. It would seem, however, that their movements in both these territories have been seriously hampered by the necessity of strengthening their centre, for in both places their advance appears to have been somewhat arrested. In Galicia, however, their victorious march on the stronghold of Cracow has not been altogether halted, and in spite of the resumption of a very vigorous offensive on the part of the Austrians they are reported to have crossed the Rava and to have occupied Wieliezka. In southwestern Poland the Austrians are acting in union with the Germans, and are making a strong movement against the Russians from Cracow to Czenstochowa, but so far are said to have been held at bay. It is impossible, however, on account of contradictory reports, to determine exactly the positions of the two Russian armies that were marching on Cracow; but it looks as though the army that was advancing along the Vistula in southern Poland has been forced to fall back; and that the other army which has been sweeping through central Galicia has been so weakened by reenforcements taken from it and sent to the army threatened at the centre, that it is now merely marking time and awaiting the issue of the important battle that is taking place west of Warsaw.

Events in Poland

Meanwhile, Austria is prosecuting the war against Servia with renewed vigor, and it seems that the Balkan State is seriously alarmed, although still quite confident of ultimate success. Austria has concentrated large armies fifty miles within Servian territory, apparently with the purpose of cutting off Belgrade, isolating it, and compelling its surrender. Servia is making desperate efforts to raise sufficient troops to repulse the new invasion, but has been so weakened by the almost continuous fighting of two years that she is finding it hard to do so. No one, however, and least of all Austria, is inclined to doubt her courage and endurance. It is said that active measures are being taken to induce Roumania and Bulgaria to go to her assistance, on the plea that her defeat would put a definite end to the aspirations of all the smaller Slavic States; but there are no present indications that they will agree to this. The change in the tide of war which is now favoring Germany and Austria makes such a move extremely unlikely.

Servia

The campaign against Turkey is not being pushed forward on a large scale. A naval engagement in the Black Sea between the Turkish and Russian fleets is claimed by both sides as a victory. Operations still continue in the vicinity of Erzerum, but have been impeded by the state of the country, which has been rendered more than usually difficult by bad weather. Berlin reports that Turkish troops in Egypt have advanced ninety miles and are now in close proximity to the Suez Canal. The anxiety that was felt for a while in the United States over the outcome of the firing of shots at Smyrna in the direction of the launch of the American cruiser Tennessee has been allayed. Turkey's explanation that they meant nothing more than a warning not to enter a closed mined harbor appears to have been accepted as satisfactory, and the incident seems to be closed.

Turkey

Australia.—The General Election resulted in a victory for the Labor Party. The Liberals having held office for fourteen months by the casting vote of the Speaker in the House of Representatives and failed in all their measures, induced Governor-General Ferguson to dissolve both houses on the outbreak of the war, and appealed to the electors on the ground that the election of the Laborites would be a vote of censure on the war policy and an approval of separation from England. The six States of the Commonwealth return six Senators each, and the franchise for these and the Representatives are the same, every male and female of twenty-one years and upward having one vote. Registration is compulsory but voting is free. Of the thirty-six Senators elected the Labor Party secured thirty-one. The figures for the House of Representatives are not at hand, but the Laborite majority is overwhelming. Mr. Fisher, who again heads the Labor Cabinet, has announced a policy of Australian nationalism, equality of individual rights, a higher tariff on foreign goods in protection of native industries, and a referendum for amendments to the constitution that will facilitate the suppression of monopolies and the nationalization of public utilities. Australia is struggling with her national problem in a spirit of confidence.

General Election

Austria-Hungary.—The following questions have been asked by a Swiss paper, the *Schweitzerische*

Kirchenzeitung, in connection with the great Russian invasion:

The Russian Peril

Shall Russian culture win a mighty influence in middle Europe? Shall the Balkan States be delivered over to it? Shall its streets be built through Turkey to the Adriatic? Shall the Russian army crush Austria-Hungary and the Russian giant loom up even more enormous? Shall the Orthodox Church, under the power of the Czar, open everywhere a war of violence against the Catholic Church? Shall the Russian cross be planted on Santa Sophia and beneath it the Russian tyranny be inaugurated?

The paper believes that the Russian supremacy would be far more dangerous to our Catholic missions than the Turkish, and concludes by saying that the Austro-German armies have entrusted to them, at present, one of the most important religious and cultural tasks in the history of the world.

France.—"What the world owes Belgium none know better than the French," said M. Galli, president of the City Council in an address at Paris. The fête-day of the King of Belgium, November 15, was observed throughout France, but particularly at Paris. President Poincaré, together with the Municipal Council of Paris and the authorities of every important town in France, sent messages to the King, expressing France's admiration for the heroism displayed by the Belgians and their king in the operations in Belgium. At Paris thousands visited the Champs Élysées where a bust of King Albert has been erected, and contributed to the fund for the relief of the Belgian sufferers. In the morning great crowds assembled to attend the solemn Mass celebrated in the Belgian church in the rue de Charonne. It is said that before the war more than twenty thousand Belgian woodcarvers were settled in this district. In the afternoon a second religious service was held in Notre Dame, in the presence of Cardinal Amette and a large gathering of Belgian refugees. The wounded in the hospitals were visited during the day, and in many private residences Belgians were made the guests of honor. Never before, in all probability, has Paris thus celebrated the fête-day of a foreign potentate.

The Fete-Day of King Albert

Germany.—Of late so much has been said by enemies of Germany about certain books which are described as representing the spirit of German militarism, that it is important to hear the other side of the argument. In regard to this, a Bonn University professor writes that German Catholics would never have given their consent to a policy of conquest and world power. German Catholics, he says, have rather been censured for being too international in their views of Catholicism than ultra-national. He then continues:

A Catholic Protest

If, nevertheless, with fullest conviction of the justice of our cause, we have unreservedly dedicated ourselves to the resolution adopted by the Emperor, to draw our sword for the protection and honor of our land, it may be taken as an argument that the war has not been originated by greed for power, clearly irreconcilable with Catholic principles, but has been forced upon us.

German Catholics everywhere protest against the injustice of a press which, forgetting English navalism, would put down German militarism. The latter, they argue, is necessary for the national protection of Germany against foes which overwhelmingly outnumber it, while the former openly boasts of controlling the sea, which belongs to no nation. The expenses of the English army and navy, according to the figures quoted, have been far greater per head of the population than those of Germany. The protest further remarks that Germany does not hold the monopoly in atheism.

The German acting Secretary of State, at the direct order of the Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, has given an important official reply to the questions of the Irish leader, Sir Roger Casement. It had been pointed out by Sir Roger that rumors were spread in his country that a German victory would imply danger to Ireland. This accusation has now been officially denied. Germany, it was stated, would never overthrow any of the institutions of Ireland. Should fortune ever bring German troops to the shores of Ireland they would come, not as an army of invaders, but as a nation inspired by good will.

A Friend of Ireland

Great Britain.—Although the Government has announced, on more than one occasion, that no danger is to be feared from aliens in England, public apprehension refuses to be downed. At present nearly fifteen thousand foreigners have been interned, but in a statement made to Parliament by Home Secretary McKenna, about twenty-nine thousand are still at large. In the opinion of many members of Parliament, the authorities have been "complacent, almost frivolous," in dealing with the question. They believe that spies have been active along the coast, and that there are spies among the Belgian refugees, and even among those who present themselves as recruits. The *Times* thinks that these statements are overdrawn, but according to the *Daily Express,* the spy is able to do very serviceable work because it is nobody's duty to deal with him. "Three Government Departments are concerned, the War Office, the Home Office and the Admiralty, and the result is inaction, hesitation and all manner of mischief. There should be a committee of safety directly responsible to Parliament and to the people."

Aliens Again

On November 16, Premier Asquith made the greatest single demand in history upon the material resources of Great Britain, when he moved an additional war credit of one billion, one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. This will mean an increase of about fifty per cent. in the national debt. The Premier admitted that,

The New War Credit

up to the present, the war had cost the country about five million dollars a day. Speaking for the Unionist members in Parliament, Mr. Walter Long congratulated the Premier on the evident determination of the Government to leave nothing undone to carry the war to a successful issue. The Government could count upon the widest latitude and an absolutely free hand as long as the country was satisfied that the war would be prosecuted with vigor and determination. This statement undoubtedly expresses the temper of the English people, and indicates that no overtures for peace would at present be considered.

Ireland.—After more than two months of protests and demands from Cardinal Logue and the Irish Bishops and repeated representations from Cardinal Bourne, from the editor of the *Irish Catholic,* and from many Catholic bodies, the War Office, which obstinately denied the necessity or feasibility of increasing the number of Catholic chaplains in the army, has at length agreed to appoint "a number of Catholic chaplains at the front which ought to be sufficient for all needs." It is not yet clear that the number to be appointed is adequate or that Irish chaplains will be appointed to Irish regiments and be placed on the fighting line as demanded by the Irish episcopate. The War Office intimates that there is no place for chaplains in the trenches, but the Irish priests who have submitted their names to Cardinal Logue declare that they are ready to go into the trenches or wherever else Catholic soldiers are in danger. The *Irish Catholic* is not satisfied that the War Office has met the demands in good faith, and declines to recommend recruiting until the position is made clear. The refusal of the War Office to sanction an Irish Army Corps as distinguished from the Carsonist forces, which it approved, and to permit special colors for Irish regiments, together with the sight of the returned remnants of the Irish troops, wounded and disabled, have also discouraged recruiting. The London *Times* recommends that the Government assist Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign by suppressing and prosecuting the Irish papers that oppose enlistment. Individuals have been prosecuted for circulating such papers as *Irish Freedom* and for expressing anti-British and pro-German sympathies. The Irish National League of America has found sentiment here so much at variance with Mr. Redmond's on the recruiting question that it has postponed its annual meeting indefinitely.

Catholic Chaplains and Recruiting

Mexico.—Unhappy Mexico is still in agony. During the week two other factions were spawned and began forthwith to use their tentacles. How long the demon will reign supreme in the land beyond the Rio Grande, it is hard to say. At present Villa is triumphant, and will probably remain so. The Church is faring no better than formerly. Five priests were executed recently, and now that the ranks of bishops, priests and Sisters are well decimated, the attention of the bandits is turned to looting, with renewed vigor. They have raised a laugh throughout the world by declaring that they intend to put the stolen treasures in a national museum. This is almost as clumsy as their numerous indictments of honorable men for the murder of Madero. The press of November 17, that is, the part of it which is not engaged in concealing the truth, announced that Henry Lane Wilson and Francisco de la Barra were indicted for complicity in the crime. This is a pitiable commentary on Carranza. The following statements added to those made last week and the week before will give some idea of the temper of the liberators. The first statement was made before two witnesses; the others were made under oath:

New Wars and New Affidavits

First Affidavit

In the month of May a band of Carranzistas, headed by . . . attacked the property called San Manuel. This ranch belongs to a Spanish priest, Tomas de la Peña y Pereda, who resides in the city of Puebla. He had placed in charge of his property two nephews, of the same name as himself, young men, 23 and 25 years of age respectively; the elder of these was married. The assailants looted the place, seized the young men, and, after telling them that one was to be a mirror for the other, they proceeded to pull forward the tongue of one and to cut it out. The same was done to the other; then they cut off the ears of both and proceeded to gouge out their eyes. After this they placed their victims on a table and, having poured oil over them, set them on fire. The wife of one of the victims was driven mad by witnessing these atrocities. The priest, Peña y Pereda, filed a complaint with the Spanish consul at Puebla, the Spanish Ambassador to Mexico, and also with the authorities of the State of Tlaxacala.

Second Affidavit

She declares that when passing through Iraperato she asked to receive Holy Communion, but was refused because the priest was threatened with death if he should administer the Sacraments. She affirms that she saw in S. Juan del Rio how they made a crucifix fall to the ground by shooting at it; they also took a statue of St. Joseph and feigned they shot it dead. Moreover, she saw the tabernacle of their convent shot at till it was torn to pieces, and the men then took out the ciborium, casting the hosts on the floor. In a place called Santa Rosa, where there was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the soldiers shot at the Blessed Sacrament and gave the Sacred Hosts to the horses to eat. . . .

Third Affidavit

She declares, furthermore, that she has seen with her own eyes over 20 Sisters kept in some hospitals, as for instance, . . . who had been violated. . . .

Fourth Affidavit

Lastly, on my way from Aguascalientes to Mexico City, I met seven Sisters, who asked me for a maternity house, and although they tried to conceal the fact of their being religious, I knew them from their manner of speaking. They told me how they escaped from the . . . where the Zapatistas had held them. I made every effort to console them, but they were inconsolable, saying that they were already damned and abandoned by God. . . .

And so this miserable story, given under oath, runs on, and will run on as long as the Editor of AMERICA has authentic matter to publish.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Religious Conditions in the Philippines

THE Catholic priest laboring in the Philippines hears ringing in his ears, and with constantly increasing insistence, the words of Jeremias, "How is the gold become dim, the color is changed, the stones of the sanctuary are scattered." These words are not, indeed, literally true of our Islands, and yet the religious conditions which obtain in them to-day are such that the sad state described by the prophet is looming up as a thing of a not distant future. The magnificent splendor of Catholic worship, that was so marked even at so late a date as the American occupation, is yielding at least in the provinces to a deplorable indifference. "There are none that come to the solemn feast," and in many pueblos the holy sacrifice of the Mass is wholly neglected. This is not true of Manila or of Vigan or of certain other towns; but it is widespread enough to make one realize that the general attitude toward religion of the people of the Philippines is one of growing apathy.

The first and the chief cause of this lamentable state of affairs is the lack of priests. Towns of 40,000 souls such as Laoag, Ilocos Norte, for many years had but one priest, others with from 7,000 to 20,000 souls even now have only one. As a consequence the present generation has grown up almost uninstructed in Catholic doctrine and practice. What has increased the difficulty has been the advanced age of many of the priests which has incapacitated them from almost everything except saying Mass and administering the last sacraments. Confessions and Communions have therefore been extremely rare, and sermons and instructions have been restricted to such occasions as brought together three or four priests. Other towns have been more fortunate in possessing young and active priests. Unfortunately, however, they have not had the training to enable them to cope with the changed conditions arising out of the separation of Church and State, and are unable adequately to deal with the present situation or to safeguard their parishioners against their present dangers. There is a third class of priests who are really grappling with the existing problem. In their flocks there is no evidence of loss of fervor; it must be admitted, however, that they are by no means numerous.

Among the Filipinos there is a second cause at work, which is producing not only religious indifference, but is striking even deeper, and is spreading downright infidelity; it finds its chief promoters in the activity of the American Protestant ministers. Making the large towns their headquarters, they gather round them and indoctrinate with Protestant ideas, and principally with hatred for Catholics, a number of ignorant young men and women; and then send them forth through the smaller towns and distant barrios. Some of the Christian Mission ministers are very violent in their methods. When the people are celebrating their great religious feasts, such as Good Friday, Christmas, and the various town-feasts, the ministers and their emissaries gather in the Plaza and vomit forth calumnious and blasphemous attacks on everything that a Catholic holds dear. The Methodists are operating along quieter lines, but like the others make it their chief endeavor not to implant the principles of the Gospel but to uproot the Catholic faith from the hearts of the people. All alike employ the press as their most powerful instrument of perversion. The provinces are simply inundated with anti-Catholic literature of every kind. During the past year they have added another means of sowing their poison, namely, the cinematograph. The tickets of admission which are distributed free and have to be shown to procure entrance to the entertainments are Bibles and Gospels. In spite of all this, however, after ten years of labor they have had very little success, notably in Ilocos Sur; but it is nothing short of a miracle of God's grace that the Faith should still be so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Filipinos notwithstanding the lack of priests and the activity of American ministers. It needs but a zealous priest to make it burst forth in all the beauty of its former splendor.

Perhaps the greatest factor in the propaganda of indifference and neglect of religion is the public school. In Spanish times there was a public school in every town, the parish priest was its principal, and in it he taught catechism; under the present régime it is forbidden by law to teach religion in the school. As a consequence 400,000 children who, according to the old system, would be receiving during school hours regular and graduated instruction in matters of religion, are now growing up in absolute ignorance of the fundamental doctrines of the Faith. Some of them seem to think that attendance at the public school dispenses them from all Catholic obligations. Witness the answer of a little lad of nine, who was asked by one of the Mill Hill Fathers if he went to Mass on Sunday. "Oh no," he said, "I go to the public school."

In another way, though in direct violation of the express order of the Bureau of Education, the public school is destructive of the Catholic religion. American teachers who are generally non-Catholic, and are frequently without religious beliefs of any kind, make statements in the classroom that are directly opposed to Catholic doctrine. For eight years I have been collecting statements of this kind that have been made in the Vigan High School. Of ten such statements made by a single professor of history last year I give one example. "There is no hell," he said, "we do not know anything of the future life." Not content with asserting this, the teacher proceeded to ask Catholic boys if they believed in hell; and they, either through timidity or through fear of incurring his ill-will, replied that they did not. Even where teachers do not knowingly violate the law, they often, through their

ignorance of religious truth, give instruction that is in direct opposition to the tenets of Catholicism. It is obviously impossible to remedy this state of affairs, for even if the bureau should investigate the matter, a simple denial by the teacher is sufficient to offset the charge of the pupil. Timidity, too, will often close the lips of the child. Another phase of the destructive influence of the school system is the respect in which the Filipino is accustomed to hold the teacher. From olden days the *Maestro* has held second place in the community only to the *Padre*. His word is law, his example a beacon light. When, therefore, the children see that the *Maestro* never enters the church, their own sense of the importance of this obligation promptly diminishes. If in addition to this negative influence, the teacher directly throws the weight of his influence against the Catholic faith, the work of evil is completed. This particular aspect of the danger is growing from the fact that the number of Filipino teachers is steadily increasing, and that the Filipino boy or girl who becomes a Protestant is as a rule strongly anti-Catholic.

Certainly the religious future of the Philippines does not look bright, and the priest has much reason to be discouraged. And yet there is hope. When the Church has recovered from the sudden and severe blow it received in the change of government, and has adapted itself to changed conditions, it may flourish as gloriously as it does in the United States. Signs of new life are already making themselves manifest. I instance the towns of San Vicente, Bantay, Narvacan and Santiago, all of the province of Vigan. In the province of Pangasinan, 60,000 confirmations were administered within six weeks by Bishop Hurth, the seminaries are giving the young aspirants to the priesthood special training to fit them for their difficult work, and flourishing catechism classes are being established. Unexpected circumstances have brought about a temporary stagnation in the Church of the Philippines; but history will repeat itself, and let us hope that a zealous clergy, animated by the love of Christ will restore and intensify the glory of the old religion, "ever ancient but ever new."

JOHN THOMPKINS, S.J.
Missionary Priest of Vigan.

The Wise Householder

IT is untrue that social science is a new study, an error which the Church has repeatedly been called upon to refute. Modern social work, as Catholic sociologists are well aware, is only fragmentary, experimental and exceedingly defective compared with the results achieved by the Church in past ages when her activity was unhampered. These facts are of vital consequence, since they determine our entire attitude toward the social and economic sciences of our day.

In its utterances upon the social question the Holy See has, therefore, repeatedly stressed this important point. Pope Leo XIII, whose encyclical upon labor has been the most scientific and adequate social document of modern times, strongly insists upon the same truth. It will suffice, however, to confine ourselves here to the social pronouncements of his successor, Pope Pius X. In his letter addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of France, dated August 25, 1910, he lays down the following injunction regarding priests who were thenceforth to be set aside and schooled for the direction of Catholic social work:

> Let them grasp thoroughly the fact that the social question and social science were not created yesterday, that from all time Church and State, working together happily, have raised to this end fruitful organizations. The Church, which has never betrayed the well-being of the people by compromising alliances, has no need to cut itself off from the past. It will be enough to take up again, with the help of true workers for social restoration, the organisms broken by the Revolution, and to adapt them to the new situation created by the material evolution of contemporary society in the same Christian spirit which of old inspired them: for the true friends of the people are neither revolutionists nor innovators, but traditionalists.

These words at once indicate the importance and the far-reaching consequences of the Catholic point of view. Social science is as old as the precepts and the teachings of the Gospel.

Upon closer scrutiny the prudent direction of the Holy See will be found in full accord with all the truest conclusions of the sociology even of our day. After more than three centuries of social confusion, brought about by defection from the Church, the world is gradually coming back to what it rejected, the Catholic idea of cooperation and social solidarity. Modern sociologists and economists have hitherto only vaguely grasped this great thought which inspired all the social work of the Church. They have been groping blindly in their labyrinth, for they have lost the thread which would have safely guided them to the light of day. Even now they are more in need of spiritual than of social guides—of that religion of Christ to which the world must return if its social labors are ever to be truly and lastingly effective. Socialism has attracted the minds of thinking men mainly in as far as it has caught something of the primal Catholic social ideal. Unfortunately, it has caught only broken fragments and has led men astray by many a wandering will-o'-the-wisp that beckoned them to their destruction. Apart from Socialism, social science itself has at times been transfigured by a light whose source it did not know. Even the most extreme of all schools, excepting anarchism alone, has based the entire system of syndicalism upon a partial understanding of the Catholic social principle. True its idea of brotherhood is limited to one class of men, while the one bond of all human brotherhood, the Fatherhood of God, is inconsistently rejected. Small wonder that love gives place to hatred! Closest of all to the true idea of the Church are the secular organizations of laborers and employers which still stand

aloof from the extremes of radicalism and individualism. Yet even here we are far removed from the ideal solidarity of Christian society preached by the Church.

Catholics, therefore, have the only solution for the social problems. It is their social traditionalism which has now become their glory and their power. This fact, therefore, must be firmly grasped by every one, whether engaged in social work or not. It is our message to the men of our generation, as it will be the Church's message to the men of every future generation as well. The reason is plain. Our fundamental social principles are based solely on the Gospel and on Christianity. We may be able to interpret them more perfectly at one time than at another, we may succeed in applying them more adequately to the social and economic conditions of one age than of another, yet we can never change them. They are the expression of the laws of human nature and of divine faith.

It must not, however, be thought that any obstacle is ever placed by the Church to the complete development of all that is good and true in the social and economic wisdom of any period. The possession of truth aids and does not hamper the most perfect activity of the human intellect. There is no limit to progress in Catholicism. Its restrictions are only guideposts that point out the directest, safest and unfailing way. Where others wander about in confusion, the Catholic, if he will but follow the guidance of his Church, is set at once upon the path that leads to Christ, and therefore to all ultimate truth and perfection. We quote once more from the direction of Pope Pius X to the Catholic episcopate of France:

> No, Venerable Brethren, there is need of declaring with energy, in these days of social and intellectual anarchy, when every man poses as a doctor or a legislator, that the city can not be built except as God has built it, that society can not be constituted unless the Church lays the foundation stone and directs the work. No, there is no new civilization to be invented, no new city to be built in the clouds. The work has been done; it exists. The only need is to restore it without ceasing, and to instal it on its natural and divine foundations, against the perpetually recurring attacks of an unhealthy utopia, of revolt and impiety: to renew all things in Christ.

Here, therefore, is our glorious program of Catholic social traditionalism. It is the living conservatism of essential truth, and not the dead stagnation so often and so gratuitously ascribed to us. To set aside doubt upon this crucial point it is necessary once more to quote at some length from the social pronouncements of the same Pope. We shall use for this purpose his letter addressed to the Bishops of Italy on June 11, 1905. It admirably illustrates the constant progressiveness of Catholicism and its adaptability to all times and all circumstances. Yet it no less clearly affirms anew the immutability of all essential Catholic principles, unchangeable only because they are based upon truth and the will of God. He thus writes:

> And here it must at once be observed that it is impossible at the present day to reestablish in the same form all the institutions which may have been useful, and were even the only efficient ones in past centuries, so numerous are the radical modifications which time has brought to society and life, and so many are the fresh needs which changing circumstances cease not to call forth. But the Church throughout her long history, has always and on every occasion luminously shown that she possesses a wonderful power of adaptation to the varying conditions of civil society; without injury to the integrity or immutability of faith or morals. Always safeguarding her sacred rights, she easily bends and adapts herself in all that is contingent and accidental, to the vicissitudes of time and the fresh needs of society. . . . Catholic action, while suitably varying its outward forms and methods, remains ever the same in the principles which guide it and in the very noble end at which it aims.

Here surely there is ample latitude for the Catholic social worker. Two things only are required of him. The first is a thorough understanding of the true Catholic social work of the past and the determination never to deviate from the spirit which animated it. The second is the proper adaptation of Catholic principles to actual social needs. For this purpose, as the Holy Father writes: "Catholic action ought also to be invigorated by all the practical methods furnished at the present day, by progress in social and economic studies, by experience already gained elsewhere, by the condition of civil society, and even by the public life of State." Such, therefore, is the vital, progressive social traditionalism of the Catholic Church. It is in brief, nothing else than sound reason and the best experiences of past centuries wisely applied, for the love of God and in the light of Faith, to the ever-changing social problems of our age. Thus the Church, like the householder of the Gospel, ever bringeth forth from her treasury "things new and old."

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

The Young Man and Building*

THE building business offers a good opportunity for the young man of the right calibre, but to be successful he must be properly trained, either by a course in a good technical school, or by work for a few years in an architect's office where he can acquire a thorough knowledge of plans and details. This should be supplemented by a course with some good building firm, where he can have a chance to acquaint himself thoroughly with the structural part of the work. This is the most important part of his training, for it takes some years of experience to fit him for a position where he will be responsible for the erection of a building.

The tendency of to-day in this country is toward specialization in all the various sub-divisions of a work, and this creates a number of opportunities for young men to equip themselves to take charge of these departments. Putting up a building at the present time means dividing the work among sixteen or eighteen kinds of artisans, namely: stonemasons, bricklayers, concrete-workers, carpenters, painters, plumbers, metal-workers, structural

*The twenty-first of a series of vocational articles.

steelworkers, ornamental iron-workers, stair-builders, electricians, steamfitters, marble-workers, mosaic-workers, etc., and there are opportunities in each of these for young men who are willing to work.

The young man who expects to succeed in reaching a position where he can take charge of a building must have a fairly good knowledge of all the sub-divisions, but he should be especially strong in those that have to do with the structural features of the building. Many of the accidents occurring nowadays, owing to the collapse of partly-erected buildings, are due to the incompetency of the person in charge of the work. It is absolutely necessary that the responsible overseer should be able to detect any weakness of construction in the plans, so that he can call attention to it before the work is installed and have the defect remedied. In order to do this he should know enough about engineering to be familiar with the strains of the various kinds of material that are used in putting up a building.

The writer believes that the best way for a young man to fit himself for any business is to enter it early and grow up in it. No amount of schooling or technical training can take the place of actual experience in the industry itself, though both are necessary. The public schools of this country have spent a great deal of money in their manual training and mechanic arts schools with a view of directing boys toward some of the mechanical pursuits, but if the results elsewhere have been like those experienced in Boston, the outlay has not been warranted. A former president of one of our best technical colleges said that he would rather have the graduates from the regular high schools than from the vocational schools, for the shop training the young men received was of no special value and could not make up for the loss of the academic studies.

The Mechanic Arts School of Boston thus far has been unsuccessful in directing its graduates toward the building trades, though this year the curriculum has been so changed that now efforts will be made to direct boys toward some of the mechanical pursuits. Few of the graduates from that school of late years were found entering the building trades. Instead, they sought employment driving teams, running elevators or clerking in stores, though in such occupations the chance of advancement is very meagre, the wages low and the working hours long. In these respects the trades offer much better opportunities and if boys who have to go to work after leaving high school would only learn a trade, they would certainly be better off.

After mastering their chosen calling they would receive wages double what they now get in stores. True, they would have to don a suit of overalls, but if they are ambitious there are ample opportunities of attending evening schools and fitting themselves for advanced positions in the building business, such as clerk of works, inspector of buildings, foreman and superintendent of construction. There is no set of men in the country more independent than our mechanics, for they are not at the beck and call of any special employer; they can enter any city with a confident assurance of finding work; and there is always an opportunity for the ambitious young man with a small amount of capital to start in business for himself.

The American boy has lost many good chances in the past because of his reluctance to put on a jumper and soil his hands. Consequently we have had to depend to a large extent on immigration to supply our needs in the building business. The young man who wants to be successful in business must be willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder, to take the rough with the smooth, mix with the workmen and do his share of the hard part of the labor. In this way he will win the respect of the men and will learn how to handle them when he attains a position of responsibility.

Hardly a week passes in which the writer is not asked to find work for young men who have not been trained along any special lines. Consequently it is very difficult to help them. Too many of them are looking for "soft snaps" and are wanting in ambition. They depend too much on others for help. The young man who has confidence in himself, and is really prepared to work, usually succeeds in life.

After graduating from the grammar school it would be better for many boys if they went to work and learned a trade. At the end of four years they would have acquired knowledge which would better assist them in fighting life's battle than would four years spent in the high school. When boys leave the grammar school they are willing to work for small wages, but after graduation from a high school they will not accept a low salary. Consequently it is hard for them to secure good places. A capable lad should not, of course, be deprived of a chance to get a good education, but in many cases it would have been better had lads gone to work instead of entering the high school. The "little learning" that they receive there often proves a great danger. Far too many callow graduates of our secondary schools are characterized by this scorn of manual labor and their inability to do anything else. As a result they begin to loaf around street corners, drift into bad company, and at last give up any idea of earning an honest living. The present efforts of the authorities to establish industrial schools, however, will doubtless help to remedy these evils.

CHARLES LOGUE,
Charles Logue Building Co., Boston, Mass.

Why Are Graves Untended?

CATHOLIC graveyards are a by-word for neglect. Not that all Catholics are neglectful. Many of our graves give evidence of the most loving care. And yet somehow or other weeds are prolific in the holy ground where we lay away our dear dead. The stranger who makes his way to the silent city of those who once have

lived but live no more, has no need to ask where is our burial ground. He can tell at once to whom it belongs by the unhinged wicker gate and the overgrown grass upon the mounds. The convert who sees this is apt to be scandalized. Why consecrated ground should be neglected, why God's own acre should be allowed to run wild, why our graves should be untended, is something he can not understand. To him from his earliest youth trim, bluestone walks and smooth, velvet lawns have always been inseparable from the idea of the last resting place of the deceased. He has always been proud to show his visitors the Protestant graveyard, but he blushes for the graveyard of his Catholic friends. In large and wealthy communities it is not always so, and even among the poor the reverse is often true; but it is unfortunately common enough to have become a more or less prevalent disgrace to us all. And what is still more astonishing is the fact that a deeper participation in the Church's spirit seems to bring with it a more pronounced carelessness as to what becomes of our own poor bodies after death, and a constantly lessening insistence on the freshness of the flowers and the greenness of the grass and the luxuriance of the ivy that cover the remains of those we love. On the other hand, the further men are from sympathy with the Church, the greater the number of wreaths they place upon the coffin and the higher the monuments they rear to the memory of their departed friends.

Human weakness no doubt has its share in the explanation. We are wrong not to show sufficient reverence for the place which shelters the mouldering remains of what was once the temple of the Holy Ghost and the living repository of the Blessed Sacrament. Ties of filial affection should make us more solicitous about the little plot to which even dumb nature is so kind. And yet this is not the principal reason for our carelessness. Our lack of decent thoughtfulness has its root like many another fault in the excess of a supernatural virtue. It springs, strange though it may seem, from the very vividness of our faith. We are so much concerned with the needs of the soul that we are apt to be unmindful of the condition of the body. We believe so firmly in the permanence of the principle of the higher life that we are somewhat wanting in respect for its partner in the lower life. We are so anxious about our loved ones' passage from Purgatory to Heaven that we forget the once red heart that is crumbling into dust. Up from the flames we hear them calling for Masses to propitiate offended Justice, and so we fail to plant the roses that will please the human eye. And the consequence? Men say we have ceased to love when we are giving the best proof of love. The carping world blames us as heartless, when we know that our dead care little for the flowers that grow upon the grave.

Does it not seem, therefore, that if our graves are at times untended, it is partly at least, because we are Catholics that it is so? Is there not something inherent in our Faith that renders us less sensible to nature's elemental cry that we should make our graveyards things of beauty? Is it not because we are unlike the heathen who have no hope, that we do not feel the need of keeping fresh the bitterness of parting by lingering near the spot where our loved ones sleep? Our vision of the supernatural and the mansions in our father's home teach us to lift our eyes from the whitening bones to the ecstatic soul. Death and the grave to us are no hateful, fearful repellent things that are to be softened at any cost. They are familiar thoughts to every Catholic mind. Little our dear ones reck of the rain and the snow; they are willing to submit to the sentence that has fallen on all mortal men; it is a small thing to bear, in the light of the promise that they shall rise again. The process of putting off this corruptible flesh is not an attractive one, but it loses much of its horror even for us who are left in the realization that the beloved forms which we surrounded with such affection are one day to put on incorruptibility and immortality, and to look into the face of the unseen God. If we thought that the grave was the end of it all, things would be vastly different. We are blameworthy, to be sure, if our graves are untended, but it is not indifference that is wholly responsible. Faith, vivid, living faith, also lies at the root of our too common neglect.

There is little consolation, however, in this thought. No matter what may be the origin of our neglect it does not cease to be a fault. Bigotry, too, takes its rise from faith, and yet bigotry is a detestable thing. The remissness we manifest in the matter of our departed relatives and friends is to be deplored, the more so as it takes on something of the nature of a scandal, and is a reproach to our Catholic faith. Prayer for them is indeed the best testimony we can give them of our undying love, but prayer is not enough; we should also tend to their graves. If we love them truly we should do not merely one or the other, we should care for them both.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Awakening of Faith in France

II

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* in affirming that "one result of the war has been a distinct religious revival in France" adds, "the so-called clerical peril has disappeared from the popular imagination in face of the real peril of the German invasion." To the facts which I have already recounted of the *volte face,* these others must be added.

An official order issued from the headquarters of the French army has acknowledged the bravery and devotion to duty of Sister Julie and her assistants, who, when the Germans shelled Gerbévilier, did not take refuge in the cellars as did the other inhabitants of the place, but went up and down the streets gathering in the wounded. When the Prussian officer ordered her to leave, she refused and answered, "Mother Superior has put me here, and until she bids me go, I shall remain." And stay she did with her companions, all through the bombardment. She belongs to the Congregation of St. Charles. Not only has the army praised her in its report, but the Government has sent M. Mirman, Prefect

of the Meurthe-Moselle Department, to thank her and her Sisters, in the name of France, for their heroism.

If the parish-priest of Niort was agreeably surprised when he was invited to bless the sabres of the hussars, what must have been the joy and wonder of the *curé* of Laigle (Orne) when at three o'clock one morning, he was roused from sleep by the clamorous ringing of his door-bell. He opened his bedroom window, and peered down into the garden below. "What is it, a sick call?" he demanded. "No," came the astounding answer, "perhaps Monsieur le *curé* doesn't know that I am a priest, and that I should be very much pleased if he will allow me to say Mass in the church." *"Tiens!* I'll be down in a minute." When the door was opened, and a light lit, the astonished *curé* saw a colonel. Behind him on the road was his regiment. "And as he gazed his wonder grew," for immediately the colonel told him that he had heard the confessions of two hundred and fifty of his regiment, and that was why he wanted to say Mass, as they all wished to receive Holy Communion. The church was quickly opened, the soldiers marched in, and the colonel-priest celebrated Mass. Along a road red with the dawn they marched shortly afterwards to a field redder with blood. The Lord Jesus they saw not when they took Him at the sanctuary rail, led many through the shadowy way of death unto the City, the light whereof is the Lamb, and the joy His blessed face.

Everywhere as the soldier-clerics arrive to take their place in the ranks they are cheered, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, *abbés, curés,* seminarians and novices; they come literally from the four corners of the earth whither they had been banished. It is queer that the enemies of France in times of peace should be welcomed back in time of war. And droll it is to see so many monks with guns in their hands. If writers of Protestant fiction against the priests were permitted to go to the field of the Aisne, they could gather excellent material for their pens. Truth once more would be stranger than fiction. So moving is the sight that the arch-enemy of the religious, Clemenceau, exclaims: "What a surprise it will be to the Germans to see in our army the very monks we drove from the country."

That these churchmen are as good soldiers as they are priests is testified to by all. Abbé Luchat, a sergeant in the bicycle corps, was killed on the field of battle after having been mentioned in dispatches of the previous day for conspicuous gallantry in action. Abbé Monbru and Abbé Grenier, both of them lieutenants, were killed leading their men in a charge. The *Journal Officiel* has this to say of one of these soldier priests:

> Abbé Buscoz, adjutant of the 97th Infantry, has died a hero. He had just been made a second lieutenant on the field of battle for two acts of bravery. His last hours were admirable. He leaped forward at the head of his men, crying, "I am a priest. I fear not death. *En avant!*"

A soldier was overheard saying to a comrade in the trenches:

> I never did like those *curés;* a good-for-nothing lot I thought them. But, hang it all, I did them a wrong to so ill-judge them. I've seen the stuff they're made of. They fight as well as the best of us; are ready for the posts of greatest danger; are eager to go on when we're for quitting.

At the barracks of Orleans an officer gave up to one of his soldier-priests his own private room to be used by the latter for a chapel. Although the troopers get up at five, and have to drill until ten, before they are free, still they fast until that late hour in order to be able to go to Holy Communion. Many are the first Communions, some of the recipients being over thirty years of age. During the day the troopers make visits to the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the room.

In a restaurant some artists were gathered. They were giving a farewell supper to one of their profession, off to the war. His regiment would be one of the first to face the Germans. He was serene, not noisily gay as was his wont. His chums chaffed him over his calmness, which they thought came from dwelling on the certainty of being killed. They misjudged the cause of his subdued demeanor. "No, it isn't that," he told them; "it's because I've been to confession, Mass and Communion this morning." Not a jeer, not even a look of raillery came from those men who had mocked at anything that touched religion.

A dashing dragoon, on the gayest and fairest boulevard of Paris will stop, with a splendid salute, a chance-found priest and say: *"M'sieur l'abbé,* I'd like to make my confession to you." *"Eh bien, mon brave,* let's go to the church." The cavalryman hasn't time. There and then as they walk along, the sins of many years are told, and the absolution given. They reach a corner and are parting. "Will *M'sieur l'abbé* give me a medal?" The medal was given. A week later the papers told of a dragoon, in whose dead hands a medal of the Blessed Virgin was found.

Many another incident of the awakened Faith of France is told. All are consoling. Let us pray that the grace which has revived the practices of the Catholic religion will ever be cooperated with, so that the dawn of the now will wax to the full and shining day of the future. The Faith suffered much since the war of 1870. Only God knows now if victory will make good the prophetic words of Pius X, written when he beatified the Curé d'Ars, "I beg of you to be convinced with me, that God will soon work wonders to show you that France is still the eldest daughter of the Church, and you will have the joy of seeing this in word and in work."

TERENCE KING, S.J.

Evodia and Syntyche

JUST why Evodia did not get on with Syntyche we have no means of knowing. That the two ladies did not agree very well, however, is shown by a passage in St. Paul's letter to the Christians of Philippi. For he breaks the thread of his closing exhortation to say: "I beg of Evodia and I beseech Syntyche to be of one mind in the Lord." Their lack of harmony seems to have caused the Apostle deep concern since he also entreats his "sincere companion" who was, as some maintain, the bishop of the city, to "help those women." Perhaps the breach between them had grown so serious that without episcopal intervention there was little hope of healing it. Yet the two who had fallen out, if we may dally with pious conjecture, were very zealous and devoted women. They had "labored . . . in the Gospel" with St. Paul, St. Clement and the other pillars of the Philippian church "whose names are in the book of life." The quarrel may have arisen from a difference of opinion regarding the most effective way of instructing the women neophytes of the city; Syntyche's convert class perhaps was a little larger and brighter than Evodia's; the former's personality was not quite so winning and attractive as her fellow-worker's; or Syntyche may have been more highly connected than Evodia.

Whatever the immediate cause of these estimable ladies' estrangement, the root of the trouble doubtless lay in that common human propensity of expecting too much of our fellow-men. Evodia perhaps was annoyed to find that Syntyche, who should have been, of course, a perfect saint, had several glaring defects of character, while Syntyche was equally pained to observe that Evodia, though a disciple of St. Paul, was by no means free from a number of shortcom-

ings inherited from Mother Eve. Each lady's many shining virtues were washed in Lethe by the other and forgotten. Her faults alone were noted and remembered.

One fell day the crisis came. A practical difficulty regarding a certain neophyte in whom Evodia was particularly interested, Syntyche, without consulting any one, promptly settled. With Apostolic freedom Evodia then told Syntyche how very characteristic of the latter the solution was. Thereupon Syntyche meekly observed that Evodia had made a worse blunder two weeks before. A sharp retort followed. Then came a long silence during which Charity, wounded and weeping, retired from the gathering.

Even the least patient of us endure with smiling fortitude the absence in ourselves of those numerous virtues that our friends should, of course, possess, but are perverse enough to be without, and in this, Evodia and Syntyche, early Christians though they were, no doubt were very like us indeed. Instead of taking men as they are and joyfully discerning the virtues they have, the Evodias and Syntyches of every generation are inclined to note, less in sorrow than in anger, only the glaring defects ii the character of their fellow-Christians.

"What a pity this rosebush has so many thorns!" a pessimist wailed with a melancholy wag of his head. "But see all the lovely blossoms it has!" rejoined a bright-souled optimist. That little dialogue has an obvious lesson for Evodias and Syntyches. The donkey, sages say, has never forgiven the rosebush for not producing thistles. That useful animal's love for thistles was no doubt a master passion. He believed that there is no plant on earth more valuable than the *carduus lanceolatus.* A constant diet of thistles, he would maintain, sweetens the temper, soothes the conscience, sharpens the wits, improves the digestion and hightens one's beauty, while the "ethical value" of even the mere sight of the herb is too plain to require demonstration. Therefore he would have thistles growing everywhere. Why should useless roses be allowed to cumber the ground?

It is quite certain, however, that both Evodia and Syntyche would object with vigor to that line of argument, flatly deny the donkey's assertions, remind him that his initial blunder lay in expecting the rosebush to produce thistles and end by proclaiming loudly that one single rosebush is more useful to mankind than is a whole wilderness of thistles. Yet before an hour had passed, each of these amiable ladies would perhaps be indignantly complaining of the other's lack of this virtue or that. In other words she would be grieved and angry because thistles, as a rule, do not grow on rosebushes, or because roses, generally speaking, should not be sought for on thistle plants.

That hunger for perfection which is in the human heart is most effectively and profitably sated by directing the attention to one's own deficiencies. It is in great danger of becoming a disease of the soul if a man, neglecting himself, inconsiderately demands perfection in others. How much we read and hear nowadays about spots in the sun! Whatever bad influence they may have on our planet, it is trifling enough compared with the blessings we constantly enjoy from the sun's light and heat. A serene disregard of the little burrs and briars of this work-a-day world contributes wonderfully to the joy of living. In this connection the answer made to the sensitive cat by the genial elephant who had seated himself in an onion bed is full of practical wisdom. The odor of crushed leeks was a great annoyance, it seems, to the grimalkin, who was fond of sleeping in the sunny vegetable patch. "Doesn't the strong aroma of the onions you are sitting on go to your head?" he asked the ample, care-free elephant. "No, indeed!" was the prompt reply:

> Will you kindly observe where my nose is?
> How can I feel sad,
> When my trunk is made glad
> In the neighboring garden of roses?

What a valuable counsel, this, for the Evodias and Syntyches of our day! Instead of growing impatient with a friend's little faults and shortcomings, imitate the high example of the sapient elephant in the fable. Discover and admire the virtues of others which are no doubt at least as numerous as their defects. Keep the mind fixed on the fragrance of the roses, and then the odor of the onions will not be annoying.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

The Violation of Belgian Neutrality

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me, in the interests of truth, a few observations on a statement that appears in your issue of October 17, under the heading, "A German View of the War." I quote:

> In regard to the violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany, it is now admitted, even by Dutch and Italian papers, that Belgium had a secret understanding with France to permit her to pass unhindered through her territory in order to invade the unprotected Rhineland.

It strikes me that the alleged admissions of Dutch and Italian newspapers in a matter so far removed from their ken are of singularly little value. Happily we can draw upon more authentic sources of information. From the English "White Book" we learn that the following note was addressed both to France and Germany by the British Foreign Secretary on July 31:

> It becomes essential to His Majesty's Government, in view of existing treaties, to ask whether the French (German) Government is prepared to engage to respect neutrality of Belgium so long as no other Power violates it.

This drew from the French Government the following reply:

> The French Government is resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and it would be only in the event of some other Power violating that neutrality that France might find herself under the necessity, in order to ensure defence of her own security, to act otherwise. This assurance has been given several times. The President of the Republic spoke of it to the King of the Belgians, and the French Minister at Brussels has spontaneously renewed the assurance to the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs to-day (*i.e.* July 31).

Then we have the following declaration regarding Belgium's own attitude in a telegram from Sir F. Villiers to Sir Edward Grey under the date of August 1:

> Belgium expects and desires that other Powers will observe and uphold her neutrality, which she intends to maintain to the utmost of her power.

On the other hand, here is the reply of Germany to Sir Edward Grey's question. It is contained in a telegram from the British ambassador at Berlin:

> I have seen Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer. I gathered from what he said that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing, and he was therefore very doubtful whether they would return any answer at all.

As a matter of fact, Germany's answer took the shape of an ultimatum to Belgium. From this it appears that she was the aggressor, and had deliberately planned beforehand to do the very thing she had bound herself by treaty not to do. France, on the contrary, was simply preparing to act in self-defence, and so at once gave Britain the sought-for assurance that she would respect Belgian neutrality. In fact, France, as much the weaker power, would have more than enough to do to defend herself. Germany knew this. Hence she was quite ready to pledge herself to respect the neutrality of Belgium provided Great Britain undertook to remain neutral. "He (the German Ambassador at London) asked me," writes Sir Edward Grey to Sir Edward Goschen under date of August 1, "whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral." This means that Germany was prepared to play fast and loose with her treaty obligations: she would put her bond on the market and get a price for the keeping of it. The "scrap of paper" would have been of some value, could she but have purchased with it Great Britain's neutrality. But how is one to reconcile her willingness to give such a promise to Great Britain with the idea that she knew of the alleged secret understanding between Belgium and France? The fact that she was willing shows she had no serious reason to fear that a French force would pass through Belgium to attack her. In any case, she should have appealed to Great Britain, as one of the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, if she had proof that France meant to strike at her through that country.

A writer in the *Sun*, whose article has been copied into the *Freeman's Journal*, tries to find a justification of Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality in certain words of Mr. Gladstone, spoken in 1870, and quoted by Sir Edward Grey in the British House of Commons last August. Gladstone was considering, on that occasion, a totally different thing, to wit, whether Great Britain would be bound by the strict letter of the treaty, as one of the guarantors of Belgian neutrality, to take up arms against any Power that should violate it. What he thought of that violation in itself is plain from those other words of his that are quoted by Sir Edward in the same speech:

> We have an interest in the independence of Belgium which is wider than that which we may have in the literal operation of the guarantee. It is found in the answer to the question whether, under the circumstances of the case, this country, endowed as it is with influence and power, would quietly stand by and witness the perpetration of the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history, and thus become participators in the sin.

When the time came, Britain did not quietly stand by.

✠ ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
Bishop of Victoria.

A Pro-German "Reptile"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a Catholic journal no one can deny the excellence of AMERICA, but when it seems to have entered the ranks of the "Reptile Press," which Bismarck founded and subsidized, people may be permitted to point out wherein it violates the rule of freedom from partisanship.

In a recent issue you praised the act of the German Emperor's family for visiting the wounded soldiers, but you forgot to say in that and in every other issue that it was the bloodthirsty ambition of the German Emperor, and his ruthless outrage on the Belgian people, which filled the hospitals and that unhappy land of inoffensive Catholics with victims of his war lust. Louvain, once the shelter of Catholic students for the priesthood evidently does not count for anything in the estimate of your notoriously pro-German writer of your review of foreign affairs. Louvain was the shelter of Irish students, therefore your German leanings and sympathies pass Louvain over, for you never had any lodgment in your columns for anything Irish except for such as Cardinal Logue and the Dublin Castle prelates who were never Home Rulers, but very much the reverse. Another specimen of your pro-German leanings is the way you point out how kindly the Germans treated the Irish soldiers who were prisoners. Is this wonderful? But what of the tens of thousands of desolate homes in Belgium and France and the violated women and children with breasts and hands cut off by German savages? Not one word from your journal in denunciation; nor a word condemnatory of the riding rough-shod over the land and homes of the Belgian people who had offended no one. It must have rejoiced your pro-German heart when you read of the German troops entering Catholic Antwerp, singing Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," as also it must have been a happiness to your German editorial staff when they read of the destruction of the Cathedral of Reims.

In this British country, where freedom obtains for all creeds and perfect equality prevails, we hope for the destruction of the military system of Germany and the reign of the common people, and regret to see signs, even in your hitherto admirable journal, that the German fund which is being used to prostitute the press of America has not been used in vain.

Again your reference to Prince Battenberg as a high type of a British admiral, who was dispensed with to please the anti-German sentiment of England, rather points to your desire that England should have continued to have her fleet under the charge of a German with all the dangers which his retention conveys. Altogether AMERICA has become too Germanic for many of your readers in free British Canada, and the wonder is, how has this come about.

Toronto. PETER RYAN.

The Italians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I claim to know something of the religious conditions of the Italians in America, having worked for six years among them in Chicago, Denver, Vancouver, B. C., and other places, and I feel bound to say for the honor of the truth and the Catholic Church, that I did not find a hundred such boys and girls coming from Italy without having been properly instructed or having made their first Communion. What about the imputation that their "religious deterioration must be attributed to the fact that they come to this country insufficiently instructed in their faith"? I willingly grant it provided I be permitted to add an explanaton. While the knowledge of the average Italian in religious matters is not sufficient for the life that awaits him here, that same knowledge was amply sufficient, and reasonably thought to be so, for the mode of life he was expected to lead in Italy. Religious needs in America are quite different from those in Italy. But can any one blame the clergy in Italy, as Mr. Hadley's article seems to insinuate, for not teaching their flocks truths whose necessity is felt here and not there, for not forewarning their parishioners of dangers and surroundings about which they themselves can not be expected to know anything? The duty of the parish priest is limited to his parish, and if he sees that his parishoners are practical Catholics while there, he can be satisfied, Mr. Hadley's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

I know from experience that they do not leave their native places without first going to the Sacraments; at least that is

true of the Sicilians in Chicago and the Neapolitans in the West. I remember that last year on my way to the Yukon, I met a group of Padovani on the steamer Prince Rupert. They showed me with pride their rosaries and related to me with glowing vivacity their devotional experiences at the Shrine of St. Anthony, whither they had gone in pilgrimage before leaving for America. Alas, my heart ached at the thought that their simple and beautiful faith would probably soon succumb to the necessities of their new life, but it did not occur to my mind to blame their beloved pastors for it, far away. No, the bulk of Italian immigrants are good and practical Catholics when they come here. Their faith is not dropped in the Bay of Naples, but it is silenced and choked in the whirlwind of their adventurous life in this country. It is here that their inexplicable irreligion, with its evil forms of Socialism and indifferentism asserts itself, particularly among the American-born Italians; but to find out the causes of this lamentable phenomenon it is perfectly useless for Mr. Hadley to mount his telescope of zealous patriotism to spy them out beyond the Atlantic, for it is easy for any one to see them at home with naked eye.

Vancouver, B. C. LUIGI M. GIAMBASTIANI, O.S.M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am among those who, although not of the Italian race, for the sake of our religion and because of our devotion to the Holy See, would wish to find an explanation of the laxity of our Italian immigrants in their religious life in this country other than the one that naturally suggests itself in the well-known line of Horace: "Who cross the seas change the skies but not themselves." Surely if the Italians are good Catholics at home they ought at least to be fairly good Catholics here. But there is no gainsaying the fact that they are not. Mr. Herbert Hadley voices the mature judgment of all the priests and bishops I have talked with on the subject during the past thirty odd years of my priesthood, which covers the time of the great Italian immigration. Many of the priests, too, are men of their own race, and one of them, if it were prudent to mention names, a man whose experience and years of unselfish service entitle him to be listened to with attention. He may have been in a particularly pessimistic mood when I heard him declare, as he reviewed his long years of labor among his compatriots: It is hopeless! *Ab uno disce omnes.* This Sunday morning, a slight rain was falling; I met my neighbor, *il Parroco,* coming from his chapel, which is in the heart of an Italian colony of three or four thousand, and I asked him how many were at his two Masses. He threw up his hands and said, about forty all told, men, women and children.

A few years ago it was my privilege to sojourn about three months in Italy, the greater part of which I passed in Naples. I spent most of my Sunday mornings after early Mass and breakfast in walking about the city and dropping into the churches as I met them. Masses innumerable were going on at high altar and side altar in churches and chapels, but there was no such outpouring of worshipers as one would expect to find in a great Catholic city. I did not see at any Sunday Mass in any church outside the duomo what we would call a fair-sized congregation. We saw only scattered groups here and there around the various altars, and the conviction was inevitably borne in on the mind that the great bulk of the people did not go to Mass. Nor, furthermore, did I hear a sermon or instruction at any of these Masses; nor did I find a single class of children receiving instruction.

In due time I went from Italy to Lucern, where I arrived early on Sunday morning. After my Mass I noticed a double line of boys, a hundred or more, with prefects or teachers, come in and take their places reverently in the old-fashioned pews, in which, perforce, one was obliged to kneel upright. During the *Missa Cantata* that followed, each boy with his prayerbook heard Mass devoutly, and all *knelt* during the *Gloria* and *Credo*, I remember distinctly, and I believe during the whole Mass. At the Gospel a priest gave an earnest instruction of about fifteen minutes. Father Sorrentino can show, doubtless, if he cares to, how defective my logic is; but let me remark, where Catholic faith is alive, its evidences are manifest even to the superficial traveler.

OBSERVER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Answers to the objections against Italians have been made in the public press on former occasions, and the fact has been pointed out, that certain prejudices are very pernicious to the preservation of the Faith and of good principles in our people. From my seventeen years' experience in America I am convinced that, if there be any truth in this affair, the fault is more grievous in those who have overlooked their duty than in the people themselves. For had the door of benevolence, charity and cordiality been thrown open to the first immigrants, with very few exceptions, they would have flocked to the churches for divine services to find solace in prayer during those days of bitter grief due to sad separations from the loved ones across the sea. But only too often the poor Italian was driven away even from the door of the church. People despised him for two reasons: he had no money to dispose of, and they looked on him as excommunicated because he kept the Pope a prisoner. The anti-clericals profited by this occasion to discredit the Church. Had Mr. Hadley considered the trying circumstances in which the Italian immigrant was placed, he would have praised highly the progress made since the God-sent Italian missions undertook the work. Is it merely with a very low percentage of those who go to church that there are to-day thirty-eight Italian parishes in New York City alone? I would divide the Italians into three classes: those who go to American churches, those who go to Italian churches, and those who do not go to any church at all. I speak of the immigrants and of those born here. Almost all of the latter, being able to speak English, prefer to frequent an American church. The Italian churches, however, are well attended on Sundays, especially where the priest labors disinterestedly and zealously. Among those who do not go to church we must include not only the wilfully negligent, but also those who, for some reason or other, are free from the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays.

In my parish there are about 20,000 Italians. On feast days we have seven and sometimes nine Masses. They are so well attended that I can count about 8,000 who come to Mass every Sunday. You must also take into account the children who are not obliged to hear Mass, the sick, the infirm and the aged and those who go to a French church and to the neighboring American churches, and then see whether a low or a high percentage goes to Mass. In this parish there are six flourishing sodalities with a total membership of 1,550 persons. There is besides the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine which counts at least sixty-five members who teach catechism to 1,300 children from 2 to 3 p. m. These children, moreover, come every Sunday at 9.30 for their Mass. The number of first communions every year is about 575; the number of confirmations is 500. We are five priests, four of whom hear confessions every Saturday from 4 to 6, and from 7.30 to 10 and often till 11 p. m. The yearly communions are about 35,000. What I have said about my parish (Our Lady of Pompeii, New York) can be said of many other missions of which I am the Provincial Superior.

New York. A. DEMO, C.S.C.B.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Defence and an Answer

MEXICAN rebels, not content with the rape of women, torture and murder of priests, unspeakable desecration of the Blessed Sacrament, churches, altars, chalices; not satisfied with blasphemies against God and His Saints, have come to our country to spread calumnies broadcast through the land and to stir up strife among peaceful citizens. The "Liberators" are among us. They have come from out their own blackened and charred land, whining like hungry dogs in search of other bones to pick clean. They have left behind them innumerable corpses rotting on the plains, bodies of the victims of a demoniacal hate masquerading under the banner of liberty and equality. And if they would stop their calumnies and listen for a minute, they would hear the wails of heart-broken women and little girls, ay, of Sisters—victims of a lust of which a wanton beast or a Mexican rebel alone is capable. These men have shattered Mexico from top to bottom, have rent it into a thousand mangled, bleeding parts, have deluged it with blood, have stamped it with the mark of savagery, have sent it down in misery and despair to the very jaws of hell. And now their agents are with us, set down in our cities, to expose their vile souls to our gaze. They fill our mails with calumnies against the Church; our press with blatant rhetoric, expressive of stereotyped untruths, the property of every tyrant from Nero to Carranza.

There was never an evil in Mexico, that priests did not cause. They fostered Iturbide and Santa Anna and Maximilian; they destroyed Madero; they bribed the army; they sustained Huerta; they armed men against Carranza; they did all things that the devil does. The rebels on the other hand, the Carranzistas especially, are sweet, meek, dark, dreamy-eyed, swarthy little "dears," with arched brows and shining teeth and scented breath and waxed moustaches and polished finger-nails and slender hands and feet—cunning, dimpled chaps who bathe night and morning with the aid of a valet and for years sat clad in bath-robes, sighing for protection from sly bishops and "husky" priests, six feet four, and strenuous abbesses and bouncing mother superiors who were importing arms and mounting cannons and shooting guns and directing Zeppelins and sapping and mining to slay poor, weak, puny Don Carranza, huddled in a corner of a Morris chair and half dead from fright for fear a militant abbess might catch him by the scruff of his precious neck and steal him away.

By the favor of hell, however, the sly bishops and the robust priests and strenuous abbesses and bouncing mother superiors were conquered by the scented rebels, gentle creatures who eat out of my lady's hand.

Have you not heard how the victory was won? This way: (1) By outraging nuns. (2) By forcing nuns to live a life of shame in camps. (3) By compelling nuns to accompany soldiers on forced marches. (4) By torturing priests in a fashion worthy of savage Iroquois. (5) By murdering priests and brothers. (6) By desecrating churches. (7) By defiling altars as only a brute or a Mexican rebel could do. (8) By putting chalices to purposes which even brutes scorn. (9) By dressing prostitutes in sacred vestments. (10) By throwing the Blessed Sacrament on the floor in one instance and by mixing it with the horses' food in another. In all these ways, and in others equally vile, contemptible, brutish, did the rebels conquer. A splendid victory that—almost as inspiring as the one they hope to win by calumnies sent out from New York and Washington. Never again will shrewd bishops and athletic priests, and foxy abbesses and plotting mother superiors dare to fire a cannon, or shoot a gun at Don Carranza, the high priest of liberty, fraternity, equality and calumniating news bureaus.

Our Alleged "Rush"

The genial Irish novelist, who visited this country some time ago, on reaching home again, promptly wrote, as was to be expected, a book of "American impressions." He devotes an entire chapter of the volume to discrediting the so-called "hustling legend" about the United States, and maintains that though we may appear to a careless observer to be always in an unconscionable hurry, in reality the average American citizen is a man of ample leisure. A "hustler," in Canon Hannay's opinion, is a cruel name to call a person, for "the word suggests a disagreeable kind of spurious activity. The hustler is not likely to be efficient. He makes a great show of doing things, but he does not, somehow, get them done." Americans, however, are remarkably efficient in "getting things done," yet they generally have withal abundant time to spare.

Our visitor first made this important discovery on entering a metropolitan restaurant. The diners, he observed, gave their orders with deliberation and then waited patiently a long time for the waiter to return.

Between the courses, also, many precious minutes were meekly wasted. The Canon likewise noted that during business hours Americans will cheerfully converse with callers about matters having no bearing whatever on trade or commerce, whereas an Englishman would "go white" at the mere thought of such an unbusinesslike practice. Americans' aversion to writing letters did not escape the observant novelist. To avoid that annoyance, large sums are spent on the long-distance telephone and men will travel hundreds of miles just to have a short interview. He might have added that our passion for swift transportation is really due to our love for leisure. Motor-cars speed madly into the suburbs to give the "tired business man" more time at home. Three minutes are triumphantly saved by a breathless dash from the local subway train to the express, only to be lightly squandered an hour later in waiting for dessert.

Incredible as it may seem, time is just as abundant in this country as in Europe, for we have all there is. "I haven't time," is an expression heard more often here, no doubt, than, let us say, in Ireland, but we mean by it, "I must not shorten by even a minute my hours of leisure." To what use we put the time so avariciously saved is another question. Like the rest of mankind we complain petulantly that "we have no time," and then serenely act as if we had an unlimited amount of it. No one "has time" for the really important duties of life, but we find boundless leisure for trifles.

Protestant Backsliding

The New York General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has received the report that in the last five years an annual average of 51,000 members was placed on the suspension roll; which means, being interpreted, that 255,777 Presbyterians of these parts "slipped back into the world, fell away, were relegated to the ecclesiastical scrapheap." The causes assigned for their backsliding were:

> The growing love of pleasure, disregard for the Lord's day and the Word of God, the increasing craze for amusements and the influence of worldly company—in short, the modern view of life which is preached by many secular organizations.

These causes are inadequate. Similar defections are taking place in nearly all Protestant churches, especially in their male membership, and worldliness and pleasure-seeking, which always existed, do not explain them. There was more and viler and more wide-spread worldliness in the Roman Empire, and yet Christianity weaned men away from it, and drew them into its churches, which it had continuously to multiply in order to make room for them; and this continued to be the story of the Christianization of all peoples. The same allurements in New York and elsewhere that draw Protestants away from their churches are also presented to Catholics; but they do not draw these away. Our churches are filled many times on Sunday, our altar rails are crowded with communicants; on week days Holy Mass is offered, our Church doors are open, and many enter. Why is it that the world's attractions lure away the one and not the other?

Broadly because true Christianity is a stronger attraction, and this Catholics have. It is not that amusements and worldliness lure away the Presbyterians and the rest, but that they have little Christianity from which to be lured. The Presbyterians had once a very definite faith; hard and repellent, it is true, but they believed in it. Then they went to church and, where they could, forced every one else to go along with them. But not for long could people be persuaded that, willy-nilly, they were damned or saved forever, that joy was sinful and happiness ungodly; and so creeds were pared down to the likings of the membership, until little was left for the members to like or to dislike. Once particularly strong [illegible] they have now eliminated it, and as ministers are [illegible] who will not affirm the Divinity of Christ or the inspiration of Scripture, they have but a very indefinite and unsatisfying heaven to offer to their listeners. Calvin abolished the Mass, and all the sacraments but two, which were allowed to remain as ordinances with some significance. His successors have robbed them of all significance. In other words they have merely the name of Christianity, not its essence. They have words, not truths; no definite belief or guidance, no sacrifice, no altar, no sacramental channels of grace, no Book inspired of God, no Christ Who is surely God the Son of God; and therefore no Christianity that will counteract the allurements of the devil, the world and the flesh. Hence their churches can have only the attractions of secular meeting houses; they are not centres of Divine Grace, and consequently repel people who want it or need it.

The same is true to a large extent of all non-Catholic denominations. Some try to compensate by music or sensationalism or Catholic imitations; but all are continually revising their indefinite creeds, which is a definite admission that they have none that is true, for Christ's Truth is unchangeable. There is one church that never changes; that holds all Christ's truth and preaches it; that has an altar and a sacrifice, which is Christ, the Son of God; and that gives Him and His Grace through His seven sacramental streams to His people. Therefore people go to His churches, for they know that He, their Saviour, is there, the Way the Truth and the Life, and that from Him they will find sustenance against the allurements and the sorrows of this world.

The Toll of Death

Brutal and brutalizing war still rages fiercely in Europe. Tales of misery and stories of horrors, all heart-rending in the extreme, are flashed across the ocean to fill the pages of our papers with accounts that bewilder the judgment and sicken the soul.

The list of dead and wounded is all but endless. The

blood of nations is flowing in rivers. Europe's fairest sons lie dead in huddled throngs, like animals stampeded and then struck lifeless by a powerful foe. Such is the victory of hate and greed and base materialism. Nations are offering their sacrifices to their gods: the victims are the souls of men. Our vaunted civilization has broken down and is presenting to angels and men a spectacle which brings the blush of shame to every decent cheek. Our boasted enlightenment is a murky thing, like hell fire, death dealing rather than vivifying. The purpose of a decent civilization is to preserve men and make them happy; the aim of this civilization is to cast them into the jaws of death by the thousands, leaving their widows and children helpless except to send forth a wail of sorrow that rings over the earth, a startling thing like a wail of the dead in the night.

The war had to come. Godlessness was rife: and godlessness leads to strife as well among civilized creatures as among savages. The war must go; men will drop their firearms from sheer exhaustion. But the war will come again, unless men change their ideals. God must be put in the place of inordinate desire for power and wealth. The things of heaven must be more than the things of earth. When this happens man will grow his full length and leave behind him his gods in quest of God, the Master of peace and love, the dispenser of the oil of mercy and the wine of love. This is the lesson that Benedict XV reads us in his encyclical on peace. When men take it to heart then will peace come.

Lilliputian Souls

Suppose you lived in a pin-hole; think of the magnificient arch of sky which would bend over your head! Sweep your gaze around upon the wide horizon encircling your vision: a rain-drop would be a deluge; a grain of sand would be a mighty boulder crashing down upon you with the force of an avalanche. You would sympathize with the anonymous poet who sang in his wild dreams: "Mosquitoes would be mastodons, if we were only small enough." "No, thank you," you would reply, "they are satisfactorily large as it is." What the alliterative versifier has expressed so fearsomely, the philosopher expresses more austerely in the phrase that all magnitude is relative.

If a pin-hole can convert a drop of water into Niagara, why is it not possible to reverse the telescope and see things small which are uncomfortably large? It is far more comforting to see mosquitoes dwindling into mites than developing into leviathans. Are you stranded at the bottom of a pin-hole or standing in triumphant exaltation on a mountain peak? The local pin-hole, the national pin-hole, the pin-holes of bigotry, of antipathy, of selfishness, these are the narrowers of men's horizons, these are the factories for the world's myopia (in every day no-charge English, short-sightedness). The usual derricks for hoisting people out of such cramped quarters are travel, reading, growth in years, humility and, in many aggravated cases, a good digestion.

Where you most need the reversed telescope is in contemplating evil. Some have been so overwhelmed by the evil around them that for them it has eclipsed God's Providence, poisoned His goodness, or even denied His existence. When things get too near, they bulk large and blot out the landscape. What narrows the skyline for you may be a mountain range or a city or one huge building, but for another the view may disappear behind a tree or a curtain two feet wide, or an eye-lid half an inch wide. A grain of dust in your eye means more to you than a sand-storm in the Sahara. Mighty armies may be slaying millions across the ocean, but that carnage will not shake the foundations of Divine confidence for a mother as the loss of a tiny babe may perhaps do.

The pin-hole position limits the outlook and keeps evil very near. The more remote the distance, the lesser the evil. You will not worry about a twinge of pain in one foot of an ant because you tower above it. Take your position on the sun, and this earth is like a baseball a mile away. Mount higher still and stand upon the heights of heaven; throw the stretches of eternity between you and your evils—and then what has become of them? A life of suffering is but a moment of pain; the carnage of war is a drop of blood; a devastating plague is a passing indisposition; "a thousand years but as one day."

You have the testimony of one who took his outlook from the pinnacle of heaven, anticipating that place before the time usually allotted to ordinary mortals. We must die to get out of our pin-hole entirely. This witness, however, "was caught up to the third heaven," and he weighed all the evils of time in the scales of eternity, and he discovered that our present tribulation is momentary and light, but "worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

LITERATURE

The Ignorance of the Past

The modern intellectual is affected in either one of two ways when confronted with the achievements of the past: he ignores them through fear or passes them by in ignorance. Mr. Walter Lippmann, the author of "Drift and Mastery" (Kennerley), is a typical example of an acute modern radical who, through ignorance of the past and a refusal to consider the theological and economic creeds endorsed by the Catholic Church and practised in those centuries when Europe was Catholic, sees the flame of civilization flare for a moment in Grecian times and then die down, to flare up again in some future Collectivist State. He is one of those who sketch that vital period of great intellectual activity that spreads from the twelfth to the sixteenth century under the general title of the Dark Ages, in which period Philosophy and Science lay side by side in a kind of stupor, until the Reformaton "liberated the intellect" (I believe that is the phrase) and finally achieved perfection in the philosophies of William James, Professor Bergson, etc., etc.

Thus Mr. Lippmann does not realize that that poverty

which is inevitable in capitalistic society, and which he, like all other men who are neither fools nor knaves, cordially detests, practically did not exist in the Middle Ages. The organization and care of labor by the gilds, the system of peasant proprietorship, made the creation of a proletariat impossible. Yet this democratic organization of society, which was gradually being perfected under the inspiration of the Faith, our author discards, not deigning in many pages devoted to suggestions for a radical remedy for the evils of Capitalism to consider it. Here is a conspiracy, if only an unconscious conspiracy, of silence in regard to Catholic solutions for economic ills. We would not mind if our opponents would state our solutions and correctly, and then attempt to refute them. But our opponents have lost their memories and can not even remember what our side of the quarrel is. G. K. Chesterton once remarked that Europe had a nasty knock on the head some years ago and that its memory of past ages is only now coming back. But surely it is now time to be done with these bad dreams and delusions about the Middle Ages that have haunted Europe's slow recovery; these false explanations of the past, these crazy pictures of the future.

I find the author stating that "the sanctity of property, the family, the dogma of sin—the rock of ages in brief—has been blasted for us," and an exclamation, "No wonder the churches are empty!" etc., etc. Now these accusations are justified when directed against the Protestant churches. "Go-to-church Sunday" is an admission of weakness. But here again Mr. Lippmann refuses to face the fact that the Faith exists, that it is alive, and not merely alive, but lively. It is *not* true that the various beliefs which Mr. Lippmann groups under the title of "the rock of ages" have been blasted for *us*. The explosive heresies of modern times have left the Rock which is Peter, untouched. The disintegration of Protestantism is not an argument against us, it is an argument in our favor. Europe is restating its belief in the dogma of sin, in the sanctity of property. Mr. Lippmann is behind the times. The increase of the Faith in England and America, the Catholic renascence in France, the possibilities of a new Catholic country in Poland at the end of this war, these things mean nothing to him. Educated in the non-Catholic tradition, he has no grasp of continuity in European affairs and is incapable of perceiving the flow of contemporary European thought in the direction of Catholicism. He sends a few modern heresies sprawling and then assumes that the world is his to rebuild according to his tastes. Noting a certain clever, if superficial, tone in his work, one would think that he would have experienced the fact that the one great opponent to the spirit that takes for granted that a new earth is going to be moulded, and a new society which will satisfy men without religion, is the Catholic Church.

Discarding Christianity which, in its assertion that those things which men have in common are more important than their differences, alone furnishes an argument for democracy, the anti-Catholic apologist for democracy is forced to resort to the poorest of all arguments, the argument on grounds of efficiency. So Mr. Lippmann. But this argument will not hold water. History teaches, with the possible exception of France, the impossibility of great masses of men being able to give adequate expression to their collective will. Cast aside Catholicism and you destroy all argument for democracy. Nor should Mr. Lippmann have overlooked the fact that the most democratic countries in Europe are the Catholic countries, and that the decision of the Irish and French and Polish peoples to remain nations of peasant proprietors; that is, free and democratic nations, is the direct result of their Catholic inheritance. It is not "the curse," as Lippmann asserts, but the blessing of Ireland and Poland and Alsace that they can not forget what they were. The democratic conditions in Catholic countries in the past and in the present is a curious commentary on his statement about the "undemocratic world which the Church dominated!"

"Had the Church achieved its full ambition, to be glorious and rich amidst poverty" . . . a perverted suggestion of that sort is difficult to answer. It is difficult to answer because practically the only answer is to call it a lie. There are accusations so futile and so false on the face of them, so intrinsically absurd when brought face to face with the facts of history, that the lie direct is the only possible reply. Imagine interpreting the activity of the Church in the Middle Ages as a great conspiracy to reduce her children to a state of pauperism!

I find on page 249 what Mr. Lippmann calls a "brilliant suggestion" of Freud's to the effect that men took refuge in monasteries to escape their sense of sin and their spiritual conflicts. One can only describe such a suggestion as sheer fatuity. Why one should feel less of a sinner because one takes the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and lives in community, is quite past my comprehension. Certainly this simple explanation of the growth of the monastic orders is not borne out in the writings of the monastic saints.

There are many definitions in "Drift and Mastery" which misrepresent Catholic doctrine. I quote from page 203: "The confessional where sin could be expressed and *therefore* purged; the vicarious atonement by which the consequences of human sins were lifted off men's shoulders." There is a crude misstatement of the Sacrament of Penance and an explanation of the Atonement which, coming from a non-Catholic writer, leads one to think that he has confused with Catholic doctrine the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith condemned by the Council of Trent (Session 6, Canon 11). Immediately after this quotation comes a very serious lapse in Mr. Lippmann's "scholarship." He quotes some sentences from a volume of meditations with the claim that they are excerpts from St. Ignatius' "Spiritual Exercises." It just happens that St. Ignatius never wrote a meditation on death. Then there is the amusing statement that the Church has always opposed the inventor and those who have helped mankind to a greater degree of self-government. Shades of Pasteur, Linacre, Mendel, Galvani and Müller!

I remember some phrases in an essay on "The Barbarians," by Hilaire Belloc, which are an excellent commentary on Mr. Lippmann's curiously naïve and conceited statement that the only people who can stomach a pluralistic philosophy are those who have grown strong enough to do without an absolute faith. As though belief in God necessarily involved weakness of intellect or morals! Belloc remarked:

> The Barbarian struts like a nigger in evening clothes when he has grown to be a "pragmatist," and believes himself superior to the gift of reason, or free to maintain that definition, limit, quantity or contradiction are little childish things which he has outgrown. . . . Discipline seems to him irrational, on which account he is forever marvelling that civilization should have offended him with soldiers and priests. . . . The Barbarian wonders what strange meaning may lurk in that ancient and solemn truth, *Sine auctoritate nulla vita.*

How true!

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

REVIEWS

The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry. Introduction and Narrative by HILAIRE BELLOC. With 76 illustrations in color. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

There is something peculiarly apposite in this presentment of the Bayeux Tapestry, for Mr. Belloc, representative of both England and France, who has been an English Member of Parliament and a French gunner, sets forth the event which was to bring the two countries into such close relationship.

Hastings saw England and France opposed in arms: to-day sees the two nations in arms against a common foe.

The Tapestry, which is preserved in the main room of what was once the Bishop's Palace at Bayeux in Normandy, is a complete pageant of the Conquest of England, by William of Normandy, in 1066. The Tapestry has been held to be contemporary with the Conquest, and on the supposition that it was woven by the wives of those who fought in the Battle of Hastings has been called "Queen Matilda's Tapestry." Mr. Belloc proceeds to destroy this tradition, and, so it appears, by very sound arguments, and places its construction somewhere in the twelfth century. This is the academic interest of the Tapestry.

The historical feature of the Tapestry is that in giving the story of the Conquest it places Harold in the light of a perjured traitor, and William as the hero; thus it is a justification of the Norman cause. But in the popular mind it is Harold who is the hero; William is the foreign invader. Both in "Ivanhoe" and "Hereward the Wake" the dying Saxon cause has been set forth as the cause of the people; though, as "every schoolboy knows," the Norman Conquest was but an incident in the fusion of that mixed race known as the English. Two incidents stand out in the Bayeux story of the Conquest, incidents that were calculated to carry weight with those for whom the pageant was designed. They are the oath which Harold swore on the Blessed Sacrament and the relics of the saints, and his coronation as king by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the former is the pivot upon which turned the Norman accusation of treason and perjury. With regard to Stigand, his position was certainly irregular and even schismatic. The true Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert of Jumièges, had escaped to the Continent after the return of Godwine, and Stigand was intruded into the Metropolitan See. From the Catholic point of view, the only one, as there were no Protestants in those days, the case of Harold was hopeless. He had broken a most solemn oath, he had received his sacring at the hands of a schismatic prelate, and therefore in the eyes of Christendom the Norman cause needed very little justification. This is the light in which we must read the Tapestry, although the popular mind has immortalized the last of the Saxon Kings falling, his brain pierced by an arrow, on the field of Hastings.

H. C. W.

The World Missions of the Catholic Church. A Text Book for the Teachers of our Parochial Schools, Colleges and Academies. By Rev. FREDERIC SCHWAGER, S.V.D. Techny, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word. $0.40.

This book may be looked upon as a novelty in our Catholic pedagogic literature; but the novelty is a timely and happy one. As one of the consequences of the war the support and even the very existence of many of our foreign missions depend entirely upon us and upon the children we now educate. This indeed is in itself a sufficient reason for following the suggestion, made at the last missionary congress by Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, that the study of the foreign missions should find a place in our Catholic schools. But such a study has likewise its purely educative value which is not to be underestimated. Father Schwager rightly says:

> We look upon the hero tales of the ancient Greeks and Romans as ennobling and inspiring; but how much more ennobling and inspiring the story of the Christian martyrs of our day! Is there any better way of learning to appreciate the ethical and cultural influence of our Church than, by contrast, getting an insight into heathendom.

The author has no thought of introducing a new branch of learning into our curriculum. We are encumbered with too many branches already. Neither is the book intended for the use of pupils, but for the direction of teachers. It is meant to suggest, under headings parallel to the matter treated in the text-books, valuable mission information which can be used in connection with the teaching of catechism and Bible history. A second volume, which is to appear in January, will serve the same purpose for the teachers of history and geography. These books are not, of course, exhaustive, but will prove inspiring and suggestive. They will be a new source of interest as well as of apostolic zeal in the classroom.

J. H.

The Struggle for Scutari. By M. EDITH DURHAM. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi seems as true of modern Albanians as of ancient Greeks; and, so far as Miss Durham is concerned, the world need be under no illusion in the matter. When Nikola, of Montenegro, made himself king we were given beautiful pictures of the Montenegrin people. They were a happy, innocent lot, unspoiled by too much civilization. They had, of course, little quarrels over sheep and such like. But these they carried to their beloved prince, who, sitting under a tree before his palace, would do justice in the manner of the ancient world. They were brave, too, holding their cherished Christianity in their mountain fastnesses against the Moslem for centuries. They loved their Albanian neighbors as brothers, yearning to free them from the Turk that they might make them sharers in their Christian liberty.

Miss Durham, who has lived among the Albanians as their guide, philosopher and friend, and their nurse and surgeon, too, on occasion, tells another tale. The Montenegrin is a swaggerer, achieving great things in word, but a failure in action. King Nikola is a crafty politician, and his State, in proportion to its size, yields to none in the peninsula in the excellence of its graft. He is as skilful in winning imaginary battles, in capturing castles in Spain, in slaying hosts of enemies over and over again, as those greater than he inside and outside the Balkans, and as able as they to explain a defeat in terms of a triumph. His subjects, therefore, are not disinclined to revolt. The love for the Albanian is a fiction. What Montenegrins love is Albanian land; and their notion of settling with its possessors is Cromwell's Irish method carried to its highest and simplest perfection. Prince Danilo is said to be so vigorous an advocate of such a pacification of Albania, as to have won the title of the Montenegrin Nero. The Montenegrin religion seems to have this, in common with Orange Protestantism, that it consists in great part of a virulent hatred of Catholics.

Miss Durham is a partisan of the Albanians. She corrects a good many errors regarding their tribes that the newspapers have made current, but she does not hide their shortcomings. Her book impresses us favorably as a faithful record by one capable of discerning the truth, with abundant opportunity to do so. Incidentally the Servians come in, and what she has to say of them is not flattering. Had her view taken in other Balkan peoples one can hardly doubt that she would have been equally outspoken. Probably the true view of them all is, that they are as yet decidedly elemental, given to torturing and slaughtering hereditary enemies without restraint, unfit as yet to be allowed the free use of guns and gunpowder, the tools of higher powers, open and concealed. A few decades of paternal government seeking only their good, bringing them under the most efficacious influences of religion, would make a great people out of them, for the material is noble. But who is to give them that government? They are still waiting for it, and in the meantime are pawns of the Russian, the German, the Austrian, not to mention

the revolutionary committees and their rulers, just as they were of the Turks in the past. They remain to-day among the most cruelly wronged peoples the world has ever known, and their cry must go up against their successive oppressors to the throne of God. The wrongs of the Balkan peoples are being avenged at this moment from the North Sea to the Vistula. But will they be redressed? H. W.

Criticism. By W. C. BRONWELL.

On Acting. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $0.75 each.

These are two slight brochures of attractive appearance. "Criticism" is more comprehensive than philosophical. It attempts to cover the whole field. "On Acting," better advised, feeling it could not compress a whole theory into a brief space, touches lightly on a few aspects of its subject. It is more interesting and far more clear. Its principles are not entangled in a web of words but often are embodied in a sparkling anecdote. "Criticism" presents a sane and sound theory of its topic, and on such subjects as impressionism and realism it is quite satisfactory. In demanding only a tincture of philosophy for critics it is not correct, unless it understands by philosophy, as perhaps it does, theorizing. A tincture of Taine's false theorizing on environment is enough, as "Criticism" seems to admit. But if by philosophy is understood a right understanding of man's frailties and the way to reach them through language, then a tincture of such philosophy is unhappily all that most critics do possess, but not all that they ought to possess. In their style these two companion books differ widely. "On Acting" leads its reader on easily, delightfully, without a halt. Its sentences are short; its illustrations to the point, and its stories new. "Criticism" demands patience. Occasionally, to the reader's great relief, its discussion crystallizes into an epigram, but, as a rule, "Criticism" is too much inclined to the Henry James type of sentence, the discursive sentence, which leaves New York for New Orleans and arrives at Boston by way of the Suez Canal. F. P. D.

Essays on Books. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The essay is to prose what the lyric is to poetry. Its dominant note is subjectivism. It is the vehicle of personal thoughts and feelings about a subject or event. In these "Essays on Books" Professor Phelps entertainingly tells us many of his own thoughts and feelings about authors and books of lasting interest. The world will ever be ready to listen and to learn when Richardson, Dickens, Jane Austen, Lessing, Herrick and other authors of their calibre are the subject matter of discussion. But the personal attitude of mind of the literary critic is oftentimes more interesting and important than anything, however excellent, he has to say. Professor Phelps has said much in this volume which is excellent, and in the saying of it, he has indicated an unmistakable attitude of mind on a fundamental problem which is still more admirable. His outlook is sufficiently rare in these days of artistic and literary Philistinism to provoke both comment and commendation, for he shows an uncompromising belief in the need of morality and religion, both in real life and book life.

In "Conversations with Paul Heyse," the German litterateur evidently deeply impressed the author, when he said to him:

> I used to think perhaps we could get along without it (religion). . . . Now I know . . . there is absolutely no substitute for it. . . . Science and Monism can never fill any place in the human heart. Religion alone can satisfy human longings and human aspiration.

As for the need of morality and religion in books, Professor Phelps enunciates a solid literary dogma when he says in his thoughts on Dickens: "The moral attitude of a writer, his grasp of the religious and moral basis of life is of the highest importance, for out of that flows the stream of his works, and its quality and flavor are largely determined by it." The author makes unerring application of this principle when he puts his finger on the sore spot of much modern literature, the "absence of the central fire of faith," wherefore "a large number of brilliantly-written novels and dramas in our time betray not merely weariness, gloom and heart-sickness, but above all bewilderment and uncertainty."

Professor Phelps is so sure in his grasp on certain principles, that we read with regret such a statement as this: "A formal creed in art is as unsatisfactory as a formal creed in religion." Surely, the whole history of religion triumphantly demonstrates the fact that creedless religion is emasculated religion, that the rejection of formal religious creed inevitably leads to the assumption of religious scepticism with all the sad effects in life which the professor so skilfully depicts in modern literature. I. W. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Catholic Mind for November 22 is meant to be a convert-maker. In it is printed "The Architect's Plan," a line of argument which the author, Father John A. Cotter, S.J., has found by experience very effective for bringing intellectual conviction to those seeking the true Church of Christ. In this same number the late Mgr. Benson tells, as few better can, of "The Happiness of Catholicism"; Father Woods writes luminously on "Infallibility," and Father Dwight answers briefly the question, "Was St. Peter in Rome?" The pamphlet should, perhaps, bear in red ink the warning, "Dangerous to Protestants!" but those who have prospective converts to deal with will find a well-stocked armory in the current *Catholic Mind*.

"Modern Lovers" (Richard G. Badger, Boston, $1.25), is a novel by Viola Meynell, whose name, it will be remembered, Francis Thompson wove so prettily into his poetry. A carefully written story of the leisurely, analytical kind, the book is chiefly concerned with the fair but deceitful "Effie" and her two lovers. The author describes with skill an unamiable, middle-class English family, and the heroine's success in conquering a radical weakness in her character. In novels like this it is customary to give detailed accounts of humdrum conversations and familiar psychological processes. The author's "artistry" does much to keep such pages from growing tiresome, but withal the peril is not wholly absent. As was to be expected from a Meynell, the literary finish of "Modern Lovers" is high.

"Hugh Carton," the author of "The Grand Assize" (Doubleday, $1.35), is said to be the pen-name of an "English clergyman of high rank," who is well known both as a preacher and as a "student of affairs." He brings before Our Divine Lord for judgment individuals representing the varied classes in modern society, such as the plutocrat, the drunkard, the prostitute, the actor, the politician, the "cleric," etc. They all make a sincere confession, guardian angels say what they can for the culprits, then the Judge, on questioning each, finds that they are victims of their environment or bad bringing-up, so He consigns all to a kind of mild purgatory. The publishers describe the work as a "truly reverent conception of the Last Judgment." With this assertion the Catholic reader will not agree. Sinners compelled at the "Grand Assize," even in the teeth and forehead of their faults, to give in evidence, will not be the composed creatures of this book,

nor does the Judge portrayed in Holy Writ resemble the one presiding over this author's court. Many of the chapters are powerfully written and contain pitiless descriptions of the men and women who now prey on society.

The cartoon on the cover of the Boston *Truth* for November 19 is a particularly good one. Grim-visaged war is about to behead a tiny, winged babe, who awaits the blow bound and kneeling, but with a smile and a wink for the beholder. The picture is entitled "Finis" and means that *Truth* has had its last issue; "at least for the present," as the war has cut the paper's "income in halves, making it impossible to continue." The announcement will bring keen regret to the readers of that bright and fearless little weekly. Mr. George R. Conroy, its editor and publisher, excels in the art of telling the truth with a smile, and has valiantly defended, during the two years of his paper's existence, "our civilization, the home, and all that Christianity holds dear." When the war is over, *Truth,* we hope, will rise again. It has died "game," moreover, "owing no man a dollar which it is unable to pay," and with a clever parting shot at its "chief mourners."

"From Dublin to Chicago" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50) is an amusing volume of impressions gathered during a brief American tour by the Irish Protestant novelist, George A. Birmingham, who in private life is Canon Hannay. The book should be pleasant reading for Americans, as the author admires nearly everything he saw over here, and writes with enthusiasm of many things that are criticized, as a rule, by tourists from Europe. He found New York the cleanest city he ever saw, considered St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Graduate College buildings at Princeton the finest examples there are of modern Gothic, did not think we use nearly as much profanity as Englishmen, was struck by our "reverence" for women, and liked immensely our sanguine, companionable spirit. In his last chapter on "The Irishman Abroad," which is perhaps the best in the book, the author dwells feelingly on the success his countrymen have had in whatever they undertook in every country but Ireland.

The readers, critics and contributors, with whom Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly,* has had business relations, furnish him with matter for an amusing little book called "The Reading Public" (Houghton, $0.75). The author knows just what sort of literature appeals to "the man in the street," he can predict with uncanny accuracy the contents of next week's periodical, he has a noble scorn for "machine-made novels," inveighs eloquently against the so-called "women's publications" with their "tawdry make-believe," "literary cant," "sickening sentiment" and "doubtful sex-consciousness," assures us that the *Atlantic* accepts but 250 of the 12,000 manuscripts submitted every year, and quotes the following titbit from a breezy Westerner's criticism of the magazine:

> Your articles are weak and vapid, your essays nonsense, your stories utterly without interest, and your poetry is rotten. If you would only listen to reason, and try to learn how to make a magazine, but you Easterners know it all, so h——! what's the use!

It is letters of this kind that keep editors well supplied with the humility that is so necessary for men of their calling.

Artistic panel calenders, entitled "The Catholic Church," "Dominus Vobiscum," "Madonna" and "Cheer Up," have come from E. P. Dutton & Co. The first is for Catholics, the second and third for Anglicans, the fourth for the melancholy. Another is called "Merrie Thoughts," with a jest, presumably a fresh one, for every day of the year. But it will take courage to keep pulling off that slip regularly.—Benziger's "Home Annual" for 1915, is now ready for its patrons. Among the illustrated articles is Father Campbell's sketch of Le Moyne D'Iberville, and the magazine's frontispiece is a portrait of Benedict XV. It is a copy in black and white of John F. Kaufman's recent painting of the Holy Father, of which excellent reproductions in color are being sold by Benziger for fifty cents each. The picture is twenty-four by eighteen inches in size, and is very suitable for framing.—Next year's "Catholic Calendar" ($0.50), with its well-chosen daily quotations from authors who belong, for the most part, to the household of the Faith, has lately been published by the Mt. Carmel Guild, 50 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Whatever profits are made on the Calendar will be used for the charitable work of the Guild.—Some of the most artistic and appropriate Christmas cards there are can be had from the Benedictine nuns of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, South Wales. Dame Catherine Weeks, the community's gifted artist, offers the public a wide choice of designs. From Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, comes their artistic "Impressions Calendar" ($0.50) for 1915. On each panel, which number fifty-two, are printed helpful lines from a poet or moralist.

The lamentable state of Belgium has inspired Mr. Stuart P. Sherman to write the following sonnet, which is published in the New York *Nation:*

> White mouths that clamor for the unreaped wheat,
> Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,
> Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,
> Dispeopled, exiled King: be comforted.
> Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense
> To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships
> In drowning agonies, the fields immense
> Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,
> Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell
> Of world-wide pity, love and chivalry,
> We say the awful sacrifice is well.
> The old law holds; on this new Calvary
> Humanity, uplifted, crucified,
> Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

And the shelling of Reims Cathedral made Katherine Tynan send the London *Tablet* these verses:

> *Reims is down in fire and smoke,*
> *The hour of God is at the stroke.*
> Round and round the ruined place,
> (Jesu, Mary, give us grace!)
> There are two riders clad in mail
> Silver as the moon pale.
> One is tall as a knight's spear,
> The younger one is lowlier,
> Small and slim and like a maid:
> Steeds and riders cast no shade.
> Who are then these cavaliers?
> There was a sound as Heaven dropped tears.
> Who are these that ride so light,
> Soundless in the flaming light,
> Where Reims burns that was given
> By France to Mary, Queen of Heaven?
> *Oh, our Reims, our Reims is down,*
> *Naught is left of her renown.*
> Hist! what sound is on the breeze,
> Like the sighing of forest trees?
> Or a great wind or an army,
> Like the waves of the leaping sea?
> The tall knight rides fierce and fast
> To the sound of a trumpet blast.
> The little knight in fire and flame,
> Slender and soft like a dame,
> Rides and is not far behind,
> Her long hair floats on the wind.
> And e'en the tramp of chivalry
> Comes like the sound of the sea.

This is Michael, rides abroad,
Prince of the Army of God.
And this, like a lily arrayed,
Surely this is Joan, the Blessed Maid.
Reims is down in fire and smoke,
And the hour of God's at the stroke.

When the best of the poetry the Great War has already evoked and will call forth, is gathered into an anthology, it ought to be a "possession forever."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
First Year Science. By William H. Snyder. $1.25.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
Modern Lovers. By Viola Meynell. $1.25.

Columbia University Press, New York:
A Pageant of the XIII Century. Text by John Erskine.

Devin, Adair Co., New York:
Your Pay Envelope. By John R. Meader. $1.00.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Unknown Guest. By Maurice Maeterlinck. $1.50; Patty's Suitors. By Carolyn Wells. $1.25; The Mason Bees. By J. Henri Fabre. $1.50; Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. $3.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Catholic Library. Vol. XV. Down West: Sketches of Irish Life. By Alice Dease. $0.30; The Gospel of St. John. With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Joseph MacRory, D.D. $2.25.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Juvenile Court and the Community. By Thomas D. Eliot. $1.25.

Oxford University Press, New York:
Essays. By Matthew Arnold.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
France Herself Again. By Ernest Dimnet. $2.50.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
"And So They Were Married." A Comedy of the New Woman. By Jesse Lynch Williams. $1.25; The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by E. C. Stedman and Professor G. E. Woodberry. $2.00.

Fred'k. Stokes Co., New York:
Through Siberia the Land of the Future. By Fridtjof Nansen. $5.00.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
Sermons for the Children's Mass. By Rev. F. Reuter. $1.00; Short Sermons on the Gospels. By Rev. F. Peppert. $1.00; The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children. By Rev. M. Parks. $1.50; Conferences for Boys. By Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. $1.50.

EDUCATION

His Own Master

Utendum est tempore cito pede labitur tempus. We read the inscription on the old gateway, and pass under the arch into the dormitory quadrangle. It is a place of dreams. Dreamy is the golden air, dreamy the gray old walls, a castle of dreams the far hills, asleep in the purple haze of Indian summer. Over the doorways quaint scrolls of Latin twine themselves about the sculptured arms. *Litteræ sine moribus vanæ,* the pilgrim reads; *aut inveniemus viam aut faciemus.* Truly there is much good moralizing graven here in silent stone. But the dreams pass, as do all things beautiful, and one awakens to realities when, on drawing near to decipher a moss-covered inscription, *Hic patet ingeniis campus,* one comes upon a living example of an *ingenuus.* He stands in the doorway, his garb a riot of dissonant color. There is a short pipe between his teeth; upon his head a cap, bearing mystic numerals. Desiring closer inspection of the visitor who has strayed into this academic close, a bulldog tugs at his leash. An ill-regulated university, forsooth, where Freshmen may smoke pipes in public unrebuked, and play a straining bulldog at the end of a chain! But even as wisdom is justified of her children, so by this scene is Doctor Fitch, of Andover, justified in the charming picture which he sketched last spring for the undergraduates of Williams College. "College opens," writes the author of "The College Course and the Preparation for Life," "and he, once a schoolboy, now an undergraduate, stands, his own master, at his dormitory door." Sure enough; here he is. We have seen him with these eyes.

The Genus Freshman

His own master! There is charm in the phrase for all of us, even though we know it is not true. But it flatters old age; and it flatters particularly the callow youth who comes up from the country to partake of the glory that beats about the "college man." Until to-day, when he matriculates, proceeds Dr. Fitch in his explanation of the genus Freshman, "his life has been summed up in terms of a mediatized experience." This is a dreadful and alarming phrase.

("Harold," says the delightful Simeon Strunsky, "do you feel the sacred innocence of childhood brooding in you?"
He was alarmed, but bravely attempted a smile.
"Ah, father!" he said.
I looked at him severely.
"Do you know what I ought to do to you in the name of the New Parenthood?"
"Ah, father!" and his lip trembled.
"You are a disgrace to the Eternal Spark within you," I said.
He lowered his head, and began to cry.
"Go into the next room," I said, "and stand with your face to the corner for ten minutes.")

This parenthesis is merely to show that Terms can be Alarming without meaning much. Let us now rejoin Dr. Fitch. "The keynote of all wholesome boyhood," he instructs us, "is obedience." "Life is known to him only in its accepted and accredited expression." But with the triumphal passing of the Entrance Examinations, life takes on a new aspect. The curtain rises upon a new scene. Or rather, if one accepts Dr. Fitch's view, the old playhouse is darkened forever, and the lights flare up in the College Theatre for a new play, drama or comedy, as the fates may choose to turn the action. With eager hand, Dr. Fitch draws up the synopsis. The four years of college life "contain a maximum of privileges with a minimum of responsibility." They are "years of unparalleled opportunity and extraordinary stimulus." "The college deliberately releases him from the restraints and traditions of a provincial and domestic life. He is given a large measure of leisure and independence to use that leisure as he sees fit." "Above all, these years offer to the youth spiritual and intellectual freedom, the one thing which in the final days of his schooling he did most passionately desire."

Misjudged Reggie

Ah, Reggie, Reggie, uncertain of voice, awkward of gait and gesture, how cruelly we parents, we high school teachers, have misjudged you! Madame, take a look at your boy. Your eyes may find him beautiful, your heart may say that never was there such a paragon. But, did you not think, even you, that food and football, and a little cigarette smoking on the sly, and his "crowd" and his chum, and a sneaking fondness for his sister Nancy's fudge, and perhaps, a fondness which betrays itself by being gruffly disowned, for the little girl next door—didn't even you think that these were the main activities of Reggie's venerable years? How dull your eyes, Madame! All the while, the whole being of your child of sixteen winters, was crying aloud for that which he did most passionately desire, "spiritual and intellectual freedom." And you, most purblind masters, I perceive you move uneasily as you listen to Dr. Fitch. You, who in ten years at the desk, have moiled and parried with Reggie and his thousand brothers, what can you say to palliate the cruelty of the sentence you were wont to pass upon him? When Reggie proclaimed, *verbis et re,* that Euclid was a bore, Latin a mistake, and Greek a crime; when Reggie used a "pony" and was caught at it; when Reggie developed strange ailments unknown to the fraternity, yet of sufficient gravity to remove for the nonce his smiling countenance from your range of

vision; what were the hard words that sprang to your unthinking lips? Did you not say most brutally, that Reggie was a "sharker," a trifler, a good-for-nothing; did you not darkly prophesy that he would come to no high place in the Republic of Letters? O, blind generation, why could you not see in your contact with squads of Reggies, that each youth was another Patrick Henry, who, though mute for want of fitting academic language, yet was bursting with inarticulate yearnings for that which he did most passionately desire, *i.e.*, spiritual and intellectual freedom?

THE NEW FREEDOM

But happily, Reggie's most passionate desire for freedom, spiritual and intellectual, is gratified to the full in Dr. Fitch's typical college. Yet "even more significant" is the fact that "ideas and convictions are no longer imposed upon him from without. In the critical and neutral atmosphere of the classroom, everything is questioned, nothing is taken for granted." When one recalls the ordinary Freshman of romance and reality, with his fondness for shirking intensive work, and his notorious lack of that independence of judgment which, in the nature of this world, can come only with years of experience with men and affairs, it is difficult to believe that Dr. Fitch wishes to be taken seriously. Père Hardouin, in the seventeenth century, argued acutely that the majority of the classics were the forgeries of thirteenth century monks. Is our Freshman to reopen this question, by pursuing an independent inquiry into the authenticity of Horace, before he will deign to construe his *Mæcenas atavis?* Is he to regard with distrust Euclid and his hoary axioms, and turn his mighty intellect to test the validity of a geometry of four and, possibly, five dimensions? Will his passion for independent thinking lead him to observe in himself the reactions *usque ad mortem* of strychnine and prussic acid? In the critical atmosphere of the classroom, Dr. Fitch assures us, nothing is to be taken for granted. All this is said with an admirable air of intellectual austerity. In reality, however, Dr. Fitch must know that he is setting a task for his Freshman of seventeen summers, which neither he himself nor any mortal ever attempted. No man, even were he gifted with the sum of the industry and the intellectual gianthood of Aristotle and Aquinas, could review and prove the whole field of human knowledge. Life is not long enough for a religion of inferences, wrote Newman, wearily elaborating a dictum of common sense. Nor is life long enough to allow any individual mind to gather for itself, by independent investigation, a respectable body of information, or the whole truth concerning even one small art or science. "We shall never have done beginning," affirms Newman, "if we determine to begin with proof. We shall ever be laying foundations—we shall never get at our first principles. Resolve to believe nothing, and you must prove your proofs and analyze your elements, sinking further and further, and finding 'in the lowest depth a lower deep' until you come to the broad bosom of skepticism."

FINDING HIS SOUL

But Dr. Fitch's idea of what Reggie can bear goes even beyond this. True, he admits that this new wine may be somewhat heady, but it is necessary for Reggie's growth. "No one can carry boys through adolescence into manhood in a perambulator, no decent boy would endure the experience." But there is nothing even faintly reminiscent of the perambulator or the nurse in Dr. Fitch's ideal college.

> If the keynote of every good school is obedience, then the keynote of every good college is freedom, freedom to investigate everything for one's self. The boy now is not merely permitted, he is expected, to find his own soul and his own view of life.

Madame (or Sir), take another look at Reggie. Next year you will send him to college. We know he is a fairly good boy. But that is precisely the difficulty; that he is only a boy. To pass unscathed through Dr. Fitch's college, he must needs have the intellectual and moral poise of an archangel. For in the non-Catholic college pictured by the President of Andover, he will be cut loose from "domestic tradition." He will be taught "to question everything, to take nothing for granted," the faith taught by Christ included, Though obedience is the foundation of civilization, he will be told that "freedom," not "obedience," is the "keynote of every good college." Finally, he will be allowed to believe that he is "his own master."

Do you think that this atmosphere will help Reggie to "find his own soul"? that it will make him the son you would wish for your old age? that he will come out of it a better citizen, a truer Catholic?

Is this the college you want for your boy?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

A "Don't" for Sociological Workers

Catholic students in non-Catholic schools of sociology are at times referred to the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," edited by William D. P. Bliss and published by Funk & Wagnalls. Beyond doubt the book contains much valuable information, notably in an article on the Church and Social Reform by Dr. William J. Kerby, of the Catholic University. But as a whole, the volume is decidedly unsatisfactory, not only from the historical but from the scientific viewpoint. Of recent years compilers of school histories have been forced to the admission that the Catholic Church has exercised some influence in civilizing Europe. They have begun to realize, faintly, perhaps, the truth of Newman's saying that those who glibly rail against the ignorance of the Church of Rome, are too benighted to be aware that the learned world owes the Bible and the classics to the care of the Church's ignorant sons, the lazy medieval monks. Writers on sociology have not as yet reached this stage of enlightenment. They, or many of them, are obsessed by the idea that what is now termed social work began with them, and that the part played by the Church during nineteen centuries was, in the main, destructive of the temporal happiness of men and nations.

To note all the faults, negative and positive, of this encyclopedia would serve no good purpose. Briefly, the work does the Church the double injustice of omitting all mention of most of the social work which her children have accomplished, and of misrepresenting, or damning with faint praise, the Catholic factors to which it gives space.

SINS OF OMISSION

Let us first consider the facts which the encyclopedia omits. We find no article on St. Benedict, whose venerable monastery at Monte Cassino Gladstone once called the cradle of European civilization, nor on Francis of Assisi, whose Third Order, as even non-Catholic writers admit, was one of the strongest social forces ever evolved by a single man. It is almost incredible that an "Encyclopedia of Social Reform" furnishes the student with no article on the modern apostle of charity, St. Vincent de Paul. Justinian, Charlemagne, Nicholas of Cusa and St. John de Matha are mentioned "incidentally." Frederick Ozanam, founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, is not deemed worthy of special treatment. Lacordaire and Windthorst are passed over in silence. Lamennais, who left the Church, is honored with a special article, but de Maistre and de Mun, who remained true to her, are ignored. Among German social

leaders, Huber and Stocker get more space than Bishop von Ketteler, while Father Kolping, the founder of the Gesellenverein, is not even mentioned. Father Mathew is omitted, and the space thus saved is devoted to a relatively insignificant temperance worker named Murphy. Why is no credit given to the great social work of the various religious orders? Why is there no mention of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the many communities of the Sisters of Charity? It is obvious that the great social services of the religious orders of the Church are treated with something very like contempt.

Compare the vast achievements of the monks of St. Benedict, embracing nations and extending through centuries, with the influence of a present-day social settlement. Of the former, nothing is said. Some of these settlements, however, have pages devoted to them. Even the Chicago Anarchists monopolize six columns. In anything like a just proportion of space, the work of the Benedictines should cover twenty or more pages, while the Chicago Anarchists, if mentioned at all, should be dealt with in a few lines. To show the absolute want of proportion in this matter, it is sufficient to state that more space is given to Chicago and Chicago Anarchists than to the entire social work of the Catholic Church for nineteen centuries. In fact the editor, a retired minister and a Socialist, seems supinely ignorant of social work of past ages. The only facts worthy of recording seemed to revolve around the narrow circle of his own limited vision.

SINS OF COMMISSION

Let us come to the sins of commission. Not a single important article that touches the Church can be relied upon. It is simply a waste of time to go to this encyclopedia for any subject even distantly related to the Catholic Church. The articles on divorce, on education, on the family, on woman and on crime are inaccurate, and often hostile to Catholic teaching. In these accounts will be found many of the old lies and calumnies against the Church. We select but a single example. In the article, "Woman's Position," on page 1295, we read:

> The influence of monasticism and asceticism on the ordinary life of a woman was almost wholly bad. To conceive of marriage as a sin was to give it over to sin. The terrible reactions of asceticism and the corruption developed by monasticism are well known. Nevertheless the nunneries did enable some women to escape the violence of the times and develop saintly lives. In connection with this was the development of Mariolatry. The worship of the Virgin has probably more connection with the romantic and partly sensuous ideas of medieval chivalry than all writers are willing to admit.

So much for the Catholics who considered marriage a sin and worshiped the Virgin. What must be thought of the ignorant contributor who writes such nonsense, of the editor-in-chief who approves it, and publishers who print it?

On the same page we read of the glorious achievements of Protestantism in behalf of woman:

> The effect of the Protestant Reformation on the social status of woman was undoubtedly good, though not an unmixed good. Its greatest effect in this respect was to condemn celibacy, the false praise of virginity, and the condemnation of marriage. Second only to this was its effect in freeing woman from the subjection to the confessor and the priest. The sanctity of married life, the inviolability of the home, are almost distinctly Protestant conceptions.

Pages might be filled with extracts equally untrue, equally insulting. It is some consolation, however, to know that the writer of these lines is a violent suffragette. But we would ask: Why did the editor and the publisher allow such irresponsible and unqualified creatures to contribute articles to an "encyclopedia"?

Students who wish to know the truth about the Catholic Church and social reform should not consult the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," edited by William D. P. Bliss and published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Loyola University, Chicago. HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Father Bernard Vaughan has undertaken the task of issuing a Flemish newspaper for the refugees in England. At present *De Stem België* (The Voice of Belgium) is issued once a week, but Father Vaughan hopes soon to make it a bi-weekly. "I can conceive of no better means of keeping up the courage and spirits of our unfortunate guests from Belgium," writes Father Vaughan, "than the circulation among them of a paper which will appeal to their domestic, social, patriotic and religious instincts." It is said that there are in London alone nearly seventy thousand Belgians who neither speak nor understand English. A paper in their own language will be a great boon to the refugees, although if it contains as little real news from the Continent as the London *Times*, for example, it will not be particularly enlightening.

Within the present year, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran and Episcopalian clergymen, have spoken on the danger of irreligious schools. In some sections of the country, Lutheran parochial schools flourish, and the Episcopalians have a few schools and colleges in which religion is taught. The other religious bodies, unmindful of the warning given by some of their leaders, seem content to put up with the present non-religious, which in practice is irreligious, system of schools. In the current "American Jewish Year Book," Dr. J. H. Greenstone writes that more than two-thirds of the future American Jews "are allowed to grow up outside the sphere of any religious influence or guidance." London, with an estimated Jewish population of 150,000, provides religious instruction for nearly 25,000 children. New York, with a far larger population, cares for scarcely one-fifth of that number. The present annual expenditure for elementary Jewish education in the United States is estimated at something more than $1,000,000.00. If all children of school age are to be reached, Dr. Greenstone calculates that, at a minimum rate of $8.00 yearly, an annual expenditure of $3,200,000.00 will be required. The New York Kehillah (Jewish Congregation) established a bureau of education in 1910, and has been laboring with some success to further religious education. But progress has been slow.

To a certain extent, one may look indulgently upon the doddering zoophily of *Our Dumb Animals*. But that periodical as a teacher of Scripture and Church History is intolerable. On the first page of the November issue, the Rev. A. A. Berle, D.D. is permitted to utter, among other inanities, two supremely foolish statements. The first is, that there is absolutely no evidence that Christ ever taught dogma, or required the acceptance of dogma for membership in His Church. In reply, it may be submitted that Dr. Berle's very assumption that Christ founded a Church to which we must submit is a dogma. Next, Dr. Berle's attention may be drawn to the scriptural fact, that Christ promised damnation to all who refused belief to His teaching and to the teaching of the Apostles. This is a fair proof that the acceptance of dogma is necessary for fellowship with Christ, and eternal salvation. Dr. Berle's second statement is that the catastrophe of Christianity was wrought by the Council of Nicea in the year 325 A. D. Dr. Berle's nicety in adding "A. D." is superfluous. There were no councils of Christian bishops before the coming of Christ. Again Dr.

Berle's attention is drawn to Christ's promise to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world. Possibly Dr. Berle's reading of the text is "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the year 325 A. D." One notes with grief that Dr. Berle writes "D.D." after his name. The proposed investigation of the theological schools by the Carnegie Foundation is indeed greatly needed.

A social force of great importance was given definite shape in New York recently, when the Catholic "Big Brother Movement" was organized under the name of "The Catholic Boys' Protective League." Delegates from the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society, the Laymens' Retreat League, and other societies, were present at the meeting. The work will be carried on under the able supervision of the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, and in order to reach all neglected or delinquent boys, the city will be divided into districts, each with its chairman and committee. A League of this kind, aiming mainly at preventive work among boys, will do an immense amount of good. The plan has been tried with considerable success under Catholic auspices in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and a few other cities. It should be put into effect, and at once, in every city of any size in the country. Everywhere neglected Catholic children are being consigned to non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic guardianship. Juvenile court judges, as a rule, are not inclined to be unfair to Catholic interests. But if Catholics take no interest in Catholic strays, providing neither homes nor guardians for them, the juvenile court authorities have no choice but to commit the child to a non-Catholic institution or guardianship. This is not unfairness on the part of the judge. He is merely following the provisions of the law. It is a shameful, and sometimes a criminal, negligence on the part of the Catholics of the community.

Representatives from the alumnæ associations of a hundred Catholic colleges and academies met in New York on November 27, for the purpose of forming a National Alumnæ Association. The object of the Association is "to unite the alumnæ of our colleges and academies for the purpose of constituting a moral, religious and social force."

> We plan to serve our schools by making possible an interchange of ideas; to compile a complete descriptive catalogue of Catholic schools, to establish an eligible list of Catholic normal graduates, to strengthen the social life of our alumnæ associations, and to encourage the reading of the Catholic press.

The Association is undertaking a great and much-needed work. The good which can be done by a group of Catholic women in each community, who will take a firm stand against the paganism of prevailing popular opinion, is beyond calculation. As has been pointed out more than once in the columns of AMERICA, Catholic women, for the most part, have held aloof from the various clubs and societies which have been formed within recent years for the purpose of influencing public opinion. Considering the tone and purpose of the majority of these societies, no other course was open to them. In the society planned by the National Alumnæ Association, these objectionable features will, of course, be absent. The movement has the approbation of their Eminences, the three American Cardinals.

It was not so long ago that the Belgian Catholic was considered in American public opinion or, at least, in that section of public opinion represented by the press as a brainless sort of clod, good enough perhaps for priest-ridden Belgium, but by no means desirable as an American citizen. The events of the last few months have changed that view. Albert is spoken of as the bravest King in Europe, and Americans are learning that Belgium has an art and a literature, too, perhaps, which America probably never will equal. Belgium, her King and her people, have been recognized by the modern world. Clippings taken from newspapers in six different States indicate this changed feeling. Should the war make migration necessary, the Belgians will find a warm welcome in this country. "We want farmers who know their business as thoroughly as do the farmers of Belgium," says the Charlestown *News*. "The present looks like an opportunity to get immigrants of a particularly desirable kind." "The Belgians are the best gardeners in the world," is the opinion of the Knoxville *Sentinel*. "They would be a great acquisition to Tennessee or any part of the South." "We need just this type of people," adds the Baltimore *Sun*. "Not only would these unfortunate but extremely worthy people make good citizens," writes the New Orleans *States*, "but they would become wealth-producers, both for themselves and the State. We hope Louisiana gets her share." "There are few people in the world with greater thrift, industry and skill than the Belgians," says the Dubuque *Telegraph*. "They will teach native-born Americans much in agriculture that can not be learned from books, and in the industries and sciences they will be equally welcome." The Birmingham *Age-Herald* notes that California and Minnesota are offering inducements to the Belgians to settle among them, and adds, "The Belgians are thrifty, industrious and law-abiding. In fact, they seem to have practically all the virtues and none of the faults of citizens." This praise, which is not at all exaggerated, must be very gratifying to those Belgians who hear it. But it is to be hoped that, as far as possible, the Belgians will remain at home. Whatever the outcome of the war, their country needs them.

The following letter, addressed to the editor, recently appeared in a modest corner of a Philadelphia newspaper:

> To the Editor:
>
> It would be superfluous for me to say that the entire nation looks with approval upon your efforts in behalf of Belgium. I would, however, bespeak your aid—material as well as editorial—for some victims nearer home, and with an appeal to not only our heartstrings, but to our very sense of shame and common decency, viz.: to the outraged priests and nuns of Mexico.
>
> Surely the American people can not know of what is occurring in Mexico, otherwise they—Protestant, Jew, infidel and Catholic—would enter such a protest at Washington as would be felt in Mexico.
>
> Even in poor Belgium we do not hear of such beastly crimes against innocent, pure women, as is of record in Mexico. The United States has aided and abetted those incarnate devils, Villa, Villareal and his following, but for the United States no such orgies—outdoing those of the French Revolution—would or could have happened in Mexico. Can we now look on with indifference upon not ordinary offences, but crimes that cry to heaven and to every decent man's heart for punishment?
>
> I send you a marked copy of the *Casket*, telling of these horrors in Mexico. Will you kindly do something to lay before the world what is doing there?
>
> Scranton, Pa., Nov. 10. D. A. WEBB.

Perhaps, in the editor's judgment, the limits of toleration were passed by the insertion of this appeal; for, as yet, he has not seen fit to "do something to lay before the world what is doing there." A correspondent suggests that Catholic societies frankly buy advertising space in the daily papers, to bring these horrors, for which the American Government is largely responsible, to the notice of the American people. That this seems to be the only practical way for Catholics to obtain a hearing, is a sad commentary on the American newspaper's boasted "fair-mindedness."

CARNEGIE HALL—DEC. 9th

The

Dream of Gerontius

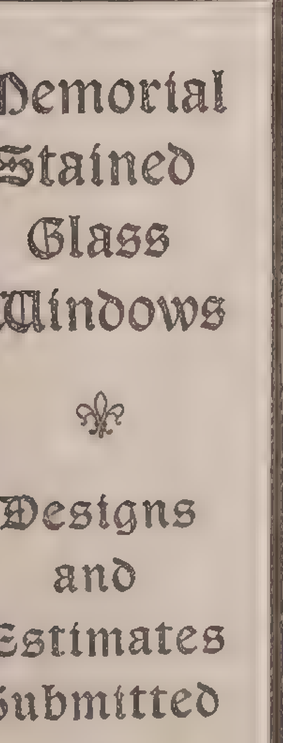
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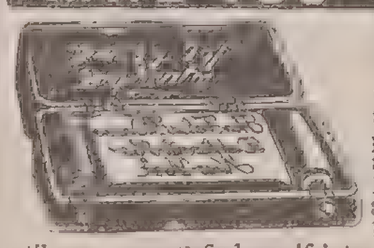
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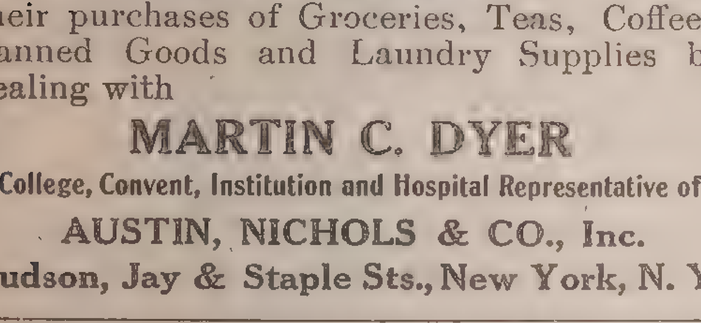
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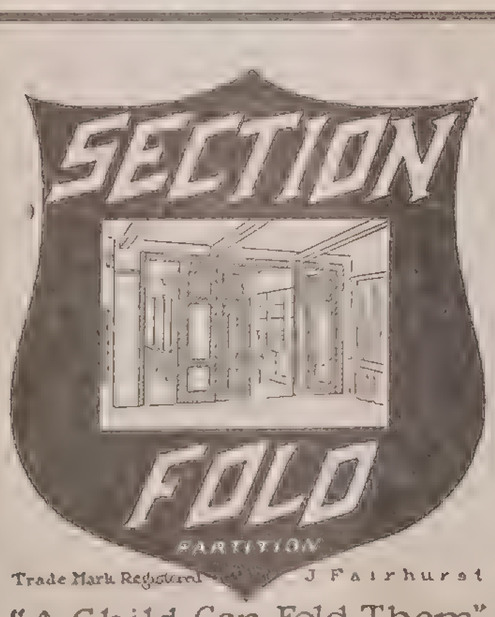
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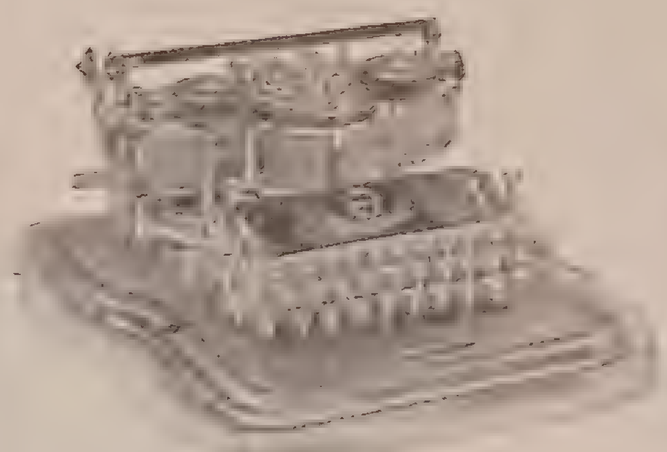
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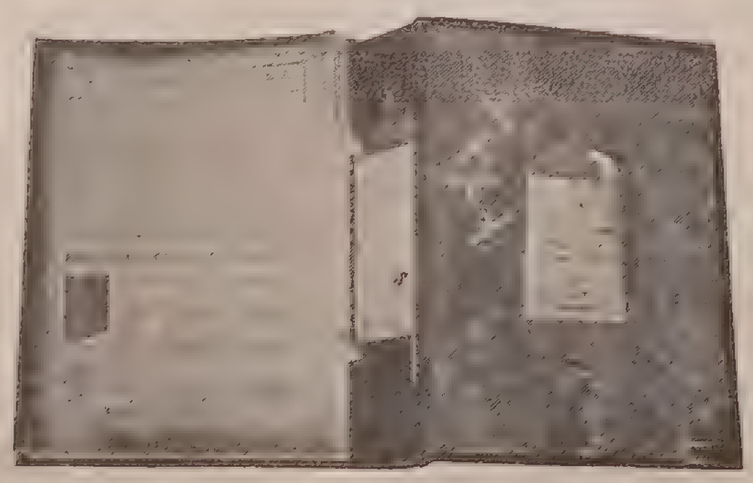
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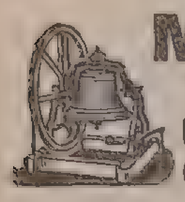
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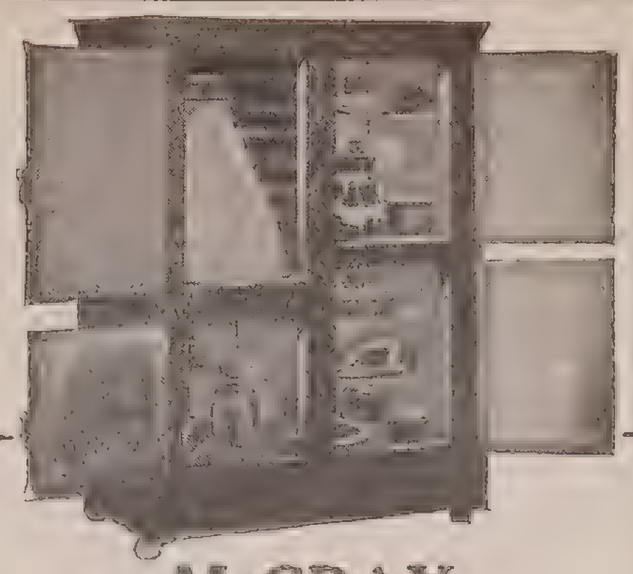
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Belgium there has been comparative calm throughout the week. Infantry attacks were very rare and the opposing armies contented themselves for the most part with intermittent artillery fire. The same is true of the line of battle in France, except at Reims, where the Germans have been continuing a heavy bombardment; and in the Argonne region, where the Germans have repeatedly made infantry attacks, which, however, have been repulsed; and in Alsace, where the French have been prosecuting a vigorous offensive. The reasons assigned for the lull in the fighting are the severity of the weather, the condition of the land in Flanders, and the exhaustion of both sides.

Bulletin, Nov. 24, p. m.-Dec. 1, a. m.

In particular Germany, no doubt, has been transferring all the troops that she could spare to Poland, waiting for the outcome of the eastern campaign before resuming vigorous operations in the West. France, on the other hand, has played a waiting game so long that she can well afford to rest until she has received the heavy reenforcements that Great Britain is sending to the front, both from England itself and from the Colonies. England is probably voicing the sentiments of the Allies in her repeated statements that the war will only begin in the spring, at least in this sense that they are content to delay anything like an active offensive until they have had time to muster, equip and train enough troops to give them an overwhelming superiority in numbers. It is certain that the longer the war drags on the stronger grow the hopes of the Allies. The amazing strength that Germany has shown in being able to keep the war almost exclusively in the enemy's country has been due largely to the fact that she was prepared, and the Allies were not. In this matter her advantage is lessening every day. Germany seems to realize this, for there are indications that she is preparing to make another strong attempt to break through the Allies at Arras, where she is reported to be massing many thousands of men. Her victories throughout the war have been gained by her ability to concentrate more soldiers at a given point than her enemies; and her weakness, especially in France, has been due to the lengthening out of the line of battle to such an extent that such concentration became impossible. Arras in some ways is the key to the position of the Allies, and if the Germans should succeed in carrying it, the situation in France might quickly change. This, together with the fact that the Germans at Arras have renewed a heavy artillery fire, and made some daring infantry attacks, apparently with the object of testing the strength of the enemy, gives color to the statement that desperate fighting will soon be begun again. As for the rumors, which are so common just now, that the Germans are soon to retire from France into Belgium, they may safely be discredited. There seems little doubt that Germany has fortified a very strong line of defence in Belgium against the day of possible retreat, but no solid reasons are forthcoming to prove even the remote necessity of such a

France and Belgium

Fighting at Arras

movement. The mere fact of the cessation of the offensive, which she has been so long maintaining in France and Belgium, has ample explanation in the state of affairs existing in the east.

Reports from Berlin and Petrograd have been so much at variance and at times so completely contradictory that it is very difficult to form a clear idea of the situation in Poland. At the centre, west of Warsaw, both sides claim very large captures of the enemies' troops and guns; as many as 60,000 men were reported on the same day to have been taken prisoners at the same place by each side. It appears now, however, from the names of the towns mentioned by the Russian official dispatches that the line of battle has shifted its position very little during the week, and that very severe fighting is still going on at Lodz and Lowicz. Judging from the dispatches of Petrograd it would seem that the German armies at both these places are in considerable danger of being surrounded, three parts of the circle at Lodz having been already completed. Communications, however, are still open, and reenforcements are being hurried to their aid. As these places, together with Gombin, marked the furthest points of the German advance a week ago, and as even the Russians admit that they are still in the possession of the Germans, one will not be far wrong if he puts down as gross exaggerations the reports that have been current about an overwhelming German defeat. It looks now as though this defeat meant nothing more than a turning back of the German advance guard or a successful effort on the part of the Russians to stop the German progress; or at most that the Russians were able not only to halt their own retirement but even to take up a strong counter offensive movement. Berlin is less detailed in her reports; one gathers from them, however, that the Germans are now on the defensive, but continue to hold their ground. A crushing victory for either side grows daily more unlikely with two such able strategists in control as Marshal von Hindenburg and the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Lodz and Lowicz

East of Wielun a German army is making great efforts to fight its way north to the relief of the army at Lodz. In southern East Prussia, near Soldau, another German army is making the same desperate attempt to fight its way south to reenforce the army at Lowicz. If they can succeed in both these movements the tide of battle will probably turn once more in favor of the Germans. At present, however, at both Lodz and Lowicz the Germans are outnumbered and in danger of being outflanked; but so far, in spite of heavy losses, have not given ground. On the eastern border of East Prussia there has been comparative quiet, but in Southern Poland, parallel to the Silesian border, severe fighting is reported at Novo Radomsk, and all along the line from Czenstochowa to Miechow, which is about twenty miles distant from Cracow, where the Austrians are making vigorous efforts to push back the Russians from their fortress. Over to the south, in Galicia, they are resisting the Russians, who have again assumed the offensive and have crossed the Donajec river and advanced to within twenty-five miles of Cracow.

Wielun, Soldau

East Prussia and Cracow

Another naval disaster has resulted in the destruction of the British pre-dreadnaught Bulwark. A sudden explosion took place as the warship lay at anchor in the Thames off the Sheerness dockyard. Of the crew of 815 men only fourteen were rescued. No explanation has as yet been given. Some think that it was the work of a German submarine, others are inclined to attribute it to the work of a spy, but nothing certain is known of its cause. Needless to say this new loss, within thirty-five miles of London, has come as a great shock to the British people. The following day two British steamers were torpedoed by German submarines in the English Channel and sunk. On the other hand, the Germans have lost a submarine, which was destroyed by a British destroyer off the coast of Scotland, and also a destroyer which was accidently rammed and sunk by a Danish steamer. In addition they are reported to have lost six submarines in the bombardment of Zeebrugge, their naval base on the Belgian coast. The reason assigned for this bombardment is the recent naval activity of the Germans in the Strait of Dover and the English Channel and the consequent anxiety for British shipping and for the safety of the transports that are conveying Territorials in large numbers to France. Two other losses are reported, though unofficially. It is said that the German battleship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and the German cruiser Hertha struck mines, the former in the Baltic and the latter off Libau, and that both have sunk. Neither report has been confirmed.

Naval Operations

The campaign against the Turks has not yet assumed a very important character. Apparently the Allies have not thought it necessary to send large bodies of troops across the Mediterranean. Two engagements of a very minor character have taken place near the Suez Canal, in which the Turks are said to have had the advantage. The danger, however, is increasing, because an army of 76,000 Turks are on the march toward Egypt. The British are confident that Egypt can not be invaded. Their troops are reported to be in strong positions and to be prepared to resist the Turks before they reach the Canal, while the Canal itself is an almost impassable barrier. Italy, too, has signified her intention to keep the Canal open because of existing treaties and trade.

Turkey

There are persistent reports of diplomatic agitation in the Balkan States, and rumors of proposals for territorial concessions to be made as the reward for their entrance into the conflict. Russia especially is said to be very active; and there is talk of another Balkan alliance, the

The Balkans

motive being the old and hitherto thwarted but never abandoned ambitions for expansion. So far, however, there appears to be little likelihood of their entering the conflict. If they should do so, however, it would be on the side of the Allies. Servia claims, and the claim is admitted at Vienna, to have partially checked the Austrians south of Belgrade.

Austria-Hungary.—The results of the trial of the murderer of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and of the abettors of the deed were not confined to the sentence which condemned five of the chief accomplices to death and limited the punishment of two other criminals and of the murderer himself to twenty years' imprisonment, because of their youth. The principal disclosure was the complicity of Servian officials in the plot. The details which now reach us in great fulness, show that this deed was the climax of long revolutionary conspiracies in which the Servian Crown Prince seems to have been personally a participant. It is, of course, known that he had given a special audience to the bomb-thrower, Cabrinowitsch, who was introduced to him by the director of the Servian state printery. The last named is a leader of the Narodna Odbrana, whose head is General Jankowitsch. Under the egis of this organization, as the witness Grcor testified, there existed a Belgrade society whose purpose was to weaken Austria-Hungary by assassination, espionage and revolution. Similar student societies were said to have existed likewise in the dual monarchy itself. The fact that mere Servian striplings freely discussed among themselves the intended murder of the Archduke is horrifying. A still darker shadow is cast upon the Servian Crown Prince by his previous relations with Luka Jugitsch, the would-be assassin of the Ban or Governor of Croatia. Jugitsch, we are informed, had likewise been favored with the personal acquaintance of the Crown Prince. When the trial took place a Servian university professor delivered the greetings of the Prince to the accused. The Belgrade Government had previously given money for the Agram student movement of which the attempted murder was the culmination. Visiting students were always received at Belgrade, we are told, by the Crown Prince in person or by one of his generals. The complicity in the murder plot against the Archduke on the part of the chief of the royal Servian detective force and the chief of police was testified by a witness upon his deathbed. There is no need of further multiplying the instances which have led to the statement of the Austrian press that murder was apparently part of Servian state politics. This matter should be carefully studied, since it is of the utmost importance in deciding upon the cause of the great world war.

The Shadow Upon Servia

France.—Claiming that his previous letters on the subject of religious ceremonies had been grievously misunderstood and misinterpreted, M. Millerand has addressed a circular letter to the military commanders. The Minister asserts that his purpose was nothing more than "to safeguard liberty of conscience," and that he merely wished to prohibit "such religious services as would entail on the military hospitals the obligation to take part in the services." This hardly explains the Minister's dislike for the ordinary insignia of religion, and it will still be felt that the previous orders of the Minister exhibited no striking desire to safeguard the liberty of conscience of France's Catholic soldiers. Even his latest communication orders that "all the provisions of former circulars be strictly enforced." The Minister then adds:

A Minister Misinterpreted

> But in no case are the wounded, or persons attached to the sanitary corps, to be deprived of the right to perform religious ceremonies, or to receive religious blessings, precisely as they would at their own firesides.

Thus, it would seem, one must be wounded or attached to a sanitary corps, before he may, as a soldier of France, exercise his liberty of conscience by performing religious services, or receiving "religious blessings."

Germany.—Countless economic provisions have been taken to prevent a possible shortage of food. Articles which are likely to be soon exhausted are to be sparingly used, while only those which are present in sufficient abundance are to be freely consumed. Thus likewise the slaughter of cattle not yet full grown is restricted by definite laws. Rye bread is as far as possible to take the place of wheat bread. The latest decrees of the Bundesrat fix the price of potatoes. For this purpose the country is divided into four sections within which the prices are variously assigned according to the different qualities. The buying or selling of the gold coin of the Empire at prices above the nominal value is punishable with imprisonment and fine. The time for protest on bills of exchange in Alsace, Lorraine, East Prussia and a few cities in West Prussia is prolonged to thirty days. This extension, in addition to the regular time, now gives a protest period of 150 days. Special decrees are likewise made in regard to the use of wheat flour for certain sections, while it is forbidden to place wheat bread freely at the disposal of guests in hotels and restaurants. Such regulations are not an indication of weakness, but a wise provision against future danger. It is evident that a long continuance of the war is expected. Germany remains confident of success, but will leave nothing to chance.

Economic Provisions

Great Britain.—Sir Henry Howard, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., formerly British Minister to the Hague, and one of the English envoys to the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907, has been accredited British Envoy to the Holy See. While he is ostensibly charged with

A British Envoy to the Holy See

the mission of congratulating the Holy Father on his accession to the Pontificate, it is thought that the appointment will be permanent. The new envoy, who is a Catholic, entered the diplomatic service in 1865. His wife, who died in 1907, was Miss Cecilia Riggs, of Washington.

Army, Navy and Finance

In his speech to the House of Lords on November 26, Lord Kitchener expressed his satisfaction with the conduct and with the results of the operations of the Allies. Lord Kitchener emphasized Sir John French's successful resistance to the advance of the enemy, in spite of the fact that German supports had been pushed up in large numbers. Addressing the House of Commons on the following day, the First Lord of the Admiralty said that there was every reason for complete confidence in the power of the navy to give effect to the wishes and purposes of the Empire. It was because of the navy that supplies had been freely received from every quarter, and that troops had been transported without a single mischance, wherever required. England could lose one superdreadnaught monthly for a year and still retain her numerical superiority. Against Germany's three, the Government proposed to build fifteen ships of the highest type in 1915. Financially, it would seem that the Government will have almost a free hand. According to the London *Daily Chronicle,* the war loan of one billion, seven hundred and fifty million dollars has been over-subscribed by a billion and a quarter dollars. Confidence in the ultimate success of the plans adopted by the Government is unimpaired.

Ireland.—As the result of a lengthy agitation, sixteen additional Catholic war chaplains have been appointed, of whom eight have been named by Cardinal Logue.

Chaplains for Irish Soldiers

Previously there had been but one priest with the six cavalry divisions of 32,000 men, and seven with the eighteen infantry divisions of 360,000. There is now one chaplain for each of the twenty-five divisions and four for the twelve general hospitals. This does not bear out the statement officially sent by the War Office to the *Irish Catholic* that "the basis of allotment has been altered to allow of one Catholic chaplain for each such regiment as well as one for each General Hospital." As the appointments made are for divisions and not for regiments, a large proportion of Catholic soldiers are still unprovided for. The *Irish Catholic,* which terms the War Office's previous conduct of the matter "heartless and cruel," finds conditions still more appalling in the navy, which has 223 Protestant chaplains and but one commissioned Catholic chaplain. The Bishops of Ireland had protested against the neglect of the spiritual interests of Catholic sailors as well as soldiers, but so far the Admiralty has apparently taken no measures to remedy it.

Mexico.—This letter has been received from the Department of State:

November 27, 1914.

MR. R. H. TIERNEY, Chairman,
Committee of the Federation of Catholic Societies,
59 East 83rd Street, New York City.

An Important Letter

SIR:—The Department acknowledges the receipt of your letter of October 17, 1914, with which you enclose a statement outlining conditions in Mexico. You ask this Government to rescue the priests and nuns who took refuge at Vera Cruz, and also that this Government withhold its recognition of any government in Mexico which does not grant real freedom of worship.

In reply you are informed that the Department has carefully considered your letter and its enclosures.

With reference to the priests and nuns who had taken refuge at Vera Cruz, the Department would advise you that orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to General Funston to convey all priests and nuns who desire to leave, to the United States, and it is the understanding of the Department that this order has been complied with.

Regarding your request that this Government withhold its recognition of any Government in Mexico that does not grant real freedom of worship, the Department informs you that it will defer final decision as to whether or not to accord recognition to a Government in Mexico until the time shall have arrived for making such a decision. When that time arrives, the Department assures you that the question of religious freedom in Mexico will receive due consideration.

The Department has shown your letter with accompanying enclosures to the President, and it has received from him a written reply in which he says: "I am distressed that our Catholic fellow-countrymen do not more fully realize how frequent and serious our attempts have been to act in the interest of their people in Mexico."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. J. BRYAN.

The following statement, which was made under oath, tells a story of incredible brutality:

A Sad Affidavit

The sad and lamentable situation of our Mexican Republic compels me to state under oath the conditions which exist in Mexico as a result of the diabolical persecution of the Catholic Church. Our temples are closed, our churches profaned. On our altars the Holy Sacrifice is no longer offered. Our confessionals have been burned in the public squares and there is hardly one who dares to approach the Sacrament of Penance, even in the most remote corner of a house. . . . Homes are desolate, mothers cry over the death of their sons, fathers are torn from their families for service with the troops while their children weep at bidding their parent a last farewell. Our priests are persecuted. They wander about without anything to eat. . . . The blood of our brothers runs in the streets. Nuns are taken to barracks and robbed of their virtue. It appears as if hell were unbarred and devils had taken possession of men. . . . Anarchy and revenge have seized their hearts. . . . In some churches Carranzistas have inpersonated priests saying Mass and have occupied the confessionals, hearing confessions and disclosing what has been told them. (Of all this I have been witness) . . . Immorality has spread to such a degree that not only have virgins been violated, but even nuns have been taken away by force and are being subjected to the most horrible suffering. . . . In a great many cases young women after having been compelled to lead this life (of shame) were thrown out into the street, some being killed as though they were animals. . . .

The revelations will be continued in next week's issue.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Soldiers of Fortune

You will confer a favor upon me by replying to the following questions through your columns. Is a citizen and resident of a neutral country who enlists in the cause of a belligerent nation, with the sole object of gratifying his desire of excitement and adventure, morally answerable from the standpoint of the Catholic religion for any deaths he may inflict? What is the position of one who enlists for the sole reason that he believes the cause which he espouses to be just and desires to fight for it? Kindly give reasons.

C. F. CAVANAUGH.

JUSTICE is the first thing to be considered in a war. No one may take part in a war he sees to be unjust: the accomplishment of justice should be the chief intention, though not necessarily the most explicit, of every soldier. To exclude every consideration of justice would make one guilty of most grave injustice, even though he should pass through a war without shedding a drop of blood. Besides, he would be guilty "in the cause," as we say, of all the usual accompaniments and consequences of war. Hence, to enlist, either at home or abroad, with the *sole* object of gratifying the desire of excitement or adventure, without consideration of the justice of the cause espoused, would be gravely illicit.

There are two kinds of military service, compulsory and voluntary. In both each individual must have his conscience clear that he is not violating justice. Service in this country is voluntary; and one may have enlisted before a war, or during it. In the first case his condition is similar to that of one under compulsory service. He is bound to obey orders not evidently unjust. This obligation is proximate and grave. Unless, therefore, the injustice of the war is clear, the more pressing duty of obedience binds him, and he can leave the responsibility on those whose function it is to declare war or make peace. Should he propose to enlist during a war, he is bound *theoretically* to assure himself of its justice. Practically, however, his position does not differ from that of one already enlisted. His country has a claim on him; and this suffices to allow him to take up a cause not evidently unjust, leaving the responsibility to those who are chiefly answerable, and who can determine best the question of justice, since they are fully acquainted with the cause.

But now comes the case of an alien. Neither side has a claim on him. He is, therefore, bound to examine the justice of the matter very seriously. His doubt may be positive or negative. It is negative when he sees no reason for either side; and so simply does not know whether the cause is just or not. In this case Suarez would allow him to trust a good, upright ruler under whose banner he would enlist. However this may be, things have changed since Suarez's day; and, though rulers may try to be good and upright personally, the principles governing their political action are too often such as have called for the condemnation of the Holy See. Practically the doubt becomes a positive one. There are reasons on both sides that must be examined. One can not do this himself, as a general rule. He can not take the newspapers as his guide. Their principles are too often unsound; not infrequently they are subsidized, and it happens sometimes that they are moved by thoughts of profit rather than of justice. Public opinion is generally the reflection of the daily press; and many people, even good Catholics, are not free from the revolutionary ideas that have filled the air for a century. They will hold *à priori* that the cause of a revolting nationality is just, and that the presumption is always against emperors and kings. The examination, therefore, must be made by one skilled in sound ethics and sufficiently acquainted with the facts.

The result of the investigation will be, very probably, that the reasons on both sides will appear about equal. In this case one, who *purely of his own initiative* would enlist, must follow the safe course. The question is a practical one. He will have, on his own responsibility only, to undertake the infliction of injury on the goods and the lives of others. This infliction is lawful only when done under the authorization of a supreme authority that has acquired the right to inflict such injury on an unjust aggressor. If the acquisition of such a right is not clear to the alien in question, then for him the condition of the other side as the possessors of goods and life must be held the better one. But what if both sides should be enlisting regiments of mercenaries? In this case it seems clear that the alien enlisting would no longer be acting *purely of his own initiative*. Rather, the first impulse would come from those who invite him to their standard. Two things, therefore, must be noted. First, each contending power, by using this means of warfare, grants implicitly to the other the right to use the same, provided it can find in its cause a just title to do so; and second, though a war can not be *materially* just on both sides, it may be so *formally;* or, in other words, though the right, objectively considered, can not be on both sides, yet each party through a closer and a continuous consideration of the reasons favoring its side of the question, and the natural inclination one has to justify himself, may reach the conviction that it is in the right. Hence both can engage lawfully in the war, and both can use mercenaries as a means of warfare. This being the case, the alien, under the implicit mutual concession we have noted, is relieved of the necessity of following the safer course. In former times the employment of mercenaries was common enough; and the case, as we have described it, seems to be the one contemplated by the theologians of the time in saying that, when the reasons for the justice of the war are probable on both sides, a soldier may enlist on whichever side he prefers. Some went so far as to hold that, at least in this case, he might rely entirely on the good faith of the ruler under whose banner he would enlist. But this

opinion others rejected, since, as we have seen, it is the clear obligation of obedience in conflict with the doubtful obligation of abstaining from a war, that justifies such a course; and by that obligation of obedience the mercenary is not held to enlist. Moreover, if that opinion was held unsound in times when better principles of international ethics prevailed, it is absolutely untenable under existing conditions. We say, then, that in the case as now proposed, the alien wishing to enlist must have sound intrinsic reasons approved by competent authority in favor of the justice of the cause he would embrace. Some hold that in this case, provided such solid reasons be found, he is not bound to examine both sides. This seems reasonable. The only reason for such an examination would be the obligation to follow the safer course which, in this case, as now presented, ceases to exist.

The expression "desire of excitement and adventure" is ambiguous. It may mean that one goes to war as one goes to hunt big game in Africa, to gratify his desire of showing his skill in shooting, even of destroying life, or of the free, sensual side of military life, for which he is ready to endure its harder side of discipline, and even to risk his own life. Clearly such motives are not admirable. Or it may mean the desire of change of scene or occupation; or, if he be a soldier, to exercise and perfect himself in his profession. Or it may mean the desire to practise manly virtues, courage, fortitude, magnanimity, praiseworthy in the natural order, and in the supernatural order meritorious. As we have seen, the *principal deciding* motive for entering upon a war must be its justice, so that, if it be not just, nothing may induce one to take part in it. But, given the just war, there is no reason why such motives as those of our second category should not be the *proximate impelling* motives inducing one to enlist.

Lastly, another point must be considered, the character of the person going to war. War contains many occasions of sin. Will they be for him proximate or remote? If of themselves proximate, can he, and will he, make them remote by prayer and sacraments? One may not expose himself to the proximate occasion of sin. Still more care is necessary in an undertaking that keeps him in daily occasion of death.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Into the Future

THOUGH dark clouds of uncertainty are at present overhanging Europe, there are at least two small rifts in the gloom, through which tiny glimpses of the future may be had with some degree of surety. The first presage concerns the Catholic Church in France; the second, our popular perfectionist theories. Ever since Robespierre and his fellow extremists salaamed to the Goddess of Reason on the Champ de Mars, back in 1793, Christianity has been more or less snubbed in the land of Voltaire. For the spirit of the Revolution did not die with the leaders thereof. Rationalistic liberty, rising out of a sea of blood, carried seeds of new ideas in her reeking hands and scattered them on the air. They readily struck root in French enthusiasm. Positivism and infidelity sprang up, and bore as rancid blossoms some of the vilest affronts the Church of God has ever suffered.

Ernest Renan, "arch-Arian of the nineteenth century," coolly referred, with sarcasm crueler than swords, to our gentle Elder Brother as "that delicious young man from Galilee" and "that delightful charlatan"! But the climatic offence was achieved when, in 1907, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of almost three to two, "put out the star of Bethlehem forever"! Such unspeakable contumely, combined with the revocation of the Concordat, consequent confiscation of church property, and subsequent exile of penniless religious, whose only fault was that they were making sordid France a little purer, constitute one of the most wretched pages of French history.

Bravely the laicized nuns turned to avocations for which they were in no wise fitted. God only knows how many poor little Sister Pascals encountered the world in its harshest aspects! Other nuns crossed the ocean rather than relinquish their habit, and sought in the land of strangers what was denied them in the country which had given them birth, and to which they had given their all. No resentment smoldered in their bosoms. The philosophy of the humble Galilean is forgiveness. Perhaps, at the time, such meekness pierced the conscience of the unique malefactors who had routed God from heaven, His servants from their homes, and, most important of all, simultaneously increased their own salaries. Human hearts, even such as theirs, are not stones. Still it remained for the present dire misfortune of the mother-land to heap burning coals on the heads of these infidel wielders of French fortunes. In less than four short months France has witnessed innumerable examples of Catholic patriotism, which must have impressed her with deep admiration and burning shame.

Not only have the laicized religious eagerly responded to her distressful cries, but also the exiles. Certainly these abused sons and daughters owed nothing to a country which had stripped them of everything. Had they judged according to the standards with which they had been judged, they would have let her lie sick and unaided on the rough bed which she has prepared for herself. But the religion which she elected to despise sanctions no such heartlessness, even toward the heartless. Shoulder to shoulder with their ci-devant enemies, priests are now sharing the perils with which the land is so besieged. And, in the midst of battle, gentle nuns are plying the services which, seven years ago, were so brusquely repudiated, but are now so piteously sought. From Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Fathers Lava-

tois, Baisnée, and Naimfort, men of high attainment and refinement, have crossed the Atlantic to mingle in scenes which must needs tear their souls. Theirs is the sacrifice of countless others.

Undeniably all this is patriotism of the superbest character. Truly there can not but be enkindled in even the coldest anti-Catholic French hearts a sincere respect for this splendid spirit, for the forgiveness which gave it birth, and for the Church which taught the forgiveness! Surely, whatever the issue of the war, new sentiments toward Catholicism will prevail in France; for, if she is overpowered, she can not but praise, even with her dying breath, the staunch fidelity of her wronged Catholic children; if she gloriously survives, she can not but reward it. The great pendulum of public thought sometimes needs only a touch of sentiment to be set in motion, when a typhoon of argument would fail. Who knows but that in France, under the soft influence of the newborn respect for things Catholic, it will begin to swing slowly back to the grand old religion from which it receded in the madding days of over a century ago? The idea is stupendous; God's designs are more so.

The next presage regards not only France, but all Europe, in fact, the world. Present-day theories of sweeping reform will be seen in a new light. For this titanic contest is a scathing commentary on the grandiose schemes so widely afloat, such as Socialism, universal peace, etc., and is yet another proof of that solid truth which theorists find so hard to digest: reform must begin not from without, but within. Theories can never conquer men until men conquer themselves; and that they are far from having done so, the present bitter crisis evinces. What glittering promises the Hague sent forth to the four corners of the earth only a few months ago! Men's hearts were then free from passion. But on the very eve of the silvery rising of universal peace, the skies darkened, rumbled, and flashed with the most fearful of wars. The cause of the storm is plain: peace should have begun in men's hearts and not in Holland. The world would have shrieked a protest if the builders of the magnificent peace palace had chosen a site of quick-sand; yet the quickest of sands are men's own unbridled tendencies. Schemes, no matter how noble, sink when placed on such a foundation.

All this likewise applies to Socialism. Exposition need not be made of such eloquent episodes as Lane's elaborate failure in South America, and the pitiful mal-adjustments in New Zealand; these are ancient history—black marks against the practicability of the system which can not be erased. But in its most recent hour of test, Socialism has again proved wofully unsuited to man. At a frown from human passion it became queasy and tottered. Quite oblivious of their avowed principles of fraternity and peace, the doctrine's adherents are now busily in the fray, slaughtering the men whom a few days ago they were so enthusiastic to save, filling Europe with the very economic problems which they boasted to have solved and dissolved, allowing their high-flown principles ignominiously to fall to man's basest moral plane, rather than exalting man to the level of those principles.

When fair peace once more dawns upon the dark, turbulent sea of human events, and social improvement is again whispering to the would-be leaders of men, it can not be doubted that these salient facts, so strikingly brought home, by the present mammoth engagement, will not be overlooked; theories must be suited to man and man to theories, if theories are to be effective; and the greater the scheme of betterment, the better man's nature must be prepared for its reception. Then will men be very apt to hearken anew to the voice of old from Nazareth; for the only successful improver of human nature which the world has ever known is religion.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

The Mission of the Catholic Press

"MISSION" means "a sending"; and properly the Catholic Press is not sent. Like Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it is a thing that "growed"; a natural output of Catholic energy, a natural expression of Catholic life, imposing a mission on itself. For "mission," therefore, I must understand "proper aim and object."

Using "mission" in this sense, I should say that the mission of the Catholic Press is identical with the mission of the Catholic Church. The mission of the Catholic Church can be taken in a narrower or a broader sense. (1) In its stricter sense, the mission of the Church is to preserve and transmit the revealed message of Christian faith, morals and worship to mankind; and to persuade as many as possible to accept it and live up to it, with eternal salvation as the result. (2) But in its wider sense the mission of the Church is, in addition to the above, to encourage and aid every kind of human activity, mental or physical, material as well as spiritual, which helps to the betterment of mankind in body, mind and soul; everything which tends to a higher self-development and self-realization of man's nature as God intended it to be.

The Church's encouragement in this line extends not only to things which directly promote eternal salvation, but also to things which are merely innocent and indifferent thereto. Thus the Church can be deeply interested even in athletics or in trade, simply on the ground that they are both human things making in some way for the betterment of the race. The Church always retains in the background a consciousness of her higher aims, without always obtruding them or making them the only object of her life. *Humani nihil a me alienum puto,* says the Church. "My work is not only to lead men up *the steep and thorny path to heaven,* but to make that steep and thorny path easier by a reasonable and innocent enjoyment of this life as they go along. It is my

hope, by encouraging such reasonable and innocent enjoyment, to stop mankind from indulging in unreasonable and vicious enjoyment, which makes for misery and ruin—in other words, to keep men from the primrose path of dalliance by making the steep and thorny path as pleasant as possible; to lighten the burden of self-control and mortification as much as may be, so that the weak shoulders, as well as the strong, may be able to bear it.

In defining the mission of the Catholic Church in its wider sense, I have already defined the mission of the Catholic Press. No Catholic paper is bound to cover the whole field. Some can take exclusively the essential work of enforcing the message of Catholic revelation, and thus enter the category of the strictly and purely religious paper. This section can be sub-divided thus: (1) those papers which appeal to the religious emotions and foster piety and devotion; and (2) those which appeal to the intellect and foster Catholic knowledge and principle. It must not be forgotten that if *piety* is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, *knowledge* is another of them; and one which requires special cultivation in these present days of education—and of rationalism. Now what I find is that papers and magazines which foster piety and devotion are extremely numerous and wide-spread, and varied enough to meet all needs. Everything which *can* be done is being done in this line. What we want is not to add to their number, but to secure a wider circulation of those which exist. The intellectual side of the Catholic Press is the one which, in my opinion, needs developing, both in quantity and in quality. Much is being done, of course; but there is much more to be done, if we wish to counteract the influence of a non-Catholic or anti-Catholic intellectualism which is pressing on the Catholic mind from all sides.

If I may speak personally, this is the idea which dominates my mind in the conducting of the *Examiner* here in Bombay. That large section of Catholics whose piety is proof against external influences is amply provided for by a whole world of devout literature. My sympathy goes out to those who are not naturally pious, and who need a strong foundation of intellectual principles in order to keep themselves up to the mark; who are constantly being flooded with all sorts of anti-religious ideas which upset their minds, destroy their grip of the faith, and drag them down—some into indifferentism, others into positive unbelief. Such men, I say, need fortifying intellectually. Their minds want filling with Catholic ideas and Catholic principles and Catholic knowledge—so that they can give a reason, to themselves and to others, of the faith which is still precariously lingering in them. I want to draw back those who have already gone far on the downward grade, and also, by anticipation, to keep back those who are in danger of beginning to slide.

Hence my own program is, first to furnish the more or less educated reader with a mindful of Catholic knowledge, both of facts and principles; secondly, to present this knowledge in so simple and entertaining a way as to make him feel interested and appreciative, and to wish for more. In this way the continuous reading of the paper is intended to become practically an accumulative Catholic education. In order to do this I adopt certain expedients as follows:

First, there is always before my mind a fine passage of Maurice Francis Egan:

> Why should I, who have cultivated all my life the art of saying serious things lightly, be accused of not touching the deeper currents? It seems to me that most writers in Catholic periodicals insist too much on a lack of humor. If a truth is not said ponderously it has no real importance for them.

Everybody knows how the scattering of half a dozen currants in a penny bun gives a marvelous piquancy to what otherwise would be an insipid mass of dough. The same applies to a serious article on a deeply intellectual or religious subject. Some literary instinct impels me to sprinkle my theological bun with currants of playfulness, whose homeliness and unexpectedness is sometimes greeted with astonishment by the staid purist. But who cares for the staid purist when hungry souls are at stake? Such brightening insertions have the effect of enabling an average reader to work through the stiffest of essays with ease, and to come to the end of it with a feeling of refreshment instead of a feeling of depression. I have watched the result of this instinctive expedient of mine for more than eleven years, and can not overestimate the value of the currant bun policy, as an aid to assimilating the most solid and serious Catholic instruction. Whether a given *jeu d'esprit* is always happy or not, I can not vouch. Of course, such a literary expedient must come natural and "to the manner born," if it is to succeed; and no amount of *jeux d'esprit* will avail unless the solid matter is behind it, clearly and forcibly expressed.

This, therefore, is the first item in the program for a Catholic paper—to convey every week some solid piece of strictly Catholic instruction, made appetizing and attractive; so that people will not only persevere in reading it, but will also enjoy it, and assimilate it and remember it.

(2) But this part must not be overdone. The dose of strictly religious matter must be limited to suit the capacity of the circle of readers. Sandwiched in must come articles of lighter interest covering the range of general culture—sometimes of Catholic bearing, sometimes purely secular in nature—which at the same time are instructive, and help to build up the Catholic mind on healthy and innocent lines. I refer to articles on points of history, or travel, or literature, or science, or art, selected for variety like the *menu* of a first-class dinner.

(3) Even articles of pure and simple amusement must be thrown in occasionally, so as to bring about the relaxation of a hearty laugh. I know of many readers of the *Examiner* who invariably look for the jokes first;

which, like a *hors d'œuvre,* create an appetite for more solid dishes. Thus picking and choosing, they get into such a good humor as to end in reading the paper from cover to cover, winding up with some stiff and solid treatise which, except for this preparatory stimulation, they would hardly venture to face. In this way they manage to get the whole dinner down, and rise up from the table feeling that they have enjoyed it, and are better for it.

I take it that the above program is in itself the common property of all Catholic papers, and only varies in proportion or color according to local circumstances, or the individual mentality of each editor.

(4) Besides positive or expositive Catholic instruction, there must be, according to the environment, a certain amount of controversy—the refutation not only of direct attacks on the Church, but also of those counter-theories of unbelief or of crooked ethics which are struggling so hard for the mastery of the world. Such subjects possess a liveliness of themselves which does not need much rhetorical aid.

Several cautions are, however, forced upon my mind by the defective way in which such polemics are sometimes conducted. First, let the writer know the other side practically as well as he knows his own. Secondly, let him present the other side with absolute correctness, fairness and impartiality. Thirdly, let him, in spite of provocation, always remain the calm Christian gentleman, and always treat his adversary with courteous reserve, free from harsh vituperation or personal abuse—even enemies of the *Menace* type not excepted, though I half expect some disagreement here. It is possible to administer the severest public horsewhipping with a bow and a smile; and it becomes all the more telling because of the bow and the smile. Personally I always entertain the classic maxim: "Treat your enemy as if he were one day to become your friend." Wonderful to relate, in a large number of cases my enemy—taken apparently off his legs by my politeness—has actually become a friend; so much so that several strong controversies in the *Examiner* have ended in a cordial exchange of private correspondence between my enemy and myself. If not converted, he has at least been tamed; and that by "the soft" though by no means weak answer which "turneth away wrath." In short, there is a magical power in controversial self-restraint. Fourthly, let the writer never make use of bogus or weak arguments on his own side. They are always liable to a triumphant refutation; they fail to carry conviction; they give an appearance of weakness even to a strong cause. Take always the select argument which really goes to the root of the question and settles it; and see that it is hammered home in all its inherent strength. Fifthly, in practical points, where no principle is at stake, never defend your own side where your own side is clearly in the wrong. Rise serenely above mere partisanship. You may thereby secure for yourself, as one of my correspondents once put it, "the *invidious* reputation of being impartial"; and may be accused of "giving a handle to the enemy"; but your impartiality will be appreciated by the better minds on both sides, and will give you an authority and influence which is well worth the while. Lastly, let the writer realize that the most satisfying answer to a difficulty is the one which acknowledges the difficulty and, instead of brushing it aside by strong or evasive rhetoric, really faces it and goes to the bottom of it, and does not pretend to solve it beyond that point at which the argument stops. In short, let a Catholic apologist or controversialist make himself so *obtrusively reasonable* in all he says, that even those who are still unconvinced will recognize that at least he has "a case."

I am afraid it is rather egoistical to have devoted so much of this article to my own personal work. But "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"; and after all, one grain of practical experience is worth a ton of abstract reasoning.

I will not leave out of count the idea of a Catholic paper which is in its substantial contents secular. The Catholicism of such a paper consists essentially in keeping out those things which are not for the betterment but for the "worsement" of mankind; thus making the paper *negatively* Catholic, with at most a tinge of positive Catholicism thrown in. Such a paper means at least the substitution of an innocent for a harmful thing. But besides this, it is capable of positive influence on secular thought and action, and on the tone of public opinion, redounding to the betterment of mankind; and therefore it falls within the mission of the Catholic Press taken in its widest sense.

ERNEST R. HULL, S.J.,
Editor Examiner, Bombay.

Writers*

OF all the mad social homeopaths, writers are the hardest to reach. That is chiefly because they are sensitive and proud. If a mother were exhibiting her child at a baby show, you would find it hard to criticise the child to her face, no matter how gentle the criticism. The more people were looking at the child, the more sensitive the mother would become. A writer's work is so much a part of him that it becomes almost like a child, and the larger his audience, the more he resents any slight or criticism. This is excusable, but unfortunate.

I once knew a well-seasoned author who underwent agonies at reading every unfavorable criticism. This was not wholly wounded pride; for the author in question was as modest a person as you could meet. But the story or article or novel was always a child, and it was something very near to the parental instinct which caused him to feel so much pain.

*The fifth of a series of special articles.

Yet the great message of the Church must be carried to writers among the very first. They have more influence over the public and over legislation than any other class of men. They are temperamentally inclined to exaggerate evils or to be one-sided in their views. It is their business, or trade, to make as much as possible of the small facts and suggestions of the life about them. In consequence, they take up easily with new ideas, propagate the ideas till the public is tired of them, and then, when their "child" no longer succeeds, they maintain for a while a mortified silence, followed by the adoption of a fresh idea.

I do not mean for an instant that the majority of authors who write either in fiction or articles on social subjects are maliciously insincere. But their appreciation of dramatic values often makes them espouse a cause for which, if they were blunter and more phlegmatic, they would care little. The typical white slave fiction which glutted most of our popular magazines a year or so ago was an instance of this. A good many authors found themselves, with considerable inward surprise, I imagine, writing on the most sordid subjects as cheerfully and earnestly as if they had been writing on New England country life. The editors accepted their work because it was novel and daring; so the authors, quite without malice, contributed a generous share of social poison to the community. For them white slavery was dramatic; a distorted view of psychology was enough to convince them that their stories could do good; falling into the bad habit of "sex" writing thus became very easy.

In the same way writers have seen the dramatic aspects of social revolution, of the fight of labor, of the domineering villainy of certain capitalists, and they have written of these things with the same avidity they would show in describing the French Revolution, or the Great War. Dramatically they are sincere, and since the average author measures his work by dramatic, rather than moral standards, they can not be accused of malicious malpractice. All the more reason, then, why they are sensitive to criticism, and why we must use abundant tact and wise self-restraint in carrying to them the message of the Church.

Catholic authors, on the whole, make by far the best couriers for this work. Catholic authors are like all other authors in appreciating dramatic values; and what is more, they have felt and can sympathize with an author's sensitiveness to criticism. Having experienced the constant guidance of the Church in their work, they know the crushing effect of the sentence: "Your work should not be published; it will have a bad moral effect." It is not pleasant to work up a dramatic idea, to become interested in the characters as they grow to life under your hand, to refine the ironical and forceful incidents, and then suddenly to realize that the whole plot and structure of your story is unwholesome and morbid. Yet this is an experience many Catholic authors have probably had at some time or another. They of all people, then, are the best qualified to use tact and moderation in criticising, either publicly or privately, the work of secular authors.

Some people seem to be convinced that all Catholic authors have to do is to contribute a lot of clean, healthy fiction and articles to the magazine as an antidote to the poison of sex-mad or socialist-mad or atheist-mad writers. This is not the case at all. If poison is in a man's system (let us say the poison of scarlet fever) you are often obliged to starve him. The old adage, "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," is now known to be only half true. You should starve both a cold and a fever. Even good food can be turned bad if the system is overstocked with impurities.

Good, healthy fiction would be lost if mixed in with much that appears in our magazines of to-day. The same is true of sound, healthy articles. You must drain off the impurities before good food can be beneficial. So, too, you must empty the magazine of sensational morbidity before people will come to enjoy the beauty of wet grass and the sunlight chasing the clouds above haystacks. Not that wet grass and haystacks are the only good subjects for writing. You can write of cities and great machines and big works of all sorts, and you can write with frankness and not attempt to conceal the truth that evil is and must be a part of life as we know it. You can be truthful and interesting, both, without being morbid; you can even make the good seem sensational (which it often is by contrast in these days), and the bad seem dreary and uninteresting. But it is useless to write like this and drown your work in bilge water. Your first efforts must be to withdraw the poison; and, to do this, your audience had better be one man at a time than thirty thousand, provided that man is a writer of popular or widely-read books, and himself one of the mad social homeopaths.

Make friends with your fellow-authors. Remember that you are not better than other men, though you may be working under better guidance. Suggest the dramatic value of goodness. Suggestion will work much better with sensitive writers than criticism. Suggest that their present work has fewer dramatic possibilities than healthy fiction. If they write a really good story, show by your pleasure in it that you like it much better than their other work. They will be quick to see the contrast in your manner. You need never openly condemn what they are doing now; that would be to lose their friendship and trust. Remember your own sensitiveness and be kind. Be tactful, and above all persistent, and the time will soon come when your own healthy work can find a prominent place in our magazines, and at least a breathing spell will be offered during which you can hope to reach the really guilty parties, the men who make the poison, of which the poor writers are only the combined victims and distributors.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Father Pardow

IN the life of "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus" (Longmans), Justine Ward has found material for an excellent book. In many ways it will give satisfaction to the friends and disciples and admirers of the noted preacher. The most casual reading carries the conviction that it was well worth the writing and as a biography is likely to win high praise. Although a tribute of grateful and devoted affection, it is not a panegyric, but a sober, unexaggerated and just appreciation. Father Pardow himself, could he have been brought to sanction such a work, would, one fancies, have given to this study his full approval. Not so much because of its artistic and literary merit, for it is rich in both; those who have known the writer's previous work expected nothing less. The plan, indeed, is carefully conceived and consistently developed, the prose is almost faultless, the matter is arranged with strikingly good taste, and throughout there is a fine appreciation of the real nobility of Christian life. And yet these are not the things that Father Pardow would approve of most in this record of his works and days, nor indeed will they who knew him intimately find in them the chief merit of the book. Its best feature is its simple, honest portrayal of the strong man of God. For this Father Pardow was above all else. Some found him cold, lacking in the quick tactful sympathy that is the language of heart to heart; others found him hard in his outlining and exacting of heroic ideals; but no one ever found him wanting in love for God, especially, as expressed in devotion to the person of Jesus Christ; no one could accuse him of being faint-hearted, or faltering or inconstant in his following of his King. This emphasizing of his strong soldier spirit makes his biography very valuable, for it lays bare his heart with the secret of his words and deeds.

The portrayal of Father Pardow puts before us not merely the sayings and actions of the man, but the man himself; and this not by way of a proposition to be proved, but as the inner content of every page. Many sides of his varied life are held up to view but in them all and through them all is subtly but irresistibly suggested as the dominating note, his character as the strong man of God. He had ardent desires but all for Christ; indomitable resolution that no difficulty could daunt; and great success, in which, however, he did not glory as if it were his own. Such is the meaning that will be gathered from the reading of his life: he was heroically faithful to high ideals and most of all to his special mission as the ambassador of Christ.

From his entrance into the Society of Jesus until his death with Christian courage in Saint Vincent's hospital, this was evident; and no less in the works that were hidden in God than in those that were open to the public eye. As an example we take his struggles in the matter of his preaching, for herein his courage was singularly striking.

Somewhere in his communings with the Holy Spirit, he had learned the particular form his service was to take. He has not told us whether this conviction was a sudden inspiration or a growth; but early in his religious life he seems to have realized that he was called to the ministry of the Word. To make Christ better known and loved, this was "the greater glory of God" for which he felt that he had been set apart. The mission was a glorious one, but it was a mission that demanded long continued sacrifice. If he would be a preacher, he must have learning. A protracted period of close and assiduous study would be required if he was to influence profoundly his generation. And yet violent headaches made the prospect, which is never easy, for him doubly hard. Father Pardow did not quail. He took his burning, throbbing temples between his hands, and by grim courage held himself to his desk; and this not for hours or days or months but for years. There were other disabilities also which at first sight seemed to shut him out from the career to which all his longings urged him. He was small, inclined to be awkward and frail; his voice was thin, high-pitched, without resonance, and not under control—defects enough surely to dampen any man's hope of more than ordinary success in the pulpit. They did not discourage Father Pardow. For although nature had not been kind, and had even refused to smile upon his aspirations, God had given him a will of iron, and he set out to acquire what nature had denied. It took years of frightening fidelity to exercises of physical development, years of pitiless profiting by drastic criticism before he won the victory, but he did triumph in the end; so that in the last fifteen years of his life there was scarcely in all the United States, a more obedient and more serviceable voice, or a pulpit orator of greater forcefulness and dignity.

In the beginning he adopted the formal kind of preaching once so popular with the great French orators, but he soon abandoned it for the more popular though always dignified style for which he was so well known. He himself said that he was incapable of the more exalted flights of impassioned eloquence; this was probably not altogether true, because he could and did stir the emotions when he wished. Apparently he deliberately set aside the more brilliant kind of preaching as being less effective, and of set purpose chose what was sometimes criticised as excessive simplicity of thought and language and illustration. Indeed a favorite part of the preparation of his sermons was to walk along the crowded streets, looking into the faces of the hurrying throngs and from their expressions learning the figures and the imagery with which to enforce his lesson. In all this, however, he cared for one thing only. He wanted to get people to translate into their daily practice the message he had been commissioned by his friend, Jesus Christ, to teach; and as a consequence he subordinated every consideration of glorification of self to the accomplishment of this purpose. How fully he succeeded is a matter of common knowledge. Wherever and whenever he preached crowds flocked to hear him, and if he did not always thrill his audience through and through, he seldom failed to produce a deep and lasting impression. To hear Father Pardow was to receive two or three resistless convictions which may or may not have made the heart glow, for this indeed he cared very little, but which almost invariably roused the will from lethargy into action. If the convents and chapels and churches and cathedrals up and down the land could speak, what a tale they would tell of permanent conversions from bad to good and from good to better, all wrought by the influence of his strong love for God!

The constantly growing insistence of his desire to spread the good tidings came to control almost every detail of life. His penance was regulated by it and the routine of his ordinary day, his rules of prudence also, his distractions and his interests. An instance in point was the principle that guided his choice of reading. Newspapers, magazines and books had for him but one recommendation. Unless they promised help for retreats or sermons they were cast aside unopened. The attractive side of literature no doubt appealed to him as to others, but he had a work to do and could not afford to turn aside even into innocent fields of pleasure. If he was tempted, he was too strong to yield. He held important offices in the Society and might easily have allowed himself to be absorbed in the work of government. He did not do so. Whatever obedience assigned to him, he did with all his strength; but his life work continued to the end to be the work of preaching; other occupations were rather incidents, interrupting but never obscuring his work of predilection.

Father Pardow's ministry of the Word has been dwelt on, not because it has been given a corresponding prominence in his biography, but rather because it is the best known of the many

phases of his life, and at the same time the aptest illustration of the spirit that vivified all that he did. In his meditation, at his Mass, in his interior and exterior life, he was always the same. He never counted the cost. He was a generous giver. In everything and at all times he was the courageous, the dauntless, the strong man of God. J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Mission Movement among Protestant Students

THE organized mission movement among Catholic students is still in its infancy. The parallel movement among Protestant students has already continued for more than thirty years. Its effectiveness in obtaining recruits and resources has been unquestioned. It will therefore be useful for us to draw whatever lessons we can from Protestant activities. The great means at their disposal and the remunerations which they can offer to their missionaries, considerations doubtless largely accountable for the success of the student propaganda, are, of course, not within our reach. But the Catholic Church, as the one divinely instituted missionary power which has Christianized the world ever since the days of the Apostles, has resources more mighty than any temporal advantages. It is the method of Protestant organization which deserves our study.

In various Protestant countries small academic missionary societies existed as early as in the seventies of the last century, but they never attained to much importance. The real origin of the broadly organized movement of to-day must be sought in the revival lectures delivered by the renowned evangelist, D. L. Moody, in 1882, to the students at Cambridge. The result of these lectures was that five students and two officers, among them C. T. Studd, the millionaire, all sportsmen of the first class, and then known and much spoken of as the "Cambridge Seven," devoted themselves to the missions in China. Before their departure they visited the various English universities. Their example and their fiery words at once aroused a lively enthusiasm throughout England. "No event of the whole century has done so much to bring home to the hearts of Christians the claims of the mission field and the sublimity of the missionary calling." (*Andrew Murray, Key to the Missionary Problem.*)

These happenings did not pass unnoticed in the United States, the less so, as a brother of Mr. C. T. Studd was visiting the American universities for the purpose of promoting by lectures on spiritual topics the religious life among the students. At one of these meetings at Cornell University he won over the highly-gifted John R. Mott, who was then preparing to enter the field of politics, but who became a co-worker in this religious propaganda. Of decisive importance, however, for the mission was a conference of American and Canadian students, convened for four weeks by D. L. Moody in Northfield, in 1885, at which Robert P. Wilder, then a young student, together with Ashmore, the missionary, and Dr. Pierson, who later on became famous in the missionary movement, pleaded so successfully in behalf of the mission, that one hundred students, among them John R. Mott, declared themselves willing to go forth to the distant country of the heathen, if it were the will of God. As an effective watchword they adopted the principle which originated in America, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." It implied that the Gospel should be offered every person, without exception, during the present generation. This program will necessarily find its own limitations, but it is evident, from our own point of view, that our 300,000,000 Catholics could do incomparably more for the extension of the Faith, by their alms and their actual service, than they are accomplishing at present.

Such was the beginning of the "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," as this propaganda has come to be known. The movement at once made progress. Two delegates visited the higher seats of learning and aroused everywhere unbounded enthusiasm. At the end of the first year 2,200 young men and young women had offered themselves to the mission service as "Volunteers." In 1890 their number was 4,752.

The manner in which these young people were won over is remarkably American. According to Warneck even moral violence was used. Three, four, five meetings were held in succession, the one more emotional than the other. At some of them even the lights were extinguished, while all lay prostrate upon the floor in prayer. More and more urgent appeals were addressed to the young men, then already in a state of great excitement, until finally, one, two, then three, and more, of the artfully intoxicated students volunteered. (*Allgemeine Missions-Zeitschrift,* 1890, 273, 280.) The results of such intrigues were soon forthcoming. In June, 1889, 3,500 of these volunteers were confidentially approached with the question whether they were "faint-hearted or still firm in their determination." By March, 1890, 800 of them had sent a reply. (*Ibid.*)

Although very many students retraced their steps after so hasty a declaration, the Volunteer Movement has had a great success, and has produced the most far-reaching results. By the beginning of 1908 the movement in North America alone had sent forth 3,410 missionaries, men and women. And within a very short time its mighty waves had already reached the continent of Europe.

In England the Volunteer Movement gained a firm footing in 1891, and received an able leader in a young Scotchman, Donald Fraser by name. Before the year 1908, 978 men and 258 women students had enrolled, and by March, 1909, 1,385 "Volunteers" had already departed for the mission-field, having completed their course of studies. At the Liverpool Conference in January, 1896, where more than 1,000 members were present, students even from Denmark, Germany, France, Holland, Norway and Switzerland took part, and by the work of its representatives the movement soon spread over the whole of Protestant Europe. In Germany particularly a "Students' League for the Mission" was organized, calling itself "Prayer Recruiting League for the Mission." Within twenty years 6,000 Volunteers from various countries had joined the different mission societies. The fact that not many were received in Europe from the higher seats of learning is due in great part to the practice of sending out missionaries who have been educated in the seminaries for a period of only six or seven years. Of the students, however, who joined the missionary societies it was found that three-fourths had been attracted by this student movement. To instil into it still greater energy and uniformity the "World's Student Christian Federation" was finally organized in Sweden in 1895. By the year 1908 about 2,000 societies and 115,000 members had been affiliated.

The administration of the entire movement is entrusted to several secretaries, who from time to time renew the interest in the missions by a personal recruiting tour among the high schools and colleges of the country, where public speeches and private conferences are on the program.

Mission conferences on a greater scale are held every four years in all affiliated countries. Because of the thorough preparation for these meetings and the full attendance on the part of the student body, they visibly promote the mission cause in England and America. Over and above these great conventions smaller associations in the United States and Canada arrange annually seven meetings for the men and five for the women students. In addition to all this organized propaganda, summer conferences are held, which effectually promote the work, and are attended by all the home organizations. While these conferences are open to all students, the World's Student Christian Federation, moreover, conducts special meetings for the leaders of the movement. Such meetings take place in turn in different countries. General sessions for students are likewise held at them. It was the conference, opened at Tokio under the leadership of John R. Mott,

which so forcibly impressed the Japanese public by its brilliant pomp and ceremony.

The impressions of these enthusiastic conventions soon vanish from the mind. If the interest for the missions aroused by them is to be kept alive, a steady occupation with mission affairs is indispensable. It is for this reason that the practical American branch introduced mission classes, to which the Student Federation invites all members with particular stress and success. In this movement also the American youth leads. During the winter months groups of from eight to ten young people form mission circles for the special purpose of discussing some of the many "mission" books, and of uniting in common prayer for the missions. In this particular regard the student movement has expanded to a mission movement among the young. About 200,000 young people, among them 150,000 students, are members of such circles. During the years from 1902-1909 no less than 710,350 of their text-books were sold. In 1910, England alone had about 2,500 mission circles, which soon spread to the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, British India, and recently also to Germany. As their success generally depends upon the skill of enthusiastic leaders, the association has organized summer schools, as the independent institutions for the training of able leaders are known. The summer schools are generally conducted at the more prominent summer resorts, and will eventually form part of the summer conferences described above.

Thorough mission study naturally presupposes the production and spread of suitable mission literature. Along these lines the mission movement among Protestant students has been remarkably active, especially by issuing the text-books mentioned above and disseminating other stimulating mission literature. The various national organs of the World's Student Christian Federation also devote much attention to mission affairs. Among these the most prominent are the English *Student Christian Movement*, the French *Le Semeur* (*Bulletin des étudiants français de Paris*), and above all, *The Student World*, a quarterly published since 1908 by the international association.

However, the students inspired for the missions, especially the Americans, under the leadership of John R. Mott, did not rest satisfied with their home missionary endeavors. They were eager to carry their propaganda directly into the student-bodies of heathen countries. To achieve their object they did not found a special society, but the greater part of their "Volunteers" joined already existing societies, who were well experienced in such movements, a step lauded by the entire Protestant press. In America we have a special "Board for Mission Aspirants," which recommends worthy candidates to the various missionary societies. But in the great centres of heathen culture independent branches of the Young Men's Christian Association were established for the more studious natives, and of this Y. M. C. A. the Student Volunteer Movement is a mission-branch. The American secretaries appointed to the branch societies at Tokio, Shanghai, Peking, etc., by John R. Mott—in 1907, there were already 52—were men of great talents who had been selected with the utmost care and who succeeded in making their societies influential in the leading cities of Southern and Eastern Asia. These branches of the Y. M. C. A. offer the opportunity of a higher education to ambitious and promising young Asiatics, and put at their disposal all facilities of the modern gymnasium and field sports. Above all they are busy in spreading broadcast their Protestant literature. They also meddle with politics, as they did, not long ago, at the time of the Chinese Revolution, and thereby lower the prestige of the mission itself. More serious is the dogmatic uncertainty of some of the directors even in fundamental truths of the Christian Faith. In the *Kaitakusha*, the official organ of the Japanese branch, an atheist was permitted to air his views, while Harnack himself received unqualified praise. (*Zeitschrift für Missionswissenschaft*, 1911, 330; 1912, 76, 159.) We should state, however, that Protestant mission enthusiasts among the students regard private and common prayer for the missions and for the awakening of the missionary spirit one of the most important duties of their federation.

The energy with which the Protestant mission movement has been developed among students should certainly stimulate our own zeal to promote by every means in our power the missions of the Catholic Church, and to become instrumental in spreading most widely the knowledge of the one true Faith. How this movement can be organized among our Catholic students will form the subject of another article.

FREDERICK SCHWAGER, S.V.D.,
Motherhouse of the Society of the Divine Word.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

Church Extension Society and Mexican Refugees

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is a passage in the Mexican Chronicle, in your issue of November 21, which seems to some open to misinterpretation. The passage reads:

> At the present writing it appears that General Funston informed the Government that the Church Extension Society will attend to this matter (the transportation of priests and Sisters from Vera Cruz). This is an uncalled-for interference in a good work.

The passage no doubt refers to General Funston's action, but it is likely to be misinterpreted.

Chicago, Ill. D.

[Both in intention and in fact the passage refers to the General's action. The Catholic Church Extension Society has and has had AMERICA's entire sympathy, approval and, as far as possible, cooperation in every item of work done in behalf of the Mexican refugees.—*Editor*, AMERICA.]

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My opponents affirm that the Italian immigrants "are to a large extent uninstructed in the very elements of their Faith, and that thousands upon thousands of boys and girls beyond the age of sixteen are so." It is not my intention to assert that *all* the Italians who come here are well instructed in their religion. In Italy, as well as in any other populous country, local or personal reasons may have hindered the religious instruction of a certain number. But the statement as given by my opponents is false. For the proof of my assertion I will rely mainly on the opinions of experienced men without omitting to say, however, that the Italians I have met in this country in ordinary life or as a Sunday-school teacher knew their religion. Bishop Dunne, of Peoria, Ill., who was for years rector of an Italian parish in Chicago, speaking of the most calumniated among the Italians, says: "The Southern Italians compensate in their working knowledge of the Ten Commandments for what they lack in secular education."

An experienced Italian missionary writing to me about the Italian boys and girls who come to this country says: "All know the things of their religion. But they find that they easily forget the prayers learned in a language which is no longer heard by them. Most of them know their prayers in Latin." Other letters of Italian priests working in this

country agree with what has been said above. Whom, then, shall we believe? Priests who have been working for years among the Italians and know their language and their ways, or others who often repeat what they hear without weighing much its value?

As to statues, processions, heavy candles, emotionalism, etc., let me remind my opponents that as a Catholic priest I know as well as they do that religion does not consist in such exterior practices; often, however they are a sign of the Faith abiding in the heart and, moreover, are a real help in drawing people nearer to God. The Catholic Church approves of them.

The falsity of the assertion that the Italians in this country do not attend missions appears from the fact that at forty-two missions given by the four Fathers of the Italian Apostolate of New York, 19,570 person attended. In this country there are about 250 Italian churches. To these should be added many missions, chapels, basements of non-Italian churches and a large number of churches which, although not Italian, have Masses and other services for the Italians. Altogether we have a total of several hundred churches attended by Italian congregations. Nor is this all. Many Italians go to non-Italian churches. This is the case especially with the many thousands who know English, and with many others who live in places where there is no Italian church. From the reports of a number of Italian churches, I choose ten, representing different parts of the country, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland. These show that 47,570 are present at the different Masses on Sundays, that the number of Communions every year is 475,761 (an average of 15,858 Communions a month); that there are 9,970 members of pious sodalities. These ten churches therefore prove the absurdity of the assertion that 99 per cent. of the Italians in this country stay away from church. If the statement were true, only about 30,000 Italians would be church-goers. Really my opponents seem to be altogether misinformed about the religious conditions of the Italians in the United States. The Italian children in the Italian parish schools are at least 15,000, but there are many others who frequent the parochial schools of non-Italian churches. This is the case especially in those places where no Italian parochial schools have as yet been built. My conclusions therefore are as follows:

(1) There are many widespread prejudices in the United States against our Italians, even among Catholics. (2) Much of the evil that may be found among the Italians is due to indifference and neglect on the part of those who should assist them. It is to be admitted, however, that it is often difficult to have a sufficient number of priests for them. (3) The work of zealous priests among the Italians meets, usually, with a generous response. (4) There is an immense amount of good being done among the Italians which is practically unknown even to otherwise well-informed persons.

My ardent desire is that this little controversy may do away with many prejudices against the Italians and that many priests may be moved to work for them. The future prosperity of the Church in this country may depend a great deal on the Italian immigrants. JOSEPH M. SORRENTINO, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On the Italian defection from the faith of their Apostolic See I want to say that the more clearly the question is brought before the proper authorities the sooner will the Church in America be freed from the present Italian problem. Along the railroad here you will find at intervals Protestant Italian chapels to gather in the Italians and turn them into scoffers at their faith and priesthood. In the "movie" theatres you will find everywhere whole Italian families from the father down to the youngest baby. They can find money for that every day of the week and on Sundays, too, but nothing on one day of the week for God's Mass-house. I know for a fact that many Italians in business let their children fall into the hands of the Protestant proselytizer in hopes of gaining a better foothold in business. Moreover they hold that good Catholics who support their churches are to be sneered at. Their attitude is a source of great disedification.

Westchester County, New York. A PRIEST.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is nothing more difficult to handle, more hard to refute, than general charges, which say much in general, but nothing very definite in particular. Mr. Hadley seems to revel in generalities. I would answer at length if space were allowed me in AMERICA. However, let him remember that *Nemo malus nisi probetur,* and that he is making wild and random statements without proving them. If priests and bishops informed him about the bad conditions of the Italians, why does he not give us their names?

As to "Forestiere," let him understand that a certain amount of religious instruction may suffice in one country, which would be insufficient in countries where dangers are greater. This explains Pius X's words with regard to Italians emigrating to other climes. I know that persecutions sharpen one's love for the Church, still how does "Forestiere" account for the millions of men and women of other nationalities here in this country who should be Catholics and are not. G. REALMUTO.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If an English-American may presume to observe the ways of the American-Italian, he may suggest at least one explanation for the apparent lack of Catholic practice discussed in AMERICA. The Italian emigrant is not, of course, a man in pursuit of the right to worship God according to his own conscience, for he has that at home. He is, rather, as a rule chiefly in pursuit of financial betterment. This being the case, acquisition is the first law of his energies, and his real economies usually begin with the Church. The European Catholic, like the American parent in our public-school system, is a little spoiled by State support. It used to be said of unhappy Mexico, that the chink of money in her churches was never heard save in the poor-box at the door. How great must be the surprise and indignation then of the thrifty Catholic immigrant to be confronted with such a thing as pew rent, or a regular tax for a chair in the House of God! It is the bane of all native-born, parsimonious Christians; doubly the bane of an economical immigrant. An Italian fruit vender once said to me, "I sell one hundred plates of ice-cream every Sunday." She said nothing about Mass. She was, in fact, too busy taking in money to hand it out.

Lost in the religious crowds of Naples, such a Catholic may or may not drop his small coin unobserved in a poor-box. But may the saints defend him! when that long-handled conspicuous American alms-basin seeks him out, sometimes thrice at one service, his mind recoils in what he considers a just repugnance. Humanly speaking, it seems to him cheaper to "miss Mass." It appears to him that the Catholic Church in the United States is made up of a howling mob of orphans, seminarians, dependent heathen, "euchres," festivals (whatever kind of beings those last strange syllables imply), bazaars and wheels of fortune.

I do not know of anything more annoying to a get-rich-quick Italian, or American, than that same inexorable long-handled alms-basin pointed directly at him; pausing, halting,

before the gaze of a watchful congregation behind and on each side of him. He protests that he prefers to give his alms in secret; not to let his left hand know whether it is one cent or one dollar that he is bestowing. But under the test of the circulating basin, his charity is dragged to the light and the light exposes him. He also argues that he has grandmothers and sisters in Italy whom he wishes to bring to our free and happy shores. How can a fruit importer, still less the owner of a peanut stand do more than that? The "demand" on the Mass-goer seems to him an outrage. There is an old-fashioned Methodist hymn that runs:

I'm glad salvation's free.
Salvation's free for you and me.
I'm glad salvation's free.

It does not look that way to the Italian emigrant who has been provided with a free standing or kneeling space, and the unsuspicious alms-box for the poor, outside. He forgets that we are all bought with a price, the price of extreme self-denial; that the laborer, even in the priesthood, is worthy of his hire; that it profits a man nothing, though he sell all his goods, if he restores none of his gains to God and His Church on earth. In short, *cherchez la portmonnaie* of an indifferent Italian in the United States.

E. S. CHESTER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Our experience with the Italian immigrants accords very much, though in a different way, with that of the old French missionary as published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* of May, 1889. We had not his advantage, much to our shame and regret, of even a half knowledge of the Italian language, but we nevertheless managed to interest them, without much difficulty, in attending Mass on Sundays and the reception of the Sacraments two or three times a year. We secured the services of members of a religious order to visit them and hear their confessions in the church. As they grew in numbers they gravitated to one of our galleries, of which in a few years they took complete possession. During the incumbency of our scholarly and zealous Bishop Becker, our Italians could be counted on the fingers of one hand. It was in the early 80's, under the saintly Bishop Curtis, that their number increased in different parts of our city and diocese. Fortunately, at the same time, newly ordained priests who had made their studies in Rome began to arrive, and they furnished most timely and valuable aid. Annual retreats were preached in their own language by missionary Fathers, of which the majority of the Italians, the mothers particularly, who came with their little children, whom they placed on the floor of the aisles while their infant babies nestled in their arms, availed themselves enthusiastically. At the advent of our present most devoted bishop, he established a special Mass for the Italian people and appointed his present zealous chancellor, their chaplain. Under his wise and benignant service of nine years the work prospered wonderfully. As mentioned in our "Dedication Memorial," he gathered some four or five hundred persons, chiefly men, at his Sunday Mass. He had instructions given, he established catechism classes, sodalities and other religious associations which meet regularly, he organized a Ladies' Cooperative Association, composed of intelligent and zealous zelators, whose duties engage them in visiting the Italians in their homes, in teaching catechism and other branches of knowledge in our school halls and in various other kinds of spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Upon his appointment as chancellor and his removal to the bishop's residence he was succeeded by two Roman students, though natives of our diocese, whose efforts have been crowned with marked success. This good work has been described by Cardinal Falconio and his Excellency, Mgr. Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, as positively ideal. We leave to others to tell of the successful work done for the Italians in the other parishes of the city and diocese. Suffice it to say that our good and indefatigable bishop, finding the number of immigrants increasing very rapidly had another church partially built for their needs in the section most thickly populated by them, and had two other Roman students to supply their needs. In the adjoining parish another Roman bestows his services when needed. In our cathedral the Rev. Dr. Grant, their affectionate and able chaplain, and the zealous Father Ryan, also of Roman training, while not neglecting their work as assistants to the bishop and rector, have labored so constantly and made such sacrifices, that their apostolic success is a matter of common knowledge throughout the country and in Rome itself. In twenty-five years our sodalities of young men and women have been renewed three times, because the marriage of previous members led to their establishing homes in different parts of the country. One-third of our school is composed of Italian children. The same may be said of most of the other city parishes, while that of St. Thomas contains a majority of Italians. There are four other associations whose members averaging eighty in number receive Communion once a month. Many Italians assist at our daily Masses and evening devotions and receive Holy Communion daily. In all these years we have never asked the people for money beyond passing the collection baskets at the offertory. Yet we have always received sufficient funds to pay the salary of the reverend assistant and other expenses. All people are amenable to kindness, right principles, right conduct and right sacrifice, and all things are possible to God's grace.

Wilmington, Del. JOHN A. LYONS, V.G.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have taken a keen interest in the discussion carried on in AMERICA concerning the religious condition of the Italians. It seems that Rev. Father Sorrentino and Mr. Hadley are arguing on entirely different premises. Father Sorrentino confined his first remarks exclusively to the religious conditions in Italy, while Mr. Hadley in answer took his data exclusively from the religious conditions in this country, and significantly asks whether the immigrants threw their faith into the Bay of Naples on coming to America. This arguing from different premises naturally led to a confusion of ideas, so that the original intention of Father Sorrentino, of merely describing the religious conditions in Italy, is completely ignored, and the whole question is now turning on the religious conditions of the Italians in this country. Light is thrown on the discussion by the opinion of one whose life's work was among the Italians of lower New York City. I refer to the late Father Russo, S.J., who founded the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto. In answer to the question: How is it that people coming from the very centre of Catholicity are so indifferent to religion as to sacrifice it for a paltry gain, Father Russo wrote:

> Some say it is because they were neglected at home. I used to think so myself, and spoke, and even wrote in that vein. Experience has taught me differently. When these people are brought back to God after years of almost pagan life, you hear them say that the last time they went to confession was when they left their country. Moreover, this indifference is as great, if not greater, with regard to those who came here quite young, and were brought up in this country. As to their ignorance, it is evident no opportunity was given them at home to improve themselves; but if we prescind from secular knowledge, you find that most of them know *practically* enough on the main points of our holy religion. We must bear in mind that these people come from the lowest class, and are familiar only with the dialect of the

province they come from. They understand good Italian fairly, but can not speak it; hence when they have to answer questions on religion, they make a very unfavorable impression. But if you know their dialect, and know, moreover, how to be plain with them, this impression is oftentimes removed. The neglect at home may be one of the reasons for the situation, but is inadequate to account for the full extent of the evil.

Far be it from me to cast blame on anybody; but I can not help believing that things would not be in so bad a shape now, if more care had been bestowed upon them, and if they had been taken in hand in due time, when the evil was recent and more easily remedied. Look back to the first years of Italian immigration. Who was there to help them in their first difficulties, to warn them of the danger, to console and comfort them? Was it even known how many of them were without a pastor? I have heard it from their own lips. They were inclined to believe this a land of freedom with regard to religion as well as everything else. Add to this the infamous talks of some of their better educated countrymen, true disciples of Mazzini and Garibaldi. These agents of Satan lost and lose no time or occasion for vilifying the Church, for ridiculing all religious practices, and for slandering the ministers of God whom they represent as clerical merchants looking more to the purse than to the soul of those confided to their care. We must not omit what contributed more, perhaps, than anything else to render them callous to religion. With the exception of those who come here to escape prosecution for their political or other crimes, the main purpose—the only purpose, I might say—of their coming is to better their condition. Their labor, however, is poorly remunerated; to make ends meet, and save something—they take good care to do this—they work like slaves, oftentimes even on Sundays. Money is the object of their ambition, and the treasures which will last forever are left to be gathered by a few. This lesson is quickly learned by the new comers, and when you speak of religion to them they answer, "I have no time."

Thus far Father Russo. To my mind the whole discussion is useless, and altogether uncalled for; especially since it will tend to rouse unwarranted prejudice which often causes the good qualities of the Italians in this country to be viewed through the wrong end of a telescope.

Granite, Md. AN INTERESTED ITALIAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with the remarks made by Mr. H. Hadley and "Enotriæ Amator," on Father Sorrentino's article, concerning the religious condition of the Italians, I have just read in the November number of *Truth,* a confirmation of Father Sorrentino's assertions, by the Anglican Vicar of Gorleston, in a little article entitled "A Hater of Lies." As the witness is not an Italian nor a Catholic, his testimony may not be suspected of partiality. I quote from the article the following lines:

> In my youth I read the statement that men on the Continent desert the churches, for it used to be widely advertised in religious journals. . . . A few visits to France, Italy and Switzerland showed me that the statement was untrue. The churches in Italy were well filled with men. One Sunday last year I visited in Rome the Jesuit church. It was packed with men, and only a few women were present. I have always found this church crowded with men. In St. Peter's there were at least a couple of thousand men—worshipers, besides a number of sightseers. S. Maria sopra Minerva was packed to the doors with men; at S. Maria del Popolo men largely predominated and the church was full. On another Sunday I visited the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore. These are huge churches—again I found crowds of men. I hold no brief for Rome. but I do hate lies. They form a poor foundation for anything.

This is worth noting.

Pendleton, Ore. JOSEPH PERRON, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently I was one of a company of priests who discussed AMERICA and the controversy about the Italians. Some items of the conversation will, I am sure, prove interesting if not instructive:

"What do you think of the controversy about the Italians?" ejaculated Father A——. "This Father Sorrentino, I wonder what his credentials are? It would be interesting to know how old he was when he left Italy—you know some of those men enter religion very young and inexperienced." "In how many parts of Italy has he been anyhow," said another, "and for how long a time, and lastly, what experience has he had among Italians in the United States? Certainly his observations differ from those of many others. What do you think, Father B——?" At this the conversation became general.

Here are some disconnected shreds of it: "The Sisters in charge of our Italian children tell me they know no catechism when they arrive." "Five years ago one Protestant sect alone reported that it had thirty-two churches for Italians, east of the Mississippi." "I have an immense number of Italians in my parish," said a member of a well-known religious order, "and I find the old people hopeless." "What did you think?" asked Father C——, of an experienced Italian missionary who loves his countrymen. "There is something wrong," he replied. "As a rule only about 10 per cent. of the Italians attend Mass and the sacraments. Sometimes the percentage is higher, but not often." At this there was a lull in the conversation; then somebody remarked, "It is very interesting. Let us wait for the next AMERICA."

New York. TRIOBOLUS.

Help for the Mexicans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a reader of the papers and especially of AMERICA, I am dumbfounded at the very many outrages heaped upon the Church and her children in Mexico. I am no less dumfounded at our silence. A short time ago prominent Catholic names were on a letter of protest to Russia against the wrongs of her poor Jewish subjects, and we were proud to see them. Now across our border wrongs, burning wrongs, crimes too unspeakable for print, are perpetrated on fellow-Catholics that in the days of our need opened to us generous purses and not one word of protest has been heard. Yet one of our New York papers published and brought proof to bear that some of our Federal officials were deeply implicated in this shocking condition of affairs.

Oh, for a voice to arouse from the Atlantic to the Pacific the honest indignation of every American, irrespective of creed or race, against these cut-throats and their abettors, and to compel our Government to do its duty! It can not be that the puny wail of the Guardians of Liberty has frightened those who should be the protectors of the wronged and oppressed.

If, however, it would not be prudent to urge the Administration to right the wrong for which it seems responsible, at least it would not be imprudent to take up a collection in all our churches for the unhappy victims of these wrongs. This charity may be yet returned to ourselves. In anticipation of this collection please find the enclosed check.

New York. C. F. D.

Help for War Victims

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I note from recent numbers of AMERICA that a certain degree of doubt exists as to the spirit in which many of the donations for the benefit of the refugees in Belgium and France are going to be used. I have never seen a suggestion that there is ready-made an efficient instrument for Catholics to use in distributing this relief. I refer to the St. Vincent

de Paul Society which, of course, is thoroughly organized in France and Belgium and sufficiently well organized here to have entire charge of the collection and distribution of funds and supplies for the unfortunate French and Belgians now in misery and want.

J. R. DE LA TORRE BUENO.

Concerted Action

To the Editor of AMERICA:

No one with a spark of humanity in his being can remain unmoved when he reads your soul-harrowing descriptions of the wrongs and outrages perpetrated in Mexico by the dastardly ruffians who, with the help and connivance of a supposedly Christian Government, pose as liberators. Why is not something done? Are we afraid of embarrassing the Government? It is high time the Government were embarrassed if embarrassment will accomplish anything. Let the Government be embarrassed by all means, by such a universal chorus of righteous indignation that for very shame of upholding such manifest and frightful injustice, it may take some action to prevent the repetition, at our very doors, in the full noonday of American civilization, of all the awful horrors of the French Revolution.

You have been printing a great deal lately about the apathy of Catholics. Some of your correspondents have sought the cause of this apathy in the lack of authoritative leadership. There is no lack of leaders, but there is too often a lack of unity in aim and purpose. Too often Catholics do not know what they want. It has always been so. But in this matter of outrages in Mexico not only our common heritage of faith but common humanity should unite us. I think that the effort is worth while.

Why not issue and send broadcast an appeal urging upon each and all the necessity of taking some steps to alleviate the suffering and redress the wrongs of our fellow-Catholics in Mexico?

Suppose every pastor should recommend his people to read, and should read himself the pamphlet, "Justice to Mexico." Let "Justice to Mexico" be the slogan of this modern crusade. Let the various parishes prepare protests and appeals in writing. Let copies of these signed by members of a representative committee of citizens and voters chosen from among the parishioners be forwarded to the President, Secretary of State, Senators and Congressmen. Let conditions in Mexico be commented on from altar and pulpit, and in this way let the matter be brought forcibly and intelligently to the notice of our sixteen million Catholics. Isn't it worth trying? Doesn't the cause of religion, humanity, public morals, justify such a proceeding? Certainly the need is urgent and pressing. I know it has never been done before. I know it is a departure from old-fashioned, time-honored, conservative traditions. But what of that?

I believe that if the insults and outrages to which our consecrated priesthood and sisterhoods, the profanations to which our churches and sacred vessels, are subjected, were aired in this manner in our churches, an army of men and women would spring up in this country, so strong, so determined, so full of zeal for the rights of our holy Faith, that no power on earth could withstand their reasonable demands. If not, then this boasted Catholicity of ours, this enlightened American Catholicity, is a cold, heartless thing, and not worth the snuff of a candle.

Northbridge, Mass. M. T. SLATTERY.

Opinion of an Expert

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A reader of your review from its first number, few of its pages have been more interesting and amusing to me than those on which you are printing the views of the critics who feel called upon to say something in regard to the news you chronicle of the shocking state of affairs in Europe. It may be balm for your lacerated feelings to read the following editorial note that the editor of our local Catholic weekly, the *Casket,* makes on this topic:

> AMERICA is still being accused of being German, and French, and British; and is printing the various letters side by side; a striking illustration of the folly of extreme partisanship which mistakes everyone who will not be one's own partisan for a partisan of the other side.

From all this it would seem that like the now-famous "Long, Long Way to Tipperary," it is still a long, long way to that coign of vantage from which the gentle editor can issue a paper that will be satisfactory to everybody—including himself.

Antigonish, N. S. T. S.

Russians and the Church

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The communication from the Austrian consul-general in a recent issue, in which is set forth the alleged efforts of the Russians in Galicia to impose their state religion upon the Catholic population, deserves very careful consideration.

There have been numerous indications lately of an attempt to work up sentiment for the Austro-German cause among American Catholics, by picturing their Galician co-religionists as in danger. The present citations from Petrograd and Cracow newspapers seem on their face convincing that Russia is trying to force the Orthodox rite and the Schismatic religion upon the Catholic Uniates of the conquered territory. But press accounts from interested sources, it is well understood, are to be received with a great deal of reserve. There is much information bearing precisely the opposite stamp from that of your Austrian correspondent. I quote for instance, from an article in to-day's newspaper from a Petrograd correspondent which is headed "Czar to Aid Catholics":

> The Russian Emperor, who to-day (Nov. 14) visited Ivangorod, announced his intention to grant the necessary funds for the reconstruction of the Catholic churches in villages around the city which were destroyed by German shell fire.

This to be sure refers to Poland, not to Galicia. But, I submit, it is inconceivable that Russia which is making such a strong play for Polish support, which has every interest in attracting to its cause the Slavs of Galicia and Bukowina, should at this critical stage start a flagrant, wholesome anti-Catholic campaign such as we are asked to believe is now under way. We may credit or discredit the good faith of the Czar's bid for Polish loyalty, we may or may not accept his pledge of complete religious liberty. But we can not deny that the Poles to a man have stood firm for the Russian cause under the most bitter trials of the recent German occupation.

We read many press dispatches, besides, which assert that the Russians are greeted with joy by the Slavic element as their armies push through Galicia. These things are incompatible absolutely, with the idea that Russia is openly and officially attacking the Church. If a proselytizing campaign has been publicly announced in Galicia, the people of Poland can not be unaware of it. How then can we account for the heroic loyalty of the Poles which is one of the most astonishing facts of the whole war?

It is a bad thing to try to create sentiment for either side by raising the religious issue. Suppose even that it is true that a bishop of the Orthodox Church celebrated in the Cathedral at Lemberg. We Catholics would be properly shocked by all that this would mean. Yet as an incident of war it can not compare with the desecration of the Belgian churches by the German military, where these churches have been despoiled, and used often as barracks.

New York. STUART P. WEST.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Wary Theatregoing

THERE is an interest far beyond the ordinary in this letter of a correspondent:

"Wary reading is required of those who would safeguard the purity of their faith." Many a reader of yours will breathe a hearty amen to this, from out the consciousness of his own daily experience and peril. The very word "faith," in the sense in which you use it. is a byword and reproach, an anachronism to be mocked at by those who supply the matter for our daily reading. But if wary reading is imposed upon Catholics, how much more so wary theatregoing. The acted play has in it a greater potency for evil than the printed page. Many a base insinuation, a covert sneer at faith escapes the attention of the average reader. Not so upon the stage. If there is a false conception of life to be upheld, an attack to be made upon religion and morality, this can be done under the guise of a defence of the very virtue to be assailed. By an appeal to the senses, to the pride of intellect and to the so-called artistic sensibilities, black can be made white or, at least, given an attractive shading. The converse, of course, holds good. There are great books of which we need not be wary. There are plays, true and sound at the core, to which, we can give ourselves up unreservedly and from which we can safely encourage those near and dear to us to derive much pleasure and even inspiration.

New York. ALFRED YOUNG.

AMERICA endorses these sentiments without reserve. It is undoubtedly true that the theatre can be, and often is, an agent for great and permanent evil. If the present decadence of the drama were due entirely to the managers of playhouses, it would be useless perhaps to raise a protest. But the patrons share the responsibility with the managers. The latter may have started the polluted stream on its way, but the multitude that come to bathe in it joyously encourage these traffickers in souls, who care naught for sin and art, but much for "the thirty pieces of silver," the price of immortal souls.

And the shame of it is that Catholics are no less guilty than others. They frequent Mohammedan-like dramas, sit through them complacently, as if they had not been taught that faith and purity are above all earthly goods, pleasure, and even life itself included.

Imagine men and women who hold their heads high at solemn Mass on Sunday allowing a vulgar money changer to coin gold from them with danger to their virtue! Such people pass their souls through the grating at the box-office on Saturday, receive a ticket for an hour's unlawful pleasure in return, and on the following morning chant "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." Their action belies their words. It would not matter so much if they alone were involved. But their example is a stumbling block, a scandal to others. The play they patronize, the play of which they approve, sometimes by express words, is taken to another city, and when it is protested as unfit, the managers are able to defend themselves truthfully by quoting "prominent" Catholics. In such cases who is the more to blame, the manager or the prominent Catholic?

The answer is clear. If not, God will make it plain on judgment day, and if the "prominent" Catholics are saved at all, it will be so as by fire. If they are not too "prominent" to read this paper, AMERICA advises them to reflect on this subject, to reckon the cost of the scandal they give, and get ready to pay a price that is apt to be an eternal process. In the meantime Catholics who are not "prominent" would do well to remember that standards of morality are set by God, not by their "prominent" brethren.

A Grateful Acknowledgment

THE works of mercy taught by Jesus are not dead; they can never die. For although the cleansing of the lepers and the raising of the dead are things of other days; the poor we have always with us, and the blind must be made to see and the deaf to hear, if not personally at least vicariously through the ministry of kindness. Alms are still given out of almost empty purses; larders, pitifully slender, are still shared with hungry strangers; misery and sorrow make their appeal and constantly they meet with a ready generous response. And this is true no less of the tiny hamlet than of the mighty city. Wherever the Angelus is rung, wherever the Blessed Sacrament is adored, Christlike charity finds a home. Compassion is never absent from hearts that know and love the Lord. And yet there are times and places in which the little ones of Christ find a more tender sympathy. Not so long ago the persecuted priests and nuns and laity of poor lacerated Mexico stretched their hands in wringing supplication to the God of all for help in their dire need, and far away in a diocese of New England a bishop told his clergy and his people of the call that had come so many miles across the continent. Their answer was prompt and unstinted. The rich gave out of their riches and the poor out of their poverty, and already six thousand six hundred and fifty-five dollars are on their way to lighten a burden that is almost too heavy for the bearing. That bishop

and his people are the shepherd and the flock of Springfield. They have made themselves angels of consolation, they have rejoiced the Heart of Christ, and we have no doubt that God will richly bless them for their deed of love, rewarding them a hundredfold, both in this life and in the next.

The First of Many Brethren

THE United States is taking a large place among the Apostolic nations. It has indeed in many ways been living up to the ideal set before it by the Apostles, but hitherto it has been content, for the most part, to receive rather than to give. Priests from the Apostolic schools of Europe have long been coming to our shores, and they have spent the flower of their years, and at times their very heart's blood, in sowing the seed of the Gospel on what, thanks be to God, has not proved uncongenial soil. Nor have we in turn been selfish. We, too, have sent brave young men to foreign lands to evangelize the natives of pagan countries. And yet it has been under the impulse of the zeal of the individual or at the bidding of the superiors in religious communities that our missionaries have gone forth. There have not been among us, though the wish for them has not been absent, many schools for the Foreign Missions. The example of Théophane Vénard has burned in the heart of many a lover of the Cross, but it has not always been possible to imitate him in the fullest sense of the word, for throughout the length of our broad land there were but few seminaries devoted exclusively to the cultivation of those heroic vocations that make men forget their father's home and the place of their birth, and drive them over sea and land in search of benighted people who have not heard of the coming of Christ. The difficulty is disappearing. The number of our apostolic schools is growing. One of them, Maryknoll, has sent forth its first priest to the harvest field. May Maryknoll be the nursing mother of many sons, and Father McShane the torchbearer to many brothers!

Belgium's Answer

A FURTHER development in the scheme for bringing over to the United States children who have been made orphans by the war has come to light in the answer of the Belgian Government to the proposal of the Chicago *Tribune*. It runs as follows:

> The Government is much touched by the generous offer of American people expressed through the Chicago *Tribune* to care for and adopt the Belgian orphans. The Government prefers to reserve for the moment its decision. Please transmit through the Chicago *Tribune* with our heartfelt thanks, this acknowledgement of the offer.
>
> Minister of Foreign Affairs.

No one who knows the character of the Belgian people will be surprised at the tenor of this message. As long ago as the time of Cæsar public testimony was rendered to their courage and to their unfaltering determination to fight for their hearths and homes; and the world will never forget how valiant have been their recent efforts to defend all they hold dear. There was, therefore, from the very first but little likelihood of their accepting the first offer of a sympathetic people to give a foreign refuge to their little ones. In no land have tiny fingers twined stronger cords around the hearts of fathers and of mothers, nowhere has the love of country and of countrymen a tighter hold on the thoughts and aspirations of both young and old. Belgium and Belgium's people are nothing if not attached to the land that gave them birth. Is it not, therefore, unkindly kindness that would make aliens of the orphans of such a nation's dead?

A Warning to Parents

CHRISTMAS is approaching, and its coming is heralded by a thousand and one books for children. There are story books and books of poetry and books of science, all delightfully printed and illustrated. Some are interesting and quite harmless; others are interesting and quite dangerous. Among the latter are many attractive volumes that teach by word and picture the crudest kind of crude, materialistic evolution. Children are told in honeyed words that their ancestors were apes, and to drive the hateful lesson home the imaginative process of development is laid before the youthful eyes in a series of colored pictures, beginning with a low-grade ape and ending in a chubby, laughing babe, produced by a magic method which the *soi-disant* scientists call evolution.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss this problem biologically and psychologically. AMERICA has not been remiss in this duty. But it is both the time and the place to warn parents who care for their children's souls, against allowing such books in their homes. The child's soul is a sacred gift from heaven, the result of a special creative act, not an upgrowth from a lower form. It is a product of heaven, not of earth. Sad and grievous it is, then, that parents should cooperate in the destruction of their offsprings' soul, by putting into their hands books which rank the child with the brute. Teach the baby that it is a brute and it will act the brute in youth, in virile manhood and in old age.

It is bootless, fatuous to argue that the books do no harm. True, the letter press may not be understood, but somehow or other the pictures are burned into the imagination and remain there, both to haunt the soul and to direct it later to volumes of similar content, until at last there is spun therefrom a philosophy of life whose fruit is spiritual desolation, unfaith, unchastity, a swaggering, blatant infidelity, all the more invincible because it is based on half-truths, the most dangerous of all lies.

Kempis warns us to resist evil in its every inception, lest the remedy be prepared too late. Parents would do

well to hearken to these words and to ward off evil by guarding their children from dangerous Christmas books, which, while pretending to spread joy abroad in continuance of Christ's mission, blaspheme the Christ Himself, by denying Him His rightful place, and by corrupting the souls of the "little ones" whom the Master loved.

Antipathy and Sympathy

ANTIPATHY is mysterious in its origin. Why is it we do not like Doctor Bell? "The reason why we can not tell," says the old rhyme, but there is no doubt about the feeling. Antipathy is like tastes for certain foods, or like prejudices for or against nationalities. Touching a dry sponge, or cutting a dry cork, or scratching a slate-pencil on a slate, are for some people so many ways of making them feel like "pin"-cushions for icicles. That creeping, crawling sensation is called goose-flesh. Antipathy is goose-flesh of the soul. It is upon delicate organisms that antipathy exerts its greatest force. Some are so callous that their sensitiveness seems protected by an alligator hide. They are all heel, while others are all sole, and go into hysterics if touched by a feather. The great Cardinal Newman was so sensitive that he appeared to wear his skin outside of his clothes.

Antipathy is no light matter in life, and deems no place sacred. It not only stops hands across the sea from clasping; it will not let hands clasp across the counter. Ribbons won't look at Bows in the Department Store. Cousins take opposite sides of the street while antipathy walks on the trolley-tracks. It is the voice of Clarinda which makes her sister Claribel wince; and Claribel's walk is something which Clarinda simply can not stand. Our age is famous, or rather infamous, for two discoveries, nerves and the divorce court, and those two discoveries reveal to us the world's immense supply of antipathy. Even the habit of the religious is not proof against the shafts of antipathy. One special reason for believing that monasteries are guarantees of a short purgatory is the large amount of antipathy religious life suffers patiently and conquers successfully. The closer the rough surfaces the greater the friction. "See how they love one another" made converts to early Christianity. From that principle and that fact we conclude that the community life of the Catholic Church ought to convert the world.

Antipathy comes from the Greek, and it is a word which may be freely translated, friction of the soul. Fortunately when we imported antipathy we brought in, too, its natural enemy. Sympathy also comes from the Greek, and it can be said to mean oil of the soul. Sympathy can remove in an instant all horrors of antipathy. Sympathy will shear the fretful porcupine of its bristling quills. It was sympathy in the mother frog which induced her in the old fable to enter her child in a beauty-show. Sympathy can not see the spots on the sun, because its sensitive eyes grow misty and tearful in the brilliancy it beholds. Sympathy is like a good appetite, where one has a fastidious taste. A starving man forgets his delicate tastes; a sympathetic man forgets all antipathies. Sympathy invites a tramp into its Department Store and turns him out bathed, shaved, clothed and blooming as proudly as a bridegroom.

It is a mistake to think antipathy is necessarily a vice or a fault. Feeling is not willing. Antipathy is more frequently the fuel which feeds the flame of virtue; it is often the admission price you must pay for enduring friendship; it is the roughness and the bitterness of the rind which sympathy throws away to keep the luscious fruit. If close proximity develops antipathy among men, you may estimate the length, width, breadth and depth of that divine sympathy which overcame the immense antipathies that arose between such infinitely opposed and incompatible objects as God and man, and brought them together in most intimate union. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

IV. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY*

WE like, naturally enough, to cite Miss Guiney as an American poet, and yet we know full well that the chosen solitude of her life at old Oxford is the one perfect setting for her scholarly and cloistral muse. What has she in common with our modern rush, our "efficiency" and noisiness? What, save only her fine, free courage, has she in common with any world that is new?

And even this high-heartedness comes flaunting a Celtic genealogy. The father of "our" Louise Imogen Guiney was General Patrick Robert Guiney, a particularly gallant gentleman of Irish birth, a lawyer and editor, as well as a soldier; who died in Boston at the age of forty-two, from a wound received more than ten years before at the battle of the Wilderness. His influence upon the young only daughter who adored him and companioned all his final years would be hard to overestimate. Upon her life and her poetry it stamped something of his own militant valor, much of his own large vision and inspiration. She has written, in exquisite prose, the sum of her debt to him. And then, in the poem upon Donatello's Saint George she has gathered into perfect words his prayer and her own; the prayer, albeit often inarticulate, of all those who are not afraid of living largely—and paying the price:

> Spirits of old that bore me,
> And set me, meek of mind,
> Between great dreams before me,
> And deeds as great behind,
> Knowing humanity my star
> As first abroad I ride,
> Shall help me wear with every scar
> Honor at eventide.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
> Choice of the heart's desire:
> A short life in the saddle, Lord!
> Not long life by the fire.

If ever the Valkyrie cry rang through modern English verse, it was when Louise Imogen Guiney first gave her voice to song.

---

*The fourth of a series of literary papers by the author of "The Poets' Chantry."

We have said more than a little, in discussing Mrs. Meynell and Mrs. Hinkson, about the relative preponderance of art and domesticity. In Miss Guiney we have small cause to puzzle over any such dualism. Rather are we confronted by a singularly definite concentration, the artist's unswerving preoccupation with a starlike and austere ideal.

> Because man's cry, by night and day,
> Cried not for God, I broke away.
> On at your ruthless pace! I'll stalk, a hill-top ghost, with you!

There is something terrible as well as beautiful in this uncompromising fealty. It rings with the high, immortal music of the Valkyrie turned Crusader, and signed with the chrism of the cross, and speaking the language of the saints.

Concentration is the mother of detachment: and detachment spells, for poetry, both loss and gain. It leads beside still waters, very deep and very clear; but it will have little of the wild flowers—nay even, of the passion flowers—growing peradventure, by the way. Nor are we to confuse Miss Guiney's abstinence with the reticence of Alice Meynell. In the latter's work, we are aware of the wish not to cheapen certain experiences by too much talk about them. But with Miss Guiney, there would rather seem a positive and serene determination not to feel too deeply the passional side of life.

> For so, alas,
> With Love, alas,
> With fatal, fatal Love a girlhood goes.

Such is the plaint of her little verses upon "Joan's Youth"; a curious plaint for the poet, who must be, first of all, a harp. So, too, with her well-known "Song of the Lilac," an exquisite lyric, but a lyric of romance well in the past. *Eh bien*—so far as human records go, Brynhilda was the sole Valkyrie who ever learned to sing love songs, and that burning knowledge appears to have added very little to her peace. There is something unique and challenging in this refusal of a poet (and save the mark! a woman poet) to bow before Eros. Very sure must she be of music and message, too, who will so bring to terms "that little, infinite thing, the human heart!"

Every one who knows Miss Guiney's work at all knows that in it there is no lack of tenderness. There is a tenderness as old as humanity and as large, in her musings upon the dead, upon those who fail, upon mothers and little children. And for the "timid, sweet, four-footed ones of earth" there is a tenderness as fresh and as vehement as youth. Never will dog-lovers forget her heart-shaking little poem of "Davy." nor the lines "To a Dog's Memory," nor the haunting masterpiece of love and hope, "St. Francis Endeth His Sermon." Very gently does this strain of bird-love and beast-love enter into Miss Guiney's devotional verses—as it was found so many times entering into Mrs. Hinkson's—so that one of the most exquisite of her Christmas carols is half a carol of Brother Ox and Sister Ass:

> Still as blowing rose, sudden as a sword,
> Maidenly the Maiden bare Jesu Christ the Lord;
> Yet for very lowlihood, such a Guest to greet,
> Goeth in a little swoon while kissing of His feet.
>
> Mary, drifted snow on the earthen floor,
> Joseph, fallen wondrous weak now he would adore
> (Oh, the surging might of love! Oh, the drowning bliss!)
> Both are rapt to Heaven and lose their human Heaven that *is*.
>
> From the Newly Born trails a lonely cry.
> With a mind to heed, the Ox turns a glowing eye;
> In the empty byre the Ass thinks herself to blame:
> Up for comforting of God the beasts of burden came,
>
> Softly to inquire, thrusting as for cheer
> There, between the tender hands, furry faces dear.
> Blessing on the honest coats! tawny coat and gray
> Friended our Delight so well when warmth had strayed away.
> Crooks are on the sill; sceptres sail the wave;
> All the hopes of all the years are thronging to the Cave.
> Mother slept not long, nor long Father's sense was dim,
> But another twain the while stood parent-wise to Him.
>
> *The Ox and the Ass.*
> *Be you glad for them,*
> *Such a moment came to pass*
> *In Bethlehem!*

Miss Guiney's verse has more than a little in common with the classic grace and restraint of Lionel Johnson: a poet, by the by, whom she greatly loved, and about whom she has written with illuminating sympathy. But her music, and her viewpoint, too, are essentially native and original. She is a perfect exemplar of Edgar Poe's assertion that the true poet never sees—and consequently is incapable of ever saying—the obvious thing. Even of common things it is impossible for her to speak without some touch of quite uncommon beauty. Many and arresting are the treasures of her single lines: the description of Pascal, as "Rich in all forborne felicities"; and that other description, five words never to be forgotten by those who have dreamed in forest silences.

> The free,
> Innocent, magnanimous tree!

There is, indeed, something of this tender and eternal rightness in all Miss Guiney's nature poetry, whether it be such a verbal pageant as "The Squall," or such an ecstasy of outdoor music as "Bedesfolk," or so consummate a blending of sensuous imagery and ethical motivation as, for example, "Cobwebs." But nature, after all, is never so superb as when supernaturalized—just as life is never so absorbingly interesting as when measured and interpreted by the mysterious canons of eternity. So, it is not enough to say that there is no more pure, no more authentic vein in all contemporary poetry than that of Louise Imogen Guiney. It is not enough to say that she has captured and made her own a lyric note of silver beauty. These virtues must needs be granted her artistry. But she has added to them, has built upon them beauties of the spirit rather than the flesh. *Deo Optimo Maximo* has been the war-cry of this Christian Valkyrie. Hers has been, and is, the Vision as well as the Voice!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France. Two volumes. By ELLIE WHITLOCK ROSE and VIDA HUNT FRANCIS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

Westminster Abbey. Two volumes. By HELEN MARSHALL PRATT. New York: Duffield & Co. $4.50.

The happy collaboration of Mesdames Rose and Francis had already resulted in three most interesting sets of double volumes on the Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France, and of Midland and Southern France; the present richly illustrated octavos conclude with satisfying completeness the story of the marvels of France's art and architecture in the ages when her faith and piety awakened genius and inspired it to the attainment of sublimity. The cathedrals and great cloisters are not a tithe of the story. Wherever in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was Christian fervor, there was genius; and faith and fervor were universal, striving daringly to express themselves in terms of stone and marble and glass and tapestry, in vaulting arch and lofty dome. And so in the villages and through the remote districts, as in town and city, arose a multitude of churches of an artistic beauty that our modern architects marvel at but can not reproduce. They were built and adorned by no noted architects nor artists. The trades-gilds of the place, the priests, people, townsmen, peasants, yearned to build around

His altar a monument to God, as they conceived of Him; and as their conception was as nearly adequate as humanity can compass, their execution was correspondingly sublime. When we consider that hundreds and often thousands of local craftsmen were engaged for generations in producing those medieval marvels of varied and perfect workmanship, we get some measure of the enlightenment of those ages; and also of the glib but shallow scribblers who dub them "Dark."

Our authors profess to record but the most striking specimens of French medieval architecture. The last two volumes contain some forty, selected from Brittany, Normandy, Maine, French Flanders, Lorraine and Nivernais. Hence they present all the developments of Gothic and Romanesque, and many have the additional interest that they are situated on the long battle line that has made their names familiar to the public in quite another connotation. Boulogne, Arras, Cambrai, Châlons, Verdun, Toul, Nancy, Metz and Strasbourg, have much more than strategic value, a value inspired long ago by the Prince of Peace; and so have St. Omer, Therouanne and St. Dié whose age-hallowed fortresses of prayer and piety stand also in striking contrast to the sanguinary scenes of conflict that now surround them. These and Le Mans, Lisieux, St. Malo and many another that deserves to be better known, are described always interestingly and with the simple appreciation of an untechnical admirer, but with a too frequent interlarding of alleged medieval atrocities that Protestant writers seem always to carry around with them as an antidote against Catholic beauty. They forget that they must go to Catholic lands and times to find such beauty, and the atrocities they could find at home.

The same remark applies, though in less degree, to the two volumes of 863 pages that tell the story and explain the marvels and monuments of Westminster Abbey. The pages are none too many, yet several of the French cathedrals would require still more to be treated adequately. The long and instructive story shows that it was Catholic faith and genius that gave to Westminster all that is worth writing about from the artistic viewpoint, and that Protestant additions are either monumental encumbrances, or lamentably inferior restorations of Protestant despoilments. Both sets have special interest for Catholics, but it is a pity that the writing of such books is left, for the most part, to those outside the faith, who, however well intentioned, necessarily omit the deeper things of Catholic and even artistic interest, for they can not fathom the rich and pregnant meanings of Catholic symbolism. It is true we build the great monuments to God and worship in them to His glory; but we might increase it by explaining them. The volumes before us have done this as creditably as could be expected from non-Catholic writers, and the 225 fine photogravures and other illustrations of "Cathedrals and Cloisters," and some fifty of "Westminster Abbey" are even more instructive than the letter-press. Both have excellent bibliographies. M. K.

Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. By GAILLARD HUNT, Litt.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

This book presents to us in a series of twenty-seven essays a historical account of that period of our national existence, during which our country strove successfully to establish and render permanent its position among the nations of the earth. Writing to commemorate the century of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Mr. Hunt has produced a volume that will be of value both to the student of history and economics and to the voracious "general reader." To mention a few of the varied chapters: in that on "Religion" the author gives an adequate and impartial account of the different sects flourishing in this country one hundred years ago; in the chapter on "Webster's Speller," he sketches the character of the education imparted in those days, while in the one on "Reading and Writing" the statement that "The printing press was considered the vehicle for depicting mankind washed and in good clothes," should give food for thought to publishers and readers of the twentieth century. The numerous sources cited by Mr. Hunt indicate the wide range of his reading. L. T. B.

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico. By E. L. KOLB. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The simplicity of the narrative is the chief charm of this new book of travel and description. It tells of a daring journey through dangerous passes, and all with an absence of boastfulness, which looms clearer for the felt presence of unostentatious modesty. The whole is a mass of poetry in the rough. Past hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," over dashing rapids, beside death-dealing boulders, "upon the masterful river which had carved the hearts of mountains and slashed the rocky plateaus, draining a kingdom and giving but little in return": such was the course taken by Ellsworth and Emery Kolb, with a courage to reach a hard-earned goal, that spells a lesson to him who reads. Leaving Green River City, Wyoming, September 8, 1911, and arriving at Needles, California, January 18, 1912, they crowded into one hundred and one days, adventures that had in them the thrill of danger, without which no incident is enjoyable for the truly bold. The purpose of the expedition was chiefly to collect photographs and moving pictures of the remarkable region traversed. Seventy-eight times camp was changed, rain often visited them in their sleep, they met a thousand kindnesses from people along the way; all these simple things are told, as well as the dangers overcome and left to be but a memory. The forty-eight pictures in the book are beautiful and graphic. The reader will wonder if the "movies" met with all the success they deserved. C. L. B.

Down West. By ALICE DEASE. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.30.

In the 120 pages of this latest number of the excellent "Catholic Library" series, there are seven tales of Irish life, any one of which is well worth the price of the whole. The fruit of the author's experiences in Connemara, they are true in color and in substance. The writer, unlike some alien exploiters of the Connacht peasantry, set out with no preconceived theory that the Irish are all comedians or melancholy dreamers or angels or villains; she simply describes them as she found them, and being a Catholic and in sympathy with their ways and feelings, she knew how to find them as they are. She has written much else that is of high literary as well as religious value, but nothing that is at once as dramatic, simple, pathetic, amusing and altogether satisfying as these revelations of the heart and soul of the western peasants. Their faults are laid bare, but with them their sterling virtues; above all their great philosophy of life, "Sure God is good and His blessed will be done." With the "Friday Woman," who had been a sinner, they like best the sermons on God's wrath, for "haven't we His mercy with us every day, and where'd we be at all without it? But the fires of hell, God help us! don't we forget them in our sins?" The humor and pathos of "A Second Hand Mission," and the sublimity of unconscious heroism in "Between the Sandhills and the Sea," and "Vespers and Complin" rank them high among the best short stories of the language, both in form and in content. M. K.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. By L. DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

Madame Lilie de Hegermann-Lindencrone is the American

wife of a Danish diplomat. For more than thirty-five years her distinguished husband was his country's representative at Washington, Rome, Stockholm, Paris and Berlin, from which last post he was retired in 1912; and in the present volume the author gives to the public some 337 pages of letters, which she wrote during this long period of diplomatic service. Most of the letters are addressed to her mother, her aunt or her sister; and have been carefully selected with a view to the title of the book. They picture a life of uninterrupted pleasure and amusement. Not a shadow is allowed to linger across the bright path they follow. Balls, soirées, high teas, brilliant court functions succeed one another with such bewildering rapidity that the writer "hardly has time to do anything but change from one dress to another." Here and there are pleasant sketches of the home-life of royal persons, and interesting glimpses of really great men. But to find these the reader must toil through long descriptions of Worth's gowns,weary dinners and the empty details of luxury. No doubt all these trifles were of absorbing interest to the writer and recipients of the letters, but a more compassionate editor would have spared the unoffending "general reader" a great deal of such twaddle. The author is the self-complacent centre of all she describes, and seldom brought sunshine into the lives of her less fortunate fellow-creatures. The book is fully illustrated. V. M.

Chemistry. By RAPHAEL MELDOLA, D.Sc. The Home University Library. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

This treatise will appeal favorably not only to those for whose benefit the series has been undertaken, but also and especially to the student of general chemistry. Nearly every teacher of this branch of science knows how difficult it is at times to get all his pupils to have an intelligent grasp of the fundamental laws and principles governing this science. The author, himself a professor of chemistry, has probably experienced this difficulty and therefore has spared no pains to insure clearness in the expression of his ideas. Omitting all that belongs to what is known as descriptive chemistry, he confines himself to the explanation of terminology and to proof of the fundamental laws and theories. Without belittling the importance of experiment, he accepts the facts made known by experiment and draws such conclusions only as are warranted by the premises. Careful, moreover, not to overstep the province assigned to him, however interesting to the reader such a digression might be, the author contents himself with indicating those avenues along which further reading might be pursued with profit. To help in this pursuit, a select bibliography is appended. On page 230 there is a very slight inaccuracy easily corrected by the reader: the words "right to left" should read, "left to right." The book is commended both to teachers and students of elementary chemistry. M. C. B.

The Dread of Responsibility. By ÉMILE FAGUET of the French Academy. Translated, with Introduction, by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Horror of all responsibility, the author holds, is the characteristic of the modern Frenchman. French courts of justice, he tells us, are a mere travesty of justice. Judicial power has ceased to exist because judges do not decide according to equity, but according to law, and so escape personal responsibility. The law itself is of no consequence where it would oppose the action of the Government, and the Government seeks to throw its own responsibility upon other shoulders. The jury when it actually condemns a criminal, instead of finding him merely unaccountable, will still avoid incurring responsibility by recommending him to mercy. Murder, he believes, is about the safest profession to follow, and, together with political office, the most reposeful.

Cynical as the author is, his lance is often directed against real social evils; yet he himself is without the slightest moral principle that would suggest the ultimate and only supreme responsibility, the responsibility toward his Creator. It is precisely the absence of this responsibility which, as a necessary consequence, has brought about the loss of every other sense of responsibility. His remedy of substituting aristocracy, an aristocracy of responsibility and not of wealth, for pure democracy is therefore nugatory unless it likewise supposes the supreme responsibility toward God from which all human responsibilty flows.

Jesuits receive their due share of misrepresentation. Catholicism in general and even Protestantism and religion itself fare no better. Catholics, he holds, shirk their responsibility by delegating their thinking to others. We have still to learn that St. Augustine, St. Thomas or even Dante were dwarfed intellectually by submitting to the divinely instituted Church of Christ. They were saved from error that they might think the more freely and cogently. A little such thinking would have greatly improved the present volume, without depriving the writer of any true freedom either in word or thought. J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

According to the *Bookman,* the six works of fiction most widely read in this country during October were these: "The Eyes of the World," "The Prince of Graustark," "Bambi," "The Auction Block," "The Wall of Partition" and Saturday's Child." This list of novels, all of which have been noticed in AMERICA, indicates that there has been some improvement in the "general reader's" taste since the first week of October. For the foregoing "best-sellers," with the exception of the first and fourth, the reviewer did not find objectionable, and with some reservations, gave words of praise to them. Last month, however, four out of the six in the list had to be banned.

The Governor of Massachusetts, David I. Walsh, had an unusual experience last month. At the enthusiastic demand of the people in the "dear old Commonwealth," his Excellency actually had to issue a second edition of his Thanksgiving Proclamation. That sort of document is not in great request, as a rule, nor are its readers numerous, but the felicitous way in which the Bay State's first Catholic Governor words this year's call to "public thanksgiving and praise" may explain in a measure that remarkable "second edition." The Proclamation ends thus:

> On that day, and on all days, let us with reverent minds and hearts pour forth our gratitude to Him for the peace, prosperity and happiness which is our priceless possession; let us ask a continuance of those innumerable blessings which have made Massachusetts great and honorable; and as we strive to preserve and perpetuate the liberties that have been handed down to us, let us commend to the mercy of God and to the prayers and patriotism of our fellow-citizens the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that it may continue to stand firm and strong as the defender of justice, dispenser of mercy. preserver of law, promoter of industry, keeper of knowledge and guardian of civil and religious freedom.

And this from a graduate of a Jesuit college! Shades of John Endicott and Cotton Mather!

The fall number of *Pax,* the Caldey Benedictine's quarterly, opens with a "community letter" from Abbot Aelred Carlyle, who recently completed his novitiate at Maredsous Abbey in Belgium, where he was ordained priest, and made his solemn profession. The Abbot appeals to Catholics to supply the places in the ranks of the "Caldey Helpers" left empty by

Anglicans when the monks became real Catholics and Benedictines, for the resources of the abbey are now very meagre. In closing his letter Dom Aelred writes:

> Surely I need not say what it means to us all to be true members of the Catholic Church and legitimate children of the Order of Saint Benedict. People say many wicked and stupid things about converts; but the wickedest and stupidest of all, and the most untrue, is the insinuation that every convert finds what he least expected, that he is not understood, and that he is doomed to a life-long process of disillusionment. Indeed the very contrary is the truth. When the struggles of private ... gment are over and one stands upon the Rock and ... ks round upon the Catholic Church from inside, the feeling of relief and freedom from the stiffness and unnaturally cramped point of view of those outside the Church is unspeakably comforting.

This number also contains a most interesting account of how the Irish Abbot of Maredsous escaped to Holland, and "Some Reflections on the War," by the late Mgr. Benson. The latter's "intellectual deterioration,"—a common result of conversion—was so marked that this autumn hardly a Catholic periodical could be scanned without finding in it either a paper signed by him, some reference to a recent or coming lecture or sermon of his, or the announcement of a new book from the pen of that zealous and tireless worker.

Many of our readers will doubtless be glad to learn that the series of children's story-books which Andrew Lang edited is being continued, for "The Book of the Blue Sea" (Longmans, $1.50) has just been added, by Henry Newbolt, to the twenty-five variegated volumes already published. These sea tales, as the author explains, are not fiction, but a record of fact. He tells what adventures an English midshipman of the early nineteenth century must have had, brings vividly before the reader the naval heroes of the Napoleonic period, and ends with the story of Admiral Farragut's career. Boys who wish to know just how a forty-eight-gun line-of-battle ship used to sink a seventy-four, should not fail to read this book. Norman Wilkinson furnishes numerous illustrations in color or in black and white.

Having taken her heroine through the convent school, Elizabeth Jordan now tells us of "May Iverson's Career" (Harper, $1.25). May thinks she has a vocation to the religious life but she also thinks she would like to be a journalist. Her father asks her to "play fair" with her mother and herself and urges the journalistic career as the lesser of two evils. "Fair play" with the Creator doesn't seem to enter into their thoughts. Of course May has wonderful adventures. Although she wanders alone about New York streets at midnight, nothing happens to her. By the expedient of making May a journalist the author is able to weave in a haunted house story, a Virginia feud, a runaway marriage, a suffrage lecture trip, etc., etc. "Patty's Suitors" (Dodd, Mead, $1.25) is the latest of Carolyn Well's "Patty" books. Though the story is clean, it is not wholesome. The "full-fledged" Patty is a vain, brainless girl, the account of whose actions, language and sentiments will scarcely benefit the young reader for whom the book is evidently intended.

"The Wonderful Romance" (Dodd, $1.35), is the book "Pierre de Coulevain," whose real name was Mlle. Fabre, finished writing just before she died. Protesting that a "free believer" is quite different from a freethinker, this very "advanced" Modernist now "attacks frankly," as she expresses it, "the great questions of life," religion being that with which she is chiefly concerned. After aptly naming the Catholic Church the "Great Misunderstood One," the author proceeds to show how thoroughly she herself misunderstands the Church's character. Pierre de Coulevain has conveniently at hand a natural explanation for every miracle, every triumph in the history of Catholicism, and serves up once more, in an appetizing way, many an ancient misrepresentation and calumny. It is hard to see how a woman, once a Catholic, can believe such things. The author teaches that the world is governed by a sort of fatalistic Providence, which actually leads men into sin. "The Wonderful Romance" is a dangerous book, for its author, who writes with considerable literary charm, will give Protestants an utterly false conception of the Church, and will weaken the faith of "wish-bone Catholics." At this moment, perhaps, Mlle. Fabre is not very proud of her last legacy to the world.

The Desmond Fitzgerald Company, New York, has added two more to their "Mother Dear" books, "Lady Rum-Di-Doodle-Dum's Children," by S. B. Dinkelspeel ($1.00), and "The Curly-haired Hen" ($0.75), a translation from the French of A. Vimar. The former consists of fifteen stories, in which a gifted narrator named Flip marvelously intermixes fairies, mortals and Rum-Di-Doodles; and the latter recounts, with numerous and most amusing illustrations, the ludicrous evolution of the only hen that had hair. They are well brought out, the illustrations of M. Vimar's book being worth the price of both, but they lack the literary charm of Mr. Leamy's "Golden Spears" and "Fairy Minstrel" in the same series. Lucy Fitch Perkins, who is writing for children an attractive set of books about twins of various nationalities, has now described the amusing adventures of "The Eskimo Twins" (Houghton, $1.00), as Menie the boy and Monnie the girl look and dress exactly alike, you can not possibly tell them apart, nor their two dogs, Nip and Tup, either. This, of course, causes endless confusion. The clever pictures the author has drawn will increase little readers' enjoyment of the book. In "The Secret of Pocomoke," Mary T. Waggaman entertainingly relates for Catholic schoolgirls the adventures of the sterling "Miss Pat," who would not allow her Church to be calumniated, and who turned out to be an heiress after all.

By way of preparation for Christmas, J. Fischer & Bro., New York, have published musical settings of "Lætentur Cœli" ($0.12), the offertory for the first Mass on that day, and "Tui Sunt Cœli" ($0.12), the offertory for the third Mass, both written for chorus of mixed voices by René L. Becker. While joyous in character, these selections are not necessarily confined either by words or music to Christmas, but may also be used on many other feast days in the year. From the same firm the following pieces also came recently: a "Mass in honor of St. Barbara" ($0.80), of pleasing character and of no serious difficulty, written for chorus of mixed voices, by René L. Becker; also a "Mass in honor of St. Benedict" ($0.80), for chorus of mixed voices, by Jos. I. Muller. "In a Flower Garden" ($0.75) is a cantata for juvenile voices, the words by Edith M. Burrows, the music by W. Rhys-Herbert. The composer is quite well known as a writer of cantatas and operettas, his "Sylvia" having been frequently presented. "In a Flower Garden" has for its theme a day in a garden, beginning with the Bird's chorus, "Peep, Peep," the chorus of the Dews, and the song of the Sunbeams. The popular flowers, Clover, Daisy, Buttercup, star as soloists, as do Fair-weather and Noon. The climax comes with the Wind song and the "pitter-patter" of the Rain's ditty, Storm Cloud, no doubt, being the villain. The *dénouement* is provided by the Rainbow song, "Song o' Sunset," and Fireflies' song, "Blinking a Lullaby." The music, of necessity limited in its scope, is in touch with the story throughout, the solos and choral numbers, in unison and in two parts, being effective and pleasing. Credit is due the librettist for providing an interesting text for the piper to pipe to.

BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Co., New York:
Practical Talks with the Christian Child. By Louis E. Cadieux. $0.20.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.:
Round About Home. By P. J. Carroll, C.S.C. $1.00.

Benziger Bros., New York:
Rambles in Catholic Lands. By Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. $2.00; Die Jesuiten in der Schweiz 1814-1847. Von Augustin Sträter. $0.20; The Ivy Hedge. By Maurice Francis Egan. $1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston:
Civilization and Health. By Woods Hutchinson. $1.50; Songs of the Outlands. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. $1.25; A Century's Change in Religion. By George Harris. $1.25; The Early Life of Mr. Man. Told and Pictured by E. Boyd Smith. $2.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Hand of Mercy. By Richard W. Alexander. $1.00; Uncle Pat's Cabin. By William C. Upton. $1.25.

Mission Press S. V. D., Techny, Ill.:
The Ex-Seminarian. By Will W. Whelan. $1.00.

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago:
A Great Soul in Conflict. By Simon A. Blackmore, S.J. $1.50.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
The East I Know. By Paul Claudel. Translated by Teresa Frances and William Rose Benét. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Medical Schools and Their Critics

IN an article which appeared in AMERICA for May 23, 1914, "Veritas" offered the following criticism of the Carnegie Foundation and the American medical schools:

> The greatest efforts, on a grand scale, are being made to discredit and destroy professional schools conducted under private auspices, especially by Catholics and the religious orders. The unauthorized investigation of the medical colleges made by the Carnegie Foundation tried to put out of existence many medical colleges. This agency of elimination is closely followed by the American Medical Association, which rates the existing medical institutions and thus turns the students away from the so-called inferior kind. To suppose that this rating is done according to strict merit and justice would demand the simplicity of an innocent babe. In fact this rating should be carefully examined and verified in the name of justice and fair play.

This opinion, shared by many professors and practitioners, is strengthened by the action which the American Medical Association recently adopted in the case of the Ohio State University. Last February, the Starling-Ohio Medical College became the medical school of the State University, and thereupon was rated Class A plus, by the Association. Much amazement was expressed at the time by those conversant with medical education in Ohio. "It is not too much to say," remarked the Cincinnati *Lancet-Clinic,* "that this classification of the new medical department of the Ohio State University has seriously disturbed the confidence which the medical educators of Ohio had previously felt in the fairness. efficiency and impartiality of the Council on Medical Education of our national body. The least that can be said is that the action of the Council, or perhaps of the Secretary of the Council, if the membership of the Council did not itself act, was hasty, ill-advised, without proper investigation, and something now to be regretted."

HOW THE ASSOCIATION "INVESTIGATES"

But amazement grows when one reads that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* describes the Starling-Ohio Medical College as a "well equipped and well established Class A institution." Reviewing the whole situation, the *Lancet-Clinic* gives some interesting facts which show how the Association has equalled the feat of making a silk purse from a sow's ear, by taking a low class medical school, and making it a Class A institution by rating it as such. The nucleus of this new school was the Cleveland-Pulte Medical school, a Class C institution. At least twenty-seven State Boards refused to recognize its diploma. For entrance, it required, at least in theory, a bare high-school education. Its hospital facilities were summed up in an old abandoned dormitory, usually without patients. The high rating accorded under these circumstances, "will probably come as a shock to those who have been earnestly looking forward to higher education in medical America," says the editor of the *Lancet-Clinic,* "and will tend to discourage those who are already war-worn and toil-weary with the conflicts of the past twenty-five years." This is a plain and fearless statement. Reviewing the rating which the Association has assigned to other American medical schools, one is curious to know whether the Association was guided by real knowledge of existing conditions, or whether its judgments were based upon circumstances foreign to the question. If sincere investigation were made of the action of the American Medical Association, there can be little doubt that the results would show many other instances, in which the widely-published ratings of the Association are equally hasty, ill-advised and "without proper investigation." The harm thus done to deserving medical schools, as well as the praise meted out to schools of low standing, can not in any sense help to further medical education.

FURTHER PLANS OF THE ASSOCIATION

The secretary of the Association, Dr. N. P. Colwell, has recently forwarded the following letter to a number of American colleges:

> Within the next year or so, it will be necessary for the Council of Medical Education, or some other standardizing agency, to publish a list of liberal arts colleges which are deemed worthy of recognition as being in a position to give acceptably the preliminary training for medical students. There will be included in this list, only such colleges as require for admission the full equivalent of a standard four-year high school course.

It would be well to remind the writer of this document, and with him the Council of Medical Education and other "standardizing agencies," that the liberal arts colleges of the different denominations, have done quite as much as any other agency, to demand a high standard of preparation in those who enter medical and other professional schools. This is only in keeping with their belief, that professional courses entered upon by poorly equipped students, can not form professional men of a high type. But these colleges object, and with reason, to be rated by "agencies" such as the Council of Medical Education. What they may expect is quite clear from the rating of medical schools announced by that body, and in particular, from its recent action in the case of the medical school of the Ohio State University. In the words of the *Lancet-Clinic,* this "has seriously disturbed the confidence which the medical educators of Ohio had previously felt in the fairness, efficiency and impartiality of the Council of Medical Education of our national body."

Frankly, danger to liberty of education is to be apprehended from the action of the American Medical Association, the Carnegie Foundation, and other self-appointed mentors and investigators of American schools and colleges. Will those who believe in liberty see the danger in time? JUSTITIA.

ECONOMICS

Finding the Remedy

MORE than twenty years ago, in his famous encyclical on the condition of the working classes, Leo XIII declared that "the relative rights and mutual duties of capital and labor," constituted one of the most pressing and difficult questions of the age. "There can be no doubt whatever," wrote the Pontiff, "that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the

misery and wretchedness which at this moment presses so heavily and so unjustly upon the vast majority of the working classes." Despite the many social movements which have been fostered since these brave words were first spoken, it can hardly be said that the condition of labor has been essentially improved. The injustice which for ages has been the burden of the defenceless poor still "presses heavily and unjustly," as the Pontiff says, upon thousands of half-fed, underpaid workingmen and workingwomen, who are bravely fighting to maintain an existence and a home upon the scanty wages given them in return for honest labor. History must repeat itself, for history is merely the story of how human nature, which remains essentially unchanged through changing centuries and climes, responds to certain given and recurring conditions. Men will bear with injustice for a time, either because forbearance is expedient, or under the circumstances, a virtue; or because they are unable to oppose an effective resistance. But man is not so constituted that he will suffer injustice forever. Bent on amusement and ease, the Roman mob cried for bread and public games. But throughout history, one may read of mobs, bent not on pleasure but on securing their right to live by their labor, who rose in their united might to take by force, the bread which rapacious greed withheld from them. In the United States, the crisis is fast becoming acute. In more than one section of the country, it has been found necessary to call upon armed force, not to settle the ultimate rights of capital and labor, but to repel the lawlessness of men, who though they suffered deeply, forgot for the moment that two wrongs can never make a right. Within the past year, the country has witnessed a conflict between capital and labor which in ruthlessness has fallen little short of civil war. What we have already seen, may be counted but a faint foreshadowing of the industrial revolution which will strive to establish itself by violence, if the remedy for our social ills urged by Leo XIII is not speedily found and sedulously applied.

ARE LABOR UNIONS THE REMEDY?

The position of the Church upon the union of workingmen is well known, and hardly needs repetition. "The consciousness of his own weakness," wrote Leo XIII, "urges man to call in help from without." What one man may be quite unable to obtain, may at times be secured readily and lastingly by men lawfully combining to secure a desired end. The last twenty years have been marked by the activity of the working classes in forming unions and associations. Thus, for instance, in 1890, the American Federation of Labor had about two hundred thousand members. Twenty years later, this number had risen to more than a million and a half, and at present the Federation has a membership in excess of two million. It is claimed that with the rise of the Federation, the labor unions of which it is composed have gained not only in numbers, but in practical influence. While this last assertion may be questioned, it will be gladly conceded that, despite the Socialists among its members, the Federation, as a body, has steadily refused to be allured by the specious promises held out by the socialistic program. The progress which the Federation has made, and the means upon which it relies to further its avowed purpose, are thus stated by its President, Mr. Samuel Gompers:

> There was a time when it was unfashionable for working people to be organized, when the doors of "decent homes" were often shut in the faces of the men who dared think and dream and act and hope for the organization of the working people. If that is changed, it is because we have learned to respect ourselves and to respect each other; it is because we have a better conception not only of our rights and privileges, but of our duties and our obligations. And in the same proportion that this develops in the minds and hearts of our working people, the sooner will we come into our own.

True as is this last statement, one can not but feel that Mr. Gompers' position will satisfy neither capital nor labor. It is precisely upon the existence and extent of their mutual rights and privileges, that capital and labor differ. It is at least conceivable that what Mr. Gompers terms the workingman's "right," capital may consider a privilege assumed without reasonable warrant. It seems true, as the Federation contends, that capital has always been more concerned with lessening wages than with increasing them, and that it has never seriously considered its duty in the question of a living wage. On the other hand, capital claims that the workingman's main purpose in life has always been to sell his labor as dearly as possible, without due regard to existing economic conditions, and that whenever the interests of capital and labor have come in conflict, organized labor rarely stopped to consider the fact that capital as well as labor has certain inalienable rights. But even when the workingman's right is conceded, the extent to which he may go in defending it, still remains in dispute. It can hardly be admitted that organized labor can judge without prejudice, what the laborer's right may be, what are his privileges, and what his duty. The tendency of organized labor to find the court of final instance within its own circle, has been criticised as a fundamental weakness in the labor union's position. Equally unjust, is capital's claim that the decision of disputes must rest with its representatives.

FAILURE OF THE LABOR UNION

But while we may admit the utility and practical necessity of labor unions, and even find some place in the scheme of economic reform for the American Federation of Labor, it would be vain to hope that these agencies can effect a lasting change for the better in the condition of the workingman. The union is not an impartial investigator of conditions as they really are. It has put capital in the prisoner's box, and has assumed the double rôle of prosecuting attorney and judge. The question might be easily solved could we assume that the workingman is invariably the victim of oppression, and his employer a raging tyrant, or that labor represents revolt, and capital, justice. But this is not stating the case fairly. In the last quarter century, the vast expansion of mining and manufacturing interests, of the means of communication and transportation, and of every line of trade and commerce, has complicated economic conditions to a degree which, in a simpler age, would have been thought impossible. Older standards of value have become vague and shifting, and with capital in possession of the sources of wealth, capital untouched by the sense of justice which is founded on religion, it is not to be wondered at that labor has, at times, been deeply wronged. The workingman has not been blind to his wrongs. Unfortunately, however, his sense of injustice has too often made him ready to listen to the demagogue with his promised social panacea, and has prevented him and his unions, from taking that complete and just view of prevailing economic conditions which must be duly considered if the program of reform is to be practical. That labor can not, or will not, see the other side of the shield, is quite as fatal to the course of justice, as is the failure of capital to recognize the evil conditions for which it is largely responsible. Intelligent treatment can not be expected from a physician who will not study all the symptoms presented by the patient, and the practitioner at law who refuses to investigate the strength of his opponent's case will soon come to grief.

THE CAUSE OF THE FAILURE

Unwittingly, perhaps, the labor movement in this country has drawn much inspiration from the materialistic philosophy which places man's happiness in economic independence. It has refused to recognize that the labor question must be settled ulti-

mately by religion. The leaders of the movement may claim that provision for the religious welfare of the workingman is beyond their province. If so, they have pledged their associations to neglect the only factor which can be of real value in bettering his condition. Labor disputes arise because men forget justice. Until justice is deeply and permanently established in the hearts of workingmen and employers alike through the influence of supernatural religion, we can not hope that industrial wars will cease. At the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Walter George Smith of Philadelphia, ventured to present the claims of supernatural religion. It is somewhat significant that he was violently opposed by a strong minority, and that his position was not considered vitally important by the convention as a whole. In concluding his remarks, Mr. Smith, with the evident disapproval of many of the delegates, asked the convention to remember that while this life has its problems of importance, which call for immediate solution, it is at best a time of trial, and in its true purpose, a preparation for the world to come.

> This is the central thought that should come to the employer and the worker alike, that this life of ours is a time of preparation. We can never expect the millennium in our time. It is through suffering, through trial, through tests, that character is perfected. The great object of life is not ease, is not going along the lines of least resistance, but is bearing a man's part of the burdens of the entire community, in order that this short life may be but a preparation for life eternal.

Labor unions, let it be repeated, may have useful purpose. The statement that they are a practical necessity may pass unchallenged. The union would be very nearly a perfect institution if, in the words of Benedict XV, it cared for "the moral perfection of the individual member as well as for his material welfare." But as long as labor organizations refuse to recognize the purpose of our finite life, and the place of supernatural religion in the heart of man, they can do nothing to help the world to find "the remedy for the misery and the wretchedness which at this moment presses so heavily and so unjustly upon the vast majority of the working classes." Life's equation will never balance, if God is not one of its terms.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Anti-Profanity League of New York City has issued a report of its work during the past year. The League has as its "sole object, the suppression of the great American vice of profanity." In pursuance of this object, the League prints and distributes calendars, of which thousands are annually secured by the Liquor Dealers' Association for bar-room display, and holds mid-day street meetings. The League is a Catholic association, and has the approbation of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society.

How deeply the Catholic spirit has penetrated the lives of the Belgian people is illustrated, according to the Catholic *Times*, by the first question which the refugees in England usually put to the committees which endeavor to find them a home. "How far off will the nearest Catholic Church be?" When history has written the glorious story of Belgian patriotism, shall Catholics have heard the last of the stupid calumny, so beloved by Protestant "missionaries" in Catholic regions, that the Catholic Church makes men cowards and traitors to their country?

An interesting discussion in the London *Tablet* brings out the fact that in reciting the rosary for the souls in purgatory, it is permissible to substitute the "Eternal rest" for the "Glory." The reason is simple. The complete rosary consists of fifteen Our Fathers and one hundred and fifty Hail Marys, with the meditations. All the rest is an addition, pious and profitable, but not essential.

In a recent number of the Boston *Transcript*, "K. F." writes interestingly on "How the Classics Were 'Canned.'" The scholar will hardly admit the plea that the classics can be known satisfactorily through mere translations; and indeed, "K. F." does not press the point. The decision of this question, he admits, belongs to experts. But "K. F." is right in thinking that the majority of classical teachers "live too much in the past," and that they have too frequently resorted to "the pessimistic dodge of asking what can be expected of a sordid and materialistic age like ours."

> They have made the great mistake of looking backward at the Renaissance, when every one that counted had to know Latin and Greek, whether he wanted to or not, instead of looking forward to a time when every one that counts will want to know Latin and Greek, whether he has to or not.

"K. F." holds that a strong reaction has sprung up against the exclusive emphasis laid on science by nineteenth century thinkers. The way is open for a revival of the classics, and the revival will come, provided teachers will look upon the classics as literature, and not as museum-cases from which to draw specimens to illustrate grammar and linguistics.

"Ah, me!" writes Thackeray of his editorial experiences, "we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the thorns in our cushion." From the opposing standpoints and of racial affiliations, contributing editors continue to assail AMERICA's alleged French, German or English proclivities on the war question. Neutrality often puts thorns in the cushion; but it is comforting to reflect that AMERICA's policy of giving a hearing to all sides, has satisfied the majority of old readers, and secured new ones to an extent hitherto unprecedented in a similar period of three months. Commendation has outweighed the criticism. The president of a distinguished Irish college writes:

> Since its inception, AMERICA has been the favorite paper of the Faculty, but for the last month or so, I have had the war-topics read to the students every week. It seems strange that we should be obliged to get our first reliable news of the European conflict from across the Atlantic, but such is the fact. With the possible exception of Mr. Belloc's contributions to *Land and Water*, AMERICA is the only paper in English, so far as I have seen, that gives an adequate and unbiased account of how things are really going on. The article, "Ireland and the War," by P. V., is excellent, and altogether true. One living in Ireland could hardly have written it, for just now he could not get the perspective.

May it not be that some of AMERICA's angry critics are hardly in a position to "get the perspective"?

Of late, AMERICA has criticised the anti-Catholic bias of the war news published in a number of American papers. These cablegrams, as it appears, emanated from a tainted foreign source, but it is pleasant to note that many American war-correspondents have written eloquently of the heroism of priests and nuns on the battlefield. The following paragraph is from the pen of Mr. William G. Shepherd, of the United Press:

> There's the peace of a certain Warless Land that he knows about on his face and he reads his services over a dead German with the same tender tones and the same smile of hope that he has for the dead soldier who sleeps in the red, white and blue of France. I've seen the little

priest a score of times since then. He marches more than any soldier. There are scores of dead to bury; there are dozens of stories and confessions to hear from dying men in the hospitals; there are the broken-hearted women and children of the village who have lost their soldier loved ones to be comforted, and his task was so great that it seemed to me that if I were the little priest and saw so much of such terrible sorrow in a world gone so far away I would take off my white robe and fold it away and say, "God has forgotten us. What's the use?" Only I know by the little clergyman's face that he knows that God has not forgotten us, even though the cannons of men who are hungry to kill are sounding above the chant of the funeral services and even though each crash means more broken hearts and more dead to bury.

It may be that one result of this greatest of wars will be an increased respect for the Church that can produce men like this little French priest.

"When nine out of sixteen college graduates who apply for positions as teachers of mathematics," says the Philadelphia *Ledger,* "think that 'feasable,' 'attemps,' and 'trigonomtry' are correct spelling, it is time for educators to look both surprised and alarmed." At the examination in question, an applicant wrote a paragraph of four hundred words, of which he misspelled twenty-two. Dr. G. W. Flounders, the chief examiner, claims that this lamentable showing is not the fault of the lower schools.

> The public schools are doing just as much to teach correctness, in fact they are doing more along this line than ever before. But they are not continuing the instruction so long. Pupils usually do not have spelling lessons after they leave grammar school.

The Provost of the University of Pennsylvania is inclined to take issue with Dr. Flounders. He is sure that forty years ago, people were better spellers and, in his opinion, the faulty spelling of the present day is due to the poor methods of teaching prevalent in the schools.

> It seems to me that the schools are not teaching this subject as they should. In my own school days, the teacher used to give out words as fast as we could write them. Then we exchanged slates and corrected one another's mistakes. Closer attention to spelling books, more spelling lessons, these are the remedies for modern inaccuracy. The old-fashioned spelling bee, where the pupil who failed went to the foot of the class, was also very stimulating.

It is interesting to note that the old-fashioned methods described by the Provost are to be found in the *Ratio Studiorum.* or plan of studies compiled for the use of Jesuit schools, toward the end of the sixteenth century. Their introduction into modern grammar schools and academies would do much to check what the *Ledger* calls "our bizarre, free-for-all spelling."

There is a tendency among social workers to criticise the methods employed by Catholic institutions of correction and for the relief of distress. Sometimes this criticism is the outcome of religious prejudice. Oftener, perhaps, it is based upon ignorance of the good which these institutions are accomplishing. Since of late the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have borne the brunt of this criticism, it is interesting to note what Judge Lindsey, of Denver, thinks of their work. The following quotation is from the Denver *Catholic Register:*

> A committee, consisting of Dr. Hughes and Messrs. Armstrong and Cleveland, the latter two Protestants, told of an investigation made at the Good Shepherd home. Not one girl who was dissatisfied with the treatment was found. The home was declared to be more sanitary than the city's private houses.
>
> Juvenile Judge Ben B. Lindsey said that he had sent so many girls to the Good Shepherd home that at times he was ashamed of himself, but he never knew one to be refused. It would be impossible for a State institution to do the work the home does. The State isn't doing it, he reminded, whether it is possible or not. He declared that, when Protestants say to him that non-Catholics should not be sent to the home, he asks them why they don't start a similar Protestant home; but they don't do it. He is not a Catholic himself. The home, he showed, has saved thousands of dollars for the taxpayers, besides what it has done in a moral way. In his fifteen years' relations with it, the juvenile court officials have found only one girl who entered any kind of a protest against the Sisters, and he found on investigation that outside persons had influenced her to do this.

The sociology which attempts to divorce religion from the problem of correction is gaining ground throughout the country. Catholics will do well to keep a strict watch upon private and public committees of charities and correction. The proselytizer is still in our midst; often he, or she, is called a "social worker." It is well to add, however, that Catholic criticism will be acceptable, and what is more to the point, effective, only on condition that Catholics are ready to do their share of the work of social reform.

"The heart beats high," writes George Eliot, "and all brave deeds seem near to us and possible, in the presence of heroism." Here is a story of heroism, taken from the Salt Lake City *Intermountain Catholic,* well worth retelling.

> One week ago, last Sunday, in a little northern Colorado mission church, it was Communion day for the children of the parish. Two little girls drove twenty-seven miles to receive their Saviour in the Sacrament of the Altar. The Mass, due to the fact that the priest celebrated the august sacrifice at a place some distance off before he went to this town, did not begin until 12:30. These girls and their parents had to arise at 3 o'clock in the morning and start their long drive in order that the youngsters could receive Communion. The girls, therefore, had been fasting thirteen hours all but a few minutes before they received the Eucharist, and they had been awake ten hours of those thirteen.

May this modern instance of Catholic heroism stir our sluggish city dwellers to imitate, afar off if not in detail, the heroism of those two little girls of Colorado, a heroism which, after all, is not extraordinarily uncommon in the sparsely settled districts of the great West.

In commenting upon the downfall of the bogus Knights of Columbus oath, Mr. C. B. MacDonald gives utterance to the following sentiments through the columns of the Caldwell, Kansas, *News:*

> Among the best citizens I have ever known were members of the Catholic Church. I may not admire their religion; in fact I know nothing whatever about it. But when such men as Dan Macy, the Metzinger brothers, Will Duffy, and dozens of others I could mention, are condemned on account of their religion, in which they are fully as devout as the members of any other church organization, I feel that to class such man as traitors to their country is an outrage, unfair and indecent.

Mr. MacDonald has supplied Catholics with precious food for salutary thought. He knows nothing about the Catholic religion, but he does know "Dan Macy, the Metzinger brothers, Will Duffy and dozens of others." He argues that were the Church the monster which her enemies paint her, these men would repudiate her. A truly Catholic life is a better argument for the sanctity of the Church than many words. To paraphrase Cardinal Newman: "Let us live like Dan Macy, the Metzinger brothers and Will Duffy, and we have given the defamers of the Church an argument for which there is no answer."

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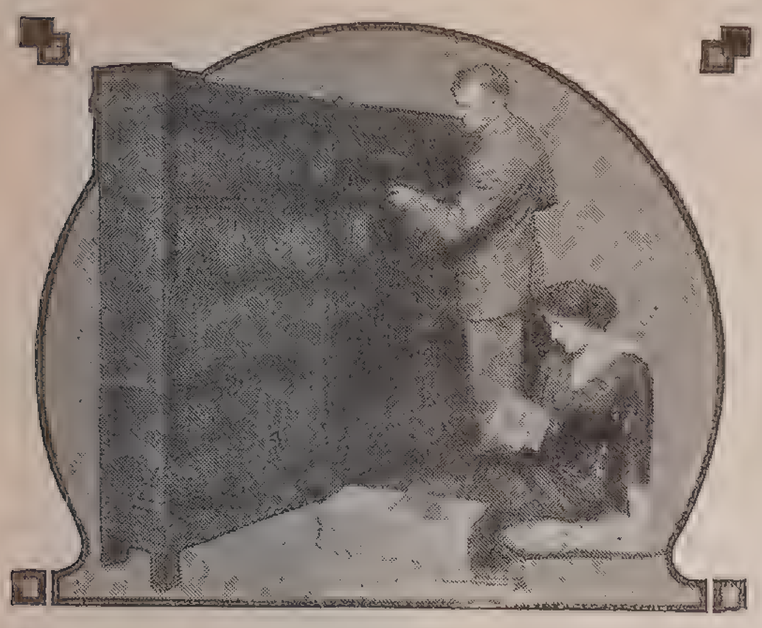
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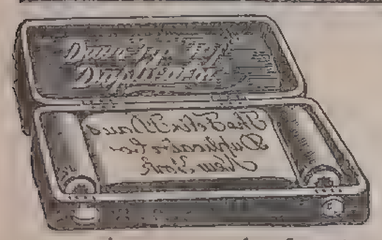
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—There is almost nothing to record of the situation in France and Belgium. Things have been very quiet along the whole line, although at the two extremities there has been intermittent activity, with some slight advance by the Allies in the vicinity of Altkirch and along the river Lys. The Germans, on the other hand, have been constantly active in the Argonne, where, however, the Allies claim to have resisted every attack; north of Arras also there was a gain of some two miles by the Germans, but the vigorous strike for the coast, in spite of predictions, has not been made. Germany, it would seem, is too absorbed in her struggle with the Russians to do more than hold her own. It has been officially stated that many German troops have been transferred from the west to the east, but there has been no perceptible weakening of the line against the Allies, except that the offensive is growing more and more a feature of the Allies. Whether or not the Allies will seize this opportunity to attempt to drive back the Germans remains to be seen. It must be a temptation. On the other hand, the positions in which the Germans are entrenched are so strong that great sacrifices must be reckoned with in every plan to dislodge them. There has been a good deal of speculation as to the meaning of the visit of the King of England to the Continent. It is so unprecedented that many minds insist on seeing in it more than a mere act of courtesy or encouragement. This joined to the fact that the British are said to have been transferred from their old positions and given complete charge of the portion of the lines from Ypres to the Nieuport, and that a large number of warships are gathering off the Belgian coast, are taken to mean that the plan of driving the Germans back to the Rhine, which was promised for the spring, is about to be anticipated. The flooding of Flanders has made it very difficult to prosecute active offensive operations, but Germany's difficulties in the east may, perhaps, be regarded as an ample compensation. Undoubtedly Germany's task will be immensely increased if England assumes the offensive with all her strength.

Bulletin, Dec. 1 p. m. -Dec. 8, a. m.

The Situation in the West

In spite of the bloody fighting that has been going on in Poland the situation has not materially changed. The Germans are still holding on to Lowicz, the point at which they are closest to Warsaw; and although they were nearly surrounded at Lodz and only succeeded in cutting their way out by great valor and with frightful loss and at the point of the bayonet, they did finally extricate themselves from what has been called the bloodiest engagement of the entire war. This part of their army, after falling back about eight miles, was reenforced and reformed, and has again seized Lodz. The gaps in the German line of battle, which were caused by the fact that the centre advanced far more rapidly than the wings and which consequently became a source of much danger, have now been closed up and the line extends almost continuously in a general southerly direction from

Situation in Poland

Plock in the north, on the river Vistula, down to Kutno and Lowicz, past Lodz, through Lutomierz and on to Czenstochowa until it reaches Cracow. Unofficial reports from Petrograd continue to claim a great Russian victory, but there is a marked reserve in the wording of the official reports on both sides. Fortune, however, seems to be favoring the Russians, for they have succeeded in blocking very effectually the German advance on Warsaw and Ivangorod. And yet it would be a mistake to think that the campaign has reached anything like a decisive stage. In fact, indications point toward another Austro-German drive toward the great stronghold on the Vistula. Some such move is necessary to relieve the pressure on Cracow and East Prussia, and is actually in preparation. The last invasion of Poland had this weakness, that although it forced the Russian centre to give way, it left the wings practically unaffected. As a consequence Russian guns have begun to shell Cracow, and there is even some talk, though irresponsible in character, of isolating it and pushing on through Silesia; besides Russian troops are once more advancing slowly but steadily into East Prussia. To counteract these movements in the north and the south the Austro-German armies are apparently resorting once more to the strategy which proved so successful in October. Large bodies of troops are being gathered from all quarters and massed below Lodz, and it is expected that before long a terrific blow will be struck at the Russian centre. If the Russians, in order to withstand the shock, find it necessary to draw reenforcements from their right and left, and so weaken both their wings, the twofold menace to German territory will again, for the time, be averted. Meanwhile, there is comparative quiet in Galicia and in East Prussia, as both sides are awaiting the outcome of the great battle in Poland. Another manifestation of Russian activity, though as yet on a small scale, has been the forcing of the Dunkla Pass in the Carpathians, and the penetration of Hungary. It is a demonstration rather than anything else, but might easily assume very serious proportions, in the event of a sweeping Russian victory.

Cracow and East Prussia

Belgrade has fallen. After four months of gallant resistance it has been occupied by the Austrians. The city is said to be in ruins as the result of the almost uninterrupted bombardment which has been carried on against it from across the Danube. The final capitulation, however, was not the result of the action of the heavy guns. How Belgrade was able to hold out so long against the heavy artillery which has been so effective in other parts of the war, and notably against Antwerp, is a matter of considerable surprise. What finally caused the Servians to abandon their capital was the fact that their previous losses had made them powerless to hold back the superior numbers with which the Austrians marched against them from the river Drina on their western border. Eventually it became clear that the forces at Belgrade had to choose one of two courses; either they must retire from the fortress at once and join the rest of the army, or be cut off from the main body of their troops and, as a consequence, even supposing that they could hold out, be practically ineffective as far as the main movements of the campaign were concerned. As such a sacrifice was out of the question, in view of the fact that casualties had already much thinned their ranks, in numbers they could never hope to cope with their enemy, they retired from Belgrade and left it in the hands of the Austrians. The capture of it, therefore, was not so much a great victory as a rather clear indication that Servia is growing weak. The spirit of the Servians is such that they never would have taken this move unless they had found their strength very much depleted. Another victory of the Austrians has still further demonstrated their weakness. Sinister predictions are now being made by the experts that Servia can not much longer maintain a vigorous resistance, and that unless she receives assistance from the Allies very soon, and on a large scale, her weeks of independent existence are numbered. Efforts are being made to induce Bulgaria to bury her resentment over the second Balkan war and go to Servia's assistance, both in support of Slavic interests in general and to safeguard her own independence. Up to the present, however, she has shown no signs of any inclination to do so. On the other hand, a good deal of pressure is being brought to bear on Bulgaria by Turkey. Turkey has just proclaimed the holy war against Servia, and is said to have concentrated a large army at Adrianople, with the purpose of cooperating with Austria. To do this it is necessary to get permission to march through Bulgarian territory, or better, to make use of the Bulgarian railroad. The bait which is being held out to Bulgaria is a slice of Servia and the utter humiliation of her foe. Considerable interest and importance attaches to her decision.

Servia

Bulgaria

Reports to the effect that Italy was about to enter the war have been circulated so frequently with no other result than to be subsequently proved false, that no one is likely to accept, without a good deal of reserve, the same rumors that are again becoming current. It has been stated, however, on what claims to be good information, though without official sanction, that Italy is now fully equipped for the war in both army and navy, and that her entrance into active participation is a thing of no distant date. The statement has been made that her fleet is completely mobilized, and that by January 1, 1915, she can put 760,000 fully armed men into the field. The reasons given for her rumored resolution have been in the air so long that they are fairly familiar to all readers. There is the certainty of the ill-will of Germany and Austria for her failure to join forces and fortunes with her old allies; the danger to her colonies on the Mediterranean and to her shipping interests in the Suez Canal,

Italy

both of which are menaced by Turkey; old ambitions to control the Adriatic and to recover the provinces of Trent and Triest; a grudge to satisfy against Austria, her hereditary foe, and a conviction that she can have no hope of deriving advantage from the Allies unless she gives them active support. From the beginning of the war it has been rather widely thought that the Italian people were eager for war, but that the Government was reluctant. Belief is now gaining ground that the official reluctance was due to a realization of the unprepared condition of both army and navy, and that with the disappearance of that condition the official reluctance has also disappeared. That Austria's victories over Servia and the possibility of the Balkan States being reduced to the condition of Bosnia and Herzegovina are likely to give added force to these reasons can scarcely be doubted. Italy is certainly not prepared to welcome any new partition of the Balkans in Austria's favor, and is pledged in a sense to prevent it. The new Premier, an overwhelming vote of confidence in whose Cabinet has just been passed, has outlined as his policy a continuance of "a watchful and armed neutrality," based not on Italy's lack of preparation for war, but on the clear demands of her best interests.

Events of the Week

Austria.—On December 2 the aged Emperor celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Austria-Hungary. On account of war conditions the enthusiasm was not as marked as in former years, but there was no lack of quiet, affectionate loyalty shown the old man who has guided the destiny of his people all these long years. There is at present no special feeling of alarm in the country. For a while Vienna seemed disconcerted by the sudden arrival of refugees, but now everything is normal; food is plentiful and the soldiers are fighting with superb courage and endurance. The Tyrolese are displaying not only bravery, but remarkable religious fervor. They are making the utmost sacrifices to attend the Masses said as often as possible for the men under arms, thus displaying their usual zeal. During the week an important conference was held at Breslau in Silesia. The German Emperor met the Archduke Charles, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. It is supposed that the Russian campaign was under discussion, but nothing definite is known.

The Return to Paris Uncertain

France.—Much uncertainty exists regarding the return of the Government to Paris. The meeting of Parliament to discuss financial measures has been fixed for December 22. It is thought that by December 13 all the ministers will have returned to Paris, but whether or not their stay will be permanent is unknown. As the Government has made no decisive announcement, the Parisian press must content itself with the discussion of rumors. "No danger of a German attack is now feared," says the *Journal des Débats,* "but the decision of the question will probably be left to the military authorities. Perhaps it is advisable to allow the Governor of Paris to exercise his functions unhampered for some time longer. At any rate, keep the politicians at the Garonne, where they are harmless, instead of bringing them back to trouble the Seine. Let us say right out that nobody is anxious to see politics and politicians resume the centre of the stage."

The New American Ambassador at Paris

In receiving Mr. W. G. Sharp, the new American ambassador, President Poincaré again voiced the French view of the cause of the war, and France's determination to exact reparation for violated rights. "If it had depended upon France," the President said, "peace would never have been troubled. To a brutal attack, we have replied with patriotism and bravery. We are determined to fulfil to the end the duty imposed upon us. In order that peace may be long and happy, that it may not be illusory and treacherous, peace must be guaranteed by complete reparation for violated rights, and must be protected against future attacks." The President's statement of the Government's policy is borne out by the recent decree, which enacts that about 300,000 youths who normally would begin army service in October, 1916, are called to present themselves for examination on December 20. Their military training will begin in March, and should the necessity arise, these young men could be sent to the fighting line in July.

Internal Affairs

Germany.—On December 2, the Reichstag, with only one dissenting voice, voted a new war credit of 5,000,000,000 marks ($1,250,000,000). Both the President of the Chamber and the Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg made speeches outlining the causes and progress of the war. Both addresses were directed to inspiring confidence in the ultimate success of the German cause. The Chancellor, speaking in the Emperor's name, laid stress on the unity which obtains throughout the empire, and then proceeded to express admiration for Austria-Hungary. Turkey's part in the war was then explained, and the speaker ended by an exposition of Germany's version of the causes that precipitated the conflict. Letters received from Germany protest that finances are in excellent condition, that food is abundant, and that all classes of people are making heroic sacrifices cheerfully in this time of trial. It is undoubted that a great revival in religious fervor has taken place. The people have turned to God in the hour of need, and churches that were once well-nigh empty are now thronged with prayerful congregations.

Censorship and the Aliens

Great Britain.—Two subjects are widely and violently discussed, the press censorship and the aliens. Unmindful of its experience with the censor some months ago, the *Times* argues that a censorship which suppresses good news as well as bad does not encourage recruiting, and

suggests that the best interests of the country would be served by publishing sober and exact accounts of what is happening at the front. This could be done, says the *Times*, without disclosing our plans to the enemy, or suggesting clews for aliens in England to work upon. In response to popular demand, the Government announces that more stringent measures than have yet been used in dealing with the matter of the aliens will shortly be put in force.

Ireland.—In response to the demand of the *Times* and other English journals, Mr. Asquith declared he would take suitable action against such Irish papers as opposed recruiting, although Mr. Redmond had informed him they were maintained by cranks and faddists whose influence was negligible. *Irish Freedom*, an advocate of complete independence, has since been suppressed. *Sinn Fein* is nearly as extreme, but among the supporters of Home Rule that advise against recruiting are several provincial papers, the organ of the Gaelic League and the *Irish Volunteer*. The able and well-balanced Dublin *Leader* insists that as Catholic Ireland has given more than its quota to the army and badly needs for its tillage and industries the remnants that misgovernment has left it, recruiting should be mainly confined to the landlords, Orange societies and the office-holding classes, who have benefited most by English rule and fought for it least. An Irish missionary who has visited all the provinces thus writes to AMERICA concerning the country's attitude:

Attitude toward the War

Opinion about the war is varied. There is little enthusiasm for England though a pretty general acceptance of the maxim, "better the devil you know," etc. There is a strong undercurrent of discontent at the hanging up of Home Rule with an unknown amendment bill attached, at the treatment of Irish Catholic soldiers in regard to chaplains, and the decided preference shown the Protestant Ulsterites. Hence recruiting has been very slack, and besides we have not the men, for "the Celts are gone with a vengeance." As a rule there is apathy rather than sympathy, except toward Belgium; and there would be no heartbreaking here if the war ended for the five Great Powers like our battle of the Kilkenny cats, or left all so weakened that they could do no more damage in the world.

Messrs. Gwynn and W. Redmond of the Irish Party have enlisted as officers for the war, and the Party generally and the daily press take the English viewpoint in regard to it. But recruiting is still meagre, and the suppression of dissenting organs will hardly stimulate it.

Mexico.—Confirmation of the reports concerning conditions in Mexico is had in this letter from the wife of the American Consul in Matamoros, State of Tamaulipas. The writer expected the appeal to be published in our papers; for the most part they suppressed it:

A Desolate Picture

The day the Christmas ship sailed with its cargo of good cheer for the war-stricken countries of Europe a little company of Mexicans came together in a town near the international boundary and issued an appeal addressed: "To the American People and Their Exalted Authorities."

It was a plea for work for men, and bread for their women and children, and is the first cry for help that has ever come from this stoical and long-suffering people: "*Trabajo! Justicia! Pan!*" (Work! Justice! Bread!) At last I have decided to pass it on to the editors of great dailies in the United States who are able to send it to the uttermost parts of the land, and see what answer the American people have to make.

The conditions in Europe which shock the civilized world have existed here against our borders for four years, unconsidered. Mexico is peopled with widows and orphans and famine is in the land. At first it reached us only as a rumor from remote places, but now it is present in our midst, on both sides of the Rio Grande. One sees it daily, in emaciated forms, shrunken cheeks, tightly drawn skin and burning eyes, sees it in the faces of women, old men and little children.

Many have died on American soil during the past year, ostensibly from obscure diseases, but actually from starvation, and there are hundreds of children who have never had sufficient food in their pitiful little lives. That is the heart-breaking tragedy of it all—the quiet, unsmiling children who sit silently by the doors of huts through the long hours—starving. The sound of laughter and playing children is stilled in Mexico.

Up to date practically the only aid has come from the State of Texas. Relief societies all along the border have done noble work, but the burden has grown too great for one State, or two or three. The United States has claimed the exclusive right to intervene in Mexican affairs. Shall we demand the right and repudiate the obligation?

There is need for food and clothes and medicines. The need is pressing. There is no time to be lost. Helpless ones are suffering and dying. Arrangements have been made whereby supplies can be distributed from the American consulate at this place to any locality in Mexico, and for the judicious expenditure of any funds that may be donated.

The destitution is not confined to the lower classes. Hundreds of delicate, carefully nurtured women are undergoing untold hardship, and undergoing it with the silent courage which always characterizes women of that class. Less than a month ago I met on the streets of El Paso a Mexican woman, one who is qualified by intelligence, character and culture to grace any circle, and she was soliciting family washing with which to support herself and three children.

I have seen little, new-born babes with no clothing except worn rags which the mothers had picked up. I have seen a woman in travail lying on the bare stones in a patio, without doctor, without nurse, alone except for a small child tugging at her clothes and whining for food.

I have seen an aged mother bending over her boy, who had been brought back from battle mortally wounded, and there was not left in the house even a pillow for his head.

Christmas is coming! Christmas in Mexico! God help them and move to compassion the hearts of happier ones!

One moving picture show less in the course of a week would not be a serious privation, but the nickels and dimes would buy food for many starving children. There are many sad women in the United States who have stored away somewhere little garments, growing yellow with age. Let them remember the mothers and babes of Mexico.

To the people of the United States and their exalted authorities: What are you going to do about it? Christmas is coming! You who dwell in peace and safety—you whose loved ones are warm and fed, what is your answer to Mexico?

(MRS.) E. C. HENDRIX,
American Consulate.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Work for Women

ONE may ring the bell of alarm without being justly charged with sensationalism, for *the enemy* is now within our gates, hammering away at the foundations and proclaiming from the housetop his intention to overthrow Christian civilization. He has affronted right-reason, discredited religion and declared morality a mode of evolutionary thought. At its dawn the moral law was infantile, in past epochs it changed from the servile to the dogmatic, but during the present "capitalistic era" there is no dominant moral doctrine, as our civilization is just on the cusp between autocratic sanction and the freedom of democracy. A multitude of women are following the enemy. He has engaged the splendid talent and untiring energy of large groups of altruistic women, to set before the public eye the necessity of social reforms; the best of which concerns itself with the physical needs of the individual and the improvement of the material environment of the masses, while the worst of this force, clamoring in the alleged interest of the people, makes open war upon the standards of the Decalogue.

It is supposed to be to their discredit that Catholic women form the only large body which strictly adheres to the Christian dogma that God established His Church to last even to the end of days, so that mankind may know the moral law of which no jot or tittle is changeable. Because of this psychology, and the fact that religion and morality are the guardians of the nation, may it not be regarded as providential that for Catholic women is set the task of showing that any agency whose purpose it is to maintain the integrity of our country and to advance the well-being of our people, must have as its foundation principle a positive belief in God, and the conviction that the moral law must be inculcated and enforced? Proceeding upon this ground, it is clear that Catholic women should have their own organization, that they should be a body apart, that the test of membership should fall upon a practical Catholicity. Otherwise confusion, not order, will be the result, for when God has not first place, right-reason is dethroned. Neither may Catholic women advantageously join with groups of other women, however admirable their work may seem to be, or however well-intentioned the members may be. For as oil and water will not mix, neither will mere utilitarian ends adequately serve as a principle for engaging a Catholic woman's energy. At best it is wasted effort, like as a new patch upon an old garment; the patch is conspicuously out of place. But the practical result of mixing with groups of non-Catholic women generally, is more disastrous than a mere negation of effort. At first the edge of Catholic conviction is dulled by the clatter and clash of differing heretical opinions; and that subtile atmosphere which marks off the genuine Catholic as a woman apart loses something of its balm. Straightway the ardor of religious faith is chilled by worldly ambitions. It is safe to say that the published words and the platform utterances of those Catholic women who are prominently identified with movements for social, civil, political and industrial uplift, are in nowise to be distinguished from the pronouncements of their radical associates, who have long since laid to one side the "outgrown" doctrines of "medievalism," to say nothing of their superior contempt for St. Paul.

So it happens that a "should-be" Catholic woman can say apologetically that the words of Pope Pius X, relative to the entrance of women into politics, may be regarded as void: "The Holy Father is a very old man." And yet for motives which will not here be impugned these women insist upon being known as representative Catholics; though not infrequently the most calamitous of all possible losses follows in the wake of modernistic association, that of the Faith.

Of one thing we may be certain, that never yet has the influence of Catholic members ever colored the thought of those agencies whose express purpose it is to create a public opinion which shall support their efforts for bettering the life of the populace as a whole. If, then, Catholic women are unable to dominate the opinions and methods of any one of the multitude of women's associations, which, in fact, ignore and repudiate those religious convictions that are the breath of life to the faithful, how shall any of us assume to be of service to our day and generation if we are found among the camp followers of the enemy? Catholic women know very well that behind the scientific investigation and the practical application of a given remedy to whatsoever social injustice or affliction, there must be the active motive of Christian charity, if any true step in advance is made over our present mode of dealing with social problems. The mere passing of the cup of cold water is not enough; it must be given together with the love for God's little ones. Just as there are no new numbers to reckon with, so there are no new principles to deal with and no new objects to seek. There is, of course, a change in the things counted, a change in the environment to which the principles apply, while the ultimate objects are ever the same, for the intellect has Truth to seek; the will aspires after the Good; while the human heart reaches up and beyond the love of friends to the love of the Lord God. Since, then, Catholic women alone may be equipped with the whole armor of God, what shall be done?

Of course, there is the maintenance and the progress of the many works already established. But added to these duties, is not the field white to the harvest for fresh efforts in making our Faith known; that it may be loved by those of good-will, and that the enemy may be beaten back? Numberless souls are sin-sick and weary of the false gods that clamor for adoration.

Surely, the road is open. It is hard though, for the world, the flesh, and the devil, are posted at every advantageous point to oppose Christian progress. From the press and the platform, relatively good and infamously bad, streams a false creed. Words written and spoken create an atmosphere destructive alike of religion, home and country. Is it not for women of the Church militant to meet this pernicious influence and conquer it with the self-same weapon now so vigorously wielded in the cause of sin? Shall the brilliant women of this, that and another cult—altruistic, paganistic, animalistic—have the whole national field to themselves upon which to exploit their doctrines of "social uplift," doctrines which teach the classes and the masses, that as the Protestant revolution threw off ecclesiastical authority, and so freed the spiritual man, it is now their mission to establish a social, a political and an economic democracy which shall strike out the claim that marriage is an indissoluble bond, and set up the new freedom in which the individual is a law unto himself? Certainly it is unnecessary here to point out the depths of infamy to which well-accredited leaders of large groups of women freely descend in their efforts to evolve a lesser but a better progeny for a future and a higher social order. Just as light overcomes darkness, so shall the publicity of that which is Catholic meet the opposing force and vanquish it.

In every city, town and village there are opportunities to bespeak the truths of the Catholic Church. Her organization, her history, her doctrines, her saints, her martyrs, her charitable and educational institutions, furnish themes with which to set forth her glory and to confound her enemies. The pen was ever mightier than the sword, and the human voice as a medium for God's truth is the most potent of all the forces with which the race is blessed. And this is alleged to be "woman's age." At all events, women are saying more in public than ever before. So, by organization, and without organization, Catholic women may, if they will, come to the rescue of our time.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY,
Director, The Boston School of Political Economy.

"See Mariana!"

"DO Jesuits justify regicide? Please explain—Constant Reader." But, my dear Constant Reader, what is the use? Though we should go on explaining things till doomsday you and the other constant but light-hearted readers would forget each explanation as soon as read, and the flattened-out calumny would begin to squeak again. These calumnies are like the army in a country theatre. It consists of but a dozen men who, by going through a regular Virginia reel—down the stage, off through the wings, and on again through the triumphal arch at the back—give the impression of a host innumerable. So is it with the charges against the Jesuits. They are not many. But when one has been knocked flat, the stage-manager pulls him off, patches him up, gives him a reviver, and puts him in his place to come on again as fresh and hearty as if nothing had happened: so to persuade the spectators that there is hardly a limit to the baneful teaching of the Order. Meanwhile, a companion, who has gone through the same process scores of times, is down by the footlights piping out his recurrent challenge, a miniature Bombastes Furioso; and Constant Reader is seizing a pen to write anxiously: "Dear Editor: Do Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means, or that lying is lawful? Please explain."

But to come back to the calumny holding the stage for the moment—

> Take him up tenderly,
> Lift him with care,
> Fashioned so slenderly
> Young and so fair

and you will find that his youth and beauty are but stage paint. He is very ancient. His head is a mass of old callosities, newer bumps and plasters newer still, that tell of many a hard knock received in the rôle he has to play. He knows very well what is coming. Nevertheless he puts on a bold face—it is his business—and squeaks defiantly: "The Jesuits justify regicide. See Mariana 'De Rege et Regis Institutione'!" It is the old familiar cry. Our little friend—you wouldn't believe it—is more than three hundred years of age. Mariana has been dead nearly as long. In the course of those centuries many a great Jesuit writer appeared, but the calumny has never changed, nor been able to change from "See Mariana, 'De Rege et Regis Institutione'!"

"The Spanish fleet you can not see because it's not in sight," said the matter-of-fact Governor of Tilbury Fort to his daughter, who had been indulging in the figure of vision; and for the same reason very few can "See Mariana." From the nonchalant tone in which he is referred to, one would imagine that his works are among those without which no library is complete; that "De Rege et Regis Institutione" stands on the shelves of every Jesuit house beside Suarez, De Lugo, Petavius, Vasquez, and the other great writers of the Society. The fact is that now, as in times past, the number of Jesuits who have seen the book, is small enough; of those who have read it, the number is still smaller. Mariana may be as "familiar in our ears as household words"—the managers of the Greatest Calumny Show on Earth take care of that—but he is not familiar in our hands or in our eyes at all. A Jesuit may go through, not only his studies, but also a long life in the Order without hearing of him or of his doctrines, otherwise than at rare intervals, as among the curiosities of history or literature, along with the Casket Letters and the Man in the Iron Mask. One reason is that he and his book do not interest us. The prophecies about the future popes would raise a lively discussion, when Mariana would not provoke a word. Another is, that, as one may see from

the "Catholic Encyclopedia," Mariana's supposed doctrine is censured in the Society; and Jesuits are not in the habit of interesting themselves in doctrines so treated by authority.

But had such a formal censure not been passed, it would be illogical, not to say malicious, to impute to a whole Order the opinion of a single writer. For this it would be necessary that the writer and his opinion should be, at least implicitly, adopted by the Order; that his opinion should be taught generally in its schools and embodied in its text-books; that the tradition of the Order should, so to speak, hand his works to professors and students, saying: *Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Thus to prove that the Jesuits in general hold a certain doctrine one might quote very justly Molina, because his exposition of that doctrine is generally accepted in the Society. Similarly one might quote Bañez to prove that another doctrine may be attributed in general to the Dominicans. But to attribute to the Dominicans certain ideas concerning the Jesuits and their origin, and to prove it by quoting Melchior Cano, would be a grave injury to that venerable Order. Yet Melchior Cano is with justice held in high esteem among his Dominican brethren, which is by no means the case with Mariana and the Jesuits. But on that particular point the Order has never countenanced his views any more than the Jesuits have embraced the supposed regicidal ideas of Mariana.

"See Mariana." As we have said, we hardly know where to look for him; and we are confident that they who bid us see him, could not direct us, since they themselves have not seen him. However, Father Lehmkuhl, one of the Society's chief moral theologians to-day, has both seen and read the famous "De Rege et Regis Institutione." From him we gather that Mariana's doctrine has been somewhat misrepresented and that neither it nor he is quite as black as painted. Still we do not wish to impose our impressions on our readers. Unlike Mariana's book, the "Catholic Encyclopedia" may be seen everywhere and anywhere. Constant Readers, therefore, may read what Father Lehmkuhl has to say in the article "Mariana, Juan," and come to their own conclusions.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

The Young Man and Catholic Publishing*

THE publishing business in its several departments has always held out an alluring invitation to the young man who is fond of books and seeks a congenial occupation. The environment is educating, the associations are pleasant, and there is an opportunity to participate in the education of many people that makes a strong appeal to one of high ideals. Love of books and lofty purpose, however, are not sufficient to insure safety to the publisher or the bookseller; because to these qualifications there must be joined common sense and a correct interpretation of what his clientele demands, elements absolutely necessary for the successful building up of a publishing business.

There are very few college graduates who can not, on occasion, turn out a good essay, or versify, or write a speech. The work of a publisher is very different. That consists more particularly in the choice of manuscripts, in presenting them in a style that is both pleasing and practical, and in their exploitation. There are many ways in the broad field of publishing in which the college graduate may earn a livelihood, but the business of a Catholic publisher is a separate and distinct avocation.

The general publisher has a very wide class to cater to, for if his books do not find favor with one set of readers, they may please another. Without fear he can publish almost anything that suits his fancy, and still stand a good chance of getting a proper return for the money invested. His main guide is public opinion; and public opinion nowadays is divided into as many lines of thought as there are people who think. With the Catholic book publisher, however, things are different. Romance, history, poetry and the human passions are main considerations in the determination of the choice of any manuscript; but the presence or absence of other qualities, viz., truth, morality and spiritual teaching must also control the choice of a Catholic publisher, for his name should be a guarantee of Catholic teaching. With this distinction in mind it is not hard to realize how his field is narrowed when compared to that which is offered to the general publisher.

The Catholic publisher must have as wide a knowledge of human nature as any other, but in addition he must possess a vivid realization of the existence of the soul, and a clear perception of one's duties toward God, one's self, one's neighbor, and to the Church of God. A kind of instinct must govern the selection of such material as will cause no spiritual injury to any soul. This suggests a brotherhood with the teachers of the Church, for does he not devote his energies to the greater spread of Catholic literature? To the manufacture and sale of Catholic literature does he not devote the best that is in him?

Now let us consider the choosing of manuscripts. Experience, and experience only, develops that subtle sixth sense which recognizes instantly the good or bad in a manuscript. As a rule, whether it treat of fiction, biography, religion or some other topic, it must be judged from the standpoint of timeliness, interest and value. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the publisher himself shall be qualified to pass judgment on all manuscripts. He must rely on his advisers. Thus, while he may be interested, he does not make the choice alone. He is seeking an investment. He is in business to make a livelihood, and unless a book meets with success it will not realize enough to cover the cost of manufacture; and so his investment will show a loss instead of a profit. The book is published on its merit, and is accepted or re-

*The twenty-second of a series of vocational articles.

jected according to the honest judgment of those who read it and weigh its chances; and here let it be said to the credit of the Catholic publisher that he is usually satisfied with the slightest possibility of success, and will often put a manuscript between covers whose future is very dubious.

The choosing of a manuscript furnishes a splendid test of judgment, and it is usually at this first and most important point that the publisher makes his success or failure. What are the good points of the book? To whom will it particularly appeal? How many copies will be sold? This is the vital question. The satisfactory manuscript must be well written, and the subject must be one that is likely to interest enough people to insure a sale sufficient to return the cost of production, and a profit too, within a reasonable time.

When the manuscript is accepted it is the publisher who must choose the typography, the paper and suitable binding. The type must be readable and free from error, the paper satisfactory, and the cover in good taste, while the whole must be a credit both to the author and to the publisher. This is a most important point. The cost of manufacture and the prospective sale of the book determine the price at which it will be placed on the market.

But after all this is done there are other things to be looked to that are no less necessary, efficient salesmanship and intelligent advertising. The salesman must know his books, and believe in them, because it is through his agency that many people choose the books they buy. In this, as in most other callings, strict honesty and a convincing amount of enthusiasm inspired by personal knowledge of the book he is selling must be prominent characteristics of the successful salesman; for the confidence and esteem of those who are working with you or buying your goods, and the power to impress on them your own faith in the work you are doing, are as essential to the accomplishment of all big things as breathing is to life. The successful salesman is he who, having read a good book, knows how to exploit it to advantage.

One who casts his lot with book men will find his work very pleasant, but unfortunately not very lucrative. The salary given for the labor is small indeed, in view of the education it requires. This is true, however, of almost all branches of literature. In the beginning of a publisher's career his education develops rapidly, while his income increases slowly. For those who advance in the editorial, administrative and sales departments education is a most important asset, and herein lies the great advantage of the man with university training. His opportunities, when he becomes the director of a Catholic publishing house, are limited only by his own ambition, which, however, must be tempered by sound judgment, and his capital.

Taking these points into consideration, it is not hard to recognize what are the opportunities of the man who has the greater advantage of a university degree. He puts to use, often unconsciously, knowledge of others which he has acquired in his study of the arts and sciences. He has, moreover, a power for reasoning, and a confidence in himself which are usually wanting in the man who is lacking in this foundation.

ARTHUR KENEDY,
P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Shall Government Buildings Be Masonized?

The corner-stone of the new United States courthouse and post-office for Augusta was laid with impressive ceremonies Friday afternoon, the exercises being conducted by the Grand Lodge of Georgia Masons.—The *Chronicle,* Augusta, Ga.

THIS statement is cited, not because what it announces is novel, but because it is not. The Freemasons have got to be, in effect, the official corner-stone layers, the ceremonial functionaries, the religious dedicators of our public buildings. The account of the Augusta function outlines their manner of procedure. The Grand Lodge assembled in the Masonic Temple "in ample form." There were the Grand Master of Georgia, and his Grand Deputies; the Grand Chaplain and his two Grand Deacons; the Bearer of the Book of Constitution, and the Bearer of the Great Lights; the Grand Stewards, the Grand Marshal, the Grand Architect, and Abram Levy, the Grand Tyler. In sashes and swords and gorgeous uniforms and aprons and sceptres and mitres and grand pontificals they marched in grand array to the ceremonial platform, where the Grand Marshal introduced them to the Mayor, who was also a Grand Master; and then the Grand Masonic Potentates, under the direction of the State Grand Master, proceeded solemnly with formal prayer and blessing, and all the other minutiæ of their ritual, to dedicate a building of the United States Government to the Grand Architect of the Universe. As a lasting memorial of their dominant part in the function they deposited beneath the stone, on which was inscribed "William McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury," a box containing the roll of officers and members of Georgia Lodges and the by-laws of the Georgia Commandery. Afterwards came the names of the Mayor and City Councillors. Masonry's primal rights were established. The Masonic stamp was first and permanently affixed. Then, and only then, might the United States officials proceed to use for the public service the building on which it had expended $350,000 of the public monies. The Grand Master and grand everything else returned "in ample form" to the Masonic Temple where, after all was over, a United States Senator was permitted to make an address.

What title has Masonry, intrinsically or extrinsically, to monopolize or assume such a function? If local bodies want Masons, or Christian Scientists, or Hardshell Baptists, or Seventh Day Adventists, to bless or otherwise inaugurate their own city buildings, that is their affair; though the bringing of religious or quasi-religious aggregations into such matters is discordant with the

spirit of our Government. But we have all paid for the Augusta post-office and courthouse. The monies that erected it came from the United States Treasury. The tax-paying and revenue-producing Catholics and non-Masons contributed nearly 99 per cent. of the cost, the Masons only about 1 per cent.; and this proportion holds regarding the numerous other public buildings at which they manage to play the part of exclusive dedicatory functionaries.

That is, their contributory services entitle them to but a one hundredth share in the function, and their insistence or management or influence secures it all. Nor does technical propriety strengthen their title. The Freemasons are not masons, nor builders. Their "work" is not in stone or brick, and mortar never soiled their aprons. Their corner-stone layers had probably never handled a trowel. Tailors or shoemakers would have been just as suitable, and stone-cutters, bricklayers, carpenters, hod-carriers, tinsmiths, much more so. There is not a shadow of intrinsic reason why Freemasons should be our corner-stone layers and dedicators-in-ordinary, or why they should be permitted to plaster our public monuments with their signs and symbols.

On the contrary, there are many solid and compelling reasons why they should not. The United States Constitution forbids discrimination, whether in practice or by legal enactment, in favor of any religious denomination. A Supreme Court decision has affirmed that we are a Christian nation, but not that we are Protestant, Catholic or Masonic. When the President issues an invitation to return thanks to God and petition Him for further blessings, he addresses it not to Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists, but to all our citizens alike. Thus no particular religion or sect is favored, and when on certain official occasions a minister of religion is invited to invoke God's blessing he is selected for reasons of personal distinction or appropriateness, not because of his denomination. For example, at the unveiling of the Columbus Monument in Washington, a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister offered the opening and closing prayers, and United States officials performed the unveiling. If it were to be done by an extraneous body, it would have been manifestly fitting to entrust it to the Knights of Columbus, who were present 20,000 strong. They were merely spectators. Supposing this Catholic society had conducted the function with Catholic ceremonies, what a storm of protest would have swept through the press and deluged the White House?

And it would have been justified. The monument, being Government property, belongs to the whole people, and should not seem to belong, even for one day, to any particular creed. For the same reason it is manifestly contrary to the spirit of our Constitution and Government that the Augusta post-office, or any other government building or monument, should be inaugurated with Masonic rites. It is not their prayers and ceremonies we complain of, for objectively at least they are harmless. But these official Masonic prayers and rites, formally and solemnly conducted by Masonic officials, according to Masonic ritual, connote the official doctrine, authority and purposes, "the morals and dogma, the religion and philosophy of Masonry"; just as similar prayers and rites, in themselves unobjectionable, would, when formally conducted by Catholic priests or Protestant ministers, connote the religion they represent.

That Freemasonry is a religion has been already shown in AMERICA (October 17, 1914). General Grand Master Mackey defines it as such in his "Masonic Encyclopedia and Lexicon"; Sovereign Grand Commander Pike expounds it in his "Morals and Dogma" of the Scottish Rite; the Masonic Ritualist furnishes in minute detail the forms, creeds and services of a most ritualistic, dogmatic and hierarchical religion; and the Supreme Court of the State of New York felt constrained to sanction, and did give legal sanction to the contention of the New York Grand Lodge, that,

> The precepts contained in the Landmarks and the Charges of a Freemason formulate a creed so thoroughly religious in character that it may well be compared with the formally expressed doctrine of many a denominational church. The Masonic fraternity may therefore be quite properly regarded as a religious society.

The fact that the religious and political activities of Masonry have been mainly directed against the Catholic Church, toward which it officially proclaims an "inherent antagonism," should alone preclude the propriety of charging that body with the inauguration of buildings, some twenty per cent. of whose cost and maintenance is borne by Catholics. But the discontinuance of Masonic usurpation on such occasions is based on higher ground: the spirit and letter of the Constitution, and the general practice of our Government of excluding impartially the official rites or formal participation of any church, sect, or religious society, as such, from specifically public functions. The wisdom of this course has been amply demonstrated. It has smoothed the path of legislation and administration and avoided clashes that might seriously endanger the public peace. To take measures that it shall not be violated by indirection, and that no door shall be opened to its violation, would be to render a patriotic service to the nation. The intrusion of Masonic rites in national functions and the inauguration of the nation's buildings must be stopped. A protest was lodged with Secretary McAdoo against the Masonic dedication of the Government's building in Augusta, apparently without effect. Protests against Masonic usurpations on all such occasions should be lodged with Senators and Congressmen, the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate and the President of the United States. The practice is so obviously at variance with propriety and wisdom and traditional American usage that to air it publicly is to end it. The wonder is that it should ever or anywhere be tolerated. Let our representatives see to it that it shall be tolerated no longer. M. KENNY, S.J.

The Christ Child Society

ONE who would outline the genesis and the scope of the Christ Child Society suffers the embarrassment of the critic who, on being asked for an opinion on the works of Shakespeare, owned that he could never think of Shakespeare's works for thinking of Shakespeare. The Christ Child Society is above all else the embodiment of the inspiration of its author and president, Miss Mary V. Merrick of Washington, D. C.

Something like a miracle, a miracle of grace empowering an enfeebled body, is the operation through which the Christ Child Society first sprang into existence, and for many years has not ceased to "grow in wisdom and in strength."

An accident crippled Miss Merrick in girlhood. As a consequence, at the time when a woman's life is filled with beautiful promise, she could look forward only to long years upon a bed of pain. Her father, the late Richard V. Merrick, was a lawyer of renown. From him she inherited unusual force of character, and a mind of such rare ability that this celebrated lawyer, who acted in the famous Star Route case and other affairs of similar importance, did not hesitate to affirm that he found it a great help in his profession to talk over his cases with his daughter Mary, then a girl in her teens; and this he would do at her bedside. That he should have found it profitable to do so, was due to the fact that he personally had devised a system of education for the invalid girl which permitted her to be solidly instructed in the arts and sciences, as few women are at present, in this day of women's colleges.

The remarkable intellectual development attained by Miss Merrick would have done little for her happiness. Indeed it might have tended quite naturally to embitter her soul, for her invalidism seemed to set very narrow limits to her opportunities. Her heart, however, was filled with an absorbing personal devotion to the Christ Child. As Christmas was approaching soon after her physical doom had been pronounced, and the invalid girl one day lay wondering what she might do with her life, suddenly out of the darkness came the thought of the Christ Child and of Christmas and of the many hungry, cold and joyless children for whom there would be no Christmas cheer. With that holy thought came also burning love for those whom Jesus loved, and thus in her heart the Christ Child Society was formed. Instantly her mind, her force of character, the resources of family, friends, money and social position, by the compelling power of natural genius and love for the Christ Child were directed to the ends which are now served by an extensive organization. The Society began its life in Washington, but has rapidly developed until now it has fourteen branches in various cities throughout the United States; a membership in Washington of 1,175, and a total membership of 3,450.

The particular object of the Christ Child Society is to serve the needs of the children of the poor. Love of the Christ Child is its animating principle, and thus it has known how to combine relief work done after the manner of St. Vincent de Paul with social work along some of the lines of so-called scientific charity. Centres similar in purpose to social settlements are established in the different districts of the city; and from these centres, by means of instruction, libraries and clubs, without the aid of resident workers, children are brought under the influence of efforts tending to better their social condition. But all this is done constantly in view of the "one thing needful," love, love of God and love of the neighbor which, while striving for the temporal uplift of those in want, keeps in sight their spiritual nature and their eternal destiny. The Society does not hesitate to relieve distress wherever found, without regard to creed or to the theories of social science. It does not, for instance, fear to feed the hungry and clothe the naked on sight, lest thus by chance some momentary encouragement of the "undeserving" poor delay the advent of the millennium the fraction of a second.

There are no paid workers in the Christ Child Society, all are volunteers, and they include all classes, all ages. Very small children collect pennies to buy shoes for the poor. Young girls dress dolls to be given away at Christmas. A blind woman knits infants' bonnets. A professional nurse donates her free hours, taking to the dispensary ailing children whose mothers are too busy or perhaps too ill to take them. For a period of three years a crippled child was treated by a professional masseuse who gave her services. At the end of that time the child so far recovered the use of its limbs as to be able to go to school, and having also been instructed by a member of the Christ Child Society, it was able to enter the class of children of its own age. It is in the homes of the poor that all relief bestowed by the Christ Child Society is applied, and in particular, where the mother must work for the support of the children, an effort is made to procure her work which she can do at home.

Members of the Christ Child Society are privileged to choose the branch of service which they deem best suited to their individual ability or circumstances. Thus some subscribe money, others teach, others sew, others aid the settlements; but every one agrees to make at least one poor child happy at Christmas. The special character of the Christ Child Society may be said to be achieved in this personal devotion to destitute little ones at Christmas time, which is, in fact, the devotion of Mary V. Merrick "writ large," for still from her bed, throughout the years, Miss Merrick not only herself plans the work of the Christ Child Society but personally controls and animates its manifold operations by means of her forceful administration of the office of president.

Long before Christmas members of the visiting committee go about their work, and wherever they find a home in which no hope of the coming of Christmas cheer abides, they tell the children of the Christ Child and promise them that He will not pass them by. The children are encouraged to write letters to the Christ Child and tell Him what they most want. These letters, endorsed by the visiting member, are then distributed among the whole membership of the Society and thus every member has the joy of being able, in the name of the Christ Child, directly to respond to the expressed want of some poor child. In this way, as in the other more ambitious undertakings of the Society, the hearts of all the members are practically united with the heart of the founder and with the Heart of Him who, loving little children, is Himself called the Babe of Bethlehem. *Petit Jésu ayez pitié de nous!* F. McD. T.

Some French Bishops and the War

IN a recent issue AMERICA speaks of the gallant courage of the Archbishop of Lemberg, Count Andreas Szeptyki, who, when urged to fly before the approaching Russian army, replied: "The shepherd must remain with his flock," and steadily declined to move. He is now, we hear, a prisoner in Russia. The same devotion to duty was displayed by the French bishops, whose dioceses have been invaded by the Germans; though belonging to hostile nations, the Austrian and the French churchmen are united by a common devotion to their high vocation and by a similar sense of the responsibilities that are entailed upon them as pastors of souls.

The Bishop of St. Dié, Mgr. Foucault, was, for some days, a hostage in the hands of the invaders; the Bishop of Châlons, Mgr. Tissier, acted as the go-between of the citizens of Châlons and their German masters. A private letter, tells how, owing to his activity, firmness and tact, the town suffered comparatively little from the occupation. Mgr. Marbeau at Meaux, remained alone, with two hundred poor and infirm people in a

town that had been cleared by military authority When the French military chiefs ordered the inhabitants of Meaux to leave the place, the bishop elected to remain with those who were physically or materially prevented from moving. The battle of the Marne was fought at his gates and wounded soldiers by hundreds were brought to him for care and shelter. How he succeeded in coping with a situation so difficult seems almost miraculous; but the influence of his example did wonders. Meaux was saved from occupation by the Germans, by the victory of the Marne, but the town being deserted by the French, the bishop was almost single-handed. He left nothing undone: the wounded soldiers were properly cared for, provisions and medicines were sent for from Paris, order was kept, although the municipal authorities had fled, and, during a few days, Mgr. Marbeau was at once the pastor of souls and the civil governor of the city.

At Soissons, another bishop, Mgr. Péchenard, earned the lasting gratitude of his flock, by his efforts to relieve their sufferings. During the German occupation of Soissons, early in September, he and the inhabitants were absolutely cut off from the rest of France, but, thanks to their bishop, the people never felt friendless. At four every afternoon, the cathedral bell summoned them to a special meeting, instituted by the bishop, to meet the needs of the moment. In these familiar gatherings, he counseled, encouraged and pacified the anxious citizens. He even entered into local matters and told them how they should act with regard to the invaders, in order to avoid useless bloodshed; he prayed with them, led their thoughts upward and ended by giving them the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Now, Mgr. Péchenard is busily engaged in providing for those of his flock whom the war has deprived of their homes; Soissons is in French hands, but the enemy is intrenched close by and German shells still fall on the cathedral. The surrounding country is laid waste and the approach of winter makes the condition of the ruined peasants more piteous and deplorable than ever.

The French bishop whom the war has touched most closely so far is Mgr. Lobbeday, bishop of Arras, whose episcopal city is a mass of ruins. Arras is still being bombarded by the enemy, hand-to-hand fights take place daily at its gates and as the cemetery is swept by German shells, the bodies of the dead soldiers and citizens must be burnt as they can not be buried. In the midst of these horrors, the bishop keeps his courage and helpfulness. Letters describe how, during the day, he goes from house to house oblivious of the shells, ready to sympathize and comfort. He has a kind word for all; his hand is always open to assist the hungry; he will never leave Arras, he says, as long as a man, woman or child belonging to him remains in the stricken city.

> At night, writes a young soldier, I have seen the bishop go from one dead soldier to another; reciting over them the prayers of the Church. The battlefield is illuminated by the flaming villages in the distance. His figure is the only living thing on the plain, where he kneels in the darkness to bless our dead.

The north of France is still in the hands of the Germans, and may remain so for some time longer, but, when communications are reestablished, we shall certainly discover that the bishops of the districts from which we are now cut off by a wall of iron, have acted like their brethren of St. Dié, Châlons, Meaux and Arras. That "God draws good out of evil," is a truth, never more keenly realized by believers than in times of trial. The action of the French bishops in these days of warfare, bloodshed and ruin, will knit still closer the ties that bind them to their flock, just as the influence of the soldier priests, whom an iniquitous law obliged to shoulder a gun, is so extending the reign of God among our fighting men.

Paris. B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

French Army and Navy Chaplains

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The status of French army chaplains is regulated by a decree issued on May 5, 1913, and supplemented by several subsequent measures (see AMERICA, Oct., 1913), which assigned to the various ambulance corps, in time of war, a certain number of chaplains with the rank and pay of captain (500 frs. a month). When the war broke out priests, who during the time of peace had applied for chaplains' posts, received commissions and are now *recognized* and *paid* by the Government. Moreover, a new decree was issued by the Ministre de la Marine, appointing a number of navy chaplains with the rank and pay of *lieutenant de vaisseau,* a grade equivalent to that of captain in the army. French Catholics thought the number of army chaplains insufficient, and rightly so, although the number was nearly equal to that of military chaplains in other countries. Accordingly M. de Mun in their name approached M. Messimy, then Minister of War, and asked him if the official chaplains could not be helped in their work by volunteer chaplains, who would be supported solely by Catholics. M. Messimy granted the request, and it was decided that 250 volunteer chaplains should be added to those already appointed. A decree defined their legal status. They receive a commission by which they are appointed to a certain regiment, whereas two official chaplains are attached to each army corps ambulance service and one to each division ambulance. They are entitled to no pay, and although one can not say that they are not recognized, their official status is not quite so clear as that of the official chaplains. They depend more than the latter on the good will of the officers; this, however, has never been lacking. It has even been said that shortly before his death Count de Mun was about to obtain for them the rank and pay of a captain, but for the truth of this statement I can not vouch. Such are the facts as they really stand: The Government recognizes and pays the official chaplains. It recognizes but does not pay the volunteer chaplains.

As for the public prayers which *Le Gaulois* would like to see the French Government address to God, according to President Wilson's example. Of course, every good Catholic wishes that such a step might be taken, and that *thus far,* President Wilson's actions should be imitated by our President. And yet many a French Catholic, for the honor of religion, would prefer to have things remain as they are, rather than see their rulers asking prayers for peace from the Catholic Church in one country, and at the same time giving secret encouragement to the vilest enemies of the Church in another country.

Hastings, England. E. POTRON.

The Other Side

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In last week's AMERICA you published a letter which contained some extracts from the English "White Book." As an offset to this I should be pleased if you would print the following clipping from the Chicago *Herald-Record* for November 27, 1913:

> The German Government has published photographic reproductions of a document found in Brussels, which proves the existence of an Anglo-Belgian military convention. This

is a report of the chief of the Belgian general staff, General Lucarme, made in 1906 to the Belgian minister of war concerning negotiations with Colonel Barnardiston, British military attaché. The number of British troops, their landing places, their equipment and the collaboration of the allied armies, all were agreed on.

A second document, probably a report made in 1912, contains the assertion of the British military attaché at Brussels to the chief of the Belgian general staff that England would land troops even without the consent of Belgium.

It would seem that there are two sides to this question.

Carthagena, O. W. F. M.

A Danger in Neutrality

To the Editor of AMERICA:

While there is good sense as well as charity in the appeal of the President and of the Pope, that we remain neutral regarding the war now ravaging Europe, is there not danger that this neutrality will become in statesmanship what the dictum, "all religions are good," is in matters of Faith?

Without rashly condemning, much less hating, any of the nations concerned, ought we not to look to the principles of morality underlying the conflict, and bravely and openly condemn them when wrong and applaud them when right and, on complete information, place the blame on those nations that have violated the rights of mankind, and fix the responsibility on whatever Government or person has been the efficient cause of the awful destruction of property that belongs to the individual; of art, that belongs to the world, and of life that belongs to God?

La Crosse, Wis. J. T. DURWARD.

Dearth of Catholic University Professors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am pastor of the Catholic church in a town where the State University is located, which has an enrolment of nearly 1,500 students, with a little over one hundred male professors, assistants and tutors, all but three of whom are non-Catholic—a professor and two assistants. It appears from inquiries that about the same proportion holds good in nearly all the so-called non-sectarian State institutions. Why is it that, among such a corps of professors and assistants, there are not more Catholics in State institutions which are supported by the pro rata taxes of Catholics? Are they purposely excluded? I think not, judging from the one referred to. It seems to me the reason for their fewness lies in the fact that Catholic young men do not study to equip themselves for professorships in universities, and of those who do make such a study, few make application for professors' chairs. For fifteen years I have been in close touch with the above university, in friendly relation with its presidents and I have followed the after career of the Catholic young men who have been graduated from its halls—and they were legion—and I do not remember more than one or two, who prosecuted a course of studies to fit themselves for the professor's chair.

They all longed for commencement week to get their sheepskin; to go into the world and to take up the work of the professions which they studied, most of which were already overrun, and none wanted to pursue the higher studies which would fit them for the nobler profession of university educators. Many had the means to do it, but the monomania of earning a dollar as soon as possible obsessed them, and thus they left the higher and more ennobling and more influential professions to be filled by non-Catholics, many of them, unfortunately, agnostics who, "with scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts," deride the supernatural and all revealed religion, and silently but surely inoculate the student body with their pernicious ideas. From this body, in turn, is inhaled, by the Catholic boys, the bacteria with which the campus-air is surcharged and which infects them to such an extent as to render some indifferent and some downright irreligious. Suppose that there were a dozen or more practical Catholic professors, for non-practical Catholic professors are a curse to any institution, in each State University. What a tremendous influence for good they could wield over the students, and how proudly the Catholic boys would bear aloft their standard in the face of any and all opposition! For the Catholic professors would give them a standing and the boys would look upon them as their leaders and would be ashamed of nothing, in regard to their faith.

Again, it seems that Catholic post-graduates who have specialized, do not apply for professors' chairs in many of our secular institutions. Some time ago I was speaking with the president of a State University and I said to him, "Mr. President, how is it that you have so few Catholic professors in your faculty? Is there opposition to them because they are Catholic or are they considered incompetent?" He answered, "Father, when Mr. Roosevelt was President of this Republic, some one wrote him a public letter asking why there were not more Catholic chaplains in the navy, seeing that there were so many sailors fighting the battles of Uncle Sam and consecrating his soil and waters with their Christian life-blood? To which he answered as I answer you, 'Why don't they apply?'"

QUAERE.

Missionaries in Asia Minor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the close of a review in your paper of "The Holy Land of Asia Minor," a book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D., the reviewer makes a statement of what it calls "the wrong the American Board does to Catholic activity in the Turkish realm." The writer goes on to state that he has been in towns where the only medical practitioner was a missionary doctor sent out by the American Board, and he found that this doctor refused medical aid except at the cost of at least temporary perversion from Catholic faith.

The undersigned has spent years in Turkey in close touch with the missions of the American Board, and is now secretary of that Board in charge of its foreign work, including the work in the Turkish Empire. He has never known of a case where there was any religious test for receiving medical aid for any one needing the services of the doctor, whether that aid was given in the form of medical prescription or of attention in a mission hospital. The statement above referred to comes as a great surprise. Our Mission Board has taken action whereby the religious advisers of patients in a mission hospital are to have access to patients of that faith. My own experience in Asia Minor has been that of cordial cooperative relations between the missionaries and work of the American Board and the work of our Catholic brethren. I myself have had the privilege of aiding my Catholic co-workers in Asia Minor in securing help from the Government with reference to property conditions, etc., and have deemed it a pleasure and privilege so to do. I sincerely wish that the sense of rivalry or opposition, or of mutual distrust might be wholly removed, and that the missionaries and work of the American Board in Turkey might be in close cooperation and fellowship with the missionaries and work of our Catholic brethren.

Boston, Mass. JAMES L. BARTON,
Foreign Secretary.

[The Jesuit missionaries of the Province of Lyons are our authority for the statements that Dr. Barton calls in question. It is a pleasure to realize that the broad-minded secretary of

the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions entirely disapproves of the conditions that the reviewer of "The Holy Land of Asia Minor" deprecated during his stay in Asia Minor, during 1906-7; and to be assured that the Congregational body of Foreign Missions is at one with us Catholics in fostering freedom of worship among the manifold elements that make up the Turkish Empire. If the Presbyterian missionaries would be equally broad-minded in a policy of non-interference, greater harmony and more lasting good would result.—*The Reviewer.*]

Germany, Luther and Kant

To the Editor of AMERICA:

H. C. Watts' analysis of German supremacy as due to Luther and Kant (AMERICA, November 14, 1914), seems to labor under the old fallacy: *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* All Protestant nations have claimed that their greatness was due to the Reformation. Treitschke and Bernhardi are not the spokesmen of the German people, and would never have been heard of except for the war. At any rate, their influence on the twenty-odd millions of German Catholics was *nil.* Windthorst, Ketteler, and even Marx and Bebel, contributed as much to mould the individuality of modern Germany as did any of the former. The influence of Luther and especially of Kant was, and is, as great in England, France and the United States as in Germany. The latter's philosophy, under the name of idealism or positivism, simply dominates non-Catholic thought all over the world. Green and Balfour and Bradley in England; Taine, Reneuvier, Fouillée, Bergson in France; Emerson, James, Royce, Ladd in this country, and a host of lesser lights, are faithful followers and expounders of the Koenigsberg sage. Modern Protestant theology, from Campbell's vagaries in London, to our own Eliot's Harvard lucubrations, unquestioningly accepts his premises. Modernism in the Catholic Church was nothing if not an infiltration of Kantian principles. Germany has no monopoly on Luther and Kant, Nietzsche and Treitschke and Bernhardi, notwithstanding.

A nation's life and achievements, its greatness and decadence are due to the constant interplay of so many factors, that they can not be condensed into a short formula for popular consumption, and remain true to facts. Nor do I write thus because of national ties and sympathies. But being an American with a European training I have but too frequently had occasion to witness sweeping, and untrue, generalizations, both concerning this country and sundry old-world nations.

Moline, Ill. C.

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Observer's" short story about that Italian parish priest is well told, but even if the story is true, is it among the Italians only that we find unsuccessful priests? Some of my friends, who were born in Naples and who lived there for many years, have qualified what "Observer" says about that city as untrue. It is strange that his three months' experience in Naples should be in such open contradiction to my own experience of about twenty years! May I be allowed, then, to think that my opponent is a very superficial observer?

JOSEPH M. SORRENTINO, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Italian, like every other immigrant, comes here to make a living. To use Mr. Hadley's own words, "None in proportion send more money back to their native land than the Italian." Does Mr. Hadley know what becomes of that money? Had he the charity to inquire, he would find that it goes to support an old father or mother; to marry one or more sisters, to keep a family together, to help maintain the village church, and neither last nor least, for prayers and Masses for departed parents, relatives and friends. I know, because my father still continues to do nearly all of these things. Will Mr. Hadley say that any one of these things are not "essentials of Catholicity" or "practical teachings of the Church"? And in this country, in spite of our many black sheep, will he claim that our men are less sober, industrious, thrifty, law-abiding citizens than are those of any other race; or that our women are less noble, pure, home-loving, faithful and devoted than any others? And, are not these also "essentials of Catholicity" and "practical teachings of the Church"? Or is his experience that these virtues are acquired by those who lack the "essentials of Catholicity" and the "practical teachings of the Church"?

Let me remind Mr. Hadley that there is far more work for Catholic hands to do than the necessity of "uplifting" the Italian by means of the surgeon's scalpel. The pages of AMERICA will discover to him some of that work.

Alexandria, Va. JAMES C. F. GENGO.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Religious Conditions in Italy" came as a surprise to me. I have lived in America, and at present am residing in Italy. I agree with Herbert Hadley, at least substantially. There are special reasons for the falling away of immigrants, and in parts of Italy religion is very strong. "Enotriæ amator" therefore is exaggerating when he says, "I believe that we shall have left but a small number of practical Catholics in *the whole* of the third Italy." Of some places this is true, but it is not universally the case. As soon as Father Sorrentino's article appeared, I foresaw that exception would be taken to it, and for that reason I did not like it. It is a pleasure to me to find in AMERICA such fairness and impartiality.

Belluno, Italy. (REV.) ALFRED BOLESTRAZZI.
Rector of the Gregorian Seminary.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

From the letters published in AMERICA on the Italian question, three facts stand out prominently: (1) The battlefield has shifted from Italy to America. Father Sorrentino wrote concerning Italians in Italy. Mr. Hadley flatly denied all his statements because of conditions existing in the United States, a totally illogical procedure. (2) All the proof has been on one side. On behalf of the Italians statistics have been given, those who have attacked them have contented themselves with unproved general statements. (3) Those who have attacked the Italians have nearly all suppressed their names. Had they given proofs, the names would not have been so much missed; but in default of proofs we have a right to know who is the person speaking, that we may judge how much authority his unsupported statement carries with it. The objectors have been *innominati;* among the defenders are a bishop, a provincial of a religious order and many priests. These three facts are rather cogent. It seems to me, therefore, that, apart from the facts and arguments which have been brought forward in support of the several sides of the question, they should be given due consideration in determining the merits of the controversy.

Baltimore, Md. AN OBSERVER.

[This controversy will be closed in the next issue.—*Editor,* AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A National Alumnæ Association

A GREAT and good work was inaugurated last week in the formation of a national alumnæ association, whose membership will embrace graduates of all Catholic academies and colleges. All concerned in forwarding this movement deserve congratulations and encouragement. It is high time that our educated Catholic women began to exercise a more vigorous collective influence on public life. There are a thousand and one spheres wherein they can make themselves felt for good without detriment to their dignity and womanly virtues. But in order to do so effectively they must form a compact organization, protected and supported by a definite, democratic constitution which lays down in clear language the aim and scope of the society. There should be no exclusiveness; no beating of the air; every one should know the work to be done and the way to do it, and interest should be kept at white heat by frequent communication between the federated chapters.

The ladies interested have chosen their fields of labor. They aim to promote Catholic education, Catholic social work and Catholic literature. They could not have chosen better. No one can find fault with their selection. It now remains for them to formulate the details of their scheme, and to excogitate ways and means to carry it out. This is no easy task; but the zeal, patience and wisdom which have so far characterized the movement give hope of ultimate success. The task is difficult, but not impossible. Obstacles will arise, criticisms will be heard, discouragements will be numerous, but in this there is no reason for despair. Such is the history of all good work and all good workers, not excluding the saints of the Old and New Testament.

The National Alumnæ Association has been formed; its permanence and usefulness depend on its members. They are on trial. AMERICA wishes them the great success that their initial efforts deserve.

Religion and Children

SINCE the declaration of war the inhuman sociologists and statisticians who found in a nation's declining birthrate an evidence of superior civilization, have remained discreetly silent. Probably no man of fairly decent morality ever claimed that there was anything really superior in sterility and decadence. Only by a Futurist twist of words can a civilization which passes through a period of unnatural crime to end in self-destruction be termed "superior." Mr. Sidney Webb, an English sociologist, has of late been studying the connection between religious belief and fecundity. He finds that members of the Catholic Church can be relied upon to bring more children into the world than Protestants. This is true in Ireland, in Canada, in backwoods English villages, in the United States, and, in fact, says Mr. Webb, quoted by the Portland *Oregonian*, there is no place in the world where it is not true. It is a curious fact, comments the *Oregonian*, that Protestantism and race-suicide should seem to be intimately connected. It would, of course, be absolutely untrue to say that Protestantism, as such, teaches the liceity of race-suicide. It does seem true, however, that no non-Catholic Christian denomination has persistently denounced this fearful plague. Mr. Webb's findings are borne out by the New York *Sun's* examination of the report of the City Registrar.

"His figures," writes the editor, "show conclusively that parents of Catholic nationalities furnish the larger increment of population in this city. The difference is so large, the average being 49.50 among the Catholic to 14.05 among the Protestant nationalities, that it must prove of the utmost significance to the social and political economist, especially if the comparative infrequency of divorce among the former class be considered."

It is an appeal to a poor motive, but the prediction of the Portland *Oregonian*, based upon Mr. Webb's findings, may have some force in recalling non-Catholics from the pernicious habit which has taken deep root among them. "If Protestants do not produce children enough to hold their own, the Catholics must possess the land in time. This is as sure as mathematics."

Mexico and Ourselves

It really looks as if the best thing we have to hope for is rescue from our predicament by Villa, once regarded as impossible but apparently far more ready than our quondam ally to help us save our face.

THIS was the conclusion of a New York *Sun* editorial of November 9, and events have verified its forecast. Our predicament lay in the hostility of Carranza, who "would not be where he is to-day but for the favor of the United States." How this favor was shown is explained at some length in the *Catholic Mind* pamphlet, "Justice to Mexico," reprinted from the *Columbiad*. Let those whom that astounding narrative shocked into

doubt read the *Sun's* editorial, and the following from ex-President Taft's substantially identical statement of November 28:

It is difficult to deny the fairness of the conclusion that in announcing to the world that we never would recognize Huerta either as Provisional President or as permanent President, in lifting the embargo on the importation of arms to enable the forces of Carranza and Villa to arm themselves, and in the seizure and occupation of his chief revenue-producing port of Vera Cruz, we deliberately drove Huerta out of Mexico, and with equal deliberation brought in Carranza and Villa, in the expectation that they would compose the troubles of unfortunate Mexico. Our policy, therefore, has been that, while defining our status as merely that of watchful waiting, we have neither watched nor waited, but have in fact most hastily intervened and thus find the present anarchy charged as the logical consequence of our policy.

While "throughout," says the *Sun,* "Huerta's attitude was deprecatory, if not conciliatory, and Carranza's was contumacious and provocative, if not actually menacing," we seized Vera Cruz for a technical offence committed in Tampico, and thus secured the triumph of Carranza, Villa, and their generals, who were perpetrating hideous abominations against life, property, liberty, religion and decency, and enabled them to continue these abominations with impunity under the very eyes of Messrs. Lind, Silliman and Carothers, our representatives. And at the very moment when the horrors which all decent people had suffered from Carranzistas, Villistas and Zapatistas were intensified and multiplied by the murderous rivalries of those warring heroes, we left the unhappy victims to their fate. We entered Mexico when its law-abiding citizens had some semblance of protection; we left it when they had none. No wonder the *Sun* finds the whole procedure a mystery, and Mr. Taft believes that "the powerful means we used during the last year to aid one of the contending parties and disable the other" has brought nearer than ever "the danger of the necessity for our intervention."

The fact remains that the men who now rule or run riot in Mexico claimed the support of our country while they were committing unspeakable atrocities on our coreligionists and proclaiming their purpose to extinguish the Catholic religion, and while long authenticated lists of such atrocities were in our Government's hands. The San Antonio Knights of Columbus is one of many bodies that have submitted such lists to Washington. They insist that as our Government supported the perpetrators it is its duty, (1) to repair the evils its support had made possible; (2) to exercise the pressure for the protection of our coreligionists that it had permitted to be used for their destruction, and (3) to secure that civil and religious liberty shall obtain in Mexico.

In these demands the San Antonio Knights will be endorsed not only by all Catholics, but by right-minded citizens everywhere. Ambiguous or private assurances given in this matter by members of the Government should be made unequivocal and public. It is a question of national justice on which every citizen has a right to determine his action; and if there be also a question of expediency, it is worth considering whether the respect retained or secured by the definite announcement that our Government will exact from Mexico's rulers the cessation of outrages and the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, will eventually be of more profit to the nation than the friendship of Villa or any other seeming advantage, for instance, a lease of Magdalena Bay.

"Catholic" but "Non-Sectarian"

IN a recent number of the *Living Church* appeared the following notice:

A religious order, founded and incorporated to be in touch with the working world, will aid all women, more particularly gentlewomen, to find their vocations, train them to be self-supporting and secure permanent employment for them. Before facing the now distressing conditions and aiding the vast number of worthy unemployed, more cultured, Catholic women are desired to consecrate their lives to the order. The order is non-sectarian, but under management of churchwomen. Address, CATHOLIC, care LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

Without question this announcement is one of the highest importance. It doubtless heralds an experiment that may be justly termed "epoch-making." Though the earthy-minded probably scanned the passage with languid interest, to many a cultured reader of the *Living Church* the words must have come like a trumpet-call, summoning them to forsake, in a prudent measure, however, the world's full stream and embrace, after proper deliberation, of course, a life of "service." Aspirants noted, probably with tear-dimmed eyes, that it is no mere humdrum "congregation" they are invited to join, but a strikingly original, full-fledged "Order," one which gives every promise, moreover, of excelling, if not in antiquity, at least in industry, even the renowned monastic institute of St. Benedict.

The character of this new religious order is thoroughly unique, for the chief quality, we are told, a postulant should have is "culture." The possession of this evangelical virtue will effectively safeguard her, of course, from being mistaken at any time for a papistical nun, as the latter, with sorrow be it owned, is always conspicuously deficient in true culture, though she has the gift, strange to say, of imparting culture to others.

Given, then, this prime requisite, it would be convenient if the aspirant to the order could contrive to be moderately "Catholic." Not violently so, however, by any means, for it should be noted that the institute is "non-sectarian," and nothing is a greater menace to conventual peace, as has been attested by holy founders not a few, than a marked disagreement among the members of the community, regarding the essential tenets of Christianity. From this source, indeed, practical difficulties could easily arise which would grieve sorely the lovers of strict observance. For instance, if Sister Mildred's Lutheran convictions have taught her the worth-

lessness of good works, she may fail some Monday morning to get the nuns' breakfast ready. In such a domestic crisis it is doubtful whether even the community's strong faith in the propitiatory value of rood-screens and incense could keep the nuns from murmuring a little as they went forth from breakfast to get "in touch with the working world."

But the government of the "cultured," "Catholic" and "non-sectarian" community described in our ritualistic contemporary, would at best be a very difficult task. However, could the "Churchwoman" elected superior, be a mitred as well as a croziered Lady Abbess, perhaps some of the nuns could be persuaded to obey her part of the time. We shall watch with keen interest the progress of the new "Order."

"His Name Could Not be Learned"

ONE day last week, a young man seized with vertigo, fell from the platform of a New York subway station to the track. Two cars of the approaching express passed over his body.

"In the crowd that saw the accident," writes the reporter of a New York newspaper, "there was much hysterical excitement. Women fainted and had to be carried to the street, children were led away crying, and people swarmed from the street, blocking the subway. In the midst of the excitement, a priest shouldered his way through the crowd on the platform. With some difficulty, he got in between the cars, and administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man who was perfectly conscious, as he lay upon the tracks. Then the priest clambered back to the platform, and went his way. His name could not be learned."

From the New York subway station, let your thoughts take you back to the Rome of nearly nineteen centuries ago. The little group of men and women standing on the sands of the Colosseum, anxiously scan the faces of the clamoring mob about them. Somewhere in that vast crowd is an old Jewish fisherman. As death rushes upon Christ's witnesses, the old man will raise his hand, and pronounce the words that were spoken by the unknown priest in the darkness and turmoil of the New York subway last week. The old fisherman and the priest, whose "name could not be learned," are thinking of that merciful commission which their Lord gave them when He walked among men in the fields of Galilee, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them."

"Ah, thank God, the priest is here!" In the palaces of kings and the huts of beggars, in the roar of the battle-field and the fetid atmosphere of the pest-house, at the lonely bedside where there was only one to comfort, how often has the priest of God brought light and peace and consolation to the trembling souls of Christian men and women, about to go forth on the last long journey from which there is no returning. "Then he went his way. His name could not be learned." What does that matter? He is God's priest, and healing is in his hands. That is enough. That is everything.

Simplifying Life

EVERY once in a while some newspaper or other interviews a nonagenarian or centenarian to find out how to live a hundred years. Various responses have been given to the interviewers. Living in the country, living in the city; early rising in the morning or the same in the afternoon; eating meat and avoiding meat, are some of the answers received. Recently the dodging of automobiles has become one of the favorite ways of prolonging life. All such questioning and replying are particular exemplifications of a general tendency. Mankind is looking for one simple answer to all its needs. The problem of work would be solved forever by perpetual motion. The problem of worry is solved by countless advertisements. The problem of health has ceased to exist in the columns of the press, if you omit the daily news, the obituary column and the Monday-morning-automobile-supplement and peruse only the patent-medicine section. The problem of shopping is simplified by "buying everything at our store." The orchestra, opera and play will soon be conveniently located in your own home within easy reach of an electric button near your couch, and that will simplify the many problems connected with opera-cloaks and ticket-scalpers.

A famous health-specialist recently announced that he had successfully passed his seventieth year and had avoided digging his grave by his teeth. The announcement recalled a significant incident. At the time of the Spanish-American war a breathless youngster rushed up to an older friend and cried out: "Two Spanish vessels have been sunk," and then added cautiously, "I do not know whether this is a fact or only news." It took a Boston lad to establish the subtle distinction between news and facts. The same caution is necessary with regard to the many simplifications of life's problem's found in the press. They may be facts, they may be "only news," or they may be an echo of the advertising department. The story of the teeth may, for example, represent a slackening of trade among dentists and a reciprocity treaty between the news column and the advertising column.

There is this much truth in these simple formulas of health, that most of them will work out if the patient is persistent. The man who is true to early rising will owe his long life, not so much to his alarm-clock as to the thousand other things he must do if he will persevere in his habit. Late entertainments and late suppers will cease. Cold mornings—and there are few warm mornings—will necessitate an immense deal of stamping of feet and swinging of arms and other brisk movements. This splendid exercise will develop a magnificent appetite. Breakfast will fit one for a day's work. A day's work will tire a man out early. Then comes the merciless alarm again. It is not the one practice which makes nonagenarians, but the one thousand other practices which perseverance makes inevitable.

There have been many widely heralded short cuts to sanctity as there have been to everything else. Some are mere supersitition, and some are solid sense. "Get one virtue and you get all" is a simple and safe formula to make a saint. No one can practise one virtue without ultimately practising all if he persists. He will become an imperialist of the soul. His will shall grow like Rome from a small town to the ends of the inhabited globe. "One thing is wanting." "One thing is necessary." "All the law is fulfilled in one word," these and other phrases are some simplified rules of holiness, practical and effective rules if properly understood and properly applied. Not all formulas are fads; some are facts, and really do simplify matters.

LITERATURE

Aquinas "Redivivus"

A MAN'S philosophy is not something he thinks, but everything he thinks. Consequently a final world philosophy is not a truth, but the truth. It must be a synthesis of all truths on earth and in heaven (if there be a heaven), in man and in God (if there be a God). In saying this it must not for a moment be imagined that we have limed our wings with eclecticism; nor that we look upon philosophy as an international gallery housing every school of achievement and effort toward thinking. Philosophy is not a collection of thoughts; for this reason: that between thoughts of things and the truth of things lies the wide world of reality.

Philosophy has been brilliantly defined as "organized thought." The definition is illuminating if valid. But it is valid only when the thought organized is true. Untruths are not organizable because they are not. It is easier to harness the light or the air than to build untruth, as such, into any city of thought. Untruths, however much they bulk, are of no substance. They are not even a quality, but the inevitable cast shadow of reality and truth. Mathematically they are $n—n=o$. Their formula is always more imposing than reality. But they are no-thing, and beget no reality of thought which can be of avail to a master-builder of philosophy.

The scholastics knew as no men before or since ever knew, that a world philosophy is not something the world trows and is true, but everything the world trows and is true. The Prince of Scholastics was especially scholastic in thus thinking imperially of philosophy. No truth wherever found could be denied citizenship in the great commonwealth of thought. Every truth, though it was the murderous rapier thrust of an enemy or the reluctant essence of a lie, demanded freedom of the City of God.

The age that borrowed architecture from the Moors; Aristotle from Attica; damask and steel from Damascus; law from the Romans; philosophy from the Greeks and wisdom from Judea, had no fine scruples about free trade in the traffic of truth. No great man of those heroic days was ever content to write a book. He attempted an encyclopedia. The "Summa," which is now being translated by the English Dominican Fathers (Benziger), is not a book as the Bible is not a book. It is the *catalogue raisonné* of all the truths the thirteenth century knew about everything from aqueducts to the Blessed Trinity.

No writer has ever quoted more freely than Aquinas from thinkers of every school. He owes much to his friends and no little to his enemies. The "Dumb Ox" grazed over a wide plain, and gives us sustenance of all herbs alike. In dealing with those who did not see as he saw he has sometimes been taken to have failed in attack; but never in understanding. Indeed:

Sine Aquinate
Silet Aristoteles

is a couplet applicable to many another philosopher who in these wearied days of thinking would be unintelligible without the authentic comment of Aquinas. If we make bold to offer Aquinas to a century sicklied over with an agnosticism of wistful half-beliefs and a tragic sense of loss, it is primarily for the manner and not for the matter of his teaching. The age is expectant of a synthesis. But no thinker will achieve or even begin a synthesis until the meanest truth wherever found is as sacrosanct to him as the merest fragment of the Host was sacrosanct to the men of the thirteenth century.

The task before Aquinas was to synthesize everything true about art and science, philosophy and theology, ethics and dogma, theology and religion, reason and faith, asceticism and mysticism, earth and heaven, man and God. His thought became like the politics of the period, a crusade. In those days of nascent European nationality a crusade was the highest achievement of constructive statesmanship. But it would be unfair to look on these hecatombs of humanity as sheer lust for national expansion. Their final cause was to plant the Cross over Jerusalem, and the world. The Crescent with its mere quartering of borrowed light was symbolical of a sterility which is now historical fact. The contemporaries of Aquinas set their minds on finding the fallen Cross and rearing it once more as a prophecy not of a waning world but of a world uprising from the tomb.

Over the empire of thought Aquinas sought to set the Crucified. For the moment he was more minded to summon levies from the four corners of truth than to organize them in any immanent manner. He housed his levies hurriedly in the synthesis of the credo; for, be it borne in mind, that the credo is nothing less than a synthesis. It is not a full synthesis since it does not include ethics, except fugitively as "the forgiveness of sins." But all other principles of reason and faith are there housed in one family of truth. Indeed no other synthesis is so redolent of the God of all consolation. It not only housed open-heartedly Redeemer and redeemed, the prodigal son and the still more prodigal Father, but couples the name of names with all the humility of a Roman governor, Pontius Pilate. It is as if we of to-day chaunted in our credos the names of Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson! To me it has always seemed that Pontius Pilate, the one man in authority who made an effort to save the Saviour, has place in the credo not as one gibbeted for our scorn but one remembered for our consolation. However that may be, the credo remains on the whole the most daring synthesis of the Infinite and the finite—of God and Pontius Pilate.

The Decalogue is a brief Hebrew synthesis of dogma and ethics. It begins with belief in God and ends with a command not to covert our neighbors' goods! Between these two Hebrew history hangs crucified. Were St. Thomas born again he would set to work on making his synthesis organic. For the moment it is but a chaplet of beliefs strung loosely on a golden thread of faith. This is not the final synthesis. But the modern mind will not have begun the serious work of a new philosophy until it follows on where Aquinas ended; even as the future will have no wider horizon than the present if to-morrow does not stand on the shoulders of to-day.

For this reason it has become a necessity of life to undertake a translation of the "Summa" into a language understood by millions of sober toilers in thought, word and deed. For the lowing of the "Dumb Ox" is but the *Vox Populi*, the deep voice of humanity beseeching men to gather the scattered truths of experience and vision into an orb of truth.

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

REVIEWS

The Vatican. Its History—Its Treasures. New York: Letters and Arts Publishing Co. $10.00.

There is a saying in Europe that all roads lead to Rome, which was, and is, true in fact. So that the pious pilgrim who wishes to visit the Eternal City and perform his devotions at the tombs of the Apostles has but to gird up his loins, and with a brave heart and a pair of stout legs, set out for mighty Rome, Mother and Mistress of the world. As a matter of fact the present-day pilgrim does nothing of the kind, save on such rare instances as the journey to Rome which Mr. Hilaire Belloc performed on foot. He goes by a Cook's tour or joins some Catholic association, and having paid his passage, the company sees to the rest. But multitudes there are who can not conveniently journey to Rome, and must be content to make fireside pilgrimages with the help of books like this sumptuous volume.

"The Vatican," its treasures, the working and administration of the papal household are described in this volume with clearness, accuracy and literary skill. The contributing authors are experts in the various departments they have undertaken. This is especially the case in the section on the "Vatican Administration," by Mgr. Paul Maria Baumgarten. It is a difficult thing for Catholics who have not visited Rome to grasp the extent and wonderful historical associations of the Vatican, but in this fine book the past lives again, the ancient glories of papal Rome pass before our eyes, and the printed word is embellished with a series of remarkable reproductions of well-nigh all the wonderful things in the Holy Father's palace. "The Vatican" may be considered indeed a standard work on the home of the Popes. A study of the volume should always precede a visit to the Eternal City, and the book itself will be a valuable addition to every library. H. C. W.

France Herself Again. By ERNEST DIMNET. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

About four decades ago, France was smitten by some malignant wizard's rod, bewitched out of her nobler self, and transformed into a coarse and vulgar thing. In 1905 a clap of thunder roused her from her lethargy and degradation. In the March of that year the German Emperor landed at Tangier and at the very moment when the French were strenuously endeavoring to widen the sphere of their influence in Morocco, proclaimed that its Sultan was "in his eyes an independent sovereign and Morocco a country open to all nations without any monopoly or annexation." The Kaiser's declaration was a gage of battle flung down to the French Republic. M. Delcassé, France's strongest man, was at the head of affairs. He wanted war. But the army was demoralized by the Dreyfusist agitation and the spy system of André and Combes. The military magazines and stores were empty. The whole country was seething with the poisonous ferment of political disunion and schism. War, under such conditions, would have been an absurdity and a crime. But Germany stood firm. Delcassé had to be sacrificed. He resigned, and France backed down. The country soon realized the stinging blow. In that "clap of thunder" as the author calls it, France heard a call to a new life. She is heeding it now and becoming herself again.

Such a theme affords the Abbé Dimnet scope for the keen analytical powers he has already manifested in his: "La Pensée Catholique dans l'Angleterre contemporaine." Everywhere the work gives evidence of coherent conception in its structure, of effective grouping of proof and detail. It carries with it a thoroughly French atmosphere of clearness and simplicity. He describes in broad outlines the moral and intellectual improvement of the country since the Tangier incident. The awakening of the instinct of self-preservation, the revival of the military spirit, the Chamber's waning prestige, brought on by its venality and greed, the diffusion of a new mentality through every rank of society, and the reaction against scientism and materialism. The chapters dealing with the sordid influence of Freemasonry, International Socialism and Dreyfusism, with Combism, that "abject system" as Millerand termed it, are among the best in the book.

It is to be regretted that in a book written by the learned abbé for English readers there is little to indicate the priestly character of the writer. A more pronounced and Catholic tone would have improved the work. Gambetta, for instance, is dealt with too leniently. To call the "Syllabus" a document in "which all the consequences derived from the dogma of liberty were anathematized" is unwarranted and unsound. In the review of the causes of national deterioration, greater stress should have been laid upon the godless education foisted upon the schools, and that other great national crime of the hearth and home, which has robbed France of millions of her children.

Without question France is awaking from her lethargy, but to be entirely herself again she must return not only to "a plain and virile Christianity" but to those truly Catholic traditions and principles with which her real greatness is identified. J. C. R.

The Mason-Bees. By J. HENRI FABRE. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

This is another of those charming books by the insects' Homer. The volume consists of eleven essays: in one of these the author writes of cats; in another, of red ants; while the rest are almost entirely taken up with the mason-bees. M. Fabre is a poet as well as a painstaking scientist, and though he destroys many a myth, yet he gives the romantic no reason for lamentation, for he brings out truths that are stranger than fiction. The mason-bee is made to appear a builder of strange capacity, skilful within a limited sphere of action, entirely stupid and indeed helpless outside that circle. There is at least one safe conclusion to be drawn from the book. The mason-bee does not reason, it follows instinct blindly, not only failing to adapt itself to slight changes in conditions but even showing itself entirely helpless when confronted by obstacles which deprive it for the instant of the guidance of instinct. Scholastic philosophers owe another debt of gratitude to Fabre for vindicating so well, if unconsciously, their doctrine on the essential difference between instinct and reason. The author deals some sound blows to a certain species of crude evolution. He considers mimesis "a piece of childishness," recounts facts that run counter to the hypothesis and remarks:

> We have quite enough of these zoological brutalities: man, the son of the ape; duty, a foolish prejudice; conscience, a lure for the simple; genius, neurosis; patriotism, jingo heroics; the soul, a product of protoplasmic energies; God a puerile myth. Let us raise the war whoop and go out for scalps: we are here only to devour one another, the *summum bonum* is the Chicago packer's dollar chest. Enough, quite enough of that, without having transformation next, to break down the social law of work.

This may be amusing but there is a truth in it, which is none the less convincing because of its dramatic setting. R. H. T.

The Ivy Hedge. By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35.

The hedge is of poison ivy, planted around his palatial residence in one of the Jersey suburbs of New York by Morton, the "Can King"; and without and within its circle grow poverty and luxury, the grasping and socially ambitious rich and the despoiled and socialistic poor, schemes of reform and aggrandizement and sundry other problems, persons, classes and modern

developments, until the hedge is burned down, the evils it typifies are diminished or extinguished, and everything and everybody are parceled off so rapidly and happily that one is forcibly reminded that "this world is all a fleeting show," though hardly "for man's illusion given." The 331 lively pages constitute a large canvas of American life. The Coyne family, prevented by poverty from enjoying the distinction of descent from the most celebrated witch that was hanged at Salem, occupy the centre; and around them are cleverly grouped Mrs. Trevanion of Wales whose "second sight" enables her to see the right thing first; a Gallo-Irish couturière who is queenly in French, and Irish in English and noble in both; Madame Bianca, an actress and also a character of delightful distinctiveness, and several sets of Jews, promoters, seamstresses, monopolists, agitators, reformers and clergymen. The incidents and the four or five conversions are rather hurried, but motives and expositions are sound and the interest is sustained by humor, aphorisms, and the cunning of a practised hand. A notable feature is the treatment of the professional "Catholic" politician. The book will enhance Dr. Egan's reputation as a Catholic novelist. M. K.

The Charm of Ireland. By BURTON E. STEPHENSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

In a large, well-printed octavo volume of 564 pages, Mr. Stephenson gives an account of his trip through Ireland in the early summer of last year. His route is the usual one, a passage through the mountain fringe of the island, with an added excursion to the great inland plain at Athlone and to the site of the "Deserted Village." The places have been described and photographed times unnumbered, yet it is safe to say that the author's narrative will be read with interest, not only by strangers, but also by those familiar with the scenes from actual residence or from visits from without. The reason is that the writer brings to his task sympathy and knowledge. He is familiar with the authentic history of the race as well as of their traditions, legends and poetry, and his sympathy is genuine, yet not such as to blind him to the faults of the people, and make him hostile to the English, despite the stupid anomalies and criminal selfishness of British admininstration. He is not Irish, he is not English, he is not a braggart Yankee, who sees nothing praiseworthy beyond his own day, or the precincts of his own voting district or county. He is a trained, broad-minded observer and a master of expression, who tells plainly and readably what he observes. That does not imply that he can not make mistakes, as in Gaelic words, for example, though his mistakes are few and unimportant. He notes the fact that the stage Irishman is not to be found in Ireland, and he has no record of a mud hovel, familiar only to those who have never lived in Ireland. He finds but little enthusiasm for Home Rule, as the people suspect they are getting a charter for a national debating society and very little else. So also he surmizes that Ulster Unionism is much of a "bluff." Those not familiar with Ireland have a treat in store for them in Mr. Stephenson's book. P. J. D.

Philosophy, What is it? By F. B. JEVONS, Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

These lectures were written for workingmen and, as might be expected, contain nothing of interest to the student of philosophy. Materialism, idealism and scepticism are rejected on broad grounds. There is not a little repetition in these chapters and in consequence they make tiresome reading. Professor Jevons is much clearer and safer in his explanation of what philosophy isn't than in his explanation of what philosophy is. True, he is a realist, admits the freedom of the will and concludes that our experience of the world and life can only be explained by postulating the existence of a perfect Personality, God: "We can if we will, do His will, and draw near to Him both in our hearts and in our actions. But to draw near to Him we must love Him with all our heart and with all our soul, and must love our neighbor as ourself." All this sounds quite orthodox, but in what sense does Professor Jevons understand it? Is he, like many other philosophers who speak with reverence of God, a pantheist? In the chapter on "Personality and the Whole" there are not a few passages which seem to point directly that way. This suggests a word of warning. It might be well for the average Catholic to take expert advice before reading books or articles written by non-Catholic philosophers or pseudo-philosophers. A bit of ridicule lightly aimed at some principle of Catholic philosophy; false theories hidden under obscure terms and treatment; conclusions which at their face value may be sound, but which, in the author's sense, are absolutely unsound, are of not infrequent occurrence in such writings. It is hard at times, even for the trained mind, to discover their badness. What wonder then if the unwary reading them, absorb all unconsciously much that may be harmful to reason, faith and morals. One can not be too careful when interests so vital are at stake. W. J. B.

Women of the Classics. By MARY STURGEON. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.50.

This is a very readable account, generously interspersed with excerpts from some of the best recent metrical translations, of the heroines in Homer and the Greek tragedians, Dido being added from the pages of Virgil. The feminist author says that "mere men," having had a monopoly of works on the classics, have not treated adequately the gallery of gentle or dreadful dames and demoiselles of that elder day, but now that petticoated A.M.'s, Ph.D's and Litt.D's are, if not yet so numerous as the trousered species, fully as clever, that old iniquity has had its day and ceased to be. The book is welcome, and the performance is worthy of her contention. The wholesome reticence she mentions as practised by Homer, she carries into her pages, too. Those who have not had acquaintance with charming Nausicaa, will find in their introduction to her here that she is charming still, and if they do not find Clytemnestra amiable, well, neither did lordly Agamemnon, king of men. Many of the artistic photogravures that illustrate the volume throw light on the heroines' characters, but some of the pictures are not at all becoming or appropriate, that of the chaste Cassandra, for instance, and of the modest Phaedra. But these objectionable illustrations can be removed. A. P. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Christian" novel is, more often than not, a very flabby affair at best, and perhaps Mrs. Kate Langley Bosher might not entirely care for the epithet "Christian" applied to "How It Happened" (Harper, $1.00). For all that there is something very Christian in the old Christmas spirit of love, the softening of hearts, and good cheer, which is charmingly set out by this gifted lady. It is the story of a young man and woman separated, who are at length brought together by a very unconventional little girl. The theme is not a new one, but the reader is not dragged through the puddle of the underworld to a happy conclusion; which seems, unhappily, to be the general novitiate for being "happy ever after." The book will make a delightful gift for Christmas, and is a welcome addition to the store of clean fiction.

It is so imperative that American Catholics should thoroughly understand the ruthless nature of the persecution "Liberalism" has been inflicting on the Church in Mexico that the current

issue of *Catholic Mind* devotes its pages to giving an account of the outrages endured by our coreligionists beyond the Rio Grande. The number opens with a paper on "Mexican Liberalism" written by a prominent member of the Catholic party in our neighboring republic. Then follows a selection of affidavits made by those who have witnessed the horrors they describe. Next come some of the decrees the Liberals have issued for the "reformation" of the Church, and the issue ends with a translation of the letter recently sent by the Holy Father to the Archbishop of Mexico. The "atrocities" here detailed should be of more concern to Americans than are the horrors of the great war now raging in Europe, because our Government can hardly be acquitted of a share of responsibility for the present condition of the Church in Mexico.

Mr. Louis E. Cadieux's "Practical Talks with the Christian Child" (American Book Co., $0.20), is a little volume that deserves a cordial welcome from every Catholic teacher in the land. This "brief manual of manners and morals," is meant to be a text-book for the upper grammar grades. In short chapters, followed by thought-provoking questions, the author admirably explains the importance of forming good habits in childhood, and then tells how boys and girls who are well-bred, conduct themselves at home, at church, at play, at school and in public, and adds excellent little chapters on conversation, reading and letter-writing. As elementary education that is thorough, means teaching children not only religion, reading, writing and arithmetic, but good manners too, our teachers should find Mr. Cadieux's "Practical Talks" of great value in the classroom.

The capable editor of "The Boys' Book of Battles" (Houghton, $2.00) has packed into more than 400 pages forty-one good selections in prose and verse, describing some of the great combats of history. The matter is arranged in chronological order with a view to showing the development of warfare from the earliest times to the present day. So the volume begins with "The Victory Over the Khita," as described by Pen-ta-ur, the Egyptian poet, in 1326 B. C., and ends with an account of a battle in mid-air which Sergeant Werner, of the German Aviation Corps had last summer with an English biplane. Between are such famous pieces as Hugo's "Waterloo," Macaulay's "Naseby," Froissart's "Crécy" and Thucydides' "Platæa." The illustrations help to make the volume an attractive holiday book.

Some account of "Early American Churches" (Doubleday, $2.80) illustrated with more than one hundred full-page photographs of exteriors and interiors, has been prepared by Aymar Embury II, a name that looks quite royal and dynastic. He describes Protestant churches built in the villages and towns of the Atlantic seaboard from 1632 to 1843, St. Luke's at Smithfield. Va., and the "Ship Meeting House," at Hingham, Mass., being the oldest. For the most part, the edifices in the illustrations are plain buildings obviously meant just to sit in, for in colonial times and after, the chief act of worship, so called, was listening to a long sermon. The author has found in the East no Catholic church that he deems of sufficient antiquity and architectural beauty to merit a place in his book. For both reasons, however, it would seem that the Baltimore Cathedral built by Latrobe in 1821; St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, dating from 1732, and St. Mary's in the same city, erected in 1763, to name but a few of our old churches, are as worthy of mention, surely, as are half the meeting houses Mr. Embury describes.

"The Hand of Mercy" (Kenedy, $1.00) is a collection of thirty-three stories originally contributed, with a few exceptions, to the *Missionary* magazine by the Rev. Richard W. Alexander. The tales are simple accounts of actual experiences had by a mission priest.—Hannah Southwick has prepared a seasonable booklet called "Little Contemplations on the 'O Anthems'" (T. R. Marvin & Son, Boston). Taking the nine anthems that precede and follow the "Magnificat" in the Church's office from December 17 to December 25 inclusive, the author develops after the Ignatian method, nine practical meditations well suited for a novena in preparation for Christmas.—"The Dramatic Version of 'The Birds' Christmas Carol'" (Houghton, $0.60) is an adaptation by Kate Douglas Wiggin of her delightful story. The kindness of the lame child, Carol Bird, in planning for the poor alley family a happy Christmas in her father's mansion will win an audience, while all must laugh at the Ruggleses' preparations for the great Christmas dinner. Throughout the play there is an artistic blending of the comic and the pathetic. The fact that the book gives directions for a production with rather modest as well as with elaborate stage effects, places the play within the capacity of most children.

The fourteenth number of the "Catholic Library" is the first volume of Blessed John Fisher's "Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms" (Herder, $0.30) edited with preface and glossary by J. S. Phillimore, M.A. The book was first published in 1509, reprinted as a literary curiosity in 1876 and as a devotional work in 1888. Professor Phillimore by adapting the spelling but not the diction of the author has made the book of no less value to the student of sixteenth-century English than to the lover of ascetical works, for the "Commentary" is as remarkable for its vigorous language as for its solid piety. The editor has contributed an excellent preface in which he lays bare the popular fallacy that there was no English literature worthy of the name until the Elizabethan Protestants began to write. In the "spacious times" of "Good Queen Bess" there was no room for a Campion, a Southwell, an Allen or a Stapleton, while the earlier works of Fisher and More were studiously forgotten. Professor Phillimore writes: "We have names enough to keep a footing even during the hundred years when Anglican and English looked most like becoming synonyms, before the thin overlay of the new religion had shrunk much: Crashaw, Dryden and Pope." Along with this book of sermons should be read Father Bridgett's admirable biography of their martyred author.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Amministrazione Civilta Cattolica, Rome:
I Gesuiti dalle Origini ai Nostri Giorni. P. Rosa, S.J.

Benziger Bros., New York:
Elsass, Lothringen & Einsiedeln. Von Dr. P. Odilo Ringholz, O.S.B. $0.35; Jugenbrot. Von P. Ambros Zurcher, O.S.B. $0.80.

Burns & Oates, Ltd., London:
How to Help the Dead. A Translation of St. Augustine, by Mary H. Allies. 1s.; The Valiant Woman. By Archbishop Landriot. 2s.

Devin-Adair Co., New York:
A Far Away Princess. By Christian Reid. $1.35.

Dolphin Press, Philadelphia:
With My Parish. Edited by James Loomis, M.D. $0.60; Life of St. Columban. By George Metlake. $2.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:
The Kaiser. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. $2.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Legends of King Arthur and His Knights By Janet MacDonald Clark. Illustrated by W. H. Margetson. $2.50; Pinocchio. By Collodi. $0.50; A Basket of Plums. By Lawson Wood. $0.50; The War Week by Week. By Edward S. Martin. $1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Vexilla Regis. A Book of Devotions on Behalf of All Affected by the War. Translated and Arranged by Very Rev. Mgr. Benson. $0.50.

Merrymount Press, Boston:
Pico della Mirandola: A Platonik Discourse Upon Love. Translated by Thomas Stanley, and Edited by Edmund G. Gardner. $3.00; Giovanni. della Casa: The Galateo—Of Manners and Behaviour. Edited by J. E. Springarn. $3.00.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
Essays on Milton. By Elbert N. S. Thompson. $1.35.

EDUCATION

Why Send Girls to School?

"MY grandmamma has said, poor old lady, she is dead, long ago," that schools are not what they were when she was a girl. One may well hesitate to quote his grandmother in these days of destructive criticism; but for all that, many will feel that the years which rested so lightly upon that venerable lady, quenched the vigor of her intellect, as little as they dimmed the lambent light of her eyes. "Ah, Mr. Pickwick," says Mrs. Wardle of a century ago, as her fine old hand smoothes down the lavender-colored silk, "young people were very different when I was a girl." "No doubt of that, Ma'am," replies the gallant philosopher, "and that's the reason why I would make much of the few that have any trace of the old stock."

I never knew my respective grandmothers, Susanna and Elizabeth: that is my loss, shortening by two links the chain which binds me a willing captive to the past. But aided by the memory of some old daguerreotypes and paintings, I can see little Elizabeth and Susanna in my mind's eye. They differ, indeed, from their great-granddaughters. I need not detail for you these quaint little maidens, with their queer, old-fashioned flounces and furbelows, as I remember them in pictures that were painted by "one whose best was not over well." You have them in your own home, doubtless; or if, alas, as often happens, the dust of the lumber room is on them, you can find them again in Doctor Holmes' "Dorothy Q."

SUSANNA AT SCHOOL

Susanna went to Miss Bristow's School for Young Ladies long before she held that title, save by brevet. I grieve to say that at this period, she was a little heretic, and was taught her letters in connection with "In Adam's Fall, We sinned all," and "Heaven to Find, The Bible Mind." I don't know whether little girls learned to read more quickly in those golden days, but before long, Susanna's finger was tracing such sounding lines as these:

> Since the Sunshine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has risen amongst us; since we are loosed from the Bands of Ignorance and Superstition; since every Protestant believes it it his Duty to promote Christian Knowledge; certainly it will be confess'd, that all Improvements in Learning ought to be encouraged: And consequently that they deserve our particular Regard, who study to make the first Steps firm and easy. For, the Man seldom clears himself of those ill Faculties, which are contracted in his tender Age: So, says Solomon, Train up a Child in the Way he should go, and in old Age he will not depart from it.

This is indeed an overt plea *ad misericordiam* on the part of the teacher. But I doubt if Susanna needed aught to heighten her appreciation of the virtue and abilities of Miss Bristow, who besides Arithmetick and Grammar, taught the senior girls the Use of Globes. The small fingers that laboriously traced in round childish hand, *Susanna Brown Her Book,* are dust these many years; yellowed and faded the samplers, her stint of a Saturday afternoon. I even believe that at Georgetown, whither she repaired on becoming a little papist, she was taught to make wax flowers, objects of art which time has mercifully deleted. Other works of her hands still remain, cherished lovingly in a certain old cedar-chest. I am ill at these numbers, for I do not know the terms whereby these tokens of her childhood days may be briefly described. But you took a piece of cardboard, red or white, and sometimes gold or silver, pierced full of small holes; and through the holes you drew strands of parti-colored silk or worsted; and when the work was finished, you read against the gay background, "God is Love," "Love One Another." I don't know what you call these articles. One rarely sees them nowadays, for they are as fashionable as a photograph album on a marble-topped table in the centre of the "parlor."

Of course, she learned other things: Sewing and Literature and Politeness, and the Harp, Christian Doctrine, Sacred and Profane History, Writing and Dancing and Drawing, with a quantity of other matters, tending to refine the Female Mind. It is true that when Susanna came home from her convent school, bearing her diploma, tied with a wide blue ribbon, she had never heard of Laplace, or the Encyclopedists; and as for biology, she could not have told you whether that was a disease or a heresy. But she knew quite well why the Lord had made her, and she was intelligent enough to acknowledge that she was woefully ignorant of by far the largest section of the field of human knowledge. Also she knew how to take care of a home. I am inclined to think that a school which effects all this, may be said to educate its pupils.

EARLY VICTORIAN AIMS

My venerable grandmother was right when she said that schools are not what they were when she was a girl. Grandmother was not a philosopher. She did not know the place of evolution in pedagogy. So gently had time dealt with her, that she knew only that the world was more noisy and bustling than it used to be; not that men and women had changed their ways of thinking almost as much as they had changed their means of transportation. But even in grandmother's time, there was much talk of the higher education of women. In 1798, Mary Wollstonecraft published her "Vindication of Women's Rights," and discussed the matter in terms which excluded her from the ranks of right-minded Females. Fifty years later, Tennyson wrote his "Princess," which besides much prose, really has something in it besides the line about the sweet girl-graduate. Queen's College at London opened its doors about this time, and a few years later, the world first read "Aurora Leigh."

It is, of course, a mistake to judge the numerous "female academies" of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, by prevailing academic standards. Yet, when due allowance has been made, it must be admitted that, rated by any proper educational standard, many of them hardly merited the name of institutions of learning. It is only fair to add, that the majority of them made no pretension to be considered such. They were satisfied if they could impart a fair knowledge of the elementary subjects. Their real value lay in their endeavor to make their pupils, not well-informed, but good and wholesome children. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will, be clever," might have been the legend written over their doorways.

THE NEW BROOM

A change was called for, and it came. The new broom swept away much that was good in Susanna's early Victorian school. It is a trite saying, though by no means a trite practice, that school programs and discipline must hold in view the position which the majority of the pupils will occupy in life. Seventy years ago, the training of girls implied that practically all of them would remain within a domestic circle. True the world has changed since those simple days. Yet even to-day, what is the place in life to which most of our Catholic girls will be called? There are no figures at hand, but it is probably correct to say that ninety per cent. of them will ultimately preside over homes of their own. In view of these approximately correct figures, we may ask ourselves, seriously, whether or not our schools are fitting their pupils to become home-makers.

Mr. Leigh Hodges wrote some years ago in the *North American Review,* that the development of the convent girl's domestic traits was singularly complete:

> The convent-bred girl has long been accepted as a model of sweet, useful womanhood, possessed of refinements and

accomplishments which add a distinct charm to her natural attractions, and it is a consideration of first importance that the development of her domestic traits is singularly complete.

Self-respect, modesty, a bright and easy charity, obedience, sacrifice, love of God above all things and love of one's neighbor for His sake, the virtues which make home-life possible and holy, are the very virtues upon which the convent school will lay most stress. But home-making has its practical side, and calls for arts not within the scope of the Catechism. Arabella may be a perfect angel, but she must expect Edward to be a bit "sniffy" after a while, if absorbed in the "Life of St. Rose of Lima," she lets the biscuits burn, or forgets to have dinner ready against Edward's home-coming. Mother Stuart, who wrote most wisely of the education of girls, held that a convent girl should "reach independence in the practical arts of life." By this she meant that the girl should know how to sew, cook, nurse, choose and direct her servants, and in emergency, take their place. How many schools train their girls to this practical independence? A wise old nun, who after more than sixty years in the same convent as pupil and religious went to take a high place in heaven, used to recall how when she was a school girl, the pupils not only kept all their garments in repair, but actually made most of them! "But, now, many of our little ladies can't even sew on a button, and they don't care to learn."

TRAINING FOR HOME MAKING

In these days, when the factors of pleasure and idleness are growing so strong, it would seem that home-making courses could find no more fitting refuge than our convent schools. In training the children to habits based upon supernatural virtue, our religious teachers can not be equalled. The value of the work which they have done in this country for the Church and for society, is simply incalculable. There is little fear that in the making of school programs, our convent schools will suffer from the lack of a sanely conservative policy. With the simplicity of the dove, our teaching sisters combine, as a rule, much of the wisdom of the serpent. They know quite well that since the vast majority of their pupils are not called to the religious life, they must be prepared for "life in the world." I think they would agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that no man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian; that no Edwin was ever brought to Angelina's feet because she could talk German. Their pupils must live in the world, and they want to make them, as Longfellow's poet wrote, "as pure as water and as good as bread," and in this, their success is marvelous. Perhaps I speak as one mad, but it seems to me that the humble home-making courses would, under their religious care, help them to form even better home-makers than they have given us in the past. It really does not make a great deal of difference whether or not Priscilla can play the Moonlight Sonata, or read M. Bazin in the original. It does matter a great deal whether or not Priscilla has learned the art of making her home the brightest, cheerfullest spot on earth.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Social Legislation and Juvenile Delinquency

IT would not be a difficult task to run over a file of newspapers gathered at random from half a dozen American cities, and from their dismal police columns, compile a fairly complete anthology of juvenile crime. "What is drawing our youth into criminal paths in such appalling numbers?" asks the Chicago *Tribune*. "Police records have repeatedly shown that it is not the hardened criminal, but the young crook who is terrorizing both police officers and the public. Once out on a criminal errand, he will not stop short of murder to carry out his criminal designs." "Just now," writes the editor of the New York *Sun*, "the 'Gophers' are said to be in active eruption. Two things are particularly noticeable about these occurrences. One is that the youths who belong to gangs are said to be crazed with cocaine. The other is, that they are armed to the teeth. After one shooting, four revolvers were picked up in the street, where the gangsters had dropped them." "There is imperative need for very serious, sober, searching thought," are the opening words of an editorial in the Detroit *Free Press*, "about the declaration of Warden Simpson of the Jackson prison, that the average age of prisoners in the State penal institutions in 1914, is eight years younger than the average ten years ago in Michigan, and that in the same period, juvenile delinquency has increased five-fold." "Boys, fifteen and sixteen years old," reported the first police deputy in Chicago, a few weeks ago, "are going wrong, seriously wrong, in increasing numbers. They are taken into court, where instead of being punished, they are given a few words of advice, and then dismissed to go out and grow up committing some more crime. Talky-talky advice doesn't stop a majority of them, by a good margin."

MORE LAW AND MORE LAWLESSNESS

Glance at your local paper, and note the proportion of boys and girls still in their teens, who figure in the police records. The journals quoted in the preceding paragraph, observe that this "crime-wave" is reaching its height in a period in which social legislation is approaching a maximum. This is equivalent to saying that this vast amount of new law has not prevented a marked increase in the violation of laws that are older than the Ten Commandments. "What is the use of it all," asks the New York *Sun*, "if drugs and guns are still within easy reach of a semi-criminal element who . . . break loose from time to time and shoot up the streets?" A striking editorial paragraph in the Detroit *Free Press*, sums up the failure of our boasted social legislation to lessen the juvenile crime:

> One point that impresses itself strongly in connection with Warden Simpson's report, is the incongruous circumstance that the period of deterioration cited by the warden of the State prison, is the very period in which devices, legal, philanthropic and educational, for the protection and proper moulding of the youth, have blossomed forth as roses in springtime. The juvenile court, the probation plan, the farm colony, the propaganda for the inculcation of morals and sex hygiene in the public schools, have all opened into their fullness in the last decade. Never has the juvenile delinquent been handled as elaborately and as exhaustively as he is to-day. Never have the courts inquired as solicitously into the budding peccadillos which bear germs of future misconduct. Never before was so much prominence given the "germ theory" in morals. Never before were youngsters as tenderly and as thoroughly regulated by the State. Then why this appalling deterioration of the youth of the commonwealth? . . . The reason lies in the notorious and lamentable decrease in parental oversight of the young. Fathers and mothers are being relieved more and more of their natural responsibilities by the State. . . . Parents are showing themselves content, even anxious, to turn their duties over to the courts and the public school teachers. Mothers seem to think that having borne children, they have done their full duty and the State should do the rest. In consequence, children are left largely free to drown themselves in floods of frivolity, vice and crime.

Not one word of this indignant indictment is new to Catholic social workers. For years they have noted the tendency of social legislation to break down the parental sense of responsibility. Catholics are willing to admit and encourage what is good in social legislation. They recognize that it is the State which must protect the citizen in those things in which he can not protect himself. They believe that the State not only may, but must, abolish public sources of immorality and injustice by removing their authors and abettors from the pale of society.

But they do not admit that law can take the place of religion. Their plea that legislation alone can do but little for our boys and girls, has been lost in the wild outcry of sociological cranks whose mania is, that the social evils which now stalk abroad at noonday, can be forever laid to rest by legislation. Catholics have met this argument by showing, that for the increase in legislation, we have an increase in juvenile lawlessness. Only an unreasoning devotion to an ideal conceived in defiance of facts, can blind certain modern sociologists to the truth that this legislation has utterly failed to get at the root of the evil.

THE BROKEN HOME

Back of the major portion of the army of ruined children, we find the broken home. Back of the broken home, we find the violation of God's law. Jimmy Smith's father is a drunkard; his mother is that, and worse. There is nothing in his surroundings to help him to lead a decent life; there is everything to drag him down to the low level of his parents. As for Jimmy's sister, from the very time she was able to notice anything at all, this broken home began the process, not only of breaking down all that naturally safeguards a girl, but of supplying her with those ideals which lead by swift and certain steps to a ruined life. Such homes are nurseries of vice, and their number can be learned from the records of the Children's Court in any large community. Of 1,307 delinquent children before the St. Louis court, for instance, in the years 1908-09, 52 per cent. came from broken homes. Federal reports show that more than sixty per cent. of the number of delinquent girls, are the product of homes which are not "normal."

Saloons, dance halls, tenements, bad as they often are, can not be made to bear the whole blame for the increase of juvenile waywardness. It is quite untrue that external environment necessarily leads to juvenile delinquency. It is equally untrue to hold, as modern sociologists seem to affirm, that the removal of untoward external environment will do away with juvenile delinquency. Even though they live in the heart of a slum district, children can be protected from the occasion of wrongdoing by efficient parental authority, and in the absence of this parental authority, or its equivalent, children born in palaces may, and do, go down into the pit. "Slum poison," as the Chicago *Tribune* wisely notes, "is daily counteracted in thousands of tenement homes where parents fulfil their duties to their children," and "affiliate them with elevating school and church connections." There are Catholic girls, as every priest knows, who in the midst of the most sordid environments, are telling again in their daily lives, the beautiful story of Agnes and Cecilia; Catholic boys whose ceaseless struggle against the vileness which they meet on every side, shows them to be of that valiant band whose violence bears away the kingdom of heaven. The Catholic sociologist will agree that environments which are morally unhealthful have no right to exist; that they should be removed by force of law, if no other force can do away with them. But he will not admit that man is the toy of environment. He knows that by the help of supernatural religion men and women can rise above it.

GODLESS SOCIOLOGY

We are losing our time and our effectiveness, if we persist in acting on the theory that reformation of life and manners, public or private, is exclusively, or even largely, a question of sociology or economics. Ignore the influence of supernatural religion, and you make real reformation impossible. The curse of this modern sociology is that God has no part in it. It is not a remedy, but a poison. It drugs, it stupefies; it numbs the consciousness of present pain and all seems well until the soporific power of the poison has spent itself, and the social body awakens to the fact that no lasting cure has been effected. First show us that you can cure a cancerous growth by dusting it carefully with talcum powder, and we shall be ready to admit that social legislation which ignores God, can reform evils which have been brought about by violation of God's law. There is no hope of social reform except in a return to Christian manners, said Leo XIII. This is the creed of the Catholic sociologist.

THE ONE EFFICIENT REMEDY

All this is said with the certain knowledge, that the modern sociologist, who at present seems to hold the field, will consider it reactionary, bigoted, narrow and impractical. But hard words break no bones; nor do they move the Catholic sociologist from his position. If the home of the future is to be a real home, we must put supernatural religion deep into the hearts of the children, the home makers or home breakers, of the years to come. Religion, taught by word and example, must permeate our homes. We can not afford to send our children into the chilling atmosphere of the school that knows not God. If we are wise, we will not allow ourselves to forget, that the fathers and mothers of the broken homes about us, were not born degraded, nor will we be unmindful of the possibility, that in the hearts of our own children, there may be tendencies which, if permitted to strike root, will insure more broken homes in future generations. The ideal Catholic home is easily described. In sanctity, it yields only to the altar on which we offer the unblemished sacrifice. It is the foundation of civilized society. It is the nursery of saints and heroes. It is a society to whose head God Himself has committed rights that are inalienable, rights with which the State can interfere only at its peril. For the rights of the family, the Church has stood unmoved through storms of persecution, nor will she to-day allow that they may be invaded on the plea of "social betterment." Around the family she has thrown the protection of her Sacraments; for the sake of one trembling woman, who begged that the honor of her dishonored womanhood might be righted, she withstood the wrath of the conqueror of Europe, threatening her with extinction in the realms of France.

Again, to the typical modern sociologist, this is the raving of madness. But it is the unchanging and unchangeable position of the Catholic Church. Grace, through prayer and the Sacraments, not statute law, is the direct and Christ-appointed means of reformation and sanctification. And as she holds that on the preservation of the thoroughly Christian home, depends the continuance of our civilization, so does she alone, seriously and consistently endeavor to close the mart of ruined children, by making the home all that God intended it to be.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A statistical study of Cook County, Illinois, marriages and divorces, recently issued by the county clerk, shows that of 2,660 marriages contracted during a given period, 482, or something over 18 per cent. ended in divorce before the expiration of a year. "Hasty and improvident marriages," comments the clerk, "are fairly certain to issue in divorce." To give the intending couple some time for reflection, it has been suggested in a number of localities, that they be required to file with the proper authorities, two or three declarations of their intention, before the license can be issued. This would in a manner, be a return to the Catholic custom of "calling the banns," and would doubtless be the means of preventing many a hasty and unhallowed "marriage."

"The twilight has fallen upon the political quacks," writes the Boston *Transcript*, commenting upon the recent elections. The long-suffering people of a certain Western State, who had been led to believe that almost everything except the

motion of the planets might be regulated by the State Legislature, have at last risen in revolt. The New York *Sun* thus recounts their action:

> They voted against the easier amendment of the State Constitution, against the initiative and referendum, against the recall of elective officers (not including judges), against insurance by the State, against the submission of constitutional amendments by the Legislature to the people upon petition to the former. In short, the State so long the forcing bed and experiment station of "direct" government and newfangled nostrums is distinctly "reactionary." So is Oregon, its only rival in the political patent medicine habit.

"Now it is Denver," says the New York *Evening Post*, "which discovers that commission government does not automatically bring on the millennium. How much depends on the men who work the machinery!" If we gave more time to the proper education of the children, the public officials of the future, and spent less time in devising new ways of making men virtuous by law, perhaps the State and municipal government of the next generation might be more satisfactory.

The first convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ met in New York on November 27, and continued in session for three days. This convention marks the beginning of a movement, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. Up to within recent years, the convent schools basked in the sunshine of popular favor. The factors whose interest it was to attack the parochial school and the Catholic college, usually passed them by without remark. There is reason to believe that this attitude of aloofness is changing, and that the convent school will soon be subjected to sharp and unfriendly criticism. Criticism, our convent schools need not fear; but to defend themselves against the almost inevitable hostility which seems to govern the non-Catholic mind when it undertakes to review Catholic interests, organization is needed. The Federation represents nearly one thousand schools, academies and colleges in this country and Canada. The following ladies were chosen as officers for the coming year: President, Miss Clare I. Cogan, Brooklyn (St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.); first vice-president, Mrs. R. F. Small, Toronto (St. Joseph's College, Toronto); second vice-president, Mrs. Frank Hahn, Dayton, O. (Notre Dame Academy, Dayton); corresponding secretary, Miss Hester Sullivan, Brooklyn (St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J.); financial secretary, Miss Irene Cullen, Brooklyn (St. Joseph's Academy, Brentwood, L. I.); recording secretary, Mrs. John McEniry, Moline, Ill. (National Federation, Alumnæ, Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.); chairman, Press Committee, Miss Regina Fisher, Philadelphia (Mt. St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Chestnut Hill, Pa.); chairman, Executive Committee, Mrs. James J. Sheeran, Brooklyn (St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.). A constitution will be drawn up during the year and submitted at the next annual convention in Chicago in Thanksgiving week, 1915.

The following letter, found on the body of a young seminarian killed in the battle of the Marne, is published in the November issue of the *Irish Rosary:*

> 9th September, 1914, 5 o'clock in the evening.
>
> MY GOOD AND DEAR ONES: When you receive this letter, either your Daudau will have left for heaven, or some charitable Germans will have carried him from the battlefield. Towards half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, the 8th of September, while you were at Mass, according to the design of the Most Holy Providence, in the thick of the fight I was hit by a ball, which passed through my hip, and I fell. I am in the same place still, for, by a resemblance with my sweet Saviour Jesus, of which I am truly unworthy, I am veritably nailed to my cross, being unable to move my leg a single fraction. While I do not stir, my wound scarcely hurts me, but I suffer much from thirst. My mind is tranquil, and I feel at peace. With my crucifix before me, I await the will of the good God in prayer. You know that, before leaving, I offered up my life as a sacrifice, and I renewed this offering many times since yesterday morning. I renew it again now with whatever it may please God to add or take away. I do not fear death; I have seen it too near, as I see it at this moment: it has nothing of horror, for it brings happiness. As for yourselves, I implore of you that your grief be silent, resigned, and almost joyful. My great sorrow is to leave you; but I know that I shall meet you again soon. . . .

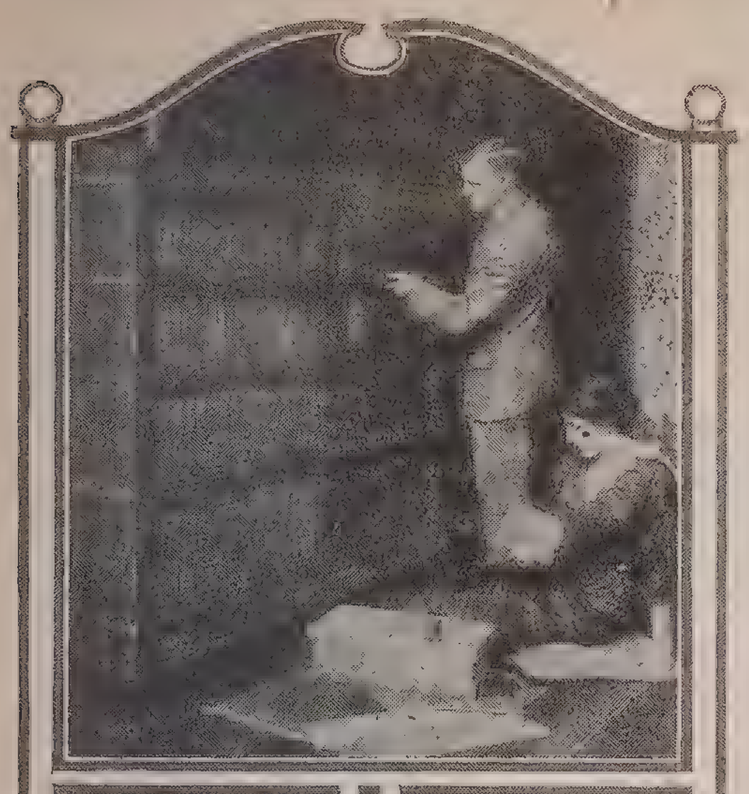
It is estimated that there are more than 20,000 priests and seminarians fighting in the French army. To many a soldier it will doubtless prove an eternal blessing to have beside him on the firing line a priest who can give him the last absolution. But that the consecrated hands of those whose vocation it is to minister at God's altar should be forced to shed blood does violence to every Catholic instinct.

The National Child Labor Commission, a private body, has published a record of important progress during the last ten years. In 1904, thirteen States had a fourteen-year limit, while in 1914 there are thirty-six such States. Factory inspection was provided in but thirteen States in 1904, and in thirty-four in 1914. In 1913, thirty-one States out of forty-two holding legislative sessions, enacted laws on the subject. The question of enforcing these laws is quite another matter, but as the New York *Evening Post* remarks, since public favor is strongly in favor of them, infractions must steadily become of less and less frequency, and the present generation may see the complete abolition of child labor. While an impartial enforcement may occasionally bear with especial severity upon poor families, it can hardly be denied that child labor, especially as practised in mines and mills, is a serious detriment, not only to the physical and moral welfare of the individual, but also to the State. "It must be remembered that the children of to-day are the future citizens of this Republic," said Mr. Gompers at the Philadelphia convention of the American Federation of Labor. "It is not a question of dollars and cents, nor of industrial supremacy, but of the future development of the race. If these children are going to take an active part in the civic and cultural life of the American people, they must find some other school than the factory." The practical solution of this question is not without serious difficulties. But no one interested in Catholic working boys and girls is disposed to deny that they are subjected to serious moral dangers in the mixed crowd of workers found in the modern shop or factory.

The Iowa State Council of the Knights of Columbus has issued a pamphlet, offering $25,000 reward for proof of the charges which have been made by certain "clergymen," frocked and unfrocked, against the Catholic Church and the Knights. This pamphlet, "A Protest and a Plea," is being circulated throughout the State, and marks the beginning of a general publicity campaign on behalf of the Order. As judges, the Knights are willing to accept "five ministers of non-Catholic churches, to be agreed upon and appointed by both parties." The pamphlet ends:

> Let us have the truth, and if those who make the charges can not earn this money, will they not in justice withdraw the charges which they have so often made? It is time to call a halt. We plead for, we demand, justice; no more, no less.

According to the newspapers, the era of hard times is approaching. Even those who live on the wages of shame, obtained very largely by defaming women, can not escape the financial stringency which is said to be imminent. The reward offered by the Knights comes as a windfall, for these "clergymen" can, of course, readily prove their charges against the "Romish" Church.



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This book can no more be estimated at a glance, or characterized in a sentence, than can the Vatican itself. Its numerous splendid photographic illustrations, many of them subjects never before exposed to the camera, give it a unique place among the season's "picture books." And the clarity and scholarship of the text give it an educational value not easy to overestimate. It is indeed a veritable interpretation of the great soul of the Eternal City."

The Boston *Transcript:* "Nothing comparable to the generous quarto bearing the simple title 'The Vatican' has ever appeared. It is notable because of the constellation of authoritative writers who have contributed to its pages, because of its extraordinary array of illustrations, and because of the faultless style in which it is printed. The work is admirable, full of fascinating information, of fair and broad-minded criticisms, and of eloquent and elegant descriptions."

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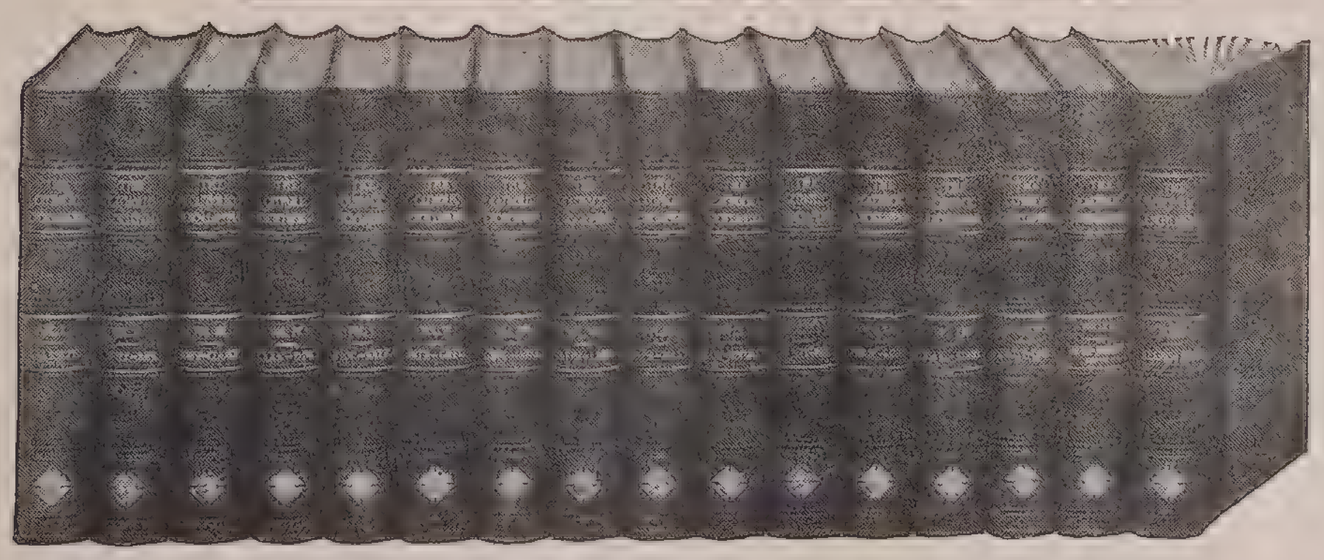
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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

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The War.—All along the line from Flanders to Alsace there has been on both sides renewed activity, but with the exception of some slight gains by the Allies between Ypres and Dixmude and north of St. Mihiel the general situation is what it was a week ago. The difficulty of making it out is increased by the conflicting reports from Paris and Berlin. The advantage on the whole, however, seems to rest with the Allies. It is rather widely thought that their recent offensive movements have been directed mainly toward testing the strength of the German positions. These are apparently very strong in the centre. More impression has been made at the wings. There is, therefore, a growing belief that at the wings the Allies will soon begin a strong offensive. This would fall principally to the share of the British in Belgium, and would aim at the recovery of the coast. At the other end of the line it would fall to the French, who have already pushed forward both to the north and south of St. Mihiel far enough seriously to endanger the line of communications between that place and Metz. At Deuxnouds, in particular, they have forced the Germans back two miles, and a little further advance would necessitate the abandonment of St. Mihiel, which they have fought desperately for many weeks to retain. Both sides, however, are so strongly entrenched that gains must be very slow and costly. Immense sacrifices of life must be made before any general advance can be made.

Bulletin, Dec. 8, p. m.-Dec. 15, a. m.

In the east the situation is rather complicated. In East Prussia the Russians are still on the offensive from Gumbinnen to Johannisburg, but their progress is very slow. The fighting has settled down to trench warfare and has shifted its position very little during the week. In Galicia also the Russians are making efforts to press forward, and according to reports have successfully withstood a vigorous attack by the Austrians south of Cracow. They have not, however, advanced during the past eight days, and although hopeful of soon being able to begin their assault on Cracow, have not yet been able to do so. But the advantage lies with them at least in this sense that the efforts of the Austro-German armies to force them to retire from Cracow in order to save Warsaw have so far failed. After three weeks of bloody fighting the Russians are still holding their ground in Poland, and the great sacrifices of life that have been made by the Germans with the purpose of crushing the Russian centre have produced but little effect. The campaign, however, is by no means settled, and the movements that are now on foot may lead to considerable changes in the near future.

General Situation in the East

The main interest of the whole war centres about Warsaw. The Germans are striving to reach it from three directions. One German army starting from Soldau has fought its way down from the north as far as Przasnysz, and is officially reported to be in possession of the city. The capture of this city brings it to a point considerably east of Warsaw, but, of course, still

The Attack on Warsaw

much to the north. It would seem that its purpose is to pass by Novo Georgievsk and to get to the rear of the Polish capital. Its advance, however, appears to have been somewhat checked, because it is said to have been pierced in several places between Pryzasnysz and Ciechanow. The presence of this army on the right flank of the Russians is expected to prevent a recurrence of the turning movement by the Russians of the German left wing, which began at Novo Georgievsk the recent retreat from central Poland. This army is operating on the northern side of the Vistula.

Another army is trying to advance on Warsaw from the west and southwest. This army, it will be remembered, marched down from Thorn on the southern side of the river Vistula as far as Plock and then turned south and later east, breaking through the Russian centre below Lodz, and so getting to the rear of the Russians. This sensational move failed and proved very costly, for it left the Germans almost surrounded. Eventually they cut their way out by the bayonet. Having been reenforced from Wielun, and especially from Kalisz, this German army was drawn out into a jagged line, and for the past week has been making great efforts to seize Petrikau with its railroad communications, and also to advance on Warsaw from Lowicz on the west and from Lodz on the southwest. In the first attempt it has failed, but in the second it has had some success. The Russians are reported to have fallen back before it from Lodz and from Lowicz, to a position nearer the Vistula. In fact, some reports have placed the Germans within fifteen miles of Warsaw. Further south in Poland the Austrians are striving to advance on Kielce, but apparently without success; and still further south in west Galicia they have been endeavoring to outflank the extreme Russian left below Cracow. Neither has this move had any success beyond relieving the situation in Hungary; for it seems that the Russians, in order to strengthen their resistance in Galicia, have found it necessary to recall their troops from across the Carpathians.

If the reports from Servia are not exaggerated the Austrians have been driven from Belgrade. It is claimed at Nish that they have been completely routed and are in retreat, and that 28,000 of them were captured, besides many guns and stores. There has been nothing in the way of official confirmation by Vienna of the report except a very guarded statement to the effect that a partial reverse had been met with. It is certain, however, that there has been a remarkable reversal of the situation, and that the third Austrian invasion of Servia has fared no better than the other two.

Servia

The German squadron, which defeated and partially destroyed the British fleet under Admiral Cradock off the coast of Chile, has in turn met with disaster. For some time it has been foreseen that its ultimate destruction was inevitable. As many as seventy cruisers have been on its trail, and if the five German cruisers had succeeded in escaping the British, in all probability they would have fallen into the hands of the combined Japanese and Australian fleets. They were overtaken by Vice-Admiral Sturdee off the Falkland Islands early on the morning of December 8, and after a long engagement the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Leipsic were sunk. The Nürnberg made off during the fight, but was overhauled and also sunk. The fate of the Dresden is still in doubt; it seems certain, however, that unless she is interned, she will soon be destroyed. The German losses were large, whereas the British had practically no casualties. The victory almost clears the seas of German cruisers. The Karlsruhe and several converted cruisers are still at large. In the Dardanelles the Turkish battleship Messudieh was sunk by a British submarine on December 13.

Destruction of German Fleet

France.—According to a correspondent, the impression is gaining ground among the French people that Germany has shot her bolt. By reason of a superior military system, Germany was able to put large armies in the field at the outbreak of the war, thereby securing a numerical superiority. This initial advantage, in the opinion of the French leaders, is being gradually overcome. Territorial troops to the number of a million and a half have been in training for the last four months, and are now ready to take their place with the older troops. With the new contingent of 1915 brought into condition, France will soon have nearly two million fresh troops on the firing line. England is pouring hundreds of thousands of men into France, and has more than a million and a half under training. The Allies are thus increasing in strength daily, say the French. They also point out that, by calling for recruits from seventeen to twenty and from forty-five to sixty years of age, Germany shows clearly that she has reached the limits of mobilization. In spite of this reassuring view of the case, French military critics frankly admit that, since nearly two million German soldiers still occupy a number of French Departments, an early peace can not be looked for. In their opinion, the war will last much longer than optimistic Parisian editors are disposed to allow, especially since the peace that France looks for, the only peace which France with her allies will accept, is the peace that means the destruction of what in France and England is termed "Prussian militarism."

Mobilization of the Allied Forces

Germany.—In the beginning of the week Germans were disconcerted over the reports of the serious illness of the Kaiser. As usual the first news was alarming. The dispatches named pneumonia as the disease; after a few days, however, the sickness was pronounced bronchial catarrh, and now the Emperor is declared convalescent but under obligation to remain indoors for rest. The people are as determined as ever in regard to the

Items of Interest

war; no doubt their determination is strengthened by the boasting of their enemies, who have, in their speeches, partitioned Germany into many sections and distributed them more liberally than prudently to various nations.

During the week there was some discussion about peace through arbitration. Though the discussion was purely speculative, yet it was evident from its tenor that the United States would not be entirely acceptable to Germany as arbitrator. This attitude is due to the fact that the Germans are doubtful of our impartiality, declaring that America has been friendly to Great Britain and is therefore open to suspicion. Private letters received from Germany continue to express admiration for the manner in which the Germans are making sacrifices and for their courtesy to prisoners, especially to the wounded.

Great Britain.—The rumors of an invasion by the German forces seem to have been occasioned by the "practice mobilization" at strategic lines on the south and east coasts, conducted by the Government some weeks ago. In these localities, thousands of laborers have been digging trenches and constructing other defensive works, and the railways have been prepared to move large bodies of men and heavy guns, promptly and rapidly. It is also said that both the Government and the inhabitants of the seacoast counties are actively making ready to meet an invasion of hostile troops. General Sir Ian Hamilton is in command of the Home Army of some four hundred thousand men. Should necessity demand it, these forces could be augmented by part of the "Kitchener Army" and such colonial troops as might be in the country. In a published interview, General Baden-Powell said that he fully believed that it was Germany's intention to invade England at the first favorable occasion, attacking the northern cities rather than London. "Once let the Germans get hold of the manufacturing towns and industrial centres, factories would be ruined and the enemy could throw fourteen million people out of employment, rendering them destitute and starving. But even by a short, sharp raid, they could do a tremendous amount of damage." General Baden-Powell is not disposed to take an over-optimistic view of the war. "We receive encouraging reports that we are doing well," he remarks, "but we must remember that one side or the other must go under, and go under forever. The wind seems to be blowing in our favor at present, but there is always the unexpected to consider. The right thing to do is to smash the enemy now, and this means that every Englishman must do his part here and now."

Preparing for Invasion

Ireland.—In reply to some Irish peers, who complained that the Government was too lenient with the Irish papers that were discouraging recruiting, Lord Wimborne said Ireland was unfairly criticized in the matter, as it had always contributed to army and navy much more than its proportion. The delay in putting Home Rule on the statute book had cooled Nationalist ardor, but Mr. Redmond and the Irish Party were doing their best to kindle it. *Sein Fein* and *Irish Freedom* have been since suppressed, the circulation of *Ireland* and the *Leader,* whose cautions against disproportionate enlistment are quite legal, has been greatly hampered, adherents of the Irish Volunteers have been dropped from official positions, and warrants have been issued for the arrest of several local leaders who are suspected of pro-German proclivities. Apparently there is considerable divergence of view from that of the Nationalist dailies, which are replicas of the English press. Nationalist Volunteers have enlisted numerously in Belfast, but not many have done so elsewhere.

Repressive Measures

Having secured some satisfaction regarding Catholic chaplaincies in the Army, the *Irish Catholic* is carrying on an agitation for similar redress in the Navy, which has only one official Catholic chaplain to some two hundred Protestant chaplains. The Admiralty's reply that the sailors are free to get spiritual service when they make port is not satisfactory. It is insisted that the Catholic sailors must have service on board like the non-Catholics. While this dispute was going on the Kaiser applied to Rome for Catholic chaplains for the Irish prisoners of war in Germany. Two Irish priests, a Dominican and an Augustinian, were sent by the Holy Father.

Chaplaincies

Italy.—The officials of the country still continue in a state of agitation over the Hobeida affair, which reduced to its simplest form amounts to this, that the Turks invaded the Italian consulate of Hobeida, seized the English Consul, who had taken refuge there, and put him aboard a ship, which sailed away for a destination not yet revealed to Italy or England. Italy insists (1) that the captive must be released; (2) that reparation must be made for the outrage; (3) that Turkey must offer a formal apology; (4) that indemnity be paid for the wounding of an Italian during the scrimmage. The incident, though small in itself, can easily lead to serious consequences. Passions are running high, and many of the Italians are shouting for war. Private letters from Italy, written by persons supposedly well qualified to judge of the Government's real attitude toward the war, are contradictory. One correspondent writes that Italy is determined to remain neutral, limiting her activities to an offer for mediation, should a favorable opportunity arise. A second correspondent is equally sure that Italy will go to war in spring, and not on the side of the Allies. In view of this confusion of opinion it is obviously impossible to tell where the truth lies. On one point there seems to be agreement, to wit: the people on

Internal Affairs

the whole appear to be anti-German in sentiment. Whether this is spontaneous or factitious is not clear. However, the radical papers are losing no chance to inspire hatred for the Kaiser. *L'Asino* has printed vile cartoons linking the Kaiser with the Pope. It is to be hoped that these tactics will not embroil the already afflicted nation in new difficulties. The war has had a most serious effect on the universities and the colleges. The number of students in attendance at the Gregorian is sadly diminished and the Biblical Institute has suffered both in students and professors.

Mexico.—This affidavit is typical of others narrating the murder of priests or brothers:

A Priest's Fate

On the afternoon of June 23, at six o'clock, the Federal forces ceased to resist the Constitutionalists and by seven o'clock the Federalists had evacuated the city, and at this time too, the Constitutionalists under Villa took possession of the place. A little later a group of Constitutionalist soldiers went to the house of Inocenco Lopez Velarde, a priest of the diocese, and took him away. On the following day the Father's body was found . . . *i. e.* on June 24, in the alley of Barro, which is crossed by a stream, about one kilometer from the Father's house. The body when found was naked with the Father's cassock thrown over it. After the body had been taken to the Father's house two bullets were found on the body and also a knife wound; the corpse was put into a coffin and no priest was allowed to see it. I sent two priests to the house, but they were stopped by Constitutionalist soldiers and not allowed to enter.

Thus the priests were slaughtered by the triumphant Constitutionalists.

The following is a description of the way in which the Constitutionalists extorted money from their victims:

Extortion

At 12 o'clock, twenty-three priests being gathered at the headquarters, Colonel Beytra came and said: "General Villa asks of you 1,000,000 pesos; if this sum is not turned in by to-morrow, all of you will be shot." We answered that this was an impossible request and that we were prepared to die. At 12 o'clock that night, *i. e.* June 25, Major Villareal came and asked me: "Who is your assistant?" I answered that I had none. "Then appoint one," said the Major. I appointed one. Then the Major said: "Both of you follow me." He took us to the guard house and told us: "You are going to be shot because you will not give the money." . . . Major Villareal turned us over to five mounted soldiers who took us to a hill called *Cerro del Capulino*. . . . I was then asked "What kind of death do you prefer, to be hanged or shot?" . . . Then an officer said to one of the soldiers "Give me your rifle. How many bullets are there in it?" The soldier answered, "Two." "Well, I think two are enough," replied the officer.

The affidavit then enters into details unfit to print and proceeds to relate how, after pretending to shoot one of the Canons, the Constitutionalists sent the priests through the city to beg, several days in succession. After they had collected nearly 100,000 pesos they were submitted to indignities and then exiled. They describe their exile, in part, as follows:

From the moment we entered the coach until we reached Torreon, we were regaled with vile and filthy language and a phonograph playing *La Paloma,* etc. This coach was a very large one, having been built for military purposes: in this car, they carried the booty pillaged from houses, viz.: pianos, fine pictures, etc. . . . On the night of July 4 all the officers on the train got drunk and then insulted us with vile language, with horrible blasphemies more terrible than I had ever heard before. They ceased only when one of the officers shouted: "Shut up, lest the picture hanging here on the wall fall on me." On Sunday, July 5, we reached Torreon and were turned over to the guard of the barracks of Villa's second brigade. We were kept in the guard-house of the barracks and made to sleep on the earthen floor which was covered with vermin. There were twenty of us, Mexicans, all except one, who was a Spaniard, lying on the foul floor of this small room, about 16 by 16 feet. We were awakened during the night by some women walking over us—who had to pass through this room to get to the officers who were in an adjoining room. During the time we were in this place the soldiers never thought of giving us food, but we received both food and clothes from some people of Torreon who brought these things to us of their own accord. . . . On the following day, *i. e.* July 10, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we left for the central station, where we were shown to a second-class coach in which were fourteen Christian Brothers. I will add that two Christian Brothers had been killed in Zacatecas. I know this to be certain because while I was in prison in Zacatecas a gentleman, Ricardo Vega, told me that he, himself, had gone to remove the bodies of the Brothers and also the body of his uncle, Father Pascual Vega, who was chaplain of the college. Before leaving Zacatecas, I did not know under whose direction these men were murdered, but now, since I have come to El Paso, I have been advised by letter that the deed was done by command of General Urbina of the Constitutionalist party, who is intimately associated with General Villa.

Asked: Did these officers who exiled you from your country accuse you of anything against the laws, or of helping in any way the cause of the Federalists? Answer: We were accused of nothing. Since we are here, however, we have heard we were accused of helping the Federalists.

A few days ago the editor received this illuminating letter from Buffalo:

An Interesting Letter

Tierney:

Everybody knows that has read the Mexico news that you are talking for the Catholic Church. To-night, Riverside Court G. O. Liberty is sending check for $76.00 to Gen. Villa to help drive the Catholic Church out of Mexico. Get the *Menace* and wake up. From

A MASON, ODD FELLOW and ORANGEMAN.

Owing to the constructive mind of their leader, General Miles, now living on a pension from the United States Government, the Guardians of Liberty have begun to show some new signs of intelligence. They write their letters in red ink instead of lead pencil, as formerly, and have given over the defence of their "sacred liberties" for the extirpation of the Church in Mexico. General Miles is to be congratulated on his exalted influence and beneficent work for civilization and himself.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Christmas

OVER the whole world, with its sins and its sorrows, its treasons and its infidelities, its self-seeking and its self-indulgence, there descends each succeeding Christmas a brooding sense of well-being that is not of the world's seeking nor of the world's making, but is the pure gift of God, His reminder of the ineffable condescension and the unutterable goodness of the Incarnate Son of God. Each December, as the old year lies dying, down from heaven to earth with the Christ Child there comes unseen and unappreciated, but all pervading, the peace, the blessed, priceless peace of Christ's nativity.

The world, it is true, is no longer in any true sense a Christian world, it is out of sympathy with the doctrines and aspirations of Christ. Christmas does not mean for the majority of men what it meant for their fathers and grandfathers. To their shame, be it said, the Babe of Bethlehem awakens but a feeble response in their sense-bound, self-centred lives. The world has paganized the whole celebration of Christmas, it has thrown a veil over its supernatural character, it has not made ready for the coming of the Lord; and as far as it is concerned, the holy night will come and the holy day will go unheeded.

And yet even the cold heart of the world loses some of its chill on Christmas morning. The sunshine of the presence of Jesus thaws the world's icy rigor, and its soul comes forth from the prison of selfishness, and for a day, at least, is more like the heart of the Saviour. It has not, indeed, the fulness of the glories of God-given Christmas peace, only to men of good-will has this been promised, but it has, nevertheless, a taste of its sweetness. For the gift of peace is so bountiful that it overflows from the Church out into the four quarters of the earth. On Christmas morning Christ does not insist too literally on the meaning of good will; even in those who are not right with God. He finds something at least of what He demands. He seems to look less to men's sins than to their good deeds, less to their malice than to their frailty. And so in His great goodness He gives even to them some of the great joy that He gives to His friends. Even Christ's enemies are happier at Christmas than at any other time of the year. They are happy because all men are happy at Christmas, and all men are happy at Christmas, because Christmas is Christ's birthday and Christ is the brother of all men.

Everywhere there is joy on Christmas day. It is a time when the heart forgets its envy and kindles with kindness, when bitterness turns to ashes and the embers of charity flame forth afresh, when sympathy and gentleness and compassion soothe and chasten the spirit. The influence of Christianity is still too strong for those who would drive the Infant Jesus from the world. Even those who hate Him are better for His coming. In spite of sin and wickedness Bethlehem's cave still stirs the souls of men. And yet it is not only tidings of great joy that it tells, it has another message of great importance that it speaks to all mankind.

"God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son." Was He to allow the recollection of His gift to fade from the hearts of men? Christ's birth was one of the Father's greatest mercies. Was it to be permitted to slip from the memory except of a faithful few? Was the incarnation and nativity of the Word made Flesh so slight a thing that it might be lightly forgotten? Was Mary to be regarded merely as a Jewish woman and her Son only as a Jewish child, both beautiful, but only a woman and a child and nothing more? No, Mary was the Mother of God, and her Son was God Himself; Mary's maternity and Christ's nativity were most stupendous acts of God's bounty, acts of untold consequence to all mankind. And God has taken good care that they shall be remembered.

Christmas joy is the means God has employed to remind men that for us men and for our salvation His only Son came down from heaven, was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, in all things like unto ourselves save sin. Christmas joy is man's tribute to the new-born King, his homage to the Infant Saviour, his heart's silent protest against the forgetfulness of the mind and the blasphemy of the tongue, it is nature's thanksgiving for the Messias. Deeds speak louder than words; and so it is, that although some lips deny Him and some ears are closed to His message, all hearts proclaim Him. Christmas smiles are the reflection of the smiles of Christ, Christmas greetings are echoes of the good tidings spoken by the angels, Christmas happiness is the undying memorial written in the souls of men of Christ's birth according to the flesh. The nativity of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity in human form has been inscribed on tablets more lasting than stone; and it has been done in a way that only the infinite kindness of the all-wise God could have devised. For just as the tidings of peace to men of good-will rang through the world on the first Christmas night, so their echo rings through the world on each succeeding anniversary; and men's hearts, be they sinless or sinful, vibrate in answer to its message. Christmas joy is God's Christmas gift to the world, His reminder of the birthday of His Son.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

A Modern Storm Centre

THE question of the union between Church and State has long been a storm centre of far more than ordinary disturbance. Few comprehend the right meaning of this term. Fewer still understand its practical application. Even intelligent and educated men, who are amused, if not positively angered, at the misconceptions and ludicrous panics to which it has given rise, are often themselves misled by false interpretations which are

palpably false. It is necessary, therefore, to begin by setting aside the wrong notions which have gathered about this idea in the popular mind and which have led to the conclusion, probably often heard by the reader, "I am opposed to Catholicism because it favors the union of Church and State."

To offset at the very outset all possible misapprehension, it may be well to premise at once that this union, as understood by the Holy See, is not an issue at all agitated or promoted on the part of Catholics, whether clerical or lay, in the United States. The confusion which exists regarding this subject is entirely due to error or else to that ceaseless propaganda of calumny carried on with wilful malice against the Catholic Church. Putting aside, therefore, this first misconception we can consider in a fairer spirit of impartiality the false ideas connected in the minds of many sincere and well-meaning men with the present subject.

The most complete and ideal union of Church and State, such as is possible in a thoroughly Catholic country, would not imply, as is commonly supposed, any elements prejudicial to democracy. There is no preference expressed by the Church for one form of government over another. Empire, monarchy, or republic, all meet with her approval, in as far as they keep in view that common good for which social authority is constituted. In his letter, *Au Milieu des Sollicitudes,* Pope Leo XIII thus defined the attitude of the Church:

> In this order of speculative ideas, Catholics, like all other citizens, are free to prefer one form of government to another, precisely because no one of these social forms is, in itself, opposed to the principles of sound reason or to the maxims of Christian doctrine. What amply justifies the wisdom of the Church is that in her relations with political powers she abstracts from the forms of government, which differentiate nations and treats with them concerning religious interests. To undertake their instruction is her supreme duty in their regard.

From this it may already be evident that union between Church and State is not rooted, as is commonly believed, in the desire of the Church to dominate the State. It is this constant suspicion which causes men to give an evil construction to every defence of the Church's inherent rights, on the part of Catholics. The doctrine of the union between the Catholic Church and civil society as the ideal condition of Christian civilization is interpreted by them as a universal ambition for political power in which the Catholics of every country are presumed to share. In the letter already quoted Pope Leo writes:

> It is maintained that the vigor of action which Catholics are taught to display in their defence of the faith has for a secret motive much less the safeguarding of their religious interests than the ambition of securing to the Church *political domination over the State.* Truly this is the revival of a very ancient calumny, as its invention must be ascribed to the first enemies of Christianity. Was it not first formulated against the adorable person of the Redeemer?

Nothing could be further from the mind of the Church and more abhorrent to her than stirring up insurrection and revolution, or even lessening by a grain in the balance the loyalty due to the State. Yet this is precisely the crime of which she is accused, in spite of her constant insistence upon obedience to all lawfully constituted authority and her unvarying lesson of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. From a thousand forums of public thought over the face of the earth, our own country not excepted, there still rises that cry which nineteen centuries ago was first heard in the court of Pilate: "We have found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." And for those who would see that justice is done us, without favor or partiality, there comes the bitter warning: "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend!" So again and again, on through centuries, the sentence of Pilate is passed. Christ is crucified anew in His members. What happened of old in the court of the Roman Governor has taken place to-day in Portugal and Mexico, and will be repeated to-morrow elsewhere. If Christ was condemned to death on this specious charge, it was inevitable that his followers would fare no better. "Dangerous citizens, factionists, enemies of the Empire and the Emperors" were the names given, we are told, to the early Christians by their pagan contemporaries, the Roman Guardians of Liberty.

All this is true; but it is likewise our greatest consolation and our glory. Let the enemies of Christ inscribe it at the head of their chapter of accusations against us: "The Catholics of the twentieth century are one with their brethren of the first." We are one with them in persecution as in faith.

The fact that the Church condemns the untenable proposition, "The Church must be separated from the State, and the State from the Church," does not imply even the slightest desire on her part, as is popularly supposed, of interfering in secular matters from political motives. Her right at any time or in any place is due to the moral and religious interests that may be involved in the issue. It is only because of the welfare of souls, as the ultimate reason, that she can and must speak out, counsel and command. Where souls are in danger there is question no longer of purely political or economic issues. Spiritual principles are at stake. In these she is the ultimate authority. For this purpose Christ has instituted her. "It was not to Cæsar," as Pope Leo XIII so conclusively says, "but to Peter that Jesus Christ entrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Union between the Church and State, where such is possible, merely simplifies and ensures the more perfect fulfilment of the task Christ conferred upon her. Her attitude of non-interference in purely civic matters, on the other hand, is clearly expressed in the encyclical of the same Pontiff, on the "Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens":

> It is plainly evident that the governing powers are wholly free to carry out the business of the State; and this not only not against the wish of the Church, but manifestly with her co-operation, inasmuch as she strongly urges to the practice of

piety, which implies right feeling toward God, and by that very fact inspires a right-mindedness toward the rulers of the State.

It is not the purpose of the present article to describe in detail the true nature of the union between Church and State. This calls for separate consideration. One thing alone has been made clear, that the accusations directed against Catholics because of the principles supposed to be involved in this union are entirely unfounded, in fact and in theory. They are all summed up in the charges on which Christ was condemned to death: for "saying that He is Christ, the King." That kingship He fully but vainly explained, is spiritual and not earthly. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and to God the things that are God's." Such was the doctrine of Christ, and such is the doctrine of His Church for individuals and for society alike. That the things of God may be more completely given to God is the only reason why she has ever called upon the State for assistance. She in turn urged that the things of Cæsar should be given unto Cæsar. This is the only principle involved in the union of Church and State, the principle laid down by Christ.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Sex and the War

IN some respects the European engagement resembles a medicine: unpleasant to mankind's taste, but curative of serious ailment. The world outside the Church has, of late years, been moving in a most extravagant orbit. What happened to queenly old Rome was, up till less than a half-dozen months ago, being reenacted in Europe's modern domains, to say nothing of America. With money plentiful, physical weakness had been eagerly and generally purchased. Common peril lacking, common interest broke down into private. The science of selfishness, the logical corollary of which has always been the decadence of the State, glittered as the most popular of studies. To be sure, bubbles of Socialism not infrequently floated aloft; but, as bubbles will, they invariably burst.

Sexes, especially during the last decade, have been largely interchanging qualities. For woman wanted something more than the honor which, since the era of Christianity, has been hers; that is, power. Man desired something more than the power which, since the dawn of creation, has been his; that is, ease. In gaining power, woman greatly forfeited her dignity; by wallowing in ease, man deplorably wasted his power. Catholic women have not been parties to this movement. To them, thank God, the following paragraphs have little application. Nor is this article an indictment of the general body of non-Catholic women. Yet the strictures here passed are sufficiently warranted, no doubt, to deserve consideration.

The first hideous offspring of the interchanged qualities was a vast increase of race-suicide. Blinded by her aspirations, woman regarded maternity as servitude, and consequently snapped its tender chains. Statistics startled us a few years ago, presaging, as they solemnly did, dire national calamities in Europe. Man's virility could have stemmed the appalling condition; it was absent.

The second result was a no less alarming augment in divorce. Woman had become too self-assertive to submit to hymeneal bonds that chafed; man, too enervated to fasten his affections in a single place. If the growth of race-suicide endangered the home, that of divorce destroyed it. And without the home a people's prosperity can not be reared.

Next came a daring exposé of the truths of sex. The world was deluged with abominable literature. Woman's so-called emancipation had filled her with a poise and swagger which made her forget the delicate art of blushing. She could stomach much, and was not averse to testing her capacity with a little more. She craved power; knowledge is such. So she strained at no bit of information, however unsavory. Her uncouth zeal served to keep plays, which would make the pagan compositions of Terence and Plautus sound almost virtuous, pouring their iniquity into urban life for whole seasons. A press denunciation of a drama's immorality was sufficient guarantee for a record-attendance, largely female. And, while thus pandering to the sordid elements of nature, woman justified herself by hotly declaring that sores must be uncovered if they are ever to be cured. *Sotto voce,* it is noticeable that very little healing has been effected. Reliable physicians, forsooth, are old-fashioned enough to advise that sores be bandaged.

The logic of making the world more wholesome by filling it with stories of vice was decidedly poor. Better by far the "blindness of virtue," depicted by Cosmo Hamilton, than the glare of sin!

Woman's voice could have easily stopped the sexological expositions; feminine modesty, however, had become so weak that the feminine tongue strongly encouraged them. As for man, he had lost his chivalry to such an extent that he frankly licensed these obscenities to swarm in the female ear.

Emboldened by such a public airing of their lack of the virtue of their grandmothers, women went farther. Having once defied convention, they proceeded to demolish and rebuild it on a new, and incredibly low, moral basis.

As a weapon of destruction they exploited style. Conservative folk stood aghast at the utter shamelessness of the costumes quite generally adopted. Comfort and modesty, the real and only reasons for clothing, were abandoned for their opposites. The world was presented with the sorry spectacle of a legion of rational women in garments too meager to admit of free motion, sufficiently meager to incite all the vice which the display was supposed to dispel, and, withal, less meager than the infatuated ladies desired. For the second output of your Parisian *ateliers* was skimpier than the first. Hobble-skirts evolved into slashed hobble-skirts.

The while men abetted this extremity with smiles and bandies. Had their manliness not been at such an ebb,

they would have surged forth in earnest protest. They would have attempted to rescue woman from folly. Is there aught on earth more precious to real men than female decency?

For once man, in unmanliness ceased to be woman's protector, it was only natural that she should become her own destroyer. Her worst enemy has always been herself. The Bard of Avon might have been an exaggerator, but he certainly was not a fool when he identified her with frailty. Unused to freedom, how could she be expected to use it properly? Like a child with a sharp knife, she had to cut herself. And man let her!

Her race for suffrage needs little comment. Heaven only knows that any virtue which she could bring to the polls was needed and would have been appreciated! But candor proclaims that, in her mad haste, she lost much of her power on the way. Eloquent episodes of her unique campaign abound, especially in England.

Moreover, her silly enslavement by such an inferior item as dress, hardly made men sanguine for her wisdom in the so important concerns of state. Clothes have nothing to do with civics, but the spirit behind them has.

Anent suffrage, the manliness of men proved more lacking than ever. Instead of the courtesy which a truly noble masculine spirit must needs prompt toward woman, even when she vexes it most, they lavished on her vile abuses, verbal and even physical. Plenteous instances of such insult are still fresh in the public mind.

Likely woman was wrong in her measures; men were worse in theirs. For it was the very freedom which they had years ago stripped off themselves and carelessly flung at her, which now stimulated her to the further freedom of the ballot. They, therefore, were more to blame than she; with the patience of real men, who are gentle as well as firm, they should have dealt with the extravagance to which their own rashness and supineness had given birth.

Unsatisfied with style and suffrage as manifestations of independence, women sought yet another evidence: the dance. The stage has always been esteemed a model of sex-equality. Actresses receive wages that equal, and often surpass, actors' salaries. The glamor of feminine liberty haunts the playhouse. So, however unconsciously, women became "stagetically" impressed. Accordingly they blossomed into soubrettes, with the world for their stage. Satan is even yet paying the salaries.

Terpsichorean exhibitions were dragged whole from the theatre and established as *à la mode* in respectable halls and parlors. In the grasp of Tango, the little modesty left over from the aforesaid extravagances, was crushed to much less. Accessory as man had been to woman's previous errors, he was doubly so in this, her latest and greatest. He was frankly her partner. His manliness could practically be summed up with a zero.

Such is the pass to which an interchange of masculine and feminine qualities has brought the irreligious and pseudo-religious world. It can not be doubted, however, that the war in Europe will prove a salient remedy for that continent, and indirectly for ours. It has already called man from ease and woman from excess; is inflaming in the former the virility which has been so contentedly smoldering to death; and is arousing in the latter the golden instincts of tenderness, solicitude, and patience. Woman will emerge from the ordeal chastened, sweeter, and more womanly than ever. Man, too, should come forth more manly; unless the conflict degenerates into primitive barbarity. It is the prayer and trust of Christendom that it will not.

Already the follies of the day have fled from Europe at the sound of cannon and the smell of powder. Already the sexes have slipped back into the rôles assigned them by nature: man as the protector, and woman as the protected. Doubtless in this the future is truthfully mirrored.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Men of God and Men of Men*

MINISTERS are not always sensible. In fact, they are frequently the reverse, and for two very cogent reasons. One reason they are not always accountable for; that is their anomalous position. They are at once members of a church organization professing a certain general creed, and in common with all Protestants, absolutely freethinkers. This odd position they can scarcely help if they are born Protestants. But their sensibleness is handicapped very often by an equally serious trouble. To fill their churches they are obliged to be interesting personally. This in turn obliges them in modern times to be more or less sensational. Now, to be sensational and sensible at the same time is nearly as hard as to be both radical and conservative.

For a long time after the Reformation it was interesting and, on the whole, sensational to be opposed to Rome. Those who were sincere among the Reformers felt a self-conscious purity and exaltation of ideal. The others felt the sensational joy of all freethinkers in opposing the colossus of Rome. But to-day, when Rome looks less black than she once did, as the result of telegraphs and photographs and other normalizing agencies, this fear or horror or enmity of Rome is not so very powerful. The old evangelical fervor has, in consequence, died out in many places, and the various schemes for "Go-to-Church Sundays" and social and sociable activity have taken the place of many more worthy, if mistaken, ideals.

With the general advance of indifferentism, Protestant pastors seem to have forgotten how truly interesting goodness would be at the present day. It would be very nearly, if not quite, sensational. In the same way a sermon on reward and punishment, on heaven and hell, if delivered with the old-fashioned conviction, would be enough to fill many a church. But where indifferentism (called "tolerance") has caught hold of the pastors, how

*The sixth of a series of special articles.

can we expect the flock to be enthusiastic? The pastor finds it difficult to regain the old conviction himself, and finding also that an insincere sermon does not carry weight, he resorts to the alluring fields of politics and "uplift."

In doing this he is far from sensible. He would do better to follow the example of certain well-known socialist ministers who, finding their religious convictions non-existent, gave up their ministry. That at least is frankness. It is at least discarding an impossible indifferentism for an open belief. A Protestant pastor who finds it necessary to continue a pastor after his religion has gone and only his sociability or socialism remains is not a sensible man; and he alone is to blame for his lack of sense.

But not all ministers espouse the socio-philanthropic craze for the sake of filling their churches. To maintain this would be bigotry pure and simple. Plenty of pastors are still sincere, have firm convictions (among them the hatred for Rome), and teach certain doctrines of Marx and others because they believe in them and think they can be woven in the same sermon with Christianity. This may show their lack of sense; but it does not prove them entirely to blame for what they think and teach.

The blame is chiefly with the strange contradiction of Protestantism itself. As a professed member of this or that Church, a minister naturally believes, or should believe, in certain doctrines. But as a staunch upholder of the right of private judgment, he must appeal for mental assistance to no authority higher than himself. He must, if he is logical, accept no man's word but his own. And if his thinking is loose (like that of all humans), as well as free, it is easy to understand why he can reconcile Marx and Christ, and not even shiver when he does so. Without authority to rest on, he is a bit like a small child trying to learn the mysteries of chemistry without a textbook or teacher.

Yet he remains, on the whole, a man of God, in the sense that he works and lives for God. His life is usually a good moral example, and his enthusiasms have the admirable simplicity of the child, as well as the "blunderingness." It is not very hard to carry the great social message of the Church to such a man. He is as eager as you or I to do real good, and if we can, little by little, persuade him that men make the laws and economic conditions, and not laws and conditions the men, we will find him a fervent apostle of faith, hope and love.

But the minister who has lost his convictions and has plunged into the pit of sensationalism is hard to reach. He is no longer a man of God, but a man of men. He is ruled by what men think, and not by what God commands. The sincere man of God, however mistaken, can be reached by both layman and priest. But the out and out "intellectualist," the minister who places his own reason above the demands of revelation, can be reached only by long and persistent argument, the well-trained argument of a priest.

The "intellectualist" no longer fears Roman dogma; he is indifferent to all dogma. For that reason, if for no other, he will listen with a fairly open mind to what a priest might say. His interest is in morals and ethics, as was the interest of the pagans. He will listen as readily to the moral views of a priest as of a labor leader. But he will not care much for the moral or ethical views of a Catholic layman. To him the Catholic layman is an amateur quoting the opinions of the professionals to whom he is devoted. The "intellectualist" would rather get his information from one in authority. He would listen even better to a cardinal than to a parish priest, because he thinks the cardinals and the Pope the only ones permitted to think in the Catholic Church. The layman, he believes, allows all his thinking to be done for him by those higher up.

It seems to me, then, that the urgent mission of the clergy and hierarchy to-day is to this class of luke-warm Protestant ministers, the men of men. Speaking with full authority, the clergy will be listened to where the laymen would be despised. How often the layman has experienced the mortification of having his explanations of Catholic morals greeted by: "That is an interesting view; but, of course, it can't be quite orthodox! Your clergy would never subscribe to that!" Let the clergy speak, then. And let them speak with full authority and vigor, so that misunderstandings can be cleared, and sensationalism robbed of its flimsy glamor, and those who are now men of men be made once more men of God.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

The Midnight Office of Christmas

AMONG the many disadvantages suffered by non-Catholics as a result of their separation from the Church, the absence of liturgical worship is perhaps one of the most striking. The personal relation between God and the individual is, of course, vital and essential; but the collective worship of the body of the faithful, the liturgical, is also an important feature. The loss of this tends to individualism in religious worship. This act of adoration by the entire congregation finds its expression in action, and, as the great feasts of the Church show, partakes of the nature of a solemn pageant. Of these sacred pageants the most important remaining to us are the solemnities of Holy Week and Easter, Pentecost and Corpus Christi. Christmas, too, has its solemn pageant in which the Church celebrates the Birthday of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; a pageant which reaches its climax in the midnight Mass, at which hour our Divine Saviour is said to have been born.

In monastic houses there takes place at Prime on Christmas Eve a solemn ceremony when, before the reading of the martyrology, a deacon sings from the lectern in the Chapter the announcement of the Incarnation of Christ. But for most of the faithful the first note of this mystery is sounded at the First Vespers. It is as though we sat in a gray mist, and heard in some far off land a distant voice calling. *Scitote quia prope est regnum Dei:* "Know ye that the Kingdom of God is at hand; Amen I say unto you, it will not tarry." The whole idea of the First Vespers of Christmas is that of watching and waiting, as of those that sit in darkness; and ere Mother Church sings *Magnificat* with Mary, she bids all her children watch and wait with that expectant Mother throughout the holy night: "Or

ever the sun be risen from the heavens ye shall see the King of kings coming forth from the Father, even as a bridegroom from his chamber." Then the incense clouds melt away and the altar lights cease to twinkle, and with the shepherds of Bethlehem we watch and wait in the silence.

The night gathers, and a busy world gives itself up to every kind of festive preparation. Within the temple all is dark, save that here and there glimmers a light, and kneeling groups cleanse their hearts, that swept and garnished within they may offer a worthy dwelling to the Prince of Peace.

Then the altar lights flash out again, and the bells chime, and the solemn pomp begins that welcomes in the Birthday of the King, Whose herald announces His approach, *Christus natus est nobis, venite adoremus.* "Christ is born to us. Come, let us adore." And so Matins begins. There is a clash in the psalmody, and the sound of strife. The heathen rage furiously, and the people meditate a vain thing. The kings of the earth stand up, and the princes take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed. But above the confusion of earth the heavens declare the glory of God; day calls unto day, and night cries unto night. The daughter of Tyre is there with a gift; for He has placed His tabernacle in the sun, and His coming forth from heaven is as a giant rejoicing to run his course. Dim and far off, back through countless centuries rises a voice. It is the Prophet Isaias who cries aloud to Jerusalem that her warfare is accomplished and her iniquity is put away. "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Sion. Shake thyself from the dust. Behold, it is I."

When the Prophet and his message have ceased we again, in company with holy David, await the loving kindness of God in the midst of His holy temple. The Ethiopians shall kneel before Him, and His enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tharsis and the isles shall give presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts. For mercy and truth are now met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

But the Old Law has passed, and St. Leo the Pope speaks from the Chair of Peter: "Our Saviour, Beloved, is born to-day: let us rejoice. For there shall be no place of sorrow on the Birthday of Life. . . . Recognize, O Christian, thy dignity. . . . Remember of what Head and of what Body thou art a member; call to mind that thou art delivered from the power of darkness, and transplanted into the light and Kingdom of God." Again the joy song breaks out, and the whole earth sings unto the Lord a new song. God has made known His salvation, and openly showed His justice in the sight of the nations.

Matins draws to a close, and there is a swift movement in the sacred pageant as the great Princes and Doctors of the Church hasten to take up their part. We hear St. Gregory the Great saying that it is meet that He, Who is the Living Bread from Heaven, should be born in Bethlehem, the House of Bread. St. Ambrose calls the faithful to behold the shepherds watching their flocks by night: for the flock is the people; the night, this age of the world; the shepherds, the priests. Nor may we forget the Mystery which is thus prefigured, for the great Augustine of Hippo expounds the doctrine of the Incarnation, and when the glad news has been declared the mighty *Te Deum laudamus* echoes through the temple, and the first part of the solemn mystery is done.

The movement now changes from the choir to the altar; from the place of the servants to the throne of the King, where, at the foot of the steps, the ministers gather. There is a cry from unworthy lips, *Kyrie eleison,* and suddenly the air is rent with the singing from a multitude of the heavenly host who chant: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis;* then the people keep silent and the priest prays. It is the newer Gospel rite, therefore it is fit that the Apostle of the Gentiles should make mention that the "grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men"; then from the lips of St. Luke we hear the old, old story of how Mary brought forth her First-born Son, and swathed Him and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn.

Credo has sealed our faith in this Incarnation and all that followed thereby, the napkin has been spread on the manger of the altar; the white Host, symbol of eternity, is now covered by the corporal veil which signifies the veiling of Eternity in human guise, and the sweet incense has been offered. The sanctus bell clashes and we wait; for the King is at the threshold now. There is a soft sound of crushed silk as the priest makes the saving Sign and kisses the place where the Babe is to lie; a sudden crash of the bell again rings out, and there is the sound of whispering. It is the priest, the servant of the manger, calling upon the whole court of Heaven to hasten to the Christmas feast; and with swift movement the heavenly citizens pass that the King may be fitly attended. First, the glorious Ever-Virgin Mary, Mother of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ. The blessed Apostles and Martyrs, Peter and Paul, Andrew, James, John and all the illustrious twelve; and following on them swiftly the martyred Pontiffs springing from Peter's Chair, Linus, Cletus, Clement, Xystus, Cornelius and all the white-robed martyr throng, and when they too have taken their place about the throne, the angels bow their heads in reverence and the powers of heaven prostrate themselves in adoration. Swiftly and silently the action takes place. Not amid the roar of cannon, nor with the clash of steel upon steel sounding all around. A dim cloud of incense arises, the lights are lifted up to greet the Light of light; there is a mutter of whispered words, the faint tinkle of a bell, and the Word is made Flesh and dwells among us, and we behold the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father.

Again the silence falls, and the firstfruits of the redemption through the Incarnation, the crowd of martyr witnesses, joins in the pageant. John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius; the virgins who have washed their robes white in His Blood, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia and all the saints; and with them, and with all the angels and the company of heaven we go up the hill to Bethlehem, to adore and to receive the new-born Christ. The first Mass is over, the Mass which celebrates the temporal birth of Christ in Bethlehem. At dawn will be said the Mass symbolizing the birth of Our Lord in the hearts of Christians, and when the sun is high in the heavens Christ's eternal birth in the bosom of the Father will be commemorated at the altar.

Ite missa est: the Mass is over, the Mystery is consummated, and it remains for glad hearts to celebrate this Birthday with a final song of praise, and Mother Church closes this pageant with Lauds. *Quem vidistis, pastores?* "Whom saw ye, O shepherds? Tell us Who hath appeared on earth. We beheld the New-born Child, and the choirs of angels glorifying God together. . . . A little Child is born for us to-day: and He shall be called God, the Mighty One. Alleluia. Alleluia. *A solis ortus cardine.* From pole to pole, from East to West there is breaking forth in succession the salutation of Christmas Lauds, and the whole earth is echoing with song as the dawn follows on the darkness of night at the passing of the shadow of death.

One by one the lights of the temple are extinguished, and the watchers leave the lowly crib to go out through the darkness to their own homes, as the shepherds departed from Bethlehem. The gray light of a Christmas morning breaks on the world, and for one day at least forgiveness has a place, and Christian love is not a mockery, because of that

Ever-blessed Birthday,
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Saviour of our race.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

Midnight Mass for Peace

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has been suggested, and I hope that very many of the clergy will be able to adopt the suggestion, that the last three days of the year be devoted to public and private exercises of reparation to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for the terrible outrages, many of which have been directed against the Holy Eucharist, in unhappy Mexico. Will you permit me to make another suggestion? Would it not make a wonderful impression both in peaceful America and warring Europe, if throughout the country we could have a midnight Mass at Christmas, to ask the Prince of Peace to bring us peace in all our days, and especially peace to all our European brethren? Whether or not this suggestion could be put in practice, would of course, depend upon the judgment of the Right Reverend Bishops of the respective dioceses. I merely wish to bring the matter to the attention of the reverend clergy, and I have little doubt, that on proper petition, the Ordinaries will willingly grant their request.

St. Louis. SACERDOS.

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The testimony of Bishop Dunne, Mgr. Lyons, and others, portraying the fruits produced among the Italians, does not affect the matter at issue. No one denies that here and there there have been local successes in the work, but the fact that these successes are the outcome of hard, long and persistent labor proves the need of the labor among the Italian immigrants and shows the condition of religious indifference and neglect with which they left their native land.

The question at issue is what is the collective result produced in this country among the millions of Italian immigrants after well nigh thirty years of labor and the expenditure of a large sum of American money. I don't deny that there may have been prejudices. I don't maintain that there may not have been at times neglect, or that economic conditions may not have been unfavorable, but all these combined can not account for the admitted religious indifference; otherwise this same neglect would be found to the same extent among other immigrants. Is then the collective spiritual result among the Italians commensurate with the vast expense and the toil bestowed upon them? My contention is, and I think I shall be borne out in this by most priests familiar with the subject, that it is not. This failure of results, this religious indifference on the part of the Italian I hold to be an indication that the conditions in Italy are not such as Father Sorrentino has described.

What then are the causes of this phenomenon? Let us paint them briefly without reserve, which can serve no good purpose and only impede the beneficial results we look for. The main causes are in Italy, and Italy is not the country of practical Catholicity that Father Sorrentino would have us believe. The Italians were not instructed solidly in their Faith; this is affirmed by Pius X, as "Forestiere" pointed out in a recent issue of AMERICA. If they needed special instruction to prepare them for the peculiar conditions in this country then for the last thirty years that instruction should have been given, and the fault lies in the neglect of the Italian clergy. Why did not the Italian priests accompany their countrymen in the early days of their immigration as did the priests of other nationalities? How is it that so many to-day in this country do not wish to labor among their own countrymen? Why is it that Pius X undertook the reform of the seminaries of southern Italy? Why the stringent regulations with regard to the immigration into this country of the Italian clergy? Here we have the explanation to a large extent of the religious indifference of the Italian immigrant, and here, too, we have the key to the lack of true practical Catholicity among the Italian people.

New York. HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the spring of 1910, with the German-American pilgrimage from New York, I crossed over to Naples on the German liner Berlin. To my surprise I found an Italian chaplain on board who was given by the steamship company free second-class passage from Naples to New York and back. This priest—I forget his name—told me that all the ships carrying immigrants from Italian ports had to have chaplains. The very fact that public opinion in Italy is strong enough to force the greedy steamship companies to the extra expense of a chaplain, certainly speaks volumes in favor of the Italian Catholics. I assisted the chaplain on Sunday during his Mass in the steerage for the passengers returning to their native land. I must say that I was very much impressed by the piety displayed by these poor passengers under rather trying circumstances. On the other hand I have seen, during twelve summers of missionary life in the Northwest, groups numbering from fifty to one hundred and twenty and more of Italian laborers on the railroads, who never had a chance all summer to assist at Mass. They have to work from six or seven o'clock in the morning till at least seven in the evening. And their pay? How meager! They cook their own meals before and after their work, for their Sundays and weekdays are quite the same, except perhaps some lighted candles on an improvised altar on Sunday evenings, when they say the rosary and sing some hymns. I have tried several times to say Mass for them. Once only could I get some Neapolitans to come to Mass and listen to a little sermon. Most of the time the answer was: *"Ecco parde,* we have to work and make all we can; we can go to Mass again when we go to Chicago for the long winter or in the old country." To make matters worse, Socialist agitators are busying themselves all summer long with these poor laborers. If many, as it has been maintained, fall away from the Church, here is a great source of leakage. How can this leakage be stopped? Is there sufficient public opinion in this country to protest against Sunday work, or rather against the small wages that almost force them to work on Sunday? Can no pressure be brought upon the railroad companies to give these people a day of rest and also free transportation for chaplains who would look after their spiritual interests?

Crary, N. D. JUSTUS SCHWEIZER, O.S.B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Pius X, writing of Italian emigrants states that they are *"Fere non satis doctrina religionis instructi."*

G. Realmuto: "This statement means that while their religious instruction sufficed for their mode of life in Italy, it does not suffice in America, where dangers are greater."

Forestiere: "They are, therefore, aware of the obligation of the First Commandment of the Church; but why do so few, *in proportion to the population,* attend Mass? Greater New York has as large an Italian population as the city of Naples; proportionately there are more practical Catholics in Naples than in New York. Why? Did that religious instruction include the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday, whether in Italy or in America?"

As for the millions of men and women of other nationalities in this country who should be Catholics and are not, suffice it to state that these millions are not of the immigrant generation; it may be true of the second and third generation, but in the Italian problem, it is the immigrant who sacrifices his religion. Even from the letters of many clergymen, which have appeared in AMERICA, it is evident that they are striving to accomplish their work through the immigrants' American-born children. Why is this method the only satisfactory one? No one has denied that splendid religious conditions hold in Italy: at home the Italian is practical and probably becomes so again, upon his return, but on foreign shores he presents a problem that cries for some solution, and none is so satisfactory as that which holds that he should be instructed in the essentials of his religion.

The comments on the Italian immigrants' question have been of two classes: the one defended the immigrants, the other excused them. The former provided statistics which confirm the assertion that the immigrant is not a practical Catholic: *e. g.* 19,570 persons attended 42 missions in New York. This is a terrible indictment when viewed in comparison with the Italian population of New York. Moreover, these and all other statistics indicate local conditions and can not be a criterion of conditions in America any more logically than American indicate Italian conditions.

New York. FORESTIERE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Like all other questions there are two sides to this one. If the Italians are ignorant of religious truths, the most important thing to decide is how they can be best taught under the circumstances. It will not improve matters to abuse them. They have feelings like other people, and are very sensitive. They have discernment enough to know when a person is interested in their welfare. They resent an affront and reciprocate a courtesy offered to the humblest individual among them, and sympathy stimulates their generosity.

New York. JOHN T. NICHOLSON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been more than interested in the Italian question discussed in your excellent weekly for the past two months. I had often thought of writing you and of giving my impressions of the Italians in my State, and particularly in my parish, but that coward-making *cui bono* kept me silent. At least, before this controversy closes, as it must come to an end soon, and perhaps the sooner the better, I have decided to tell you my experience of fifteen years with the Italians of my parish and that in an absolutely unprejudiced manner. That it will throw any light on the *raison d'etre* of Italian indifferentism to religion in this country I doubt, but it will at least give the experience of one who tried to arouse them from their religious lethargy, and whose efforts have been all in vain. I am pastor of a parish within whose confines are pulp mills which employ sometimes one hundred and fifty Italians, sometimes a less number. For fifteen years I have tried and tried and tried in vain to get them to attend church. I have told them that the church services were as free to them as the American air, and still they did not come. On one occasion I got Italian priests to preach to them, to hear their confessions and to encourage them in every way. What was the result? Half the number perhaps, came to hear the sermon and only *two* went to confession even after I had arranged with the mill agents to exempt them from work. On other occasions Italian priests came among them also, talked with them, arranged with their Italian "Boss" for nightly church services, and when the hour arrived only two or three put in an appearance—even the Boss telephoned his "I pray thee hold me excused." I requested the head of an Italian religious order, who has gone to his reward, to send one of his priests to give them a mission and his reply was, after my going 200 miles to see him, "We can do nothing with them. They are no good; it would be hopeless!" Nothing daunted, from time to time I procured, with the aid of my bishop who is doing everything possible for them, Italian priests, and sometimes over thirty went to confession and received the following morning, but not one of those thirty was at Mass the next Sunday and they would not "lose their jobs" either, had they come. To the last Italian priest who came here, about one month ago, I said, "Father, the majority of Italian workmen in my parish can and will be allowed to come to Mass if they wish, and that without suffering any pecuniary loss. There is no excuse for them except on certain Sundays when they must work unloading cars. Now, when *you are certain* that they will *not* attend Mass the next Sunday after you leave, how can you absolve them?" He left that same evening without hearing their confessions. One of the Italian children was confirmed a few months since in my parish, and in order to please the Italians and his father, who is the Boss, I had him head the procession, bearing aloft the banner of the Sacred Heart. He has not been at Mass since. I met him last week and asked him why he did not come to church? His answer was "I have no time."

In all these fifteen years I have never seen more than three Italians at Mass and I do not expect to see any more. This is the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I am writing you this letter after having said two Masses, one at 5.30 and the other at 7, at which some two hundred persons communicated. Was there any Italian among the number? Not one, not even one at Mass! And still we were told by some of your writers within the past month that they have a special devotion for the Blessed Virgin and her feast days. If they have they do not show it in this parish. Their religion, what there is of it, is exterior. Mr. Herbert Hadley is right. Once I entered a big Italian church in a big city, and while there many devotees came in to visit, as I first imagined, the Most Blessed Sacrament, but to my surprise and, will I say my disgust, their devotion consisted in lighting candles, prostrating themselves before statues, going from shrine to shrine, from side altar to side altar, side-tracking altogether the main altar wherein reposed the Saviour of men. . . . My Italians never pass my church without saluting the statue of the Virgin in a niche, some even go so far as to cross themselves as they pass by, and this is the extent of their devotion here.

Of the hundred or more who are in my parish, I never see them—three being excepted, and these three never receive the Sacraments, at least here—at Mass or receiving the Sacraments. The only times they cast a shadow on the church doors are for baptisms and funerals, and they are highly indignant because I will not permit a high Mass of requiem over the remains of those who never entered the church while living or received the Sacraments when dying. How to account for all this I am at a loss to understand. Had they been instructed at home in the essentials of their religion it seems hard to think that they would throw everything to the wind in another land, no matter what the circumstances may be under which they exist. What I have said of my parish is the same all over the State, with perhaps one exception, and that in a large city, where out of a thousand or more, only about one hundred and fifty attend church.

The only salvation to my mind for the future Italian is the parochial school. Instruct the children now in their faith and we shall have Catholic Italians hereafter.

AN OLD PASTOR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Herbert Hadley in his two rejoinders, has been pitifully paring down his original violent article against the Italians, laboring hard to make it square with truth. He confesses that he has no personal knowledge of the subject in hand; but with blindness born of prejudice, he keeps serenely on his course, contradicting witnesses who speak from long personal experience.

I have personal experience of the religious conditions of the Italian colonies in Albany, Troy, Buffalo, St. Louis and New York City, having ministered to them, and I affirm that seventy-five per cent. attend to their religious duties. Moreover it is utterly untrue that the Italians in this country, or any other place, are easily made Protestants. The great sums of money and personal efforts of the sects used for this purpose are very sterile of results.

But unfortunately it is true that a good many persons, who by their official position should help the Italian immigrant, show nothing but contempt and rebuffs for the Italians, proving openly that they are moved by a greater love for gold than for souls. These are the ones who give bitter and untrue information about the Italians.

New York. ITALO B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Upon reading the observations of Father Sorrentino and others, in regard to the "Italian Question," one actually wonders why they defend a position which is so absolutely contrary to known facts. Letters have been written to Father Sorrentino by the most zealous Italian priests throughout the country, stating the true condition of the Italian in America; but none of these letters have appeared in your valuable paper. Most priests in the United States agree in regard to the Italian, viz.: that the majority of the immigrants to this country have had their religious instruction sadly neglected at home, and coming to this country, not knowing the language or habits of the people, have soon forgotten the very little they knew of God and of His Church.

The letter written by Mgr. Lyons of Wilmington, Del., gives us the key to the remedy for the betterment of the religious condition of the Italian in this country. As some one has remarked in this controversy the Italian came here, principally with commercial ends in view. . . . Mgr. Lyons indirectly suggests that the greatest hope for the Italian, is American priests who can speak the language of these poor religiously neglected people. This view is not a mere notion, but is the result of close observation in many places throughout the United States. The only successful Italian parishes are those where the pastor and assistants, whether they be Italian or American, spend all their time and exercise their duties for the Italian people alone, and who pay no attention whatever to those generous American "sore-heads" who criticise their own priests and church and go to the Italian priest for sympathy. Give us priests who will stick to the Italian and the Italian alone, until the time is ripe for amalgamation with the American people and in a generation or two we can point to the Italian in America as a model Catholic for any nation in the world.

Pittsburgh, Pa. F. P. SNYDER.

[This controversy is now closed.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

A Practical Suggestion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What AMERICA and *Extension* have printed about the Mexican horrors we know to be true, but most non-Catholics are not in the least aware that there is anything like religious persecution in Mexico. Not so long ago our ears were bursting with the noise made by the American press, about a Russian Jew who was merely being tried according to the law of the land for an offence of which he may or may not have been guilty. That he had a fair trial seems sufficiently clear from the fact that he was acquitted. And yet when Catholics, priests, nuns, and the laity, are outraged and murdered at our very doors, simply because they are Catholics, the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic citizens of this land of the free and home of the brave, do nothing but watchfully wait—for more outrage and murder. Our council of the Knights of Columbus has adopted resolutions on the "unspeakable horrors in Mexico." But it seems to me that not much good is to be done by reading and adopting resolutions in the privacy of our council chambers. What we want is publicity, and it is quite plain by this time, that the press will not carry the Catholic side of the question as news. It is my intention to offer at the next meeting of the Knights, a resolution to publish in the Sunday ——— in large type, a full-page advertisement, setting forth the truth about Mexico. We have fallen upon evil times. Justice has left the editorial page and the news columns, when there is question of the Catholic Church. About all that is now left us is the paid-for publicity of the advertising section. S. L. B.

Kentucky.

Do We Lack Leadership?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of July 25th Mr. P. J. Judge of Omaha, Neb., under the caption "Do American Catholics Lack Leadership," discussed at some length the need of an authoritative ruling to guide our people on questions affecting the Church. Take the school question. Recently a very prominent Catholic, the graduate of a Jesuit college, was a candidate for governor. Probably he expected some Catholic support. And yet in a public speech answering questions propounded by the Guardians of Liberty, he declared in effect that if the legislature passed a bill giving State aid to "sectarian" schools. he would veto it. "Sectarian" schools of course referred practically to parochial schools. Was he right or wrong? Take the *Menace* question. The administration says there is no law to stop it. A few thousand people write letters but six hundred thousand paid subscriptions wield a larger political influence than a few thousand written protests. What is best to do about it? Take the Nathan affair. Beyond a few letters of protest, what was done? What should be done? Some say boycott the Exposition; some say that would be unpatriotic and lead to reprisals. What had best be done? Take the Mexican question. Surely that is a horrible situation. We can not understand it. What should we do as Catholics to remedy this awful condition? Here again, who will decide what is best to do?

What is the use in all these cases, of individual action here and there? Every one has his own opinion and no authoritative plan is presented for united action. If we had a leader in authority, we could sink our individual preferences or opinions and all work together in whatever way such an authorized and competent general would direct. There is one correct Catholic position on the school question, the Mexican outrages, the *Menace* vileness and other affairs that concern us most deeply as Catholics. Who will lay down the law on these points so that every Catholic could consider himself bound by that decision? There is one best way to accomplish an end. Who will definitely and authoritatively decide that best way? United action requires a uniform plan and leadership. We are accomplishing nothing under our present mode of procedure, and it might be the part of wisdom to think over some way to get results.

Brooklyn, N. Y. S. B. DUFFY.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Christmas Greeting

IN the Mass which the Church with impatient joy begins at the stroke of midnight on each anniversary of Our Blessed Lord's birthday, she insists that Christmas is, in a special way, a festival of light. "O God," runs the Collect, "who didst make this most sacred night to shine forth with the glory of Him Who is the true light of the world; grant that He Who thus revealed to us, has made resplendent our path on earth, may be forever our joy and our light in heaven." The Gradual sings that Christ was begotten in the brightness of the saints before the day star was made; the Gospel tells how the brightness of God shone round the watching shepherds, and the Preface proclaims that by the mystery of the Word made Flesh, from the brightness of God a new light has risen to shine on the eyes of our souls. Centuries ago the Dayspring from on high came down to scatter the world's darkness and to be a guide for erring feet. Each year at this season God renews in men who are of good will the light that first shone forth from the Crib of Bethlehem. That this joyous and comforting light of Christmas may enter and fill the hearts of all the readers of AMERICA is our earnest wish and prayer.

The Italian Question

FOR some weeks the Italians have been under discussion by the readers of AMERICA, and much has been said in proof and in disproof of their practical religious observance. What started the subject was an article maintaining that the practice of religion throughout Italy is in a flourishing condition. This statement was challenged. Protests then followed to the effect that no matter what may be the conditions prevailing among the Italians at home, their practice of the Faith among us leaves much to be desired. The writer of the article in question tried to bring back the correspondents to the original topic, but the discussion would not be so controlled, and finally resolved itself into the question whether or not the Italians practise their religion when they come to our shores. One contributor called the whole discussion useless and harmful. We doubt the wisdom of his characterization. Seeing one's deficiencies brought to light is, of course, not pleasant, and yet concealment is at best but ill-considered kindness. When all has been said and due discount has been made for the insufficiency of the data offered as the basis of a judgment, the conviction, we think, will cling to most readers' minds that there is an Italian problem, and that it clamors for solution; and that although no good will come, either from exaggeration or underestimation, we should all be willing to see it in the broad light of day, and to do our best to cope with it.

As for the older Italians who come as immigrants and have no intention of remaining, who are said to have been practical Catholics at home and to be sure of becoming such again after returning, the general public is less concerned. As a class, the adult Italians will be found entirely out of the sphere of lay influence. This, however, is not the case with the bright-eyed, laughter-loving, industrious and intelligent Italian children who are going to be our fellow-citizens. These by patient and consistent effort can be made observant sons and daughters of the Church. They respond to kindness, they are quick to recognize their friends, and they are ready to give more than they ask both in devotion and affection. And yet they are growing up only too often in ignorance and neglect, to their own loss and to ours. For they are American children, and will live in our midst, and can be made Catholics in mind and in heart. From the blood that is in their veins have come martyrs. Such blood should not be allowed to belie itself. Nor will it belie itself, if only our Catholics will interest themselves in some of the many organized works of the lay apostolate, such as going in search of the children, gathering them together, instructing them, extending to them the ministrations of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and bringing them within the influence of the Ozanam clubs. A little zeal will suggest many expedients, adapted to local conditions, for deepening the Faith that is in them, for safeguarding them from proselytizers, and for making them realize that we are all members of the one fold, bound together by the common bond of Christian charity.

"The Least of These"

THE virtue of charity, if it is to be a virtue at all, must be heroic. The saying of our divine Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, thy brethren," may not be taken to apply only to the deserving poor, indigent gentlewomen, and respectable tradesmen in reduced circumstances. The curious and interesting fact about the virtue of charity is the paradox that the exercise of the virtue is more heroic in inverse

proportion to the worthiness of the recipient; which is, perhaps, the difference between the Christian virtues and those that are merely ethical or civic. For instance, it is eminently laudable to bestow our charity on the worthy persons just mentioned, and, in a degree, the action is not unpleasing to the bestower. It is less pleasing, however, but decidedly more praiseworthy to bestow an alms on the undeserving poor, the untidy washerwoman, and the disreputable tradesman selling pencils on the sidewalk. It is heroic, and then, and only then, does charity reach perfection; for these are admittedly the "least" of the brethren.

One of the most striking features of Christianity is its sanity, and by its sanity is meant the faculty of knowing its own mind, and aiming at its ideals with a splendid unconcern for the aims and ideals of those who do not understand it; to which might be added a supreme contempt for that curse of all godless civilizations, "respectability." This was the case with such eminently sane and unrespectable Christians as St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Benedict Joseph Labre. Their greatness and their sanity were manifest in that they were well content to be counted fools; and very few respectable men are willing to be held as fools, even for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.

Yet charity, if it is to become really great, demands even this; for the foolishness of the Gospel only begins where worldly prudence ends. It began when the respectable men who brought to Christ the woman taken in sin had fled, and left her, the woman of the street, face to face with the Sinless One. It began when St. Francis, casting prudence aside, devoted himself to the despised leper; and it can begin, here in these United States, when the object of our charity is not determined by his worthiness or unworthiness, but by his need, and by love of that Name for which the deed is done.

Moreover, the worthiness or unworthiness of our beneficiaries can not furnish any reliable data by which any practical Christian may limit his exercise of the virtue of Charity. Betty T., who died last October, and was laid to rest in a silk-lined casket covered with flowers, which was carried on its last journey by a special train, was said to be worth five thousand dollars. And Betty T. was a dog, a beast that perished, lacking a soul. If there be anything at all in relative values the little child insufficiently clad and crying with hunger, but having an immortal soul, might be rated at a higher value than five thousand dollars. But as things go a great many neglected little children die from starvation, and a great many pet dogs from overfeeding.

Tiger, a being of twelve years of age, has cause for being thankful. A devoted benefactress bequeathed to him one thousand dollars to provide him with kidneys and cream thrice every day, for the rest of his life. His benefactress died recently and Tiger has entered in his inheritance; and Tiger is a cat. Catholics may, therefore, leave prudence to the social "uplifter," and let their Christmas charity be actuated by the foolishness of the Gospel. For what part can worldly prudence play in a festival that commemorates the day on which God, the Maker of the Universe, chose to be born as a tiny child on a bundle of hay within a draughty stable, with the ox and the ass looking on?

A Plea for Reparation

In view of the awful outrages that have been so repeatedly committed against the Blessed Sacrament in Mexico, is it not timely to ask the Catholics of the United States to make in as public and devout a manner as possible extraordinary acts of homage and reparation? Is a national triduum of adoration and expiation out of the question?

Cincinnati, Ohio. JAMES A. MOORE.

WE can not endorse too emphatically the wish our correspondent has expressed in the part of his letter that we have quoted. A foul affront has been offered to Jesus Christ in His Eucharistic presence; and although the insults that cry out to heaven can never be undone, they can be repaired to some extent. Honor can be set against dishonor; loyalty can make amends for treason; public praise and worship can wipe out, at least partially, public shame. It would be a glorious profession of faith if we could, as a nation, unite in offering to the Sacred Heart of Christ an act of solemn reparation. Such a testimony of love and reverence would go far toward counterbalancing the deep disrespect which we all deplore. The outrages have stained the greater part of the past twelve months. What time, therefore, could be more fitting for a triduum of reparation than the last three days of the year?

Christmas Home-Coming

CHRISTMAS is almost upon us. Before long the railroad stations will be crowded with boys and girls. The air will be ringing with "Home for the holidays." And young hearts will be beating high with fond expectation. Parents, too, will be eager. What a meeting there will be! What close scanning of forms to note each little change, and silent questioning of eyes to see if affection has cooled. And, then, after wistful curiosity has been satisfied and anxious love reassured, there will be the all too short days of family reunion. During those days both father and mother will be sure to mark many subtle signs of development. They will not find their child altogether the same. If the boy has been to a Catholic high school they will notice in him a fuller grasp on the principles of his faith and a more manly pride in its practice; if the girl has been to a convent school they will remark an increase in that sweet simplicity and maidenly charm that comes almost by right to those who live under the same roof with the Son of the Lily of Israel. Such parents need have no misgivings as to the revelations of the holidays.

But what has the Christmas home-coming in store for those who have confided their children to the keeping of fashionable non-Catholic schools and academies? They, too, will find that a change has been at work in the soul of their boy and their girl. Are they sure it will be a change for the better? It will consist first of all in a touch of superficial refinement, in a new grace of manner and speech, and a certain pride in having added some wealthy Protestant name to their list of acquaintances, perhaps even of friends. If this were all, it would not be so bad. Unfortunately there are apt to be other changes as well. Many parents will notice a love for a more free and less modest manner of dress; a fondness for a kind of reading and dancing and plays, which if still innocent are not without danger; a sort of good-humored amusement at the strait-laced, old-fashioned notions of father and mother; a craving for excitement; and a very perceptible cooling in the fervor of religious life. Frequent confession and Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and the use of the rosary which they once regarded as holy commonplaces, now seem to them extraordinary and meant only for saints. They will give evidence of a growing realization of the social and other disabilities of their religion; and although still open in the profession of faith, will not be so enthusiastic about its beauties, and they will speak, though guardedly, of the lack of culture among Catholics and the impossibility of marrying suitably within the Church. These things are not, indeed, sinful, but they are signs that the spirit of worldliness which Jesus Christ holds in abomination, is casting its spell over their minds and setting up its throne in their hearts.

Parents of such children may close their eyes, if they will, but God will not do so. He will hold them strictly responsible for the souls he has put in their charge. It is their bounden duty to lead their children to God, and not to set stumbling, unseeing feet in the way of perdition. And yet this is what they run the risk of doing when they send them to fashionable non-Catholic schools. Some children, it is true, have come through them unscathed; but others have been robbed in them of faith, and have given up heaven for earth and sacrificed the love of God to gain the love of the world; and they have lived to curse their parents' folly. Fathers and mothers, therefore, during the holidays would do well to study their children, and ask themselves fairly before God what they are prepared to give them in exchange for their immortal souls. If they see the signs we have mentioned let them beware.

Peacemakers

ETYMOLOGY is a treacherous science. It has more than once led its devotees from the true analysis of a word to the false interpretation of the idea behind the word. Yet in the case of the "peacemaker" etymology is on the side not only of philological truth, but of ideal and real truth, too. For the word brings out the fact that peace is something which must be made, that the peacemaker is not merely a talker, an interloper, or a dreamer, but a maker, a producer, an actor, one whose business is with things more than with words, with realities even more than with ideals.

This truth needs emphasizing. Never more so than now. The popular idea of the peacemaker is little short of the ludicrous. It is embodied in the picture of the well-meant, ill-timed interference of a benevolent busybody, between two angry combatants; receiving dust and blows and bad language from both. His emblem is a helpless and sadly bedraggled bird cowering with fear amid menacing eagles. On the other hand, we have the word of Eternal Wisdom blessing the peacemakers, because "they shall be called the children of God."

Why this discrepancy? One explanation is simply this: we have substituted in our common concept the peacetalker for the peacemaker. The former is, indeed, untimely, intrusive, helpless and timorous, if not cowardly. The latter is a child of God because, like his Divine Father, he is conspicuously a producer, a creator, a maker of peace.

Peace is something that has to be made. We talk of "making war," and of "enjoying peace." It would be much truer to talk of making peace. For peace is the tranquillity of order, not the tranquillity of repose, and its creation and maintenance cost work and effort.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is the old adage. It might well run now: "In time of war prepare for peace." The approach of Christmas, the divine Peacemaker's birthday, reminds us that there is nothing less in keeping with the spirit of the season than the clash of arms and the roar of artillery, now resounding through Europe and through Mexico. This year, therefore, Christians should make their preparation for Our Lord's Nativity a strong unceasing prayer for peace. At this time, surely, He will graciously hear the united, fervent petitions of His children for that peace on earth He came to bring.

To Rage or Not to Rage

THE doctor, by means of a pocket-thermometer, can gauge your temperature. You await with ill-concealed anxiety the verdict of a little thread of mercury and a few scratches on a glass tube. That tiny fraction of an inch may mean another week in bed or the resumption of your normal life. There is a golden opportunity awaiting inventors to lighten the burden of prudence and give that overworked virtue a measure by which it can arrive at quick and easier decisions. Health has a normal temperature, and fluctuations above or below are warnings to take precautions. Virtue, too, has its normal, and prudence is the doctor, but, alas, prudence has no thermometer. Take any ordinary day of any ordinary individual, and you will find him subject to varying fluctuations in the heat of the soul. Is this the time and

place, the soul asks, to flare into anger, or must one chill into meekness? Gwendoline is growing more fond of evading the domestic curfew-law. Shall mother put down her anger or put down her foot? Jack brings home bad reports from school. Shall father provide candy or a cane? The school-teacher has exhausted his supply of various looks, looks of surprise, of astonishment, of grief, of pain, of vexation; he has also run through the gamut of different expressions, request giving place to demand, demand to expostulation, expostulation to command, command to threat, and now the harassed pedagogue applies to prudence for a diagnosis. Shall the storm burst into lightning-flash and thunder-roar, or must it pass by with dark clouds only and with an undischarged volley? Restraint or the rod, which shall it be?

Perhaps some may never have explored this twilight-land between virtue and virtue where prudence holds its sway. In the world of flowers there are plants which mature slowly and bloom once a century, while other plants need but a few hours to burst into bloom. In the world of combustibles you have green wood and dry powder. In the world of temperaments you have century plants and johnny-jump-ups; you have some that ignite and others that explode. These latter find a fever-chart as useless as a rapid-firing gun would find it. Yet even artillery needs cooling, and your most fiery temperament can not go too far without serious consequences to itself, not to mention the immediate objectives of its wrath. The more rapid-firing the gun, the more carefully must it be tempered, and explosives are notably in need of careful handling.

If prudence has delicate work laid out for it in determining where weakness should flame into anger, it has no less trouble in settling the precise point where resentment should change to resignation. Elementary common-sense dictates that when a stone-wall is met with and when there is no better catapult at hand than a human head, the most impatient will see that they must wait for a while, at least, until siege guns can come up. No one, unless he has won the championship for sprinting, will flap a red flag in the eyes of an angry bull. In olden days it was advised to feign death when you met a bear. Whether modern bears are so dainty about having live food is not altogether certain, but the silence and chill of death is often the best attitude to assume toward human bears. The time will come in Gwendoline's life and in Jack's life when the anger of mother and father will be seen to be waste ammunition. If meek reproach and angry rebuke have failed, then the value of education and of protected innocence will have to be taught to these troublesome children by severer teachers than their parents. Let father and mother turn to prayer rather than wear themselves out by useless fretting, or by trying to burrow into a stone-wall. There was One who on a time took a lash and wielded it in angry mood, but later He had the sword put into its scabbard and was "Like a lamb without voice before his shearer."

LITERATURE

A Greek Schoolmaster Still Teaching

ISOCRATES was probably the greatest schoolmaster the world has ever seen. His school was thronged with pupils. His methods were eminently practical. He brought his pupils through the three stages of analysis, criticism and composition. Although Isocrates himself, because of personal deficiencies, early ceased to be a practising orator, he was no admirer of what might be called "closet" oratory. "The future orator must try the effect of each arrangement and combination of technique on the audience and so draw up his own system." "The chief boast of the school of Isocrates," says Freeman, in his "Schools of Hellas," "was that it produced gentlemen." The number of disciples Isocrates left after him has been computed to be more than forty. In the theory of rhetoric he was surpassed by Aristotle. "Yet the school of Aristotle produced not a single orator of note except Demetrias Phalereus; the school of Isocrates produced a host. Why was this?" asks Jebb. He answers that it was by his exercises for which his own writings furnished models that Isocrates formed his pupils.

Isocrates lived to be ninety-eight years of age when "That dishonest victory at Chæronea, fatal to liberty, killed with report that old man eloquent." His influence lives to-day in the language we write and speak. "That Isocratic style," writes Jebb, "in its essential characteristics of rhythm and period, passed into the prose of Cicero; modern prose has been modelled on the Roman; and thus, in forming the literary rhetoric of Attica, Isocrates founded that of all literature." One particular feature of that survival is studied in an interesting lecture delivered at Oxford, June 6, 1913, by the well-known Ciceronian scholar, Professor Albert C. Clark, on "Prose Rhythm in English" (Oxford University Press). Professor Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prose Rhythm," expresses himself in his usual vehement style as utterly opposed to "the attempt to show how a prose-harmonist should develop his harmony." The author's lecture concerns itself with Professor Saintsbury's book, deplores "his lack of positive results," accepts his collection of perfect examples of prose rhythm, and proceeds to deduce some rules for the close of sentences. "For the origin of prose rhythm," says Professor Clark, "we must go to Cicero." That he does in his lecture, comparing Cicero's sentence endings (*clausulae*) with the accepted endings of later Latin prose (*cursus*) and then with the practice of English writers. "The rhythm of English," he concludes, "is mixed, like the nation itself, and the mixture constitutes its charm. In this respect English differs from medieval prose and frequently presents analogies to the freer system of Cicero and Demosthenes." Most authorities when speaking of Cicero's rhythm would couple with him Isocrates rather than Demosthenes.

Another recent work studies the school of Isocrates: "The Influence of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius and Aristides." (Yale University Press). Mr. Harry Mortimer Hubbel, the author, in presenting this thesis in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, asserts that his "account of Isocrates' theories will be somewhat one-sided." He does not "attempt to trace the influence exerted by his theories of rhythm, or by his style," but deals "only with the larger aspect of his pedagogical purpose." Mr. Hubbel's essay belongs to that growing class of works which the historical method of studying literature has fostered and which strives to trace the ideas of authors back to their sources. Read Fock's "Catalogus Dissertationum," and under the name of every Greek and Latin author will be found a generous sprinkling of *fontes* and *Quellen*. Mr. Hubbel's essay is valuable for the history of

rhetoric and emphasizes the practical tendencies of Isocrates in his teaching. How impatient Isocrates would be with the modern distinction implied in the disparaging use of the term rhetoric! Isocrates would not admit that anything was rhetoric unless its contents were solid and substantial. After the many discussions of Isocrates as a stylist, it is good to have the substance of his teaching thrown into prominence as it is by Mr. Hubbel. Yet if the old Greek orator had a school of rhetoric to-day, he would not use Mr. Hubbel's book in class. Sources and development and evolution belong to history, not to literature. These subjects are contributions to science, not exercises in art. Isocrates taught the art of oratory. Aristotle would have welcomed Mr. Hubbel into his school.

Never perhaps before was a country so well provided as ours is to-day with books for making authors. One of the latest is Arnold Bennet's "The Author's Craft" (Doran). He begins auspiciously with a chapter on "Seeing Life." There he points out the author's treasury if the prospective writer have the skill to open it. Unhappily many ambitious beginners are ignorant of the combination. Mr. Bennet endeavors to reveal it. He ends as auspiciously as he began, with a chapter on "The Artist and the Public," in which he vigorously advocates close touch with the people. This first and last part is thoroughly in the spirit of Isocrates. The two other chapters of the book are entitled "Writing Novels" and "Writing Plays." The novelist must have "a sense of beauty," "a passionate intensity of vision," and "a fineness of mind." This last quality is quite inclusive and is made to take in almost everything. Here one might remark that Mr. Bennet's boundaries of the beautiful are equally extensive. Zola, he states, "never went to extremes," and even Gissing and Huysman were revealers of hitherto undreamed-of beauties. Mr. Bennet regrets to belittle technique: "Its influence is light and transitory." Yet with the orator who practises rhetoric in disclaiming the term, Mr. Bennet remains an advocate of technique in appearing to reject it. That many writers have succeeded without art is no proof that art would have hampered them. Besides, this seems a quarrel over terms. No writer ever had success without technique, if technique means the rules of art, and art is the successful adaptation of means to an end. Does Mr. Bennet belong to the school of Isocrates or that of Aristotle? He is eclectic. If he would make novelists and playwrights, he should advise more reading and writing. Even a man can not "see life" unless he has been taught, not by precept, but by practice. Theory is the Aristotelean and unfruitful way. Isocrates used models and reaped a full harvest.

This discussion would perhaps give some satisfaction to Mr. R. W. Livingstone, of Oxford, if some friend were to call his attention to it. His book, "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us," is an eloquent plea for Hellenism and what he takes to be its predominant notes. He finds some difficulty in forcing the Greek genius into a certain definite number of qualities. He strains the quality; he cramps his matter. Again a critic might object to one judging Greek genius almost solely by its writings to the omission of the other arts and many sciences. Neither does the author sufficiently distinguish in his work the phases of the Greeks which it is desirable to follow, from those which would lead to utter paganism. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of the author is infectious, and many of his pages will thrill discouraged teachers of the classics with renewed hopes and inspire them with new ardor to surmount with their pupils the initial difficulties of Greek, bringing them into intimate touch with a literature and a people whose ideas still live and still influence the literature of other times and other peoples.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

REVIEWS

Frémont and '49. By FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

To make a first-class book of this kind three things are required. The subject must be such: the author must be familiar with the subject, not merely speculatively in the comfort of his study, but practically also by his experiences in the same field of travel; and he must have the gift of book-making. In the volume before us we find all three conditions verified. Whatever one may think of Frémont as a politician or as a soldier, only blind prejudice can deny him the merit of the explorer. His explorations in the far West of his day are marked with courage, fortitude and intelligence. No danger deterred him, no obstacles could turn him back, and his scientific observations were singularly correct. Even to-day one would hesitate before undertaking to cross the Rocky Mountains in Colorado or the Sierras into California in mid-winter; and should one begin the work the cold and snows of their high passes would forbid the accomplishment of the task. These things Frémont did, and his records of distances, of altitudes, show how little he differed in them from those established since his day. His guesses too at geography were sagacious. Not that he made no mistake. What explorer escapes doing so? But his errors were few, and are not seldom to be accounted for, by his over-reliance on others less sagacious than he. Mr. Dellenbaugh is also a traveler and explorer, though not exactly a pioneer or pathfinder. But he is familiar with every foot of the way traversed by Frémont in his journeys, which enables him to reproduce these in a realistic way, marking them out for us by the towns and railways that now fill the wilderness of seventy years ago. He is a book-maker of experience, understanding literary proportions; and so there is, in absolute truth, not a dull page in his volume. He is a defender of Frémont; and his theory in explanation of Frémont's actions in California at the time of the annexation is more than plausible, almost convincing. Frémont had secret instructions, he holds, which had to be conformed to, but could not be made public. For the rest, he seems ready to admit that, though holding a commission, Frémont, for lack of training, was no real soldier and had no adequate idea of the soldier's subjection to his superiors; though he points out very shrewdly that it would have required more than a mere soldier to determine exactly the question of superiority between a commodore in the navy, first in the field on land, and a brigadier-general making his appearance later. This was the *fons et origo malorum* in Frémont's case.

Another point in favor of Mr. Dellenbaugh is his kindly feeling for the Indians, and his readiness to take up their defence. Admiration for Kit Carson and his fellows does not blind him to the fact that their treatment of the Indians was anything but praiseworthy; though there were worse offenders than they. The California missions enter his narrative only casually; and, though he quotes at length a passage from a Protestant writer, allied with those who compassed their destruction, to the effect that under Fr. Antonio Peyri the neophytes of San Luis Rey were driven to Mass under the lash and had in general a bad time, he remarks that for years after Peyri's banishment the same neophytes put candles and flowers before his picture, praying for his return. Whence one may conclude that he does not accept without question such so-called history. H. W.

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

It was Father Zahm who first proposed this Brazilian expedition to Colonel Roosevelt. That was in 1908 when the latter was President. But the big African hunt was then in prospect, so the explorations described in this volume were not begun till last year when Colonel Roosevelt, his son Kermit, Father

Zahm, and five others sailed from New York, and being subsequently joined by Colonel Rondon, a Brazilian army officer, began on December 9, the ascent of the Paraguay River. The reader will follow with eager interest all the adventures the party had from that time until they reached Manaos on the Amazon some five months later, after "putting on the map," the River of Doubt, or the Rio Téodoro, as the natives now call it, the upper course of which was utterly unknown and the lower unfamiliar to geographers till last summer.

The expedition was difficult and dangerous. In the six weeks' passage through the rapids and cataracts of the river five canoes were lost, an oarsman drowned, Kermit Roosevelt narrowly escaped death, one of the party was murdered and its distinguished leader fell sick. Zoologically the author considers the trip a thorough success, for the two naturalists who went along collected more than 2,500 birds, about 500 mammals, and a number of reptiles and fishes. Colonel Roosevelt observed keenly everything that was new to him in the wild regions he traversed, and now gives a vivid narrative of all he saw. He found the heathen Indians of Brazil in some respects more primitive in their habits than are the natives of Africa. His earnest desire, however, to see as many sects as possible working in South America, special mention being made of the "Positivist Church," and the "Ethical Culture Society," will make the judicious grieve. The Colonel's observations on the jaguar and the man-eating piranha are much sounder and more interesting than are his missionary speculations. The volume is full of pictures, of which several had been better omitted from a volume meant for the general reader. W. D.

Belshazzar Court. Village Life in New York. By SIMEON STRUNSKY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

To a vast number of persons, both within and without these United States, Broadway, "The Great White Way," is New York; or, more correctly, New York epitomized. A little moderately early rising ought to be sufficient to convince the most ardent Broadway frequenter that this much-vaunted thoroughfare is a sham, a fraud; a thing of wires and frames, glorious only when night has fallen. Mr. Strunsky does not exactly say this, but he has the art of showing that there are two points of view even about Broadway; and his point of view is decidedly the best, for it is human though not hectic.

There is "Night Life" for instance. Immediately there springs to the mind the underworld of New York and its salacious accompaniments; and Mr. Strunsky's "Night Life" passes it by. His night workers are New York's benefactors, not its parasites, and beyond the glare of the electric light he sees the feeble glow through the church window where Mass is celebrated shortly after midnight for the toilers of the night.

So too, with other aspects of life in New York. The theatre, the street, the ball game; they pass along vividly, and with the joy of living and the tang of vitality that is a special attribute of New York. Mr. Strunsky has caught it all, and imprisoned it in the printed word. Last of all, in the very innermost shrine of "Belshazzar Court" is Harold, an interesting New York school boy, infinitely more interesting because he is the son of his father, who in this little collection of literary sketches has shown, perhaps unconsciously, that the way of the newspaper man leadeth not necessarily to destruction. The dominant note of New York is fulness of life, keenness and intensity, and, in a degree, Mr. Strunsky has written its epic. H. C. W.

Rambles in Catholic Lands. By MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

Readers of the devotional and historical essays of Dom Michael Barrett of the English Benedictines in the *Ave Maria* and *American Catholic Quarterly Review* will welcome from his pen this book written in lighter vein. "Rambles in Catholic Lands" leads the reader from Hamburg, which is Protestant enough, through the Catholic portion of Germany, the Rhineland and the South, through Switzerland, into Austria where the Tyrol, Bohemia and minor western provinces are visited, into Catholic Italy of which, however, but glimpses are given. Not only are Catholic districts alone visited but in other respects, also, the books takes the reader out of the tourists' beaten path. The places visited, pictured and described are in the main not those that form the staple feature of most books of travel. Little but quaint shrines, dear to a simple peasantry, and hoary, old monasteries wherein German piety is busy re-creating ancient monastic ideals, these formed the chief points of quest in what the author calls a "nineteenth century pilgrimage." The style is artless and unambitious but withal interesting, and the illustrations are for the most part novel. The book makes a good holiday gift. J. F. M.

Henri Bergson. A Study in Radical Evolution. By EMIL CARL WILM, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1.25.

This book consists of two parts, one expository; the other, critical. In the first part the author explains certain prominent features of Bergson's philosophy in language which, he trusts, will convey definite meaning to his readers. That his hope will be realized to its full extent, is not apparent. The style is too discursive for a work of this kind; as a consequence, every reader well acquainted with the French savant's philosophy will find it difficult to gather up the threads of thought in a satisfactory manner. The second part of the volume is more enlightening. The fundamental defect in the philosophy of change is laid bare, and there are some wise words on the problem of death. Here again, however, there is an absence of vigor, both in thought and language. Throughout the discussions occur many doctrines against which the orthodox can register just objection. Like many others whose knowledge of scholasticism is not only limited but inaccurate, the writer seems to think that because the schoolmen manipulate concepts according to the formal rules of logic, the ideas can not be adapted to the realities to which they refer. This is amusing enough to furnish an occasion for a smile on the part of scholastics, and false enough to cause wonder that a doctor of philosophy and law did not acquaint himself with facts before venturing an opinion.

R. H. T.

Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By MRS. HUGH FRAZER and HUGH C. FRAZER.. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

It is a surprise to find the author of "A Diplomatist's Wife" and "Reminiscences" of the same, describing many continuous years of the most primitive pioneering in "the only bit remaining of the Far West," far removed from the seats of diplomacy; but no reader of her books will be surprised that she does it well. It is a "neck of the woods" on the Methow in the State of Washington but quite a "man-sized" place that includes a number of mannish and womanly women of all sizes. It is also, of course, "God's Own Country." The title has been assigned to some twenty-hundred other places, and correctly in every case, but Mrs. Fraser and the youngest of her seven sons have the art of making it seem so. The people, however, judging by their rather sulphuric language, which is too freely transcribed, would appear to belong to quite another place. It is Mrs. Fraser, we presume, who presents us with the heavenly citizens and it is her son, who was an army officer, that is responsible for those who "darn without needles." The mixture is true to life and well proportioned, and so seasoned with comedy and pathos and a varied assortment of unexpected novelties of all kinds in characters and incidents that it only differs from an enthralling novel in that it is true. It has its heroes and heroines

and villains, who enjoyed promiscuously "the simply dignity of real democracy" and from whom "the milk of human kindness was never skimmed." As in her other works the author never forgets her Catholicity. The last chapter but one is entitled "Wedding Bells," for which a Catholic church was specially erected, and the last is appropriately "God's Country." There are several good illustrations among the 400 pages, but the best are in the text. M. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mary Adelaide Garnett's "Children of the Kingdom" (Devin-Adair, $1.00) is a collection of nearly fifty sketches of saints' lives for little boys and girls. The author, who has been successful in interesting hundreds of listeners in these stories, has experienced that when her young friends "Learn that boys and girls of real flesh and blood, with the real joys and sorrows of children, lived lives of heroism for Christ and were willing to face death for His sake, there comes into their own souls an almost unconscious increase of loyalty, honor, fearless love and simple faith." Miss Garnett has found a surprisingly large number of youthful saints to tell about and has filled her book with appropriate pictures.

A most sumptuous Christmas book for children is Janet MacDonald Clark's "Legends of King Arthur and His Knights" (Dutton, $2.50), which W. H. Margelson, R. I., has illustrated with many excellent pictures, both in color and in black and white. Those who receive as a present so beautiful a book should be taught to treat it kindly. "A Basket of Plums" (Dutton, $0.50) is an attractive little volume with amusing pictures by Lawson Wood and funny verses by Richard Waylett. Children ought to enjoy this book almost as much as they will "Pinocchio" (Dutton, $0.50), a translation of Carlo Lorenzini's story of a puppet. The illustrations are delicious. "The Early Life of Mr. Man" (Houghton, $2.00), however, as told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith, can not be recommended either to children or their elders, for many of the illustrations are only fit for a "Sunday supplement" and the text is a shallow and flippant inculcation of evolutionary theories.

When Mgr. Benson was attacked by the malady from which he died he had in his hands the last proofs of "Vexilla Regis" (Longmans, $0.50) which is described as "A Book of Devotions and Intercessions on behalf of all our Authorities, our Soldiers and Sailors, our Allies, the Mourners and Destitute and all Affected by the War." Under such intentions as "a happy and just issue," "the dead," "sinners and our enemies," etc., are arranged appropriate Psalms, collects and Scripture readings for each day of the week. As the compiler of course had English Catholics chiefly in mind, victory for the Allies is his constant petition. In the book there are many well-worded prayers of Mgr. Benson's own making. France, Belgium, Russia and the Slavonic people are remembered but there is no prayer down for Japan. Almost all the matter in "Vexilla Regis," however, is calculated to assist the devotion not only of the "pro's" of either side, but even that of aggressive neutrals.

There is said to be on exhibition in a certain Berlin shop 267 varieties of photographs of the Kaiser. He has been having his picture taken, it would seem, from the time he was a few hours old until ten minutes ago, and can be seen dressed in almost every kind of uniform there is. Asa Don Dickinson, the editor of "The Kaiser" (Doubleday, $2,00), a book "about the most interesting man in Europe," has gathered together a large proportion of those numerous photographs, and to accompany the pictures has prepared thirteen chapters on "The Kaiser as a Man," "The Kaiser and His Army," "The Kaiser and German Culture," etc. It is a volume that for obvious reasons has been hastily prepared, and is meant to please those whose sympathies are not with the German Emperor.

Twelve stories make up "The Copy Cat," (Harper, $1.25) Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's latest book. Half the contents of the volume are delightfully told tales of childhood and all are very original. The author's characters are so real that they seem to be portraits of one's acquaintances and her pages are rich in humor and pathos. In this world there is many a "Dear Annie" devoting herself ungrudgingly to the bringing up of her motherless sisters and brothers. This Annie's rebellion is delicious. "Johnny in the Woods," a juvenile Robin Hood, who occupies himself with finding homes for vagrant cats, is another amiable character. A spirit of kindliness pervades the book, and though one or two episodes are rather improbable, all the climaxes are well worked up.

"Within My Parish" (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, $0.60) is the title of some "Notes from the Day Book of a Deceased Parish Priest" which James Loomis, M.D., has capably edited. The little volume's fifteen papers appeared during the past year in the *Ecclesiastical Review* and are kindly, discerning descriptions of typical characters in a small town, say, of New England. The numerous anecdotes about the shepherd's relations with his flock and with those not of his fold show what a saintly and amiable priest he was. "Within the Parish" is the "year-book" the *Ecclesiastical* gives its subscribers this Christmas.

"And So They were Married" (Scribner's, $1.25) is a comedy, so-called, that Jesse Lynch Williams writes about the "new woman," though the flippant, shallow way he handles the theme is anything but comical. Every feministic argument for "emancipation" is, of course, urged repeatedly, but the old-fashioned folk in the play are too stupid to make the obvious objections. The two leading characters are smug "soul-mates" who really have no intention of being married, though they are tricked into going through a sort of ceremony. "And So They Were Not Married" would perhaps be a better title for this inexcusable play.

"What Think You of Christ?" (Benziger, $0.35), by Francis H. E. Cahusac, M.A., is an answer to a leading difficulty urged against us at the present day. The Christ of the Church, men say, is not the Christ of the Gospels. Such is the contention of Socialism no less than of Higher Criticism. The author simply and convincingly refutes this objection. His arguments only incidentally bear upon the positive establishment of the truths of the Catholic religion, but often cast a clear light upon doctrinal points or ritual practices of the Church. The book should help decidedly to dispose Protestant readers favorably toward the true Faith, while it will equally serve to instruct Catholics for their apostolic mission of enlightening their neighbor. Here and there the author sacrifices clearness to brevity. For instance, the last two paragraphs on page twenty should be expanded. As they stand they are open to misapprehension. So too is the sentence about the tribunal of penance on page thirty.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose "Trees," a volume of poems, was recently reviewed in AMERICA has contributed to the December *Queen's Work* an excellent paper on "The Catholic Young Man in Literature." In his concluding paragraph he observes:

> The Catholic faith never was anything to a writer but a source of power. The last great poet to die was a Catholic man, the greatest living poet is a Catholic woman. Of late

years it is true that the devil has had great vogue on the stage and in novels. But really, he is a poor entertainer. He can not hold his audience long. The world is tired of literature brilliant only with the luster of decay. It wants literature that is true, and natural, and wholesome; it wants literature that expresses faithfully and artistically the Catholic attitude toward life. The young men who elect to try to express that attitude have before them years of onerous but delightful labor. There are professions less exacting than literature; there are professions more remunerative; there are none more honorable. And the Catholic who has devoted his life to the effort to express beautifully ideas that are beautiful has at last the satisfaction of knowing that his work has been done for no selfish and ignoble cause. For literature is a branch of art and art, we know, is on the side of the angels.

In answer to a request for particulars about himself, Mr. Kilmer wrote not long ago: "I live in the Ramapo Hills, in Jersey, and don't mind commuting. I have a wife and two children, am twenty-seven years old, am catholic in my tastes and Catholic in religion, am socially a democrat and politically a Democrat." The author of "Trees" is a special writer on the New York *Times* and the *Literary Digest*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Apostleship of Prayer, New York:
On the Hills with Our Lord: Reflections for the Holy Hour. By Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. $0.50.

Edward P. Buffet, Jersey City, N. J.:
The Layman Revato. By Edward P. Buffet.

Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Children of the Kingdom. By Mary Adelaide Garnett. $1.00.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
A Scrap of Paper: The Inner History of German Diplomacy. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Awakening. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Ruth Helen Davis. $1.35; Swollen-Headed William. Adapted by E. V. Lucas. $0.50; Builder and Blunderer. By George Saunders. $1.00.

Graphic Text Book Co., New York:
Historical Chart of European History. $0.50.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.:
The Life of Saint Severinus by Eugippus. Translated by George W. Robinson. $2.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
Spiritual Instructions for Religious. By Charles Coppens, S.J. $1.35.

Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia:
Josephus. By Norman Bentwich.

Macmillan Co., New York:
The Living Touch. By Dorothy Kerin. $1.00; Lucas' Annual. Edited by E. V. Lucas. $0.75; The Present Hour. By Percy Mackaye. $1.25.

F. Pustet & Co., New York:
The Parables of the Gospel. By Leopold Fonck, S.J. $3.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Hernando de Soto. By Walter Malone. $3.00.

Rosary Press, New York:
Songs, Sonnets and Essays. By Rev. D. O. Crowley, LL.D.

Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Ia.:
The Builders: A Story and Study of Masonry. By John Fort Newton. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Immoral Morals

THERE is a widespread opinion that morality is not taught in the public schools. Not long ago, a Jewish rabbi in a western city expressed this opinion publicly. But he was mistaken, and for his mistake was taken to task by the superintendent of schools, who said:

> I agree with him upon the importance of moral education. I do not agree with him, however, that no attention is being given the subject in our schools. Morality can not be taught in a formal fashion. The difficulty of teaching it as an independent subject is so great that we do not deem it wise to teach it in a dogmatic fashion. On the contrary, the whole tendency of the school organization is in the direction of moral training *without making it a conscious subject.* (Italics ours). It has become a matter for indirect teaching. . . . Every teacher is taking advantage of the work in the classroom, the recreation on the playground, and in every other direction to bring home some moral lesson.

This is interesting. It would be interesting even if it referred to one locality only. It becomes more interesting in face of the fact that it is a movement which is extending by degrees to many localities.

A Demonstrator of Morals

Mr. F. J. Gould, official demonstrator and lecturer for the Moral Education League, has recently been in our midst. This gentleman is largely responsible for the quality of moral instruction which is growing in favor, with those in charge of the public schools. A "Syllabus of Moral Civic Instruction," by F. J. Gould and F. C. Sharp, "is the outcome of the visit of Mr. Gould to the United States in the school year, 1913-14." This syllabus was issued to the teachers by the Superintendent above quoted, apparently a few days *after* the reply to the rabbi. This may be a circumstance worth remarking.

The superintendent does not favor the dogmatic teaching of religion. It is to be instilled without making it "a conscious subject." If this means, as it seems to mean with certain teachers, that the why and wherefore of moral action are not to be taught, the matter might be dropped at once. With immorality so widespread, and considered by many as a right rule of conduct, at least in some of its phases, our boys and girls will never act against this rule, unless they are taught the reason why. It is not asserted, however, that this is the method of instruction upheld by Messrs. Gould and Sharp. But it does seem to be the idea of the superintendent. It may be that the superintendent had not himself examined the Syllabus which he commended to his teachers, for we find the following statement on page 5:

> The following Syllabus is framed on the supposition that at least once a week in each class, and perhaps oftener, systematic lessons on the conduct of life are given by the regular class teacher, or by the principal, or some one acting in a similar capacity.

This does not sound like an instruction for the teaching of something that is not to be a "conscious subject." In fact, the authors themselves call for some sort of "conscious treatment," although they do not wish the subject to be presented with the dryness of abstract principle. Their method, they tell us in the "Syllabus," "is in the main, that of story telling." This method presents its difficulties. In the fullest and most exact sense of the term, immorality comprises all the vices, but by the usage of the English language, it generally connotes one particular vice. Are the children to be kept from this vice by the "story method." We are barring the "story method" of teaching purity, from our libraries and from our theatres. Will we admit it in our schools? It is not clear, after an examination of the "Syllabus" and Mr. Gould's book on moral instruction, that the authors believe that purity can be taught by the method of telling stories about it. But Messrs. Gould and Sharp are prepared to supply the needed instruction.

Honorable Murder

Sex hygiene? To be sure. True, you must exclude from the "movies," murders, train-robberies, and, of course, the fleshly, because to see these pictures suggests evil to our youngsters. But you can pour all the rot you want into their ears, and not be suggestive. That is, you can not suggest to the eye, but you can suggest to the ear. Under what sky, and for what sort of people, was the psychology forged which justifies this principle? One need not appeal to the Scriptures for proof to substantiate his statement, that our young peo-

ple learn much that is evil from the words and suggestions of bad companions. It is not asserted that persons who teach this subject are bad companions. But they may be unwittingly suggestive; and often are. A young man fresh from a college where this stuff is propounded under the name of "social science" remarked a short time since that, in his opinion, this instruction is calculated to stir rather than to lay passion. Why waste words in attacking the theory, that a knowledge whose primary effect is to gratify an unworthy curiosity, is a force leading to right living?

We differ from Mr. Gould and his associates when they call this "moral instruction." The proper term is "immoral." The same term must be applied to other parts of Mr. Gould's teaching. On page 145 of his "Moral Instruction," he excuses a murderer, because this person had taken an oath to do the deed. In fulfilling his oath, "he had displayed the fine qualities of truth and honor," although "he had slain a man and that was wrong." This, we believe, is the ethical code of the New York gunman. The child may not be deeply logical, but it is likely that such logic as he has, will lead him to derive from Mr. Gould's teaching, the morality of the suicide pact, the feud murder, and the unwritten law.

CONSTRICTED RELIGION

As far as we can understand him, Mr. Gould holds that no one ought to embrace a creed until he has arrived at manhood. A creed and a religion are an expression of God's sovereignty. The first twenty-one years of life belong to God quite as much as the next twenty-one. This is a common belief among Christians. It is also the teaching of the Catholic Church. God has larger rights than Mr. Gould dares assert. Our duties include obligations to God, our neighbor, to ourselves. In this new moral teaching, God is left out of the count. In his "Moral Instruction," page 1, we find the following declaration:

> Moral education is such a training in the service of the larger life as involves personal hygiene, self-development and character-building. It may be well to meet at once a question which would otherwise shadow our steps through the whole of this inquiry; that is to say, the question as to how far the teacher and the child must attach the idea of right conduct to the idea of duty toward God. Since my object is to afford practical aid to teachers, no matter whether they regard the Will of God, or the Welfare of Humanity, or the Ethical Ideal as the ultimate sanction, I have defined moral education in terms which may harmonize the views of these three schools of thought.

Mr. Gould leaves us in doubt as to where he puts God. He puts Him out. A great many colleges in this country graduate young men who are not physicans. For this no blame is attached to these institutions. We do not expect them to teach everything. They are not medical schools, but for this they are not criminal. But if a school which confers the degree of Doctor of Medicine, omits from its curriculum a branch of study not only important, but fundamental, the case is altered. . That school is not non-medical or unmedical. It is criminal. If our public schools make no pretense at instruction in morality, we shall not blame them for omitting what is supposed to be outside their scope. But if they set themselves up to teach morality, and teach in accordance with the ideals of Messrs. Gould and Sharp, we shall promptly condemn them, not as non-moral or unmoral but as immoral, or if the word be preferred criminal. If to eliminate God from the life of a child is not immoral, criminal, words have lost their meaning.

THE GOOD MESSRS. GOULD AND SHARP

We do not look upon Messrs. Gould and Sharp as men of vicious intentions. Far from it. They seem to be men with the best possible intentions. Mr. Gould commends virtue, wherever found. He is very "open-minded," because, apparently, he is a man of no religious convictions, save such as are purely natural. It is likely that he belongs—and the same may be said of Mr. Sharp—to that large class of men who are without faith, but not without kindly hearts, who think that God and dogma are troublesome sources of dissension, and should therefore be neglected in the interests of humanity. These men do not dig the foundations of life deep. Mr. Gould lives among them, and he is digging no deeper than his fellows. Mr. Gould may be excusable, but this is no reason why we should countenance his methods. If there is anything worse than a bad man with bad principles, it is a good man with bad principles. Because he is good, he will be faithful to duty, and to him that duty is the spread of principles which are bad. Mr. Gould has the strength of his convictions. He writes in his "Moral Instruction":

> Does not the value of moral instruction depend in the last resort, upon the personality of the teacher? No doubt in an eminent degree it does, and this important problem will now be examined. . . . Teachers, like children, are educable.

Mr. Gould is set on educating the teachers along his lines and for his purposes. Catholics are not. We have no brief for the Protestant churches, but if they believe that God has any place in life, they too must oppose the bad principles of the good Mr. Gould. We are willing to grant that whatever morality exists in our public schools is largely, if not wholly, due to the good men and women who are better than the system with which they find themselves connected. These teachers put the foundation of morality in those sources which Mr. Gould wishes to neglect entirely, God and religion. Substitute Mr. Gould for the Gospel, and the last factor of moral teaching has been eliminated from our nondescript schools.

The Jewish rabbi said that morality was not taught in the public schools. He thought that these were unmoral. For this he was corrected by the superintendent of schools, and the correction was deserved. The superintendent knew what he was talking about. The rabbi did not. The theories of Messrs. Gould and Sharp were in use, or were about to be, in his schools. Their teaching is not unmoral. Perish the thought! For it is immoral.

JOHN P. MCNICHOLS, S.J.,
Campion College, Wisconsin.

SOCIOLOGY

Not Divine Enough

"TELL them, Floy," said little Dombey, as the golden light came streaming in, "tell them that the print on the stairs at school is not divine enough." All of us have a print, a picture that is not divine enough. Mine hangs in a mansion in the Southland, which in its quiet age, is the kindly home of crippled children whom no one wants, save God. From its frame of dim old gold, it looks down upon you as you ascend the wide, white staircase. You pause at the turn; and from the darkened canvas, an old man smiles at you. In his eyes is the light that illumined the face of the Son of God, on that day when the children left their play and came to Him, and He took them into His arms, one by one, to bless them. For the old man bears in his arms a waif that is fast asleep, and around him press the deserted children of Paris, the brothers and sisters of Him, who for our sake was a poor little child in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. It is beautiful, this picture, but it is not divine enough. It can not show you the heart, so like the Heart of Christ, that beat in the bosom of Vincent de Paul.

THE CATHOLIC MODEL

"Our father Vincent was never happier," writes an old chronicler, "than when God sent him children whom no one

wanted." As a miser counts the golden coins in his strong-box, so did St. Vincent de Paul count the poor and the sick whom he gathered in his journeying through the twisting lanes of the slums of Paris. In men who seemed scarcely human, his eyes could discern the image of God. To him, there were no lost ones. All human souls were gold. In the crucible of God's love, the Divine Craftsman could in a moment bring back all the pristine delicate beauty, marred and dimmed by years of sordid and rebellious wretchedness. Vincent did not wait for them to come to him. He went out into the desert to seek them, and the kindly human heart which he showed to these poor outcasts, made it easy for them to believe in the infinite love which he preached. He drew them gently by the cords of Adam back to the Heart of Christ. In the light of the love that radiated from him, eyes long blind, saw God. "If he is so good," they said, "what must the good God be!" To minister to their temporal wants, the pitying Saint worked miracles. He worked miracles that were greater, in re-creating broken men and lost women. Hope, purity, faith, long dormant in their desparing hearts, sprang up at his words. The offscouring of Parisian dens found that they had souls which God loved.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION

Virtue went forth from Vincent, for he gave himself without stint. He had a philosophy deeper than that spun by your fireside philanthropist. He knew man's needs, man's weakness, the moral victories of which he is capable. He knew that "social redemption" could never be wrought, if the revivifying spirit of religion were excluded from the units composing the social body. Christ, the God-Man who had compassion on the multitude, was his model. He studied the Heart so singularly sympathetic with every form of human woe. He saw Him weep over the city, and the people who would not do penance for sin. He watched Him, as the hands that were God's, lifted up the lowly and served them; he contemplated Him, who when He was rejected by his people, chose a shameful death, that they might have life. From his model, Vincent learned that the personal service which grows out of love for Christ's suffering brethren, and brings them and us back to God, the Father of us all, is the price that must be paid for social redemption.

We shall not be wise if we neglect any reasonable means of betterment, suggested by the practical needs of the misery we seek to alleviate. In social work, let us use all the inspiration which the Egyptian learning of twentieth-century sociology can lend us. Then, as the basis of our social work, let us adopt with Vincent de Paul, the principles of Christ: personal service, love of all men as children of God, and personal holiness. These three; and the greatest of them is the last.

THE CHARNEL HOUSE

But that's not sociology, you say. That's dogma, religion, emotion, superstition. So much the worse for your sociology. It has the smell of fire on it. It is not divine enough. If it sedulously omits God, it is not divine at all, but diabolical, and ultimately leads back to the fiery furnace in which it was first forged. You can not bind up bleeding hearts, except God direct your hand. You can not go into the souls of human beings whose world is broken, to reconstruct their wrecked destiny, if you do not know, or do not care, what man's proper goal is in life, and hereafter. You can not pass with safety through the reek and carrion of rotten souls, and bring them back with you from the charnel house into the sunlight of purity, unless the cleansing flame of God's love is burning brightly in your heart. And these are the tasks which are involved in the work of "social redemption." Only saints like Vincent de Paul can undertake them with complete success. Only those can bear them with profit to themselves and others, whose methods are the methods of Christ and His saints.

UNHALLOWED FIELDS

Sociology, not yet a science, is already trespassing upon fields fraught with peril. Its exponents prate much of "preventive measures" and "the rehabilitation of the family" as though these means of redemption were not trite and axiomatic in the century-old social work of the Catholic Church. Untrained in philosophy, submitting to no guide, it has in many communities been suffered to employ means of alleged social reform, which entrench upon the rights not only of the Church, but of the family and the individual. Serious complications may arise in the investigation and attempted settlement of matrimonial entanglements. Trained as he is in the details of theology and canon law, and endowed, perhaps, with no small insight into the secrets of the human heart, every priest knows the difficulties inherent in this work, which is now being turned over to "trained social workers." There is no guarantee that these "trained social workers," may not be callow youths and immature women, fresh from some school of professional philanthropy, and selected because of their blind adherence to the fads and hobbies of some Social Director. Catholics are far from admitting that the certificate of any non-Catholic professional school in this country is enough to place the methods of the social worker above suspicion. There is even less of a guarantee, when as has happened, the ordinary means of appointing public officials are passed over, and the selection is left entirely to the Social Director. Men who propose to alleviate physical ills, must prove their fitness before examiners appointed by the State and responsible to the State. But as matters now stand, the souls and bodies of unfortunate men, women and children; may be subjected to the malpractice of any social crank whose credentials are an appointment by a like-minded city official, or the certificate of a school of professional philanthropy, which may and very probably does, teach that man has no soul which differentiates him essentially from the beast.

THE FRUITS OF DARKNESS

The result of all this has been that, in certain cases, social workers have urged divorced women, and women whose matrimonial status could not be satisfactorily ascertained, to remarry for the purpose of legalizing illegal relations, or of securing a petty financial independence. Weak-kneed Catholics have been prevailed upon to appear before non-Catholic clergymen and public officials, for the celebration of a marriage whose validity, as all the parties concerned might have known, was not recognized by the Catholic Church. This small and unimportant Church, counting only some three hundred and fifty million adherents in every part of the world, condemns these practices, but this fact is of no importance to your "specially trained social worker," approved by the hoary and unlimited wisdom of a school of professional philanthropy, dating back, possibly, to 1890. There is no reason why he should not adopt these courses. It is another case endorsed "settled" in the report sent in to the Director. Tie an antiseptic rag about the wound, and bid the patient be off about his business. "What a fine boy am I," remarks little Jack Horner, as he pulls out the plums. "What a fine man am I," chants your Social Director, as he tabulates his rag-cured patients in the nicely-printed report, submitted to the gullible public.

There is no need to lay stress on the statement made by a critic of a Social Service Commission, that a zealous "specially trained social worker," nearly succeeded in forcing an unfortunate "down and outer" to commit bigamy. "Efficiency" must be efficient, or positions and salaries go glimmering. The philosophy of materialism, as well as the outspoken declarations of prominent modern sociologists, can, and does find a ready justification for practices, which to clean-minded men of all religions, are horrible beyond description.

We have succeeded fairly well in putting God out of our schools. The next step is to eliminate all mention of Him from our public charities, or to treat Him with an easy tolerance which we would not employ, say in our dealings with the Director of a School of Professional Philanthropy. "God, God, God!" cried out poor dying Falstaff, babbling the while of green fields and the dirty pages of his book of life. "Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." Had she been a modern professional social worker, "Quickly, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess," could not have hit upon a better description of professional sociology's attitude toward God, when God conflicts with its pagan principles.

SUGGESTED IMMEDIATE ACTION

This is a matter which is intensely practical. The snake will creep into your town soon, if you do not take means, not to scotch, but kill him. Two killing measures are suggested. The first is this: Hold no public or private social commission above suspicion, until it has proved that its aims and methods are such as can be tolerated in a Christian community. Then keep a careful eye upon it, to see that it does not deflect from its high purposes. This can not be done by one individual. The Committee on Watch and Guard must have the loyal support of the Catholic community, represented by the parish societies, the various fraternal organizations, and the American Federation. Catholic representatives should be at the disposal of the Juvenile Courts, the Courts of Domestic Relations, and the child-placing agencies. While their attitude must be that of ready cooperation, they will do well to remember that the days of proselytism by soup, are not the days of the irrevocable past.

The second measure is at least equally necessary. Take an active, personal interest in all the charitable works of your city and parish. Instead of criticising your institutions, suppose you visit them from time to time, in a spirit of friendly interest and help. Give your time as well as your money. Every Catholic man should be a member of the St. Vincent de Paul, and the local Catholic welfare societies. Let your pastor know that he can call upon you to help him in his work among the poor and afflicted. If we do not take care of our own, the devil and his agents, unwitting agents, perhaps, will. We Catholics do not look upon the submerged tenth, in our ranks or out of them, as the raw material for psychopathic laboratories, or as patients for the clinics of the godless school of sociology. We have no place in our cosmos for such philanthropy. It is not divine enough.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A good example of what Catholics are doing in social work for boys is given by the Ozanam Association of New York. The association was organized in a very modest way in 1908, and since its foundation has spent more than sixty-five thousand dollars in maintaining clubs for boys, in those sections of the city where they are much needed. The real Catholic tone of the association is indicated by the fact that the association has few honorary members. All are asked to show their active interest, by visiting the clubs and getting in personal touch with the boys, many of whom need just that help, which can be given only by personal sympathy and encouragement. Six of these clubs are now in operation.

The editor of the *Lamp* did not think it necessary to state that in regard to the war, his magazine was neutral. But to his amazement, he finds that he has been accused by his German readers of being pro-British, by his English readers of being pro-German. Father Paul, with AMERICA, is suffering in the good company of those who think it but fair to reproduce, as far as possible, the arguments of all parties engaged in the war:

> Every week we read the summary of the war-news printed in the columns of the able Jesuit weekly, AMERICA, and we are filled with amazement at the impartial exactness with which they give the facts as summarized from the press dispatches.

The excellent virtue of patriotism sometimes leads to strange blindness. A gentleman in the Far West has recently been forwarding to AMERICA, what he describes as "documents bearing upon the war, which are absolutely impartial." The documents in question, are newspapers, reviews and pamphlets, written and edited by citizens of one of the countries engaged in the war.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* who, apparently, is not a Catholic, speaks most sympathetically of the work which is done in war-stricken France by the curés and the Sisters, who "have braved the penalties of draconian laws" by returning to their native land for work in the hospitals. The priests, he writes, have made themselves the ministering angels of soothing and comfort to the afflicted, "not only in churchly avocations, but in stout aid and sustenance in the actual wants of life."

> Though proscribed by law the Sisters have resumed the offices that from time immemorial have made them mothers to the motherless, as well as angels of devotion in the hospitals. Wherever the wounded are gathered there the Sisters are unobtrusively the mainstay of the surgeons; half the peasants hear from their sons and kin through the unflagging endeavors of the Sisters, barely tolerated by the laws of the land.. For that matter they are not legally tolerated, these women who are saving all that is susceptible of cure in every square mile of the battle line, as well as in the hospitals. But for all this, hateful voices have been raised against allowing these gentle spirits to impart the symbols of the faith to the wounded in extremities.

In this regard it may be noted that the members of a nursing society whose works of charity Catholics would be the last to depreciate, have adopted the hallowed title "Sister." The religious women of the Catholic Church long ago won their right to the consecrated name, and it does not seem fitting that it should be shared with others.

The Minnesota minimum wage law, mentioned in this column a few weeks ago, has been declared unconstitutional. By order of the State Circuit Court, the commission appointed to fix upon a minimum wage, has ceased its labors. The court held the law unconstitutional, first because it delegated the legislative power to a commission, and next, because it violated the right of the individual to contract. In California, the District Court of Appeals, sitting at San Francisco, has pronounced unconstitutional a legislative act of 1911, under the terms of which the withholding of wages due was a misdemeanor. In this instance, the court based its action on the ground that the enforcement of the law would result in imprisonment for debt. Briefs in the case of the Oregon minimum wage law have been recently filed in the Supreme Court of the United States. Those who attack the constitutionality of the law, allege that such legislation is not within the power of a State, that it is unsupported by public opinion, that it would be the destruction of business, and that it would increase the cost of living. All this forensic strife proves the difficulty of passing a court-proof wage law, and indicates the greater difficulty which would attend its impartial enforcement. These decisions, however, may help to form such legislation as may safeguard the rights of the worker, without infringing upon the equally indubitable rights of the employer.

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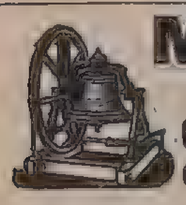
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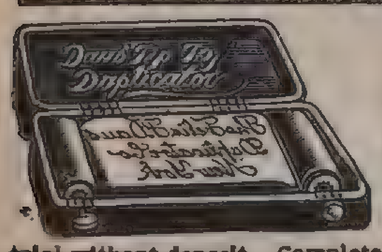


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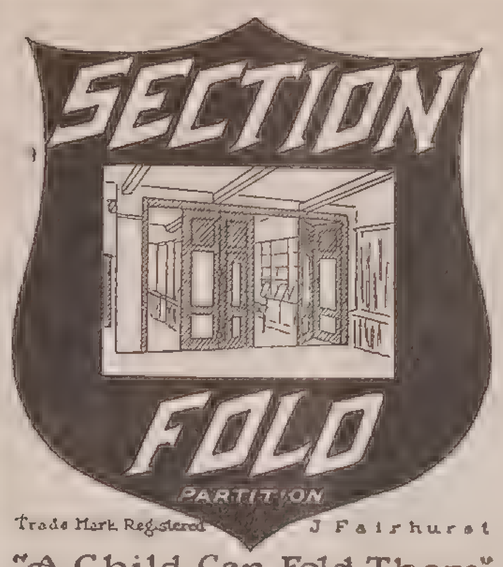
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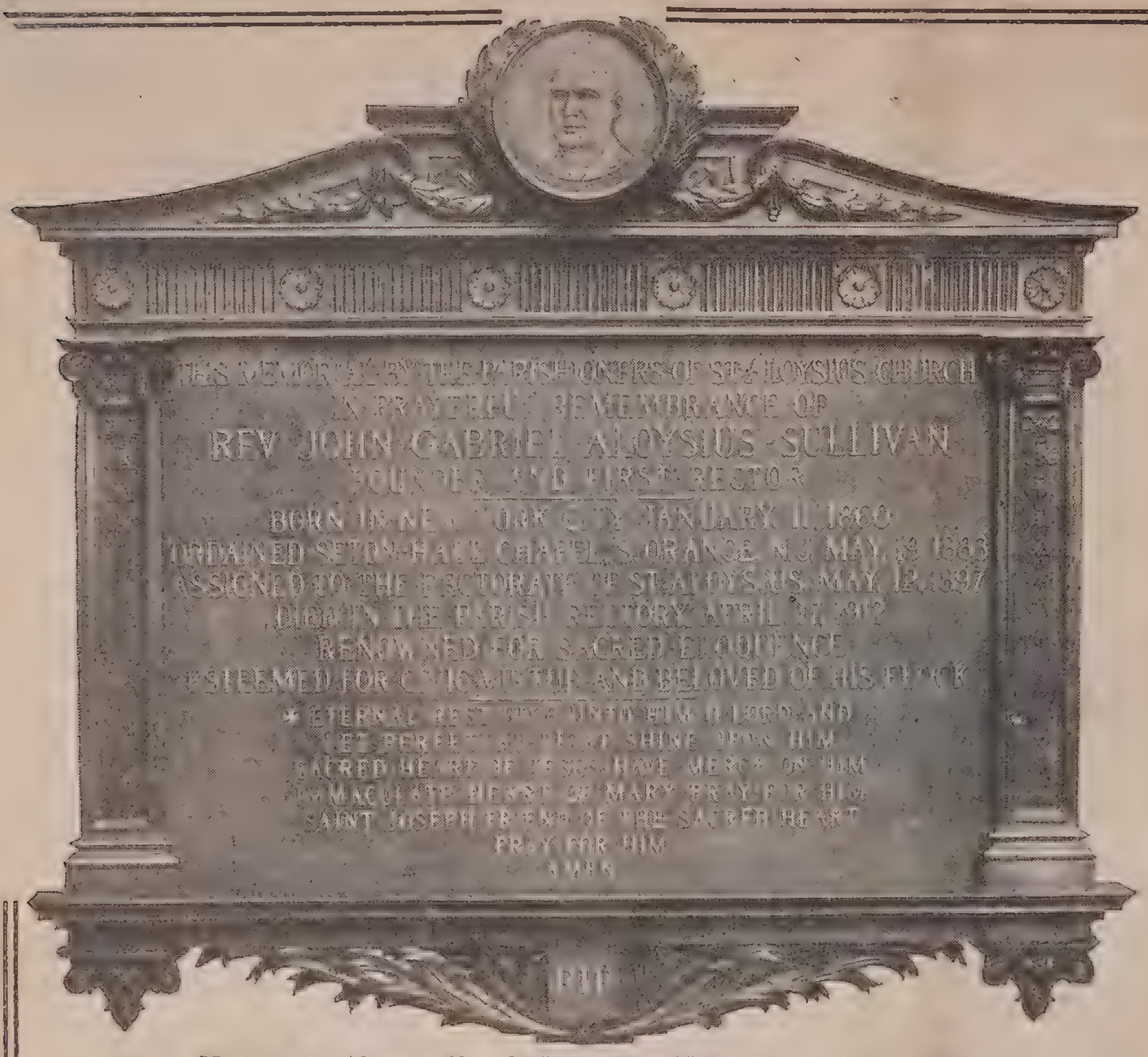
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CHRONICLE

The War.—With some slight variations the line of battle from Flanders to Alsace remains unchanged. The reports of the engagements are so conflicting that the exact progress of the Allies can not be stated definitely. It seems clear, however, that all the week they have continued a determined offensive which for the most part the Germans have contented themselves with resisting. The Allies' losses, it appears, have been severe and out of proportion to the material advance they have been able to make. This has consisted generally of isolated trenches, the great gains of the week having been measured in one place by two miles and in another by three.

Bulletin, Dec. 15, p. m.-Dec. 22, a. m.

There has been fighting at almost every point along the line, but the principal struggles have taken place from Arras to the coast. Here there have been local successes by both sides but the distance gained has not been, as a rule, appreciable except on the most detailed maps. The sacrifices which the Allies have been making are generally believed to have had for their object not so much the driving of the Germans out of France and Flanders as to divert some of the German troops from the eastern theatre of war. Whether they have succeeded in doing so can not be ascertained.

The Allies

In the east the Austro-German offensive seems to be gathering momentum. On December 17 an official announcement was made in Berlin of a great victory over Russia, "the greatest victory of the war," and a day of excited exultation followed. For the time being the people were satisfied with this bare statement, but now they are realizing that the German Field Marshal had given no geographical details or definite lists of captures. There was this much confirmation of the report from Russian sources that Petrograd admitted that strategic reasons had counselled a retirement before the German army west of Warsaw and a rearrangement of forces operating in Galicia, but there was nothing like an official admission of defeat. The situation seems to be as follows: It will be remembered that last week three armies were advancing on Warsaw. One had pushed its way south from Soldau as far as Przasnysz and Ciechanow but was reported to be in difficulties, especially at Ciechanow. Russia says that this army has met with complete defeat and has been driven back over the Prussian border, and that as a consequence communications have been reestablished from Soldau to Johannisburg. Berlin claims that this body of troops has merely fallen back to a strong line of entrenchments. A German army was later reported to have been repulsed in an attempt to move south from Dobrzyn, a town within Poland but close to the Prussian border, some twenty miles east of Thorn. If this is the same force that was operating last week at Przasnysz, as seems not unlikely, the Russian report is true at least to this extent that Warsaw is no longer menaced from the northeast.

The Attack on Warsaw

German Reverses

The second German army last week was endeavoring to advance on Warsaw from the west and had already

seized Lodz. Before it the Russians were falling back toward the Vistula. The city of Lowicz seems to have held out after the retirement of the main body of the Russians, for its fall was not announced until December 18. This second German army is occupying a line that runs south from the Vistula at a point a little to the west of Kazunpolski until it reaches and crosses the river Bzura, some miles above Sochaczew. It crosses the Bzura a second time near Lowicz, and then extends south past Skierniwice, Rawa, Tomaschow, and over the river Pilica to Opotschno. Its extreme right has thus advanced about thirty miles east of Petrikau. The principal fighting is going on at Sochaczew, where the Germans are said to have massed as many as 200,000 men. Against this army Russia is making her chief effort, although just at present she is endeavoring merely to hold her own until she can so reenforce her troops as to be able to assume the offensive. It is on this line of battle that the attention of the world is concentrated. Here the Germans are making their principal attempt to relieve Cracow. If they can drive the Russians still further back the Russian army in Galicia will have to be weakened to strengthen the army at Warsaw. At the same time this is the point at which, so it is being predicted, a new avalanche of Russian troops will soon begin to sweep out from Warsaw to bear the Germans back once more in defeat to their border. The importance of the outcome of events in this quarter can scarcely be overestimated.

German Success

Of the third army that is menacing Warsaw, but only remotely and which is made up of both Austrians and Germans, less is known. Its theatre of operations is in southern Poland between the Silesian and Galician borders. It has pushed forward from Czenstachowa to the river Pilica, and from Miechow to the river Nida. This army is reported to be vigorously on the offensive.

It is not easy to determine the exact state of affairs in Galicia. Vienna claims to have cleared the whole western part of the province of Russians. Russia on the other hand asserts that she has in nowise relinquished the campaign against Cracow, although she does admit that very heavy Austrian reinforcements have forced her to change positions. She omits, however, the mention of definite places. If, therefore, the Austrian accounts be assumed as being in the main correct, it may be stated that the Russians have been defeated at the battle of Limanowa, southeast of Cracow, and forced back from the foot of the Carpathians in a northerly direction. The Austrians are now occupying, according to their own statement, a line that stretches from Limanowa through Jaslo and Krasno, past Sanok to Lisko; Cracow has again been relieved, and a strong offensive has begun that the Russians seem to be unable to resist. It is being predicted, both in Vienna and at Berlin, that this army will soon be able to unite with the army in southern Poland and advance through Kielce and Radom toward Ivangorod. These predictions may have some foundation in fact, but they are much too one-sided to be accepted without a good deal of reserve, and even then only in part. Cracow, however, should be carefully watched. The movements of the Russians before it are a sure index of the state of the whole campaign in the east. Until they are forced to retire, no real permanent success can be claimed for the Austro-German armies. In spite of local advantages the general situation will remain practically unchanged. As long as the Russian left wing clings to western Galicia their peril in central Poland can not be considered very great. On the right wing, that is, along the eastern border of East Prussia, nothing of importance has been accomplished by either side.

Austrian Success

The magnitude of the reverses by which Austria has been overwhelmed in Servia is becoming clearer every day. Doubtless there is some exaggeration in the reports of wholesale panic and slaughter and captures with which the daily papers are filled, but enough is well founded to make it certain that Austria has met with a crushing and very humiliating defeat. The world once more is filled with astonishment and admiration at exhausted Servia's power to turn seeming destruction into overwhelming victory. Her enemy has been driven out of her territory, Belgrade is again free from occupation, and a new invasion of Bosnia seems to be imminent. Servian courage is mainly responsible for the victory, but Russia in an indirect way had a large share in it. Simultaneously she invaded Hungary and made a severe attack on the Austrians south of Cracow. Austria, as a result, was given her choice between two sacrifices, her Servian campaign or Hungary and Galicia. She chose to save Hungary and Galicia, but to do so had to transfer a large part of her forces out of Servia. This partially explains but does not diminish the extent of Servia's victory.

Servia's Victory

On the morning of December 16 a fleet of German cruisers appeared out of the fog and made a raid on the east coast of England, shelling the Yorkshire towns of Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. The bombardment, which lasted a half an hour and covered the space of about fifty miles, resulted in great loss of property and in many injuries and deaths. The alarm was given at once and the German squadron took to flight, dropping mines as they went, by which three steamers were sunk. The warships got back to Kiel, as is supposed. Certainly they suffered no harm from the British. It is a matter of a good deal of surprise that they should have been able to escape detection by any ship in the North Sea for so long a time. The incident is said to have no military significance beyond the morale which it has restored to the German fleet, and as a demonstration that the British patrol was not so effective a blockading reliance as was generally supposed.

Raid on English Coast

England has taken the first step toward the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. The Khedive having taken sides with Turkey, England declared that "Egypt is placed under the protection of his Britannic Majesty, and will henceforth constitute a British protectorate." Prince Hussein Kemel Pasha was then invited to become Sultan under the new régime. He has accepted. Practically speaking the change is only a nominal one, because Turkey, although actually possessing suzerainty over Egypt, has long since failed to exert any authority. England has been its real governor for at least thirty years, during which time the Khedive has been to a great extent a figurehead. Turkey was unwise in forcing the issue on the Khedive, and England has profited by her opportunity. There is little likelihood of her being forced to maintain her authority by arms, as the people of Egypt are indifferent to anything but a life of peace, and their army is largely officered by Englishmen. Turkey also narrowly escaped involving herself in war with Italy. A British Consul had taken refuge in the Italian consulate at Hodeida. Turkish officials seized and dragged him off by force. The Italian Government protested, and in addition to an apology and the release of the Consul, made other demands. Turkey has not acceded to the demands, nor has she made a formal apology. Italy has expressed dissatisfaction, and the incident not only promises complications, but may have serious consequences.

Turkey

Austria-Hungary.—A Vienna paper calls attention to the mighty influence exercised over the people in the present crisis by the Holy Eucharist. It is the Real Presence of the Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament which attracts the multitudes that throng to the churches for strength and consolation. It is the Eucharist and its zealous propaganda, carried on during recent years, which has now brought back the cities, threatened with a fatal indifferentism, to Him Who alone is the Way and the Truth and the Life of the world. Speaking in particular of "hundred-towered Prague," the writer shows how the Eucharistic adorations and the thoughtful words of admonition spoken during these exercises were the seed that is now bearing rich fruit. In Prague, as probably throughout the entire monarchy, the prayers for the success of the imperial arms are said before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for adoration. The enormous crowds that gather there, the depth and fervor of devotion, all bear "the seal of Eucharistic inspiration." Thus the zealous labors of Pope Pius X, prompted by the Spirit of God, have prepared the world not only to reap profit from the present trials and punishments, but to provide hereafter for a lasting peace upon the basis of a true and consistent Christianity. We note in this same connection that the *Bonifatius Verein* is gathering means for the foundation of a chapel automobile, which at present is to bring the Divine Source of joy and blessing more freely to the soldiers in the field, but thereafter is to be used in districts where Catholics are sparsely settled. It was the American experiment which gave them their idea.

Austria and the Eucharist

France.—The parliamentary budget committee has decided to ask a levy of one billion, seven hundred and fifty million dollars for the first half of the year 1915. This is an increase of something more than one billion dollars over the corresponding period in 1914. What war means to the internal affairs of a nation is shown by the fact that no increases are to be allowed for agricultural development, rivers and harbors, railways and roads, or schools. On the contrary, every reduction possible is to be made in these departments; and the funds thus saved will be devoted to national defence. The war session of Parliament begins on December 22, and it is thought that, without discussion, the Government will get what it asks. It is officially estimated that the expenditures for war purposes in 1915 will total two hundred million dollars monthly.

The Budget for 1915

M. Maurice Barres proposes to introduce a bill in the Chamber of Deputies, providing for the establishment of a national holiday to commemorate Blessed Jeanne d'Arc. M. Barres, who is not a Catholic, on more than one occasion has championed the cause of persecuted French Catholics. Some months ago M. Barres brought to the attention of the Government a flagrant case of petty persecution near Rambervillers. After a battle the corpses of a number of soldiers were brought to the churchyard. On account of their number they could not be taken into the church, and hence the pastor, erecting a temporary altar in the churchyard, said Mass for the souls of the deceased in the open air, in the presence of the bodies. This, it was claimed, and probably with truth, constituted a violation of the law, and the pastor was served with a writ for carrying on religious services outside the walls of his church.

Petty Persecution

Germany.—In spite of the war Germany will be represented at the San Francisco Exposition. The German flag, we are told, is to wave over one of the fairest buildings in the foreign section. Its plans are to be drawn up by the famous architect, Professor Bruno Möhring. This has been the result of a mass meeting held at San Francisco, at which within ten minutes all the money necessary for the erection of the building was contributed by leading German Americans. Because of the difficulties in arranging for the German exhibit in such a way as to make it truly representative of German progress, the work has been taken in hand personally by New York importers of German wares. This undertaking will likewise serve to dispel the delusion that German industry has been practically destroyed by the war.

Panama-Pacific Exposition

Great Britain.—Many convents, monasteries, and other religious houses are now being used, wholly or in part, as hospitals for the wounded soldiers. The convents of religious women in particular are making heroic efforts to care for the Belgian women and children who have come into the country in destitute circumstances. The famous Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus is sheltering a large number of disabled Belgian soldiers. Twenty members of the community, it is said, have qualified themselves by successful courses in hospital work, to care for the sick and wounded.

Caring for the Wounded

The appointment of Sir Henry Howard, a diplomat of long experience, to represent the British Government at the Vatican, meets the approval not only of Catholics, but of the country in general. It is unfortunate, however, that a certain section of the press, quite ready to criticise the policy of the present Government, has seen fit to give publicity to the protest made to the Foreign Office by that discredited organization, the Protestant Alliance. Sir Eyre Crowe has answered the secretary of this association, assuring him that the appointment was forced neither upon the Holy See nor upon the Italian Government, and that the sending of an ambassador is in no sense a violation of the Italian law of guarantees. Many will feel that by this communication the head of the Foreign Office has given the protest an importance which it does not deserve. England's best friends must admit that the Government has shown no great alacrity to provide for the religious welfare of her Catholic sons, who are giving their lives for their country. There is no reason to believe that the patriotism of English Catholics, which has survived centuries of persecution, will fail them in the present crisis. It is a matter for regret that an action which may prove of great advantage to England should be used to spread anti-Catholic prejudice.

The Protestant Alliance and the Foreign Office

Ireland.—Mr. Redmond, speaking at Tuam, said that a treaty of peace having been made between England and Ireland in the enactment of Home Rule, it became Ireland's duty to bear cheerfully her share of the burden which the present crisis has cast on the civilized world. This duty had been accepted both by the Irish people at home, who, with the exception of a few irresponsible separatists and cranks, endorsed the pledge of their leaders of loyalty to the Empire under the settlement they had made, and by the great bulk of intelligent Irishmen in America. This duty they had performed. Despite the drainage of her manhood by emigration, Ireland had contributed more than her share of men, 89,000 in all, exclusive of some 40,000 from Britain and the colonies, and since the war broke out 16,442 National Volunteers; and the heroism of the Connaught Rangers, the Munster and Dublin Fusiliers, and other Irish regiments, should be an incentive to other Irishmen to join the defenders of their liberties. The daily *Independent,* a strong supporter of the Allies, pointed out that Mr. Redmond's figures included 49,000 regulars and reservists, and that of the 40,000 new recruits 25,000 were from Ulster, and nearly half the remainder from Dublin, where unemployment and special inducements facilitated enlistment. The regiments mentioned by Mr. Redmond had been practically exterminated.

Mr. Redmond's Position

Mexico.—A condition of downright anarchy prevails and the situation seems almost hopeless. The following communication from a Mexican gentleman who recently arrived in New York will give some idea of the present state of things beyond the Rio Grande:

Hopeless Anarchy

When Carranza took Mexico City, he rapidly applied to it the system of rapine, confiscation, arson and murder which since the revolution started had been the order of the day in all territory under his control. The houses of the wealthiest inhabitants were confiscated by the hundred, sacked and gutted. Huge sums of silver and gold were extorted, motor cars, private carriages and horses were stolen. Peaceable citizens were stopped in the streets and their watches, pocket books and rings taken by the scum of the soldiery. Numberless Government decrees appeared pasted on the walls: Decrees abolishing the judiciary, the courts of law, the police; decrees robbing all Government employees, and arbitrarily fixing the price of foodstuffs and grain and the profits of individuals; decrees forbidding employment of any nature to Spaniards; decrees fixing the hours of work by law; decrees against religious practices, against the Church, against priests, against common sense.

The city was given over to an orgy of military anarchy of a particularly aggravated nature, for it was not ordinary military anarchy, but the anarchy of soldiers who had no respect for their officers, of officers who had no respect for their commanders, of commanders who had no respect for their chief. Up to four weeks ago, when I left Mexico City, I saw this same orgy of horror prevail under Guttierez, who is merely a Villa-Zapata dummy. No man's house, property, wife or daughter is safe.

Worse conditions prevailed in the country. Priests were driven from place to place like wild beasts and many thought themselves fortunate when put to cut fodder for the cavalry of the insurgents, or ballast railroad tracks under a boiling sun. The churches were desecrated and the religious sentiments of the people outraged in ways which can not appear in print. The American policy has proved a very Vesuvius of ruin. It has brought about a condition of affairs that will take many years to remedy. It has put a party in power that can destroy but can not build up, and the peon, for whom all this was undertaken, is in a more miserable and wretched state than was thought possible before the revolution started.

An exiled Mexican prelate estimates that 300,000 persons have perished since the revolution began; the amount of property that has been destroyed is doubtless quite incalculable, and the fierceness of the persecution the Church in Mexico has had to suffer is well known to our readers. The American people could find matter for a New Year's reflection in considering how far our Government is answerable for Mexico's present condition.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Only Way

IN the quiet midnight at Bethlehem the Christ Child came into the world to begin in poverty and suffering the work of saving His people from their sins. He did not come to establish a temporal kingdom greater than the empire of the Cæsars. To Him the heart of one little child was dearer than all the panoply of princes. The true purpose of His mission was reflected in the persons of those who greeted Him on His entry into the world. No kings were there, but only they who loved Him best: the pure of heart and the poor. And as He lay, a little Child on the breast of His happy mother, He was born again in her spotless heart, and in the heart of the trustful Joseph, the man of faith.

Through the centuries the miracle of Bethlehem has been repeated in the hearts of Christian men and women who, like the shepherds, have been led to the manger to see the Child, with Mary His mother. Through the centuries they have gone back to the world with Christ reborn in their hearts through love, to teach the world that it can find salvation only at the manger of the Christ Child. And yet the dawn of this New Year rises red with the blood of battling nations, over a world which seems to have forgotten the birth of the Prince of Peace. Men cry out that this Christianity, founded by the Dreamer of Nazareth and preached by His visionary followers, has once more been put to the test and, as ever before, has failed. Petty philosophers, savants great in their own conceits, have railed so loudly against the efficacy of Christ's teaching in restraining the unhallowed desires of men, that they who timidly follow Christ from afar, ask themselves in bewilderment whether or not Christianity is worth the sacrifice of a whim.

Now, the answer is plain. No remedy can be efficacious if it is not used. Christianity can not influence the hearts of men who reject it. It is not a potent charm which destroys man's will and hales him against his inclination into the paths of righteousness. The fact that misery still grips the lives of men who are oppressed by the inhumanity of their kind does not prove that the teachings of Jesus Christ are worthless, that His Church has been recreant to her trust. It merely proves that men have rejected Christ's Church and with it His doctrines. Our Divine Saviour proclaimed that He was the only way along which men could pass with safety, through the turmoil of the world into the haven of eternal rest. "I am the way, the truth and the life." "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love, one for another." "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate and persecute you." "No man cometh to the father save through me." If men will not follow the way which Christ has pointed out, if they reject Him, through whom alone we can go to the Father, if they weave into the fabric of their lives, unholy deeds of pride and hatred and revenge, there can be nothing in this world but misery and unhappiness. The wretchedness that girts the world comes not from Christ's teaching, but because men bid Him depart from their coasts. They grieve, not because the Son of God has left them, but because their swine have been destroyed.

We need not fear that God has abandoned His Church, that the power which in the past formed saints and heroes has been withdrawn. But we may ask ourselves with profit, whether or not we have made Christianity a thing of nought in our own hearts. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love, one for another." Can we stand the test? In the year that is closing, our lines have been cast in pleasant places. God dandleth us, as Blessed Thomas More once said, as a father dandleth his child upon his knee, for that we are not strong enough to bear adversity. But in the houses of the poor in your own city, there is that bitter grief and sorrow which the completest resignation to God's will can only soften, not remove. Our Saviour in His agony sought, though He did not receive, the human solacing of His rough followers. There are some wounds, it would seem, that can be healed only at the touch of a pitiful human hand, tenderly laid on in His Name. It may well be that He wishes human grief to be soothed by the comforting of a human heart, that in the hearts which God has made grief may find some little likeness to the pitying Heart of the God Man, who in the days of His flesh went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men.

Gentile and Jew and Greek, we are all children of our Father in heaven. It is the will of our Saviour that in His afflicted brethren we should see and relieve His misery. "Whatsoever you do to the least of these my brethren, you do it unto me." How many of us really see the Face and Figure of Christ in the wrecked or battered men and women, brought low by disease or vice or poverty? Within ten minutes' walk of your own door there is misery enough to make your heart ache. What are we doing to lighten the burden of God's children? It may be that we can not do much to heal the broken hearts of Christ's suffering brethren, or to still the great cry of anguish that goes up to heaven, wrung from the souls of the world's great army of the oppressed. Nevertheless, the least thing that we can do for the poor and the afflicted in His Name is well worth the doing. To bring by a kindly word the light of joy into eyes that friendless nights of pain have dulled, to give a cup of cold water to but one suffering child, to take upon your shoulders only for a moment some small portion of your brother's burdens: these are the deeds that the grateful Heart of Christ treasures up as done unto Himself.

The recollection of the sum of our year's failings sometimes crowds unhappiness into our New Year's musings. But there is no room for unhappiness in the heart that loves and is loved. Whatever has been amiss in our past

can be righted if with sorrow we ask forgiveness. God is our Father. So our Saviour taught us to call Him, and thanks to His infinite love, He looks upon us for what we are, merely wayward children. Christ is our Brother, and for those who love Him all things work together unto good. Our wandering feet are set in the path that leads to heaven, when we love Christ who hath first loved us, and all men for His dear sake. It is the happiest way, this way of the saints; it is the only way, for it is the way which Christ has traced for us, and has illumined with the light of His love and His grace.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

New Thought

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you kindly outline in AMERICA the character of "New Thought" and its dangers. I have been told that whenever Catholics take an interest in the subject they leave the Church.

New Brighton, S. I. A. S. CAMACHO.

ANY one who is at all familar with "New Thought" will be surprised at the statement in the above letter. Those who can think for themselves will take no interest in the subject, for it is extravagant hodge-podge with no other foundation save the wild imaginings of a shallow, illogical thinker. Dilettanti and faddists in religion will find in it a certain cheap cleverness, together with some novel conceits and a bold denial of most that the world has hitherto accepted. They will, moreover, be flattered by the persuasion that to be indoctrinated with New Thought is to be better than the rest of men. They may be caught by some of its principles of conduct which, although wholly divorced from the supernatural, seem to make for a sort of selfish happiness or, at least, absence of care. But a person who can find an appeal in it can not be even a Christian at heart. Active adhesion to its tenets means apostasy from the Faith. No one can accept New Thought as expounded by Julia Seton Sears without professing undisguised heresy. It is so sweeping in its repudiation of Catholic doctrines and so daring in advocacy of absurdity that it seems necessary to set it forth in its own words.

"New Thought is a religion." ("What is New Thought?" p. 4.) Such is the official pronouncement of its accredited, though self-appointed American prophetess, the founder and pastor of the New Thought Church of New York City. To all Catholics it is an object of suspicion by that very fact. Its falsity is evident from its own confession. "New Thought is a product of the twentieth century thought and need; it has its birth in human experiences and human unfoldment." ("Freedom Talks, No. 1," p. 4.) Clearly, therefore, it makes no claim to divine origin, and it does not go back to Jesus Christ. In fact, it has provided a substitute for the Son of God. "While the old thought world prayed to its Jesus, the new thought world suggested to its subconsciousness." ("The Psychology of the Solar Plexus," p. 28.) Thus, while the old thought appeals to Jesus, the new thought appeals to itself. A pitiful substitute, surely! It sweeps away the need of salvation. "Man never had a soul to save; but he is a soul saved by his immortal birthright of union with the great Cosmic Mind or God. ("What is New Thought?" p. 4.) This is, of course, a denial of original sin, and besides unblushing pantheism. Redemption it regards as something simply superfluous. "It matters little to those who really understand Truth, whether Jesus the Christ lived, or whether He was only a symbol worked out by the imagination of men and priests." ("Freedom Talks, No. 2," p. 19.) "It has gotten away also from vicarious atonement." ("What is New Thought?" p. 6.) Nor has New Thought any place for Christ the Mediator or Christ the way, the truth and the light. "New Thought has gotten away from all idea of supplication or penitence; it calls for no renunciation, no denial, no limitations; it stands for boundless individual freedom." (*Ibid.*, p. 6.)

New Thought is also a philosophy. It claims to explain the secrets that have puzzled men's minds from the beginning. "Man is the highest point of localized atoms." ("The Psychology of the Solar Plexus," p. 29.) Man's physical body is only a combination of atoms attuned to move at its own vibratory rate, the outer substance is simply a shell, composed of separate points of intelligence. . . . The central undifferentiated atomic stream of intelligence within us is called our Spirit." (*Ibid*, p. 29.) Nor is that all. New Thought is nothing if not mystifying. "Our physical cell body is a crust of atomic intelligence . . . and within this physical body is another body of much finer substance because it is much more vibrant; and within this finer body or second is a third body of still finer substance, and so on, each body in turn holding another body, reaching the seventh dimension." (*Ibid.*, pp. 29, 30.) "These bodies can be separated and passed out at will by those who know the law." (*Ibid.*, p. 31.) So much for man's component parts.

New Thought's system of cognition is no less bewildering. "There are two distinct centres of higher action within the human body, one is related to the external world and its laws, and with its handmaiden is responsible for all our physical manifestations, and one which is in union with all the unseen metaphysical forces of the universe, and relates our human life with the wisdom of the ages past, and to come." ("The Psychology of the Solar Plexus," p. 9.) "The first centre . . . is the cerebro-spinal brain and its system of nerves." (*Ibid.*, p. 10.) "The other vital point . . . is the solar plexus, or abdominal brain of the physical body, the great storehouse of universal energy and wisdom." (*Ibid.*, p. 13.) "The solar plexus is the home of the ego or the spirit of men; it is the connecting link between man and the Infinite, and is the meeting place of the divinely physical, and the physically divine man. From the solar plexus we receive our visions called *faith*." (*Ibid.*, p. 14.) For proof of this startling system the

author goes to the Scriptures. "The psalmists say, 'His reins instructed him;' 'for righteous God trieth the heart and the reins;' 'my reins instruct me in the night seasons,' thus giving the clue to all visions and prophecies, and we know clearly what these men of old vaguely hinted, for the 'reins' are simply the solar plexus centre of the body." (*Ibid.*, pp. 15, 16.) Great promises are held out to those who master the system and become adepts. "The transcendentalist standing on the streets of New York can extend his vision and look at a building or street in Chicago or Cairo or London, while the surface man alongside of him can scarcely read the signs on the other side of the street." ("Freedom Talks, No. 2," p. 48.)

New Thought has a good deal to say of marriage. First of all it lays down a definition. ". . . Marriage on the human, personal plane is only the external expression of the cosmic law of atomic polarization through which the human conscience has evoluted." ("Marriage," p. 8.) "Marriage . . . in the human kingdom is called affinitization." (*Ibid.*, p. 8.) Then it proceeds to describe the process. "In the very beginning of our being we were emanations from the Absolute which passed out into individual consciousness." (*Ibid.*, p. 8.) This is pantheism pure and simple. The next step is evolution and metempsychosis of the most complete type. The "soul mates" start on their "cosmic journey" through endless "reincarnations." "They have met again and again in the mineral kingdom, they have journeyed through all the evoluting stages of the vegetables, they have contacted all the different polarizations of the animal, and have passed through all the affinitizations of the races behind them." (*Ibid.*, p. 11.) So they go "through all the centuries, meeting, parting and again dividing to meet again in new states of consciousness." (*Ibid.*, p. 17.) "On the cosmic journey they met in every possible form, and in the incarnations in the human plane they met sometimes as father and son, sometimes as father and daughter, brother and sister, uncles, cousins and friends, and in others as mother and son, and then when the hour struck for centralization and equalization of all the states of consciousness they met and lived an incarnation as husband and wife." (*Ibid.*, pp. 17, 18.) After a period of marriage they pass out again into new incarnations, now as men, later as women, until in the end they reach the true union. (*Ibid.*, pp. 18 sqq.) ". . . there stands ever ready somewhere on the path the perfect God-man and God-woman who will meet and understand." (*Ibid.*, p. 44.) "Knowing this, those who are unhappy in marriage can dry their tears," for in the end they will "transmute the man or the woman that they made for themselves into the essence of their divine mate." (*Ibid.*, pp. 44, 45.) Divorce has its natural place in the process. "Divorce is growth, and it is the law by which men and women escape the bondage of their lesser selves." (*Ibid.*, p. 23.) "Divorce is often the cosmic link between a life and its next step into deeper self-realization. It is the universal law of race freedom." (*Ibid.*, p. 23.)

It would be easy to go on multiplying quotations to show how absurd and impious and even blasphemous New Thought is, but the citations already given are more than enough. One of the most wonderful aspects of the thing is the assurance with which the priestess of the new sect gropes through a perfect maze of contradictions, never deigning to assign a reason or a proof, and always satisfied with what she is pleased to call her "deeper race revelation." How such a jumble of exploded theories and outworn philosophies can satisfy any serious mind, or be a real danger for any Catholic, is unintelligible.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Young Man and Commerce*

TO the young man with a fairly good all-round education, without special training in any particular profession or art, commerce is about the only career open. In spite of being inexperienced in commercial matters he who adopts this calling is often enough very successful even from the start. The reason, I suppose, being that his previous life at home, at school and while consorting with his friends abroad has served as a partial training and foundation.

In consequence of commerce not requiring long years of study in preparation for it, as do the professions, such as medicine and law, there is a very great number constantly seeking admission into its ranks, and the supply is much greater than the demand. But this fact need not and does not discourage the average youth endowed with a fair amount of perseverance and energy.

Naturally the first great desideratum is the obtaining of employment in a well established house, with a chance of advancement. This goal obtained, the prospect is bright, indeed, for one who takes a real interest in his work and applies himself to the best of his ability. I am assuming that the young man in question is not possessed of much capital or credit and can not start in business for himself at the commencement. Even to the owner of one or both of these requisites to independent entry into the commercial field, an essay of this nature would be hazardous in the extreme. He may receive much advice and many suggestions from friends; these are all very well in their way, but experience is the teacher *par excellence*.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the one object of the commercial man while engaged in his calling is the acquisition of wealth. There is no higher direct aim such as may be discerned in the medical profession or in that of the teacher. Still money is a necessity to all, and while there is nothing ennobling in the mere seeking for riches, on the other hand, the quest itself is by no means dishonorable if it does not engross us body and soul.

*The twenty-third of a series of vocational articles.

Absorption in the pursuit of wealth to the exclusion of everything else, and the dishonest practices which generally characterize the quest, are the two dangers which confront a business man and which have to be guarded against incessantly.

As an instance I might tell this anecdote about a certain prominent and much-respected merchant, with a reputation for uprightness in the community. He had a majority holding of stock in a corporation whose assets had dwindled to practically nothing, this fact being known only to the "insiders." Accordingly he determined to "get out," so he sold some small parcels to his business acquaintances, and then several large lots to a number of his friends. Still he was left with a considerable amount of this worthless stock on his hands, and was worried lest he should not be able to get rid of it before the public became aware of the true condition of affairs. Suddenly he bethought himself of an old friend, who lived in a neighboring city, and whom he had not seen for many years. He telegraphed this man that he was going down to see him and received a message in reply stating how welcome he would be. Arriving at his friend's house, he was received with open arms and entertained most hospitably. But before taking his leave he had accomplished his task, and "unloaded" the worthless stock on his host. The much-respected merchant then gleefully boasted of his shrewd deal to an acquaintance, and when surprise was expressed at such dishonorable conduct, the merchant's face was the picture of astonishment and injured innocence. Such men seem to have so deadened their conscience that transactions like the above actually appear to them perfectly straightforward and above board.

A business man, although at a disadvantage in not having with him always the asset of a profession, still has his own special commercial experience, which is often worth a great deal. This experience serves as a very good training to the mind, even in extraneous matters. The typical man of commerce has a good grasp of many subjects foreign to his regular occupation, and possesses more than the usual amount of practical common sense. He is sometimes apt to attribute everything to personal effort and, perhaps unconsciously, not to allow that Providence has anything to do with the shaping of his destiny. It is well to "work as if everything depended on oneself," but his dependence on God should by no means be forgotten.

As in everything else, hard work is the secret of success, and he who expects to draw the big prize by simply doing the minimum of work required, will be sadly disappointed. This country is an ideal place for commercial pursuits, owing to the magnitude of its resources, the wise way in which these have been developed, our extensive foreign commerce and the protection afforded business by the laws. It is true that of late there has been so much legislating that many producers have been considerably handicapped, and thus legitimate profits much reduced, but on the whole the Government lends a great deal of aid, directly and indirectly, to the commercial houses.

The amount of capital invested in the various corporations in the United States is formidable indeed, and the extent to which their management has been systematized is really extraordinary. Probably many a young man has rebelled against being treated so much like a mere cog in the wheel, and, no doubt, his complaint is frequently justified. Nevertheless, far be it from the writer to advocate the discarding of system; only let us try to ameliorate conditions and always to bear in mind that the cog in the commercial wheel is man, the noblest work of God, and entitled to consideration as such.

SIDNEY J. FINLAY.

A Revised Manifesto

THAT the year 1848 marked the transition from utopian to "scientific" socialism passes without question. Then it was that Marx and Engels issued the "Communist Manifesto," the so-called "socialist declaration of independence." This document is the most authoritative of all the literature circulated by the world-wide party of the revolution. In it "scientific" socialism lays down its basic principles and adopts its slogan. "Class antagonism" is its mode of evolutionary motion, while "workingmen of all countries unite! You have nothing but your chains to lose and a world to win!" is the shibboleth which has stirred the baser passions of hundreds of thousands, uniting them in an assault upon Christian civilization, national integrity, family purity and economic sanity.

The Communist Manifesto clearly sets forth economic class conflicts as to motive power: "The history of all hitherto existing society has been a series of class struggles." Pity for poverty, love for our neighbor, and desire for remedial legislation, is not socialism, says Liebknecht, who next after Marx and Engels gave shape to the socialist theories. No! it is not the religious unity of the human race, but the fact of class antagonisms that unites men under the red banner. Up to our time civilization has been evolved by the action of the incessant and the irrepressible class struggles. It now takes on a phase of "class consciousness," for the recognition on the part of the working class that it has a common bond which makes them one the world over, irrespective of race, creed, color or nationality; that their interests are diametrically opposed to the capitalist class interests, and that nothing save the overthrow of existing society can avail is a well-established phenomenon. This "class conscious" action, aided by blind forces working in the same direction, will set free a "classless" society, which is the goal of the human race.

The Manifesto sets forth the theory that each one of "the series of class struggles" has its own morality, its own religion, its own concept of racial and national dif-

ferences which are by the dominant class instituted to keep the working class in ignorance and subjection. When the workers as a whole shall have become "class-conscious" they will disregard these "capitalistic differences" which are now the means of chaining them to their economic masters.

With a fine show of injured innocence the Manifesto defends the anti-patriotic propaganda of the Internationale: "We are reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationalities. The workingmen have no country. We can not take from them what they have not."

So it was that socialism built its house upon the sand, and when the European war-cloud burst it washed out the anti-patriotic "class-conscious" foundation which Marx and Engels had laid down, and great was the fall of the structure of the world-wide revolution. The bomb that killed the Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, on June 28, marked the collapse of the movement in Europe, so laboriously builded during the last half century. When Austria, Germany, Russia, France and England issued their call to arms then was the profession of socialism put to the test and the unreality of its principles was writ large by its failure. Not alone the leaders, but the followers discovered that they have a country; that they have something besides "chains" to lose; that love of country is a very active fact; that the economic class-bond of the working class is secondary to the national bond. So the fact is that socialists of all countries in the conflict, except, perhaps, Russia, are voluntarily fighting in the interest of their respective countries.

Surely it is evident to the socialists here that their European comrades have abandoned their principles in favor of love of country. The official organ of the Socialist party of Massachusetts (the *Leader,* Boston, August 21, 1914) asks: "What in thunder is the use of our fundamental principles if we fly off the handle the first chance we get to really demonstrate their international application?" What, indeed! Having abandoned their professions it should be to them a signal to disband, for their foundation is washed from under them by the patriotic blood of their comrades across the water. The socialists have bragged the world over that a war between the nations of Europe was not of human possibility, that a call to fight would mean death to those responsible for the order, and would sound the tocsin for the social revolution.

But since its voice in Germany, Austria, England and France is dumb, has the Socialist party here any notion of leaving socialism to its fate? Evidently not, for "Comrade" Hillquitt has doctored the foundation principle of the Communist Manifesto and the revolution has taken a new start. The New York *Call* (August 22, 1914) thus explains that it never bragged about Socialism's ability to maintain a world peace by means of internal conflict: "If we [the socialists] had bragged about our power to do so, there might be some humiliation felt by us." Admitting that "humiliation" only comes to those unable to "amend" their fundamental principles, there is plenty of evidence to show that treason, mutiny and the general strike were advocated as a means of getting control of private capital.

The Socialist party of this country has been carrying on a special propaganda among the men in the Army and Navy to win them to socialism and to treason, as they boasted they had succeeded in doing in Germany; they thus hoped to paralyze the military arm of the nation; to instil in the minds and hearts of the men those vicious principles which would make them refuse to obey their superior officers when ordered to fire, but turn "roundabout face" instead, and kill their commanders. Accordingly a circular letter was sent out by the California socialists advocating a deluge of socialist writings for soldiers and sailors "to make them disloyal to their masters," for the reminder is given that "there is such a thing as mutiny." "All it requires is a properly directed effort on our part and we can have a general mutiny simultaneously with a general strike." (The *Socialist Voice,* Oakland, Cal.)

Some years before this flood of war broke (March 27, 1909), under the caption "The Joke of Militarism," Robert Hunter was surely cultivating treason at the expense of national peace. To quote (the *World,* Oakland, Cal.):

> The German emperor does not fear the English nor the French, nor any other nation one-thousandth part as much as he fears his own people. All these gigantic armies gathered at the borders of the nations, looking fiercely across imaginary lines, are prepared for one order—"Roundabout face! March on your own kindred!" Since the days of the commune the nations of the world have been preparing, not for international wars, but for civil wars.

Carl D. Thompson, Director of the Information Department of the Socialist party, moreover, made the assertion: "We socialists are going to paralyze the arm of the nation when it attempts to prepare for war." And in refusing to become a member of the New York Peace Society (June 12, 1911), Morris Hillquitt boasted that

> the fear of a proletarian rising is one of the most effective checks on the bellicose expansion policies of the ruling powers, and the organized movement of socialism is admittedly an effective factor for international peace.

But since the general strike did not come off as it was scheduled, the time has come to patch up the socialist foundation to fit the fact that the European comrades are sacrificing their lives for their respective countries. So the work of repairing the rotten foundation of the Communist Manifesto has been done. Morris Hillquitt sets forth that, upon examination of this Socialist Talmud, he finds that but one word need be added "to revise the former philosophy of socialism" to make it up to date and in line with the actions of the socialists of Europe. That word is "national." Henceforth it shall be the Manifesto of Marx, Engels and Hillquitt, and will read:

"The history of all hitherto existing society has been a series of class and *national* struggles."

DAVID GOLDSTEIN,
Secretary, Boston School of Political Economy.

A Children's Crusade

ONE of the most romantic incidents in history is the children's crusade of the Middle Ages. But there is a crusade of our own day far more wisely planned. Successive Pontiffs have expressed their earnest desire to see all children of the Catholic world enrolled in its ranks. It is an undertaking, however, calling likewise for the cooperation of their elders, and in particular of parents, teachers and priests. "Its aim," as described by its promoters, "is to interest Catholics, and especially children, in the Foreign Missions, and effect the conversion of the pagan world by rescuing and bringing up as Catholics the numberless pagan children abandoned by their parents." Such, in the main, is the object of the Association of the Holy Childhood. Its desire is to offer to the Divine Infant the little neglected boys and girls of pagan lands and thus help to bring about through them the great purpose of His coming into this world.

We have here a true social work, performed in large measure by the hands of our favored little ones. It is a work which rightly deserves to be written at the head of every Catholic social program, since it is the introduction to all future social as well as apostolic service. It conflicts with no other similar undertaking, but is the preparation for every form of Christlike charity whether expressed in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in the extension of the Church in our country, in Negro and Indian mission work, in the amelioration of the condition of the poor or in any other noble and unselfish cause promoted in the name of the Saviour. Wisely, therefore, Pope Pius X assigned as the reason for his "ardent desire of seeing all Catholic children enrolled in the most pious and salutary Association of the Holy Childhood," the fact that this work "will admirably contribute to their proper education and draw down upon their families the choicest heavenly graces." But the solid results gained by the Association are not to be underrated, as can be seen from these official figures:

> It is estimated that the Holy Childhood now counts about twenty million associates; that it collects every year a sum varying from $800,000 to $850,000; that it supports 256 missions; that it educates nearly 600,000 children, saved from paganism and infidelity; that it baptizes about 500,000 children every year, many of whom die young, very many almost immediately; and that it has already in this manner sent not less than 20,000,000 children straight to heaven. The Association is now maintaining 1,550 orphanages, 11,650 schools, and 4,750 workshops.

Here indeed is a record of actual achievement which will put to the blush our vaunted commercialized social endeavors. As no lavish salaries are to be paid, comparatively small means have accomplished wonders. Yet what has been done in the past is only the merest indication of what can be done in the future by the united cooperation of all our Catholic homes and schools. Silently, constantly, the mighty work continues, pennies dropping from little hands, like the silent falling of the dew in the watches of the night, and full as fruitful. Alms and sacrifices and prayers are the means by which the world must be converted to God.

The working methods of the Association of the Holy Childhood are very simple. No enrollment or solemn reception is required. It is only necessary to give each month a contribution of at least one cent, and each day to recite a "Hail Mary" with the invocation, "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for poor pagan children." The contributions can be made semi-annually or annually in advance. There is no need of waiting for others to take the initiative. Mothers can make their children members of the Association immediately after Baptism. Parents or others will in this case offer the contributions and say the prayers for the little ones until the time comes when the infant lips can speak the words of pious supplication and the small fingers can themselves bring their contributions. In order still to continue after the age of twenty-one to share in the many indulgences it becomes necessary thereafter to be likewise a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. A donation of twenty dollars entitles to life membership and of sixty dollars to a subscription for life to the *Annals of the Holy Childhood*. Names should be sent to the Central Director of the Holy Childhood, Lock Box 598, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In the present great distress of the missions, cut off from their former sources of supply, even a small gift may prevent a great loss. Thus we are told of catechists in India who might be supported for a few dollars a year, yet who must discontinue their indispensable labors for want of this paltry sum. A few pennies might save children from death in China and procure for them the inestimable boon of Holy Baptism. The tiny hands are stretched to us, asking for help in the name of sweet Christian charity. What more acceptable time than the present to introduce this Association into our schools and parishes, dividing its members into groups of twelve in honor of the twelve years of the Childhood of Jesus?

A beautiful practice in this connection, and one that is of great material aid to missions, is "the buying of a heathen child." An offering of five dollars is usually made for this purpose. The donor is then privileged to choose the name the child will receive in Baptism and of acting as sponsor for the little one, whose soul is thus knit by the closest spiritual ties to its benefactor. It is a practice which should greatly appeal to all Catholic mothers. It may be that through this gift which they enable their children to bestow they will be instrumental in saving many a heathen child. At all events the angel of the little one thus bought for Christ will not forget the act of charity, and the little one itself will remember its kindly friend and sponsor.

We speak much in our day of social work. Catholics look eagerly for direction as to the best means of making themselves useful to their fellow-men. Yet the Church abounds with great social enterprises of the highest moment and the greatest efficiency. There is no flourish of trumpets; but there are instead lasting and solid results. It is necessary, however, to bring these from time to time to the notice of our people. We have here one such undertaking. There is no reason why every Catholic school and every Catholic home should not enthusiastically support it. Other works can be done without leaving this undone. We have a manifold duty toward our neighbor, and the missions abroad and at home, in both of which the Association of the Holy Childhood is concerned, have a rightful claim upon our generosity.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

A Catholic Daily Newspaper

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The very earnest and excellent article by Lawrence F. Flick, "A Catholic Daily Newspaper," in AMERICA of Nov. 14, I expected would precipitate a deluge of favorable criticism in the "Communications" department, thus awakening Catholics to a sense of obligation before which they seem utterly prostrate and at least place so vital a question on a par with "The Italians"

or "The Arrogance of Early Risers"; but I have watched in vain. How many I wonder who read the article realized, not only the crying necessity of a daily paper edited under Catholic auspices, but how much it would do toward conserving and fostering our holy Faith; and the respect the Faith commands wherever it takes a bold stand. As a business enterprise there is scarcely a doubt of the ultimate success of such a publication once firmly established on business principles. As Dr. Flick says "what people really want in a newspaper is the news"—what they want equally as much is news that is trustworthy. The Catholic daily then should first of all be a newspaper. We surely are not lacking in trained newspaper men to fill every department of a regular daily and its columns and the various departments of the paper should be ruled by true Catholic thought and ideals, so sound, so appealing and so different from the usual sensational, worn-out and unsatisfying brain food of the day. Even that part of the average daily devoted to mirth, the so-called funny section, could be improved upon and sketches and jokes brought up to a plane more nearly approaching real wit and the art of the old-time cartoonist.

This does not mean to decry all that our press of the day publishes. Much of it is really good; many of the editorials of the better class of dailies (those you can take into your homes) are excellent. They are the product of the energy and brain work of men who think. At the same time there is much on the very thin gruel order in the daily press as if the intellects for which it is prepared never could be strong enough to sustain anything of any substance. The average newspaper is very unprogressive. And we all know there is a decided hesitancy on its part to publish news of interest to Catholics and when it does it usually manages to get it upside down.

Many things in spite of the freedom of the press, apparently are not allowed to go into its columns at all. For instance it is a well-known fact that atrocities have always appealed most strongly to the newspapers, much more so than "the things worth while." Not only in war times are the correspondents sent out to gather in a harvest of atrocity stories, but at all times. Murders on the "Jack the Ripper" plan apparently make the finest kind of reading. Now comes a time that ought to really kindle the heart of the news gatherer with his own peculiar kind of delight. At our very doors are a plenitude of the most distressing and horrible atrocities perhaps the world has ever known, beside which Nero's acts were those of a gentleman; and while the news columns are giving more or less space to atrocities in Europe, many of which there can be little doubt exist only in the minds of men or are wantonly manufactured, the silence over Mexico is so profound as to be audible. Why is it? Not because the press is squeamish. Somebody knows why. And now we see it stated that Catholics are thinking of buying space in the newspapers in order to obtain justice, actually advertising for humanity. I very much doubt if such advertising would be accepted. The press is not altogether free. By having a press that is free, a much broader freedom would be spread over the country but a freedom guided by a love for truth and justice. Nor would such a daily be dependent upon Catholics alone for its support, although it would seem at least reasonable that the publication of such a newspaper would gain steadily almost from the start from the support it should receive from the very large Catholic population of this section of the country. Rightly presented it could not fail to be read by a fairly good proportion of the public at large because it would become known to be a paper that could be depended upon. There should be no attempt to teach religion in the columns of a newspaper. That would be too much like advertising. Some cults and sects are obliged to advertise. The Church alone can teach religion. But the simple recounting day after day, of plain facts, of things of intense interest to all thinking men could not fail to point to the dignity of our position and awaken many to a desire to investigate further into something that had wholly escaped them before. I hope to see a discussion in print of "A Catholic Daily Newspaper." By this means only will the wish of so many become a reality. The good influence of such a reality would be beyond all calculation.

Stamford, Conn. J. H. MILLER.

[AMERICA would welcome a thorough discussion of this subject by its readers. A number of letters have already been received and will be published as space allows.—*Editor,* AMERICA.]

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I take a deep interest in letters published in AMERICA, particularly those bearing on the foundation of American daily newspapers thoroughly Catholic. Candidly, I believe the difficulties in the way of such an enterprise are greatly exaggerated. I realize that a great amount of money would be required for the venture of even one such paper; but, on the other hand, if the proper men were to take hold of the project and it were under ecclesiastical supervision, many of our excellent Catholics would be glad to give generous support to such an undertaking.

AMERICA is doing a great work, but if through its efforts the foundation of even one great daily, Catholic and American, should result, think of the advantages to our holy religion. So let us have more discussion on the matter and, perhaps, some day our fondest hopes may be realized.

Nueva Cáceres. DANIEL J. GERCKE, V.G.

Need of a Catholic Weekly

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We need another national Catholic weekly, which shall be more popular than AMERICA, and shall specialize on attack as well as defence of God's Church in our country. If there is a smouldering spark of Catholic manhood left among our sixteen millions so boastfully quoted as belonging to this land of the free, let us stand out as one and combine in the one sole object to meet these calumniators and their abettors by a chasing down of their records and bringing them forth for their admirers to see and to judge. There are many papers and some magazines that do this work now ably but locally. The ones who need to do so seldom see them. It is strange that many of our neighbors who read this filth and hearing no refutation are inclined to believe that the charges are true. We Catholics need no apology. We are not aliens. Our priests were the pioneers on the missions wherever souls needed help or healing, and our Sisters have instructed and consoled and prayed for us since the early days. They have sought no worldly notice or praise. Their works call them blessed; and these devoted sons and daughters of Mother Church are the beloved of our memory, and have gone out from our own homes to give their lives to be spent in God's service and ours. Are we by our inert "Let it go" to become another France and wake up only when evil rules?

So then if every member of our federated societies will give but one dollar, a beginning of this paper would be secured. This is no penny proposition. We shall need a million dollars to start. We need the best talent, the most caustic pens, the most reliable detective agencies in these United States. We must fight the devil with fire. We need a million dollars to start, and we need much more. The dollars of our societies will incite our rich Catholic men to be generous, and our just cause energetically and skillfully presented and widely distributed will compel all lovers of truth to our side. Let us spend as much zeal in flooding our country with the truth as the children of the devil do in the service of their master. Let our paper be the *Whip* beating out to publicity from the last ditch, that all may see, the cowards no matter how high or how hidden, who back these filthy sheets and the Mexican bandits and assassins.

Let us make the price of our paper so low and its numbers so many that even the poorest can buy and learn that we are solidly one in earnest defense.

If some objector says this can not be done, let us point him some good examplars. When an enemy attacks our Jewish citizens, do they sit down and say, "Let it go"? No, they become one in defence and win. Look at the stanch little paper, *Fatherland;* only a few weeks old, but inspired by the love of a few men determined to defend the land of their blood from false witnesses, and already a force to turn the tide of opinion otherwise directed by Germany's foes. This little paper is a model for us to follow in our battle with the lies that are circulated against our Faith and our people.

A strong daily Catholic paper such as exists in other countries seems about due in the United States. Who knows but that the one we have suggested and called the *Whip* may be its fore-runner.

Coney Island, N. Y. PAUL BOYNTON.

Stimulating Signs of the Times

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Edward F. Murphy's article in a recent issue is stimulating to one's thoughts. I think his vision of the future is a true one. I believe, in fact, that the twentieth century will witness the greatest renaissance of Catholic faith the world over that has been seen since the darkness of the Reformation descended on the earth. Let me suggest a reason or two for this belief.

First of all there is the growing practice of daily Communion —the greatest "reform" (if one so may call it) in Catholic life since the early days of the Church. How can this possibly fail to bring a wonderful harvest of saints when the children of this generation grow up?

Second—I doubt if there has been for many centuries a higher level of personal holiness in the hierarchy of the Church all over the world than there is now. Spoliation and persecution have done their work of sowing and the grain is now in full growth.

Third—Philosophically the pendulum has swung to the end of its anti-intellectualistic extreme and the common-sense of mankind has revolted against pragmatism and subjectivism in their modern excesses. The scholastics (and Aristotle) are coming into their own again.

Fourth—Science—in the hands of the truly great seekers—has lost its arrogance and is retracing its steps one by one. Never has it known more than it does to-day because never has it been so near to knowing that it does not know, which is the beginning of all knowledge.

I doubt not that keener observers than I am could find many more signs in the times which would give us cause to rejoice for our Church in the new day that is coming.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Tribute to Protestant Generosity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I bear testimony to the generosity of the American Presbyterian Missionaries of Beyrout, Syria. On the ninth of November a rumor, that was only too well founded, got abroad in Beyrout to the effect that the Vali had given notice to Father Toujols of St. Joseph's College of the Catholic University not only that his house like the rest of the French houses was confiscate to the Turkish Government, but also that it was to be taken over by the Turkish soldiery within an hour. At once the head of the American Protestant Missions came and offered the hospitality of the American mission to Father Toujols and to the other Fathers of the University faculty. The rector was much touched at this charitable offer and signified his grateful acceptance. Later, however, he thought it prudent to consult the Consul of the United States, and to draw his attention to the fact that there was good reason to believe that the Turks would seize the French Fathers in spite of their having taken refuge on American territory, an act which might lead to serious diplomatic consequences. As the Consul thought the point well taken, and as the space of one hour which had been fixed for leaving the University was too short to allow him to consult his Government, the generous offer of the head of the Protestant mission was not accepted.

Accordingly the Fathers sought shelter with friends in Beyrout, and I have heard nothing more of them. They, however, as well as the other Fathers of the mission of Syria were much touched at the kindness of the offer, and will never forget the genuine sympathy it showed and the spirit of true fraternal charity from which it sprang. If you will be good enough to make the incident known to the readers of AMERICA, you will help us to do homage to the noble generosity of the Presbyterian Missionaries and to pay off some slight portion of the debt of gratitude we owe them.

PÈRE G. NOURRIT, S.J.
Procureur des Missions de Syrie, Égypt, et Arménie.

Concerning Anglican "Retreats"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of November 21, you ask, "Is the charm which certain Protestant Episcopalians find in Retreats, the charm of asceticism or estheticism?" and you assume that it is the latter.

Now, in justice to the earnest souls who make these Retreats, you are striking, it seems to me, a wrong note, when you write as you do. Whatever their errors, they are honest, and their earnestness should be respected. Surely, in a day when there is so much irreligion, it means something when from fifty to one hundred Protestant women gather together for a three days' Retreat. For these Retreats are both conducted and entered into with great devotion.

For example, take the Retreats conducted at a well-known Protestant convent; the first exercise is Vespers, which the retreatants sing with the sisters. From this time until the close of the Retreat *strict silence* prevails, even the first meal being taken in silence. At seven o'clock the first meditation is given, frequently preceded by the following:

> Ant. Come, My people, enter into thy chambers and shut thy doors upon thee.
> *V.* Let us go three days' journey into the wilderness.
> R. That we may sacrifice unto the Lord our God.
> Let us pray. O Lord Jesus Christ, Who didst say to Thine Apostles, Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile; Grant unto Thy servants, now gathered together, so to seek Thee Whom their souls desire to love, that they may both find Thee and be found of Thee. Grant such love and such wisdom to inspire the words spoken in Thy Name, that they may not fall to the ground, but may be helpful in leading them onward through the toils of their pilgrimage to that rest that remaineth, where, nevertheless, they rest not, day nor night, from Thy perfect service. Grant this, O Lord Jesus Christ, Who art, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Then, as before every meditation, is sung the *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

The first meditation is at seven o'clock, followed by compline. At seven in the morning is "mass" (by courtesy), at which nearly every one goes to communion daily. During the remainder of the day, there are three or four meditations, the Retreat ending on the morning of the fifth day. The

time between meditations is spent in prayer and recollection: books for spiritual reading are provided and there is always one sister with whom one may confer. Nearly every one goes to confession (which I never found esthetic!). The first Retreat which I made was given by an Anglican "monk," now, happily, a Catholic priest, and the opening meditation was on the "End of Man."

In your article you speak as if seven o'clock is not "early" morning; at least you put an exclamation point after the word. It may not be the "arrogance of early rising," but my experience of Catholic Retreats is, that it is the usual hour for Mass. I have made many Anglican Retreats and I know whereof I speak as to their personnel. There may be some who go from esthetic motives, but the majority are in deadly earnest and there is no make-believe about their piety. In one who has been associated with them and knows their earnestness and holiness, there is a great longing that they may come to have the fullness of those truths in which they so firmly believe; that for forgiveness of sins (through a good act of contrition), they may have the grace of absolution; that for spiritual communion, they may receive the body and blood of Christ.

I believe in their good faith as much as I believe in my own during my Anglican days. I can remember saying, more than once, after a Retreat: "Well, I do not, of course, know what I *might* do; but I can not conceive of such a thing as going to Rome. Why should one go? We have all that she has without her errors (!)." When the time came that I did go, I think that my friends were scarcely more surprised than I was. And when one realizes what the going to Rome means—that it is the daily joy of one's life—there must always, too, be the feeling of St. Elizabeth, "And whence is this to *me?*" knowing that in those left behind (for a time only, please God), there are souls who are far more worthy and whose lives would be altogether *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. So, I would bespeak your charity and your prayers for these Protestant retreatants.

New York. L. W. EMERY.

Woman and Public Activity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Women are needed, we are told by "E. C. H.," your correspondent in the issue for Oct. 31, "to form and mould public opinion." By what figure in Euclid does the lady figure it out, that public opinion is formed and moulded by the ballot? Does she hope to vote morality into her children, for instance, and manhood and character into her sons? If so, she is doomed to a sad awakening, and the future will not profit by the "tone" that, she foolishly believes, the ballot will furnish. In my years of experience as a journalist, I have often seen the folly of the woman vote, and I have many times demonstrated that, without the vote, woman is the great independent party, caring not a whit for any man or any party. Let me give some examples:

While employed on a powerful daily, my attention was called to a history used in the high school of the city. The book was an insult to Catholicism and, by its use, religious bigotry and intolerance were being grafted into the rising generation. I called the attention of many prominent Catholic men to the slanderous pages of the text-book, and was advised, in each instance, to go after the book, myself. I did so, and in spite of failures was persistent; finally the school board ordered the offensive book out of the high schools, on the protest of one lone, voteless woman. Not so long ago, I heard from a clergyman of that particular city that not in twenty-five years had so much been accomplished for Catholicity, as during my few years' service as a journalist there. Without the vote, I went after every specimen of bigotry that lifted its head to public view, and, I think, successfully put an end to many of them.

A few months ago, a relative of mine died in a western city. Since the days of the Civil War, when her father went to the front, that woman had taught school. For many years, she had been principal of the leading school in her city. She never wanted to vote, never attended a teacher's political rally, never cried out for "equal pay," because, being deserving and competent, she received it without the asking. In her whole life time, she never attended a meeting of the Board of Education, and as the board changed, never made any attempt to curry favor with the powers that be. What was the result? She was loved by her pupils, and her friends were as numerous as the sands on the shore. When she died, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, a former pupil, said that no man had done for the city, what that unpretentious teacher had done, and that her life was a model which the younger teachers might well imitate. The schools of the city were closed for her funeral, and the church was not large enough to hold the friends who gathered to pay their last tribute. Almost before her grave had been covered, a movement was on foot to name one of the new schools after her—this to a woman who was not able (lacking the vote) to give "tone" to the city of her birth.

No, "E. C. H.," if you are a woman of leisure, as I judge from your plaint, look about you for opportunities, there are many, to make the world brighter and to do good to your fellow men. Seek out the little children suffering for a mother's love and care; seek out the young women struggling for an existence in a great city; seek out the poor and the lowly, and minister unto them. And, even though the applause of the multitude or the glamor of the soap box do not reward your efforts, look to the time when you may hope to hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," of your Maker. For my own part, living in an age of woman's clubs, when chocolate and cake top off sundry enlightening discussions on woman's right and man's inequality, I have never had time to take a hand in the discussion. Life is too stern a reality for me. I have a mother to care for, a home to keep up, a young nephew to put through college, so I do not worry over the "tone" of the body politic. And when the clock strikes twelve for me, I only ask this inscription on my tomb-stone:

"Here lies a woman who never joined a club."

I. T. M.

Leaders Wanted

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading the affidavits concerning Mexico printed in recent numbers of AMERICA, I have found myself filled with indignation, and not the least reason for my feelings has been the realization of my utter helplessness to do anything to remedy the situation. What, I ask, are we to do about the matter? With each new number of AMERICA we express our opinion, but that is all. Our Catholic rank and file are at a loss what action to take. Who will lead us? Who will tell us what to do?

Jersey City, N. J. PAUL J. O'BRIEN.

A Help to Conversation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is every one's experience that to keep informed of the current subjects of educated conversation requires a great expenditure of time, much more, indeed, than most of us can spare. A few hours with AMERICA, however, provides a host of timely topics of the most varied character in almost every field of thought and endeavor. This advantage has been forcibly impressed upon me of late, and I take pleasure in calling the attention of AMERICA's readers to the fact that they are its beneficiaries in a way that perhaps they do not suspect.

Philadelphia. B. M.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

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"Later than You Think"

"IT is later than you think," is the striking inscription engraved on a sun-dial in Italy. "It is later than you think" is the warning given by the hands of the clock as they meet at the moment the old year dies and the new is born. The twelve months that have passed seem in retrospect to have sped by like so many weeks and the 365 days of the coming year, though in prospect they appear to be numerous, will doubtless pass for most of our readers even more quickly than have the days of 1914. Without question, "It is later than you think." There is, of course, a sombre roll of sins and failures, sorrows and mistakes, written in the memory of all who look back on the closing year, but happily there is also recorded, no doubt, a bright catalogue of conquests and blessings, joys and successes. All will regard, therefore, the closing year with one auspicious and one drooping eye, so to speak, but our forward gaze should be one of glad hope and cheerful confidence born of the very fact that it is indeed later than we think. Whatever good we were permitted to accomplish during the past year is now safely stored away, no doubt, in the granaries of God, and the evil we have done He has graciously forgiven.

It will be eternity in a little while. The time left us for finishing the work we were placed here to do is at best very short. No one can afford to waste the precious material from which heaven is made. The past, indeed, is no longer ours, but we have in life's journey a new stage to begin, which should be traveled with firm feet and courageous hearts. As we shall never pass over this road again, every opportunity must be seized to do on the way all the good we can, for it is later than we think. That all our readers, from thoroughly realizing this fact, may daily strive during the coming year to make happier and holier the lives of those in whose company they are journeying toward heaven, is the cordial wish of AMERICA'S editors.

The Pope's First Encyclical

AMID the angry charges and recriminations of the warring nations and their partisans, one clear voice has risen above the noise of battle, which declares authoritatively to all the real causes of the calamitous conflict, and the sure and only way of reestablishing and preserving true and lasting peace. Benedict XV's great Encyclical, reproduced in the current issue of the *Catholic Mind*, reiterates the dying prayer of his saintly predecessor that there be "peace on earth to men of good will," but points out that to be of good will is the condition on which men shall enjoy the blessing and fruits of peace, and unless and until they observe the condition, peace can not be theirs. They had not observed it. They had expelled Christ from schools and business and society and chancelleries, they had made material gains their goal and the law of might and self-interest their norm; they had rejected the laws of God and the rightful claims of human brotherhood; they had broken from the path of morality in heart and intellect and conduct, contemned the authority of God's Church, and as nations and individuals had trampled on Christian charity and justice. Tribulation was needed to bring home to rulers and peoples the wickedness of their folly, and the wisdom and peace-working beneficence of Christ's justice and law.

The Father of Christendom appeals to all Christians, and especially to his own, to bring about this result. Change of heart is more needed than a change of maps. Catholics, continuing the great program of Pius X, should respect the authority of Christ and His Church and of all lawful superiors, remembering that all authority is of God; should purify themselves at the fountain of Christ's Sacraments, extend the charity of Christ in thought and deed to all alike, and widen and strengthen social organizations that will remove the injustices and bitternesses of class against class; and thus by justice and charity and Christian conduct renew all things in Christ. Princes and rulers should remember that in excluding the teachings of Christ from the schools, and often from the Sanctuary, they have sown the seeds of immorality and anarchy and war, and that in depriving Christ's Vicar of the civil independence with which past ages had invested him for the safeguarding of the liberties of peoples and nations, they have excluded the effective intervention of the only impartial arbiter of peace.

The Holy Father was excluded from the Hague. Its laws and regulations have proved scraps of paper. The powers that excluded him have apparently learned a lesson from the calamities that so quickly ensued, and are now paving the way so that his intervention or support may save them from the effects of their folly. It is a time when all "who call themselves sons of the Roman Pontiff, be they near or far, should by just title unhesitatingly demand that their common Father be truly and in absolutely effective fashion independent of every human power in the exercise of his apostolic charge."

Hence, with his ardent wish for the earliest possible establishment of peace, the Holy Father joins his desire for "the ending of this abnormal situation which, from many viewpoints, is doing grievous injury to the peace of peoples." In the interests of their Governments as well as of Christian justice and charity and peace, it behooves the faithful, who owe him spiritual allegiance in all lands, to labor that the Father of Christendom, who alone of rulers has an equal and impartial interest in all, shall be restored to independence of each, and to join with him in his beautiful prayer that the Author and Giver of peace will grant peace in these our days and the Virgin Mother of the Prince of Peace will cover with her maternal solicitude and protection the Church and the world.

Let the Children Pray

THE awful war still continues. The efforts of the Holy Father to bring about a cessation of hostilities have failed. The united petitions of all the religious denominations of our own people have not been answered as we hoped. The supplications and the tears of orphans and widows have not been able to stay the carnage. One wonders what we could have done that we have not yet done. A letter from one of our correspondents contains a valuable suggestion. We quote from it in part:

> A recent visit to a Catholic church brought forcibly home to me the power of the prayers of little children. For fifteen minutes or more I knelt and watched them as they came and clasped their hands and prayed and gazed upon the tabernacle. Surely I thought if faith can move mountains the prayers of little children can through God's Providence do much to soften the hearts of warring men and incline their thoughts to peace.
>
> Chicago, Ill. C. M. Y.

May it not be that God has been waiting for the children? They, at least, have done nothing to make Him turn away His face. There has been no treason in their lives. They have never failed in faith, nor doubted of His goodness, nor been ungrateful for His kindness, nor hardened their hearts against His love. Besides we have the warrant of Holy Writ that with His sinless children He is always well pleased. Is it not possible that He may yield a compliant ear to them, where He has listened but not hearkened to us? Might not the close of the war be hastened, if parents and teachers, and all who have to do with children, would unite in urging a children's crusade of prayer for peace? A mystical emotion shook Europe in 1212, when a young shepherd boy of Vendome and a youth from Cologne gathered together thousands of children for the conquest of Palestine. What might not be accomplished to-day, if from out the hearts of our first communicants, and from the other innocent, youthful Catholic hearts, there rose a great wave of prayer to sweep over the troubled world. In every parish school and institution and home where there are pure, young lips to pray and hearts full of faith and love, this crusade might easily be organized; and then soon, who knows? the Child might give to children the peace He has not granted to those who are old.

University Religious Forums

IT may be a mere coincidence, but the same mail which bears a letter from the illogical "Indignabundus," inquiring why the communication, to which he forgot to sign his name, was not answered, brings the four-page leaflet of a "University Forum for the Discussion of Religion." The purpose of this Forum is to "discuss religion in its relation to certain aspects of modern thought." Now, while it is quite possible that these meetings are held in a real forum, it is quite certain that the university professor who conducted the initial meeting of the year, did not discuss real religion. He damned it. And to judge from the syllabus which he issued on the occasion, he damned it roundly, and without reservation.

For the better undoing of religion, religion which connotes an intellectual assent in the believer, and an objective something for the believer to believe in, the learned professor uncorked all the vials of his wrath, and threw the corks away. He will discuss religion, this heir to all the degrees of Doctor Pangloss: the fact that he knows nothing of religion as taught and practised by that small and inconsiderable body of skulkers known as the Catholic Church, and by some Protestants, only justifies him in dismissing them as men who recognize sincerity as an evil. He will write the praise of sincerity and the open mind all over his syllabus, and then bid farewell to both.

As the professor views it, the only religion worthy of a man who sincerely seeks the truth, has neither revelation, nor creed, nor God. It does not claim to teach the truth, because truth in religion is unattainable, and it scorns your allegiance. As a religion, it has as much influence upon conduct as the agglutinative languages, and is about as sacred as your last year's coat that you sent to the "Old Men's Home." It is a kaleidoscopic combination of opinions or negations, a shifting set of theories, whose validity is ever to be questioned; for this morning's truth may be to-morrow's most egregious error. If you do not find the combination you are looking for, and since religious truth is unattainable, you will not find it, throw the toy away and take up the things that are worth while. Kaleidoscopes are old-fashioned anyway: as old-fashioned as dogmatic religion.

There is another aspect to this matter. It is this. There may be religious forums in which religion is not made the butt of Herod, but we have never heard of them. The conclusion is plain. It may be that circumstances, joined with proper authorization, justify the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic universities. This, however, does not justify their patronage of societies and gatherings which attack the fundamental dogmas of Christianity. Our learned professor will say that this

statement voices the triumph of narrow-mindedness and bigotry. Frankly, it does. We Catholics are so narrow-minded and so bigoted, that we take the word of Jesus Christ, who told us that His Church would, to the end of time, teach all things necessary for salvation, rather than the word of a university professor who tells us that our Saviour was a deluded fanatic or a deceiver.

A Mighty Name

THE poet lapsed from worldly wisdom when he discounted the value of a name. In another planet perhaps a rose might smell as sweet, but not in the work-a-day world in which we live. Our world is dazzled by the magic of a name. It judges beauty by the name, it condemns or condones men's faults according to their name. Adulation, flattery and downright falsehood are its tribute to mere names. Names are the things it conjures with. They are its cloak for shame, its spur to deeds of high nobility, its tie strong with the strength of flesh and blood. In spite of Shakespere there is much in names. There have been names so feared and hated that they were like coals of fire, blistering and scathing the tongue; and there have been others so loved and reverenced that they were like oil poured out, honey on the lips, sweet to speak and sweet to hear.

Such as these last is the Holy Name. Not of man's choosing but of God's was the name of Jesus. God the Father selected it, a prince of the heavenly host bore it down on angel's wings to earth, a Virgin Mother bestowed it on her divine Son, the Incarnate Word deigned to have it for His own all His mortal life, and to take it with Him to His white throne beyond the skies. It is the name that Mary called over the hills of Nazareth in the days of joy; that St. Stephen cried out in ecstasy as he gazed up from amid the heap of murderous stones and saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God; the name that would not leave the tired lips of the Apostle as he preached to Jew and Gentile. That name is the first we lisped as children, and the last we pray to utter with our dying gasp. With it the Church closes all her supplications, in it is every man's hope that he may be saved. Who could tell all that there is in the Holy Name? It is the name of Jesus. It is the name of God.

This Vale of Sunny Shadows

IT has been well said that there will be no newspapers in heaven. Newspapers are largely gloom and sparingly sunshine. When you leave out wars, plagues, suicides, fires, obituaries, grand juries looking for "the man higher up," divorces, movements for "social uplift," agitations of various kinds, increase in the number of "dry States," feminism, all that remains to eke out a few rays of gladness are one or two weddings and the advertising columns, that most optimistic feature of modern life. Imagine a newsboy sent out with such head-lines as: "Interviews with a Million Merry Mothers," "Church Attendance on the Increase," "Happy Tenants and Happy Janitors," "Died Quietly in His Bed; Life without a 'Grouch,' Grumble or Growl." Alas, poor newsboy, you would hawk your papers in vain. Can it be that Homer was right in describing his characters as having a satisfaction in sorrow, as taking their fill of weeping? What is there in bad news that it should be cabled, while good news must wait for the mails, if it goes at all? The germ theory of disease is making us all uncomfortable these days. Are we at times carriers, we wonder, of some disease? Or do we number among our friends a Typhoid Mary, a Dyspepsia Dan, an Infant-Paralysis Iphigenia? Of this, at least, we can be fairly certain, that there is no dearth of gloom-carriers. For one optimistic Felix, you will find a thousand pessimistic Dolores.

There is a certain happy nun in a hospital, whose laugh has been said to be as good as a doctor. Better, we should say. That same nun, as her neighbors know, began early to laugh her way through life, and now that she has laughed herself into a convent and appropriately gravitated toward the hospital, it is to be desired that all the hospitals of the world do at once call up her number and have that medicinal laugh telephoned to all the patients. It is sadly premature to put Dante's despairing sign over the gateway of life, "Kill-gloom" is the post-office address of one cheerful mother; it ought to be the address of every home. In that case fewer would be persuaded that the hour before the dawn is a long time coming to an end. What is inscribed on the banner you fling to the breeze in the parade of life, "Abandon hope" or "Kill-gloom"?

There used to be one fountain, ever gurgling forth joyousness in life; one source of sunshine that had experienced no eclipse. That was the "good old days." Men and women in their darkest moments could say: "It was different years ago." But it remained for our time to reduce that happy age to a myth. A German professor began to look up the pot of gold where that rainbow of optimism came down, and he found that in the "good old days" of our generation there was an united dirge, wailing about contemporary woe and pointing back to the "good old days" of a former time. Back he went from generation to generation, from century to century, and the "good old days" kept ever ahead of him. When he got to Homer, he found the Greek poet lamenting that the sons of heroes were worse than their fathers. Homer's oldest hero, too, was the loudest in praise of the "good old days" when he was young.

There is, however, one unfailing source of brightness. Some people have adored the sun, and perhaps do so still. The sun deserves much respect, but not idolatry. The sun is the earth's painter and lamp-light and hearth-fire and life-giver. Yet it casts shadows, and they are not always bright and warming. Far more cheerful is that sunshine in whose shadow even health and life is found, as the first Christians discovered, and laid their sick

where Peter's shadow might fall upon them and make them sound. What a foretaste of heaven if our door-bell was a signal in every instance for the entrance of Peter with an antiseptic shadow, rather than of some infectious pessimist, who dilates gloomily upon the "hot-enough" sunshine and gloats over the depressing fact that the idolized sun is marred with gigantic spots, and, moreover, that the spots are responsible for all the storms of earth!

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

V. THE VOICES WHICH ENDURE*

THE voices which endure, what a variety of riches faces us here: all the poets whose poetic tradition is that of De Vere or Wordsworth, perhaps, or of Browning, or of Swinburne, or of the Pre-Raphaelites! Many of these are among the best loved and most worthily loved of our Catholic contemporaries: Emily Hickey, Rosa Mulholland—if one might but include here that dearest soggarth, Father Matthew Russell! —Lord Alfred Douglas, and, hearth-side and altar-side poet of half a century, our own Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly. Miss Hickey had won a name to conjure with even before she won her Catholic laurels. She was born at Macmine Castle, Ireland, the daughter of an Anglican Canon, and the granddaughter of "Martin Doyle." With Dr. Furnivall, she founded in 1881 the first Browning Society, and that same year was issued her own first volume, "The Sculptor and other Poems." By much verse of great beauty, and by her scholarly prose and lectures, she has for a quarter of a century done brilliant service to English literature. It is much to be rejoiced in that she came "Romeward, homeward" early enough to bring the Catholic note, the Catholic intuition, into the great body of her mature work. Miss Hickey's poems have been much influenced by the medieval strain, by that delicious body of Old English and Middle English poetry which hovered on the borderland between romantic ballad and devotional ecstasy. One looks not only to "Our Lady of May," nor to "Havelock the Dane," for this medievalism; it is present with beautiful completeness in the "Later Poems" issued last year. "The Ballad of the Judas Tree" should be read entire, for only so may its blending of thirteenth century naïvete and nineteenth century subtlety be appreciated. But since the limits of space hold us down to fragments, we can scarcely steal a lovelier one than this from the "Visitation of Our Lady":

Who is passing along to-day,
Traveling on her joyful way?
Angels guard her and guide unseen,
But she goeth not an earthly queen,
This, the Lady born to be
Queen of Heaven for eternity.

. . . . . .

A spring shut up, a fountain sealed:
But where she passeth, children play
Good and joyful the livelong day:
And tear-dimmed eye and hearts that ache
Are glad for her lovely unknown sake.
Yet none of them dream how God doth rest
In the still shelter of her breast.
Swift she goes till her quest is one
And she greets who carries the wondrous son;
The babe who leaps in his mother's womb
Because the Mother of God is come!

*The fifth in a series of literary papers by the author of the "Poets' Chantry."

A medievalist again, but rather in the decorative sense, is Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland); from whom in the last two decades we have had much prose, but all too little of the delicate colorful, Pre-Raphaelite poems. There is a strain of quite unearthly beauty in the best of her work—a light that never shone on land or sea perhaps, but which is at home none the less in the eyes of Botticelli's Virgins. What lines could more perfectly transcribe the bitter-sweet of those Florentine visions than this opening of "On Arras":

An old purple tapestry
Swaying in an ancient chamber:
There I saw the Virgin Mary,
She was robed in amber.
Her blue eyes adored her child,
Her pale mouth of roses sweet
Opened fair and faintly smiled.
When she stirred her shadowy feet
Under her gold drapery
Silver lilies round them curled:
Feet that walked the thorny world!

A little strange to some it may seem to meet Lord Alfred Douglas in this group, yet scarcely more strange than the daily ways of life's fulfilment. This curious and outstanding figure in the last two literary decades, son of the late Marquis of Queensbury, and quondam editor of the London *Academy,* is not new to English poetry: he is merely new to us, a convert of the last year. Yet for a specimen of his Catholic note, one might turn validly enough to the "City of the Soul," published in 1899, and even to a poem written much earlier: written doubtless during the "Renaissance of the 90's," the renaissance of Wilde and Beardesley and Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, and the other esthetes, who, almost to a man, and by what devious ways are known to God alone, found grace at least to die within the Church! How many lovers of English Catholic verse know Lord Douglas' "Ballad of St. Vitus," with its visions of angels dancing merrily to flute and angelot, and

The blessed light of Mary's face,
As she sits amidst sweet pleasant sounds,
And how that Christ is the Prince of Grace
And hath five flowers that be His Wounds?

When Lord Douglas flung out as a very battle cry of his poetic criticism that fine phrase that "All good art is necessarily on the side of the angels," he was, philosophically at least, predestined to the crusader ranks. And after the "Apologia" poem, with its impatience of mere "morals, ethics, laws of life," and its intemperate zeal to "kiss the lips of the seraphim," one might have foreseen the end. Sooner or later, the militant, paradoxical earl was bound to see his own prayer fulfilled, to

Pluck of the flowers that nod,
Row upon row upon row,
In the infinite gardens of God.

That is just the point, for poetry, and for her circumscribed reviewers: the "gardens of God" are infinite! We may not count the flowers; we can scarcely even count the gardeners.

But there remains at least one gentle garden hand which not to recognize would leave the present summary poor indeed. Three generations of American Catholic readers would rise in protest if Eleanor Donnelly were not cited among the voices which endure: lovers of her "Tuscan Magdalen," or the "Christmas Carols," or the "Rhyme of Friar Stephen," or of the multiplicity of gentle legends which have sung themselves through the twelve volumes of her collected verse. Miss Donnelly has been almost as productive as Aubrey de Vere; and with much of De Vere's own consecration she has given herself to Christian poetry. Facility and felicity; these are the difficult graces she has managed. Never an "ocasional" laureate gave herself more whole-heartedly; never a monk of old loved better to meditate upon the mysteries of Our Lord or of Our Lady, or to transcribe the sweet "hagiographic romances" of the Desert Fathers,

or the dear St. Elizabeth or St. Hubert and his stag. One little-poem must be singled out for illustration; let it be a "love letter of the fourteenth century," a much supernaturalized and sacramentalized love letter, a page, truly, from the Ages of Faith. Here is Miss Donnelly's rendering of the unique epistle of "Saint Elzear to Saint Delphina":

So far, good wife, and yet so near, so near,
Absent—yet ever, ever close to me;
When loyal hearts in loving Christ agree,
Long sev'rance doth not cost a sigh or tear.
For lo! if thou shouldst seek thy spouse most dear,
Beloved! thou shalt know him to abide
Within the open wound of Christ's blest side,
Steep'd in that Love which casteth out all fear.
Call to me, sweet, and I shall answer thee
From out the great Heart of the Crucified;
There let us meet—and we shall, joyous, flee
Into Its depths, and 'mid Its fires hide.
For, if our hearts in Christ's united be,
Nor Time, nor Death, our spirits may divide.

Charles Lamb was very right; we need a thanksgiving before books rather than before meat. It would do no harm, even, to offer up an extra parting grace for the voices which endure in our Catholic poetry. KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Saint Columban. By GEORGE METLAKE. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $2.00.

This is a book which really fills a long-felt want. Though St. Columban shares with St. Columcille the fame of Ireland's greatest monk and missionary, and though there was copious material available for his biography, we have had hitherto no adequate life of him in English. It is gratifying that the work has been done at length, and done well, by a frequent contributor to AMERICA. This beautifully bound volume of 270 octavo pages is a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the period on which the Irish monastic founder and missionary left such a lasting influence. The rapid generalization of Ireland's religious development from the fifth to the seventh century, based mainly on foreign sources, is not always accurate, but throughout the European continent the author is on surer ground. His survey of the relations between Church and State in the chaotic and lawless Merovingian period, and of the equally murderous and anarchic conditions during the Lombardian sway in Italy, throw much light on the difficulties that Columban and his monks had to contend with, and on the wonderful virtue and power of the man who, unwelcome as a foreigner and a fearless denouncer of evil, in every instance triumphed over the united forces of despotism and corruption.

It is an epic story, the march of this "King of monks and driver of the chariot of God" through France and Switzerland and Western Germany and Italy, everywhere challenging to combat the mightiest in State or Church whose lives or deeds were evil, and planting for future ages great nurseries of missionaries and teachers in the valleys and on the hillsides, whence they evangelized tribes and peoples and laid the foundation of European civilization.

The author would have been wiser to follow the example of Jonas of Bobbio, Columban's first biographer, and give less space to the Paschal and "Three Chapters" controversy, which were only important because seized upon by the enemies of Columban as a pretext for his destruction. In this and other matters more discrimination could have been shown in following foreign sources. Hauck and Döllinger are both quoted with approval, the former as saying that Columban was the only Irishman who had a lasting effect upon the Continent; the latter, that hundreds of Irish missionaries proclaimed the faith, established or reformed monasteries, founded seats of learning and thus became the benefactors of every nation of Europe. It is quite natural that the author should consider the Irish saint from a German viewpoint, for it is German scholars mainly that have "Investigated every phase of his varied activity as monastic legislator, herald of the Gospel, apostle of penance, promoter of intellectual culture and the arts of peace in an age of blood and iron," and bestowed immense and painstaking erudition on the editing of his works and the collection of materials for his life.

The coming year, 1915, will witness St. Columban's thirteenth centenary. The Faculty of Maynooth College have offered a large prize for the best life of the Saint. An Irish writer may give a fuller and warmer picture of the Saint; it will be difficult to present a more learned or comprehensive review of the man and the period. There is a valuable bibliography and chronological appendix.

M. K.

Richard of Wyche. By Sister MARY REGINALD CAPES, O.S.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

The history of the Church in England and secular history up to the year 1570, may be said to be so intimately connected that ecclesiastical history is practically the history of England, and to study either while ignoring the other is to get a false view of contemporary events. There is no reign in which the affairs of the Catholic Church and the English realm were so interwoven as in that of Henry III. As a child the young King had been placed under the guardianship of the Pope, conjointly with that of William, Earl of Pembroke, and the Church took a prominent part in civil affairs. It was the reign that witnessed the coming of the Friars to England, saw the country rent by civil war, and a saint, St. Edmund, in the Chair of St. Augustine: it was in this reign too that St. Richard of Chichester, Richard the Englishman, arose to adorn the Church with the merits of his life.

It was a time when England was still "Merrie England," and Richard the Saint was a man of his time. This is what the author has tried, with remarkable success, to show. His early days, his youth of poverty and hard labor, then later, his studies at Oxford and Bologna—though the book loses much of its atmosphere for want of a better and fuller description of student life at these universities—his companionship with St. Edmund of Canterbury, his ordination and consecration to the See of Chichester, his trials and edifying death, are all very human, and show the reader that Richard was not only a saint, but a very live one. The hagiologists in depicting the saint are prone to forget the man; but the author of the life has avoided this pitfall.

In the interests of historical truth Sister Mary Reginald does not gloss over facts such as the feeling in England against papal taxation and the intrusion of foreigners into benefices. This is one of the protests against the papacy dear to our separated brethren, who, however, entirely overlook the fact that the protest was of a political or economic nature, and had nothing whatever to do with the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, which was as established a fact then as it is now. The author, in passing, has occasion to allude to Anglicans, which she does with exceeding grace and courtesy, of which many contemporary writers might take note with advantage. The account of St. Edmund of Canterbury is meager, and might well be expanded; but the life is eminently readable both from a historical and religious standpoint. Cardinal Gasquet's "Henry III and the Church" should be read with it to give a more complete understanding of the conditions under which St. Richard lived.

H. C. W.

Norah of Waterford. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.10.

A Far-away Princess. By CHRISTIAN REID. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.35.

The charm of this story, from the pen of Rosa Mulholland, lies not so much in the novelty of the plot as in the keen insight into Irish life afforded on almost every page. The novel deals with the old theme of rack-rents, eviction and consequent sorrow and suffering. The character of Norah Fitzgerald, the central figure, presents in a striking way the sterling qualities for which the women of her class have ever been conspicuous. Courage in adversity, the patient bearing of suffering, fidelity in the strong, pure love which bound her to the man she finally weds, are a few of the threads the author has used in the weaving of this pleasing character. The accurate details of the story's setting will rouse pleasant memories in the minds of those whose privilege it has been to tarry there a while. It is refreshing in these days when there is such a prodigal use of ink and paper to no purpose, to come upon a story of this type.

In "A Far-away Princess," Christian Reid takes us into quite another atmosphere, but the story is none the less charming. An artist, the son of a Maryland governor, marries an actress in Paris, who has won great fame for her rendition of the leading rôle in Rostand's "La Princesse Lontaine." The immediate result of the marriage is intense anger on the part of the governor, who determines to disinherit his son. The latter finds himself forced to go to Africa as artist representative of a Paris journal. The Princess, coming to America, incognito, meets and completely wins over the old governor, to whom her identity is eventually revealed. A series of interesting developments leads to the rather unexpected *dénouement*. The character of the Princess is built upon principles of faith and solid piety and so we are not surprised that her idea of the marriage-bond is not in accord with that of the modern school of divorce. E. P. T.

Vocations for Girls. By MARY A. LASELLE and CATHERINE E. WILEY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $0.85.

The authors of this volume have gathered from many sources a great deal of information which will be of inestimable value to those whose duty it is to guide young girls about to decide upon a vocation. The book takes up many of the occupations in which American girls are engaged and discusses them freely and intelligently in fifteen chapters. Then follow three chapters on miscellaneous subjects and the volume closes with an excellent bibliography, thus enabling readers to continue their studies further, if they so desire. It is gratifying to note that the authors have words of praise for all honest work, even for domestic service. In fact the whole tone of the book is lofty and encouraging. It is to be hoped that teachers, especially those in Catholic schools, will give its contents serious consideration. Should the volume rise to the dignity of a second edition the authors should expand their excellent remarks on character and add besides a chapter on religion in the working girl's life. R. H. T.

Through Siberia, the Land of the Future. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Translated by ARTHUR CHATER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $5.00.

On August 5, 1913, Captain Nansen, the hero of "Farthest North," set out on the steamer Correct from Tromsö, Norway, to undertake with a Russian-Siberian company the navigation of the ice-packed Kara Sea that lies between Nova Zembla and the Samoyede peninsula of northwestern Siberia. The boat rounded the peninsula at 73° north and on August 26 entered the Yenesei, having proved that with care and skill the Kara Sea is navigable, a result of incalculable importance for the industrial development of Siberia. Nansen sailed or motored down the great Yenesei River, which connects Mongolia with the Arctic Ocean in its three thousand mile course and has nearly as large a basin as the Mississippi, took the trans-Siberian train through Irkutsk. Transbaikalia and Manchuria to Vladivostok, and circled the rich Amur district on his return. He has much to say on the tribes, places, peoples, ethnological and geological questions, industrial, social and political conditions, and the China-Russian problems created by the Japanese war, but his main purpose is to inform the world that, rich as is Siberia in gold and mines, it is far richer in its agricultural possibilities and is destined to be the inexhaustible wheatfield of the world. Russia is now bending its energies to settle and develop it, and when a regular shipping line is maintained through the Kara Sea, the problem of profitably exporting its products will be solved. The nearly five hundred pages of the book, and still more its 168 illustrations, are full of interest. M. K.

Popular Sermons on the Catechism. Vol. I. From the German of REV. HUBERT BAMBERG. Edited by HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

This is the first of a series of volumes which the translator promises as a contribution in English to the movement for instructive preaching to the people, a movement which received so powerful an impetus from the late Holy Father, Pius X. It is a collection of instructions covering the articles of the Creed, and for clearness, simplicity and unction it leaves nothing to be desired. There is no attempt in these sermons to be brilliant, but they are delivered with all the directness and warmth of a pastor who knows and loves his people and has implicit confidence that he is doing them the greatest possible good, when he puts them in possession of the truths of our holy Faith and shows them how they are to make these truths the guiding principles of their busy, every-day lives.

Although the work in the original is of a practical kind and therefore not pure literature, yet one can not help feeling that in the translation it has suffered considerably even from a literary standpoint. For even though the translation has been made from stenographic notes, and perhaps all the more for that reason, the translator should have had a little more regard for English idiom in the choice of words and phraseology. But the work itself, as a model and a help for carrying out the late Holy Father's instructions, deserves high praise. H. A. C.

Im Kampf um Lourdes. Ein deutscher Roman von LUCENS. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.15.

"In the Battle for Lourdes" is more than a well-written story. It is defence, in novel form, of the great Catholic centre of Mary's manifestations to the world, the object of so many recent attacks. The author's method is interesting. Dr. Wallasch, a German medical specialist who has won fame and wealth but has lost what was far more precious than these, the faith of his childhood days, makes a visit of scientific research to Lourdes. Infidel medical journals are impatiently waiting for his promised letters that are to discredit the famous shrine before the eyes of the scientific world. Various historical cures meanwhile come under his personal observation. The story of Bernadette is learned by him from an eyewitness and he visits the convent in which she died. Particularly interesting is the acquaintance he makes with a character represented in Zola's "Lourdes." Elsie Rouquet, the name given her by the French romancer, was no other than Marie Lemarchand, later Madam Authier, mother of five children. Her dreadful physical condition before her cure at Lourdes is accurately described by Zola, but in defiance of all facts he made her die of her disease. When remonstrated with, the infidel writer simply replied

that he was free to do with his characters as he pleased. Her face, frightfully eaten away by lupus and ghastly in its unsightliness, was instantly healed during a single immersion and her cure was permanent. The struggle going on within the mind and heart of the German scientist is well described by the author. Conversion meant for him repudiation by his university, the loss of his professorial chair and of his standing among his comrades, whose idol he had been. God's grace proved strong enough to overcome all these difficulties and to enable him to follow the lights given him. His conversion, however, was in reality the fruit of the sacrifice made for him by a religious, a friend of his childhood, who died at Lourdes, where she had been brought for a cure. For fame and wealth he has received grace and faith and happiness at Lourdes. J. H.

The Awakening. By HENRY BORDEAUX. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35.

"The Awakening" is a well-written translation of "Les Yeux Qui S'Ouvrent," whose author had one of his works crowned by the French Academy. It must have been better than this, or the Academy was indulgent. It is the story of a divorce suit, that is begun because the lady has not learned how to humor her brilliant husband and he finds another who does, but is abandoned when they ascertain that happiness does not lie that way. It is advertised as "a formula for married happiness, a recipe for domestic content, a solution of the divorce problem." One wonders if "From the 95th French edition" is as great an exaggeration. The only approach to a solution is the wise interference of a very excellent mother-in-law, a formula that is not always available or acceptable. She is also one of the few agreeable characters in the book, and the only one that is actuated or influenced by religion. The others have forgotten how to pray, and the author does not require them to remember. The ending is almost as unsatisfactory as the beginning, but doubtless quite as true to life. One hopes that the present crisis and its consequences will provide better inspiration to the clever writers of France. M. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Compton Mackenzie, the well-known English author whose "Carnival," "Youth's Encounter," and recent novel, "Sinister Street," have placed him, in the opinion of many American and British critics, among the foremost of the younger writers, was received into the Church some months ago, though it was only lately that his conversion became generally known. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie's step indicates the beginning of a movement among English authors similar to the one that has taken place among French writers.

The current number of *Catholic Mind* is an appeal for peace. The issue contains a translation of the Holy Father's recent Encyclical and several shorter articles bearing on the attitude Catholics should take regarding the lamentable conflict that is still raging in Europe.—With an attractive January issue of 280,000 copies, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart,* announces that before the magazine celebrates its jubilee in 1916 the zealous editor hopes to have doubled the present number of subscribers. AMERICA sincerely wishes that he may.—"The Hospital Ticket" in *Collier's* for December 19, is a bit "bluggy" at times, but it depicts in spirited fashion the motives which animate our Sisters in their works of charity.—The December *Month,* which the war has delayed, contains a good paper by Father Smith on the miracles at Lourdes; a study of M. Jean Nesmy, the new "regional romancer"; an interesting article on the "Cabbalist and the Kaiser" by Father Thurston; "The Seeds of War and Peace" by Father Keating and several stories and poems.

"Heroes and Heroines of Fiction" (Lippincott) is a dictionary of famous characters and names in modern novels, romances and poems. The author, William S. Walsh, briefly analyzes the various characters he has selected, quotes occasional criticisms and, where possible, tries to assign historic originals. On Catholic questions he reflects the conventional English view. "Fabiola" is not mentioned, but "Callista" receives a place. In his treatment of Byron he cites the atheist Shelley as one of the witnesses to prove that Byron's "Cain" is not to be considered blasphemous. In general he strives to remain objective and simply describes the character and actions of the heroes of various popular novels and romances.

"The Secrets of the Elves" ($1.00) and "Capers: His Haps and Mishaps" ($1.50) are delightful books for children which the Devin-Adair Co. have recently published. The first is filled with prose and verse from the pen of Helen Kimberly McElhone and with pictures in color and in black and white by Albertine Randall Wheelan. Text and illustrations are equally charming, and a nicer holiday book for the little ones would be hard to find. In the other volume Oliver Herford relates in verse the diverting adventures of the dog Capers and its friend Bijou, while William J. Steinigan furnishes numerous pictures in color that smaller children and even their elders will enjoy. "The Stories All Children Love Calendar" (Lippincott, $0.14) makes an appropriate little New Year's present for boys and girls.

Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, the publishers of Phoebe Gray's "Little Sir Galahad" ($1.35), announce that they will give to the Belgian Relief Fund ten cents for every copy of the book that is sold between now and April 1, 1915. The novel tells of Mary Brown's and Francis Willet's romance which begins in their childhood and continues until she leaves the glove counter to marry her employer's son. Not that the romance, we hasten to add, ends necessarily then, but that is as far as the story goes. The book takes its name from Frank's band of little Galahads, who are ever hunting for wrongs to right and persons to "uplift." It is a cheerful story, but deficient in "artistry," as the reviewers would say. ——"Freckles," a novel by Gene Stratton Porter (Doubleday, $1.50), has been issued in holiday guise. The story, like the illustrations, is not strikingly artistic, but it is fairly interesting, and best of all, does not strive to awaken attention by appealing unworthily to the unlovely tendencies which are found in most children of Adam.

The Catholic readers of the Chicago *Dial* must have been pained to find in a recent number of that journal a short article on "Treitschke's Casuistry" in which this passage occurs:

> "The impulse of a youthful State to destroy an old and decaying State is higher than all maxims of positive law. The statesman who acts unwisely is immoral." And in still more unmistakable terms: "When a State has the choice between the moral and the immoral it should choose the moral, for good faith is in politics a real power, but it is often possible to obtain a moral purpose only by immoral means, although not every moral purpose sanctifies immoral means." That this Jesuitical doctrine, as well as other precepts inculcated by the lecturer, aroused occasional protest, etc., etc.

The success with which this ancient, often refuted calumny has contrived to creep into the columns of so well-edited a journal as the *Dial* is remarkable. Perhaps the author of the foregoing excerpt would be interested to hear that a comfort-

able little fortune has more than once been offered the person who can prove that "this Jesuitical doctrine" of the end justifying the means, is that taught by the Society of Jesus. The purse is still unclaimed.

Julian Street's very amusing little story, "The Need of Change" (Lane, $0.50), first published five years ago, proved so popular that it has now been reprinted thirteen times. The new edition of Mr. and Mrs. Wooley's laughable experiences as guests at Easthurst Hall is illustrated with four appropriate drawings by Flagg.——"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" (Longmans, $0.25), by S. T. Coleridge, are now issued in a new edition with additional notes by Mr. Herbert Bates. The notes are not overdone, and the young scholar can learn the ballad without having his attention drawn aside by absurd and irrelevant comments.——Kenedy has just gotten out a translation of Bishop de Gibergues' beautiful study of "Simplicity." It is a neat little volume that should be very helpful in these days of growing complexity in the most ordinary relations of life. How to see God always and how to serve Him constantly is its burden, a lesson surely that is much needed in a world so forgetful of divine things and so utterly self-centred as that in which we all must live.

"Jones and Smith Discuss Socialism," by S. Shell, is a reprint of a series of dialogues which first appeared in *Our Sunday Visitor* (Huntington, Ind., $0.10). The author has a firm grasp of his subject in dealing with Marxian Socialism and its modern applications. His arguments to show the futility of Socialistic promises and the impracticability of the Socialistic commonwealth are interesting and convincing. Much likewise in the constructive portion of the pamphlet is excellent; but we can not approve of all his suggestions. Thus he sees no valid reason why the toilers could not be put in possession of the establishments in which they work by legally enforcing in their favor the methods adopted to give back the soil to the Irish tenants. The Government would advance money on a low rate of interest to the employees and the present owners would then be obliged to sell their interests. We can not admit the parallel, while the execution of such a project would be destructive to social order. New compulsory reappointments would, moreover, constantly be called for. Cooperative societies and copartnership are not an advance toward such an ideal, since they are of an entirely different nature.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton Co., New York:
Sinister Street. By Compton Mackenzie. $1.35; Kent Knowles "Quahaug." By Joseph C. Lincoln. $1.35.

Benziger Bros., New York:
An Introduction to the Mystical Life. By Abbé P. Lejeune: translated from the French by Basil Levett. $1.25; Roma. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Part VII. $0.35.

Devin-Adair Co., New York:
The Secrets of the Elves. By Helen Kimberley McElhone. $1.00; Capers: His Haps and Mishaps. Illustrations by William J. Steinigan. $1.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Norah of Waterford. By Rosa Mulholland. $1.10.

Paulist Press, New York:
The Spiritual Life. By Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Evidence in the Case. By James M. Beck. $1.00.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston:
Little Sir Galahad. By Phoebe Gray. $1.35.

John F. Smith Co., Rochester, New York:
Course of Study for the Diocesan Schools of Rochester, N. Y.; Acta Synodi Roffensis Tertiæ.

Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:
Franz Brandts. 80 Pf.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
Catholic Moral Teaching and Its Antagonists. By Joseph Mausbach. $2.50.

EDUCATION

Church Music in the Schools

MUSIC, like every other art, has for its object the embellishment of truth. It would engage not merely the intellect but the will as well. St. Ignatius' method of mental prayer is based upon the ordinary process of the human act. First, a truth is presented to the intellect, then the will is aroused, so that the act of some particular virtue be elicited. In the realm of musical art, this order is inverted. First, an appeal is made to the emotions through the senses, next the attention of the intellect is directed to the truth proposed. This latter process, it would seem, was natural to Francis of Assisi who must always sing, and who fell into ecstasy when he heard the words, *O Beata Trinitas!* The success of the artistic method depends upon the close union between the inciting manifestation and the truth which it points out, "of which it is the splendor," to quote an old definition.

THE PLAIN CHANT

It has long been thought that the material with which the musician must work, sound, the proper object of the ear, is more susceptible of abuse than the materials of the other arts, since it is less strictly allied and associated with definite ideas. This may be regarded as an error, and the eccentricities which one notes in contemporary plastic art, indicate an excess quite as disorderly as any of which masters in the department of tones have been guilty. Be this as it may, music has one great advantage over the plastic arts, inasmuch as in its highest form it is united to speech, man's most complete manifestation of his nature. It is this fact, undoubtedly, which has caused the Church to exercise an interest, a care, a supervision, over the music used in her service which she has not put forth in the case of the other arts. As has been remarked: "The Church says and has said, 'The chant is my song. I will tolerate other music provided it partake of the character of chant, but my music is the chant.'" Without presuming to read the mind of the Church, one may perceive several reasons why the plain chant is peculiarly suited to her purpose. First, the rhythm is not metrical but free; or rather, the rhythm of the chant conforms to that of the text, clothing it easily and flexibly. Next, the chant is sung in unison, making clearness and distinction in the declaration of the text, and permitting greater melodic variety than can possibly obtain in the case of many-voiced or polyphonic music. Other reasons arise when the actual study of the chant is undertaken. A very simple apparatus is needed for its execution. Memory is aided, for words and melody are so welded into unity, that they can not but be received as one by the memory.

ITS EDUCATIONAL VALUE

The part which music should play in education is determined by its nature and by the regulations of the Church. These regulations, it is hardly necessary to say, merely indicate how and when music assists man in the attainment of his end. The annual celebration of the Feast of St. Cecilia, on Thanksgiving Day, in Pittsburgh, exemplifies what educational advantages can be derived from faithfully following the regulations of the Church. Even the non-Catholic can see that music has "educational value"; that embodied in the daily schedule of the school, it serves as a welcome relief to the strain on the attention demanded by the other studies, and that it affords a very beneficial, though gentle, physical exertion. Music has a refining and uplifting influence. This has always been recognized. Moreover it promotes a sense of precision, proportion and order, and may be used to propagate patriotism and certain other ethical principles permissible in a purely non-sectarian curric-

ulum. But when the Church uses music in educating her children, music serves a higher purpose. It becomes a means whereby they are directed to their last end.

A Practical Example

Some details of the methods followed in Pittsburgh, may prove helpful. The usual plan was pursued of rehearsing, first with the teaching Sisters on successive Saturdays, the Gregorian Mass which had been chosen. Then the teachers prepared the school children, and all the schools were visited three or four times by the cathedral choirmaster. This secured conformity in the manner of singing, and afforded the opportunity of discovering and correcting, before they could become habitual, any deviations from the proper norm. When the thirteen hundred singers, gathered from eleven different parochial schools, taught by six different religious congregations, came together, without any previous joint rehearsal, they sang in perfect unison. This is the music that was chosen:

Hymn to St. Cecilia (Ancient Plain Chant) Pothier
Sung by school children
Ordinary Mass for Paschal Time *Lux et Origo*
Third Credo
Proper of the Mass in Honor of the Blessed Trinity
Offertory, Proper Recited: *Ecce Deus* Aiblinger
Choir of Men *à Capella*
Salve Mater Pothier
Sung by school children

In freedom and sureness, and in beauty of tone and clarity of enunciation, the children showed great progress over former years. The *Credo* which they sang antiphonally with the men in the loft, was magnificent in spirit and volume, and the closing prose to the Blessed Mother, seemed in its generous outpouring of sound from the enthusiastic little worshipers, to seek even a vaster space than that afforded by the great cathedral. It is impossible to describe the exalted and rarified mood created by the sacred words, borne out over the worshipers on the heavenly melodies of the plain chant, untrammeled by any instrumental accompaniment or interference. The Proper thus sung establishes a grade between the congregation and the altar, and inspires a consciousness of hierarchy in divine worship. The singing of the ministers of the Mass left nothing to be desired. Thus the intonation of the *Gloria* was its cue, the marvelous melody of the Preface was the inspiration of the *Sanctus*, the *Pater Noster* was the reverent glorification of the Lord's Prayer, while the *Ite Missa Est* with its *Deo Gratias* was the joyful lingering *Amen* to the Great Act.

Art and Worship

These celebrations are acts of worship in accordance with the will of the Church. In this lies their chief value. Their success is due to the fact that all concerned keep the end in view from the very inception of the work. "Why do we sing in Church?" the teachers ask. "To praise God and edify our neighbor," is the answer of the children. The Latin words are translated for them, so that they know what they are singing; correct, distinct, open enunciation is taught, always with reiteration of the motive: that the act is for God, and for God nothing but the best will do.

Here is true education. It begins with God and it ends with God. It has all the accuracy of the completest science. It is a training in the love of beauty. It brings in the unselfish Christian motive of serving one's fellows. It is art, science, religion, interpreted in the forms of Christian music.

There is much mourning over the lack of great works of art in our day, much senseless striving after art for art's sake. Great artists do not seek to produce great words of art: they seek to give expression to truths which have taken possession of them. The Church continues to be the sole faithful guardian and teacher of truth. That is why the incredulous age which rejects her has no art.

S. T. Otten.

SOCIOLOGY

Dilettanti Doctors

THE "uplift" bee has settled so snugly in Society's bonnet that it is very hard to dislodge him. Society at best is odd; but society madly intent on uplifting honest men and women is doleful. All the more reason, however, why we should do our small part to divert the vague energies of society to reasonable ends.

A great many women with more leisure than brains experience sooner or later strong dissatisfaction with their mode of life. I honestly believe that very few human beings are ever idle by preference; and most of them not only like to be doing something, but like to accomplish something as well. If a woman is fortunate enough, by mundane standards, to be born to a position of refinement and wealth, she is unfortunate, by stricter standards, in not being born to obvious usefulness. She is permitted by the dictum of her friends (and high or low, we are generally ruled by friends) to do many things, but to accomplish practically nothing. At some time or other this is bound to grate on her. She grows tired of seeing her energies result in burned wood. She would like, for a change, to see some new, fresh wood take definite shapes under her hand. And to satisfy this craving, she has resort to the "uplift."

An Easy Diagnosis

I once had to ask a prominent man what he could do for a certain good work. My question made him uneasy until I suggested that the greatest help he could give would be money. His face immediately brightened. "That is the easiest thing for me to do," he said. The prominent society woman is in the same situation. Being rich, the easiest thing for her to do at all times is to use her riches. Next to that, she prefers "visiting." For some reason, a rich woman always takes it for granted that her presence in a humble home must bring brightness and cheer. But after all, "visiting" belongs more to the charitable activities of society than to the uplift. To further the uplift, a society woman frequently devotes some of her resources to helping penurious playwrights and others, whose ideas and plays are fittingly morbid.

A morbid play is commonly supposed, in certain circles, to be a great uplifting agency. The lower the degradation painted, the greater the uplifting effect. But not all people, fortunately, believe that you can best be drawn to the beauty of the sun by looking into a pit; and in consequence morbid plays do not always succeed. Then it is that the playwright appeals to society women for help, lauds his work as moral and edifying, and eventually gets some well-intentioned woman to finance its production. This took place last year in New York when a so-called medical play was produced under the auspices of a number of prominent women and doctors. The play was thoroughly immoral, unsound in its philosophy and highly disagreeable in its details; but it was given ample publicity, and no doubt those women who patronized it are immensely satisfied to-day with their work as uplifters.

How to be Useful

Their ambition to be of some tangible use in the world is certainly worth encouraging. The problem we face is how to discourage their present ways of being "useful" without discouraging their ambitions as well. They are only following at present the lead of the mad homeopaths. They think the sight of evil will cure evil; which only proves how amateurish is their psychology. In fact, they are typical dilettanti, with all the dilet-

tante's enthusiasm and aimlessness and ignorance. They want to doctor humanity without a doctor's training; and they are frightfully sensitive to all criticism of their methods.

The task of the Catholic society woman who would bring the Church's message into her sphere of life is delicate. She must be a real diplomat. Of course, she can do a great deal by example alone; but she can do still more by well-timed suggestion. Remember that the Protestant women of to-day are genuine in their desire to uplift. What they lack is the guiding suggestion of the Church. They have not thought out the ways and means of uplift very carefully. They follow, for the most part, the lead of writers and educators and ministers, and often they merely take up and further a scheme because it seems novel. It is the privilege of Catholic women to show the novelty of the Church's message. Yet to some, the very notion that this privilege is theirs, is novel. These have never caught the meaning of the text, that one must not hide one's light under a bushel. The privilege seems to connote "preaching," exhortation, priggishness, even pharisaism. From this they shrink. But a simple statement of Catholic doctrine may be made, quite impersonally. The Church's teaching is a rich heritage in which we share.

AN OPEN STAND

A little over a year ago, some newspapers of the country featured an article by Mr. Chesterton which gave as the solution of the divorce evil the abolition of divorce. To the non-Catholic press this was a novel idea. They looked upon it as one of Mr. Chesterton's brilliant paradoxes. This shows two things very clearly. It shows that the average non-Catholic is supremely ignorant of what the Church has always upheld; and it shows that individual Catholics have been very remiss in not taking an open stand that would long ago have robbed Mr. Chesterton's "idea" of all novelty.

The Catholic society woman, then, has a special duty. She must suggest other ways of spending money than on morbid plays and books. She must suggest the novelty of looking at the sun occasionally. When her friends have once tried her suggestions they will be as enthusiastic about them as they are now about the uplift. The Catholic woman can also suggest that the poor do not always need to be uplifted. They are often far higher already than those who try to lift them. Cleanliness may be next to godliness; but there are so many kinds of cleanliness that we have to speak carefully. There is perfumed cleanliness, and soapy cleanliness and a clean heart which may often be covered by an unclean body. It is a suggestion worth making that if you clean your front porch and then sweep all the dirt from your front hall onto the porch, you are going about your housecleaning the wrong way. Before you place yourself next to godliness, be sure you have cleaned more than your front porch, and that the people you want to uplift are not busy cleaning their front hall before they clean their porch. They may be right and you wrong.

BEGIN AT HOME

There are many ways of doing good with money besides the popular uplift, and it is these ways the Catholic woman must point out. I know several women who refuse to buy from stores that patronize child-labor factories. But it is often difficult to find out from a retailer where his goods are made and under what conditions. Investigating committees require money for their work. Money spent for such committees is certainly better than money spent for a filthy play. This is worth suggesting. So, too, it is good to investigate the condition of the industries from which you derive your income. Before you seek ways of spending that income, be sure it is honestly made. Instead of being a dilettante and supporting others' ideas, look to yourself and have honesty, and in place of pride have love.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"The boy who is taken out for a stroll on a Sunday afternoon by his father," says Judge Scully, of the Chicago Juvenile Court, "is seldom the boy who gets into trouble." Judge Scully finds, and social workers will agree with him, that the lad who is tempted to follow the downward path, is the lad who is deprived of proper home influences. The tone of a family depends largely on the mother, but the father should not restrict himself to the humble though necessary position of breadwinner. In the opinion of many observers, too many Catholic boys, whose homes are fairly good in most respects, suffer from the fact that they know little about their father, and he knows little about them. Much has been written and sung of the mother's influence; the influence of the father has not received the attention which its importance deserves. The father who makes his boys his companions, at least occasionally, safeguards both himself and them.

The editor of a New York paper, which has proclaimed on more than one occasion, that it is a mighty factor in the work of guarding public morals, sees fit to jeer at the efforts of a superintendent of schools to compel his teachers not to scandalize the children by the impropriety of their dress. The superintendent had suggested that evil might be done away with by asking the teachers to adopt some uniform, such as that in use by hospital nurses. From a self-styled guardian of public morality, the superintendent might have looked for some sympathy with his ideals, if not with the methods by which he proposed to attain them. But he got neither. The guardian of public morality denied that there was any impropriety in the modern fashions, and held that even if there were, it was no concern of the superintendent. No stronger proof of the loss of all womanly ideals on the part of some women could be asked for, than the fact that heads of educational and similar institutions, in many parts of the country, have tried, and have failed, to bring about a change for the better in this matter of feminine fashions. "Never were the times so inclined to sensuality," writes the editor of a western paper, "and never did women offer so little resistance to it as at present."

The Benedictine monks of the Abbey of Maredsous in Belgium, who were dispossessed of their abbey and church by German troops, are about to settle in Ireland. They see no prospect of returning to Maredsous for many years, and Abbot Marmion, himself of Irish birth, has taken the lease of a castle near Waterford, where he and his monks will make a new foundation. The transference of the activities of this great monastic house to Ireland will be a great blessing to the surrounding district. In addition to their literary and educational work, the monks have carried on extensive farming operations, and support a large school of arts and crafts where boys are trained in such technical crafts as wood-carving, gold and silver metal work, church embroidery, etc. The settlement of the monks will have an important influence upon the economic prosperity of the neighborhood in which they make their home.

The report recently made in New York, that more than five thousand children in the city's public schools are underfed, has led the municipal authorities to devise ways and means of relieving them. It need hardly be said that among the first means of relief suggested by many, was that free meals should be supplied by the city. The New York *Sun* doubts the wisdom of this plan:

> The public school teacher who weighs her pupils to find out whether they get enough to eat must be very unpopular in "uplift-ueber-alles" circles, unless they find in her

figures of 9-10 of 1 per cent. underfed a sufficient excuse for forcing free meals on 100 per cent., regardless of the children's self-respect.

The cure suggested by the "uplifters" might bring temporary relief, but there its usefulness ends. That a city should supply meals as a first aid to the hungry, may at times be necessary; but if a community wishes to foster pauperism, one efficient means of doing it is to feed the public at the public expense.

What an English judge thinks of American "ragtime," may be seen in the following extract from a decision rendered by the Master of the Rolls. Proper protection had been asked in the matter of a copyright infringement.

> His Lordship had come to the conclusion that the idea common to both songs was as old as the hills. His Lordship said that as far as the words were concerned, he was struck by a want of similarity. There were catch-words and a certain jingle which caused a certain amount of similarity, but there was no infringement. His Lordship wished to add that he regretted deeply that such rubbish had ever been brought into court, or that such rubbish could claim the protection of the law. This protection, however, must be afforded, etc.

Americans, whose ears have been assailed by this particular song, will not file a demurrer with his Lordship who seems to have examined the matter with much care and impartiality.

"Are you a Jesuit?" Tennyson once asked a prominent English layman. The reply in the negative silenced, but, apparently, did not fully satisfy him. In reviewing the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," the *Tablet* shows how that noble Lord sometimes allowed his suspicions to run away with his judgment:

> James Hope, writes Lord Beaconsfield, the glory and boast of Scotland, who was to have been Sir Robert Peel's next Lord Advocate, the bosom friend of Gladstone, joined the "true faith" about a fortnight ago. Archdeacon Manning, the spiritual adviser of Sidney Herbert, about the same time, and horrible to say, was received not merely by the Oratorians as Father Newman was—the Oratorians being a sort of Papistical Wesleyans—but by the Jesuits whom he has joined.

It would be difficult, comments the *Tablet,* to crowd a greater number of downright errors and of more than doubtful rumors into a brief passage. Newman received by the Oratorians is bad enough, but Cardinal Manning, a Jesuit, is enough to justify Lord Beaconsfield's "horrible to say."

Dr. St. Clair McKelway, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, is also, according to the Springfield *Republican,* a "master phrase-maker." In his address at the Fiftieth Convocation, some weeks ago, Dr. McKelway said:

> It was Franklin who hoped for union without war. It was Lincoln who invoked peace for all. It was Grant who strengthened it by arbitration. It is Wilson who has taught it and wrought it by example and restraint. It was all of them and many others among the great who have hailed peace as the handmaid of education. And as custodians of education it is this Convocation that should magnify peace on earth, among men of good will. Only that can bring the best in the heart of man nearest to man's best conception of the heart of God.

The concluding phrase may be masterly, but it does not seem to be very clear, even after a second and third reading. Does Dr. McKelway contend that education can, and should take the place of religion in turning men to God? It is late in the day to assert that training the intellect, or refining the sensibilities, can effectually arrest the sources of evil in the human heart. Intellectual light is not moral power. A man may smile and smile and be a villain, and he may have all the learning of Solomon, with all the culture of Petronius Arbiter, and remain a dangerous citizen. Incidentally, the inclusion of President Wilson among the teachers of peace, merely shows that the headlines of the present Carranza-Villa war, were withheld from the chancellor's prophetic vision.

According to the New York Food Supply Committee, one cause of the high cost of living is the ignorance of housewives, who neither know how to buy food nor how to cook and serve it. Working girls and girls reared in the homes of the well-to-do seem equally at fault. Young women who have been employed in offices, stores and factories, perhaps from the time they were thirteen or fourteen years old, can hardly be expected to have acquired much practical training before marriage, in the art of housekeeping. Daughters of prosperous families, on the other hand, have the notion that it is not necessary for them to learn housekeeping. The question of prescribed courses in domestic science should be seriously considered by our academies and colleges for girls. A bright, cheery, well-kept home, with meals made as appetizing as possible, may be woman's smallest contribution to civilization, but it is a contribution that is absolutely necessary. If the tired business man doesn't meet comfort at home, he is sure to seek it somewhere else. Poor food leads to dyspepsia, and the only dyspeptics who are patient and forbearing are the great Saints. And without patience and forbearance from all, how is a home possible? Probably the majority of Catholic schools are fairly well equipped to teach domestic science, but in many of them the subject is optional. This may be the day of the twentieth century woman, but the girl whose training has taught her how to cook potatoes, stands a better chance of presiding over a permanently happy home than her learned sister, who, while she can trace Greek roots, is unable to boil eggs.

The Clerk of Cook County, which includes the city of Chicago, publishes from time to time a "blacklist" of persons to whom marriage licenses will not be issued. Names are placed upon this list on the recommendation of parents and near relatives, and sometimes at the instance of stern courts and public officials. Last week, for example, licenses were refused to Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, because information that these worthies were already married had been filed with the Clerk. A warrant for their arrest was then sworn out. The names of Richard Roe, aged seventy-two and Jane Doe, aged twelve, were placed on the blacklist, because of an objection made by Jane's mother. These are actual cases. Following them is a list of names of boys and girls, from fourteen to nineteen years of age, who in the opinion of their parents are too young to assume the responsibilities of married life. The Clerk announces that within one week he received word from fifty persons objecting to "puppy love" marriages, and unions inexpedient for other reasons. The complainants were fathers, mothers, sisters, jilted sweethearts, abandoned wives and police officials who have warrants for the arrest of prospective brides or bridegrooms. While it does not seem likely that substantial injustice will be done to worthy parties by this procedure, it is just possible that from time to time, unfounded objections may be filed by persons who have no right to interfere. In addition to this, critics have expressed their apprehension that the practice may increase the number of elopements and lead to other unpleasant consequences. But the Clerk's honest attempt to inquire into the relevant circumstances of those who apply for licenses, is worthy of all praise, and will probably prevent many hasty and improvident marriages.

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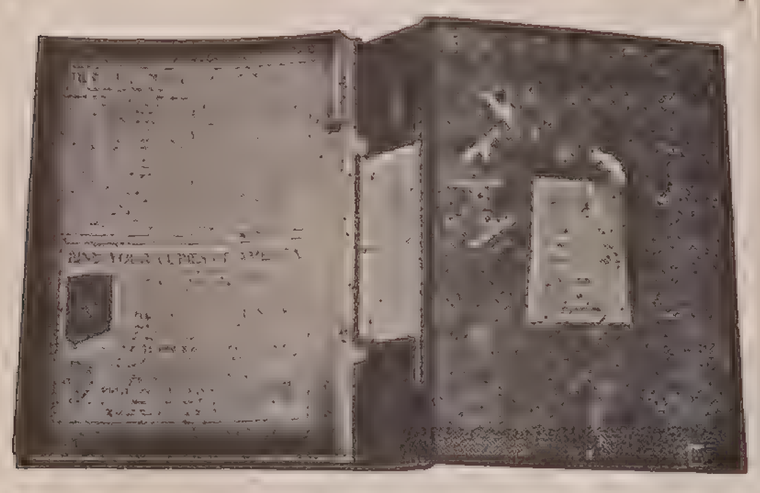
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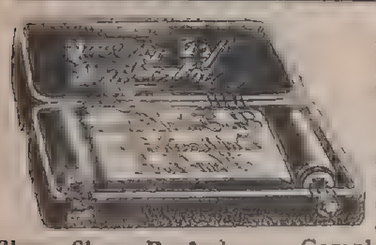
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Flanders and France the Allies have continued their offensive all during the week, and have made attack after attack at almost every part of the line. There have been innumerable engagements throughout the 350 miles of trenches, and although the gains of each battle have been measured by yards, the net result of the past two weeks' fighting has been a more or less general advance of an extremely varying character. Along the Belgian coast it is reported that the Allies have pushed forward at least four miles, between Arras and La Bassée a little more than five miles, in the Argonne three miles, and in Alsace as much as ten miles. At other points the Germans, though forced to give ground at times, have practically maintained their positions. Toward the end of the week the Germans resumed their usual method of defence by making strong efforts to recover lost ground. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, although for the time they forced the Allies to the defensive. There is every indication that the present slow but steady advance of the Allies will continue as long as the Germans concentrate their main attention on Warsaw.

Bulletin, Dec. 22, p. m.-Dec. 29, a. m.

Situation in the West

In the east the Germans are still making violent efforts to advance on Warsaw, but their progress has received a partial check. In the north, after having been driven back beyond the Prussian border to a line from Neidenburg to Lautenburg, they have massed their forces and again succeeded in fighting their way down to Mlawa. To the west of Warsaw, along the Bzura and Rawka rivers, desperate battles have been going on, but the endeavor to cross the rivers, and especially the Bzura, has proved very costly, and Berlin reports, that for the present, it has been abandoned. It is further south on the Pilica river that the Germans are making their principal attempt to reach the Polish stronghold, but even here they have not made any marked progress. The Russians, therefore, in spite of very large losses, especially by capture, are holding firm. Whether or not they will be able to do so in face of the reenforcements that are reported to be on the way to the Germans from Thorn remains to be seen. Still further south, along the Pilica and the Nida, Poland, and along the Dunajec, in Galicia, the Austrians, after having forced back the Russians thirty miles from Cracow, are striving to continue their advance, but apparently have come to a standstill. Przemysl, which was the objective of their strong northern drive from the Carpathians, has not been relieved. In fact, it is reported near its fall, and the likelihood of its garrison being saved is far more remote than last week. The Russians have not only paused in their retreat, but have resumed the offensive, and have retaken Jaslo. From Servia nothing of importance is reported, and the situation along the eastern Prussian border shows no change.

Situation in the East

A diplomatic understanding that seems to promise extensive modifications of Balkan geography was announced, though not officially, last week in a number of the important capitals of Europe. Roumania and Bulgaria, so it is stated, have come to an agreement according to the terms of which Roumania is to restore Dobrudja to Bulgaria, and Bulgaria is to observe absolute neutrality to the end of the war. It will be remembered that by the peace of Bucharest, Bulgaria found herself despoiled of almost all the fruits of the war

Diplomacy in the Balkans

against Turkey. Since, however, she was exhausted she had to submit passively while her three victors proceeded to carve up her territory for themselves and with no niggardly hand. Greece and Servia shared Bulgaria's portion of Macedonia, and Roumania took the long strip of land that fronts on the Black Sea, and is called Dobrudja. It is stated that negotiations were on foot to induce Servia and Greece to make concessions to Bulgaria similar to that made by Roumania. If this be true they have so far failed. The question has naturally arisen as to Roumania's motive. One of the answers suggested is to the effect that Roumania is about to enter the war, a thing she would not dare to do with Bulgaria waiting for the opportunity to recover Dobrudja. Roumania has been persuaded to make the sacrifice, so it is surmised, by the promise of receiving ample compensation in the shape of Transylvania, should the Allies win; for it is taken for granted that she will fight on their side. Greece, too, it is said, is not unlikely to enter the war, now that she also is freed from the Bulgarian menace. Her reward would be the long-disputed islands of the Ægean, and perhaps also Epirus.

German aeroplanes made two attacks on England during the week, one at Dover, and another the same day at Sheerness, 30 miles from London. In neither instance was any damage done. In the first case the German airship simply appeared, dropped a bomb and then disappeared; in the second an aeroplane flew up the Thames, was fired on by the forts and then engaged and given chase by English aeroplanes; it succeeded, however, in getting away. England retaliated later by making a raid with both warships and aeroplanes on the German naval base at Cuxhaven. The Germans gave battle, especially in the air, and after a spectacular, but not costly conflict, the invaders were driven off. Another daring feat is reported from the Dardanelles, where a British submarine succeeded in destroying three of the five series of mines which guarded the channel.

Other Items

Following on the revolt of the Albanians against the Turkish Government of Essad Pasha, the Italians have landed marines from their warships and have occupied Avlona. Their avowed purpose is to restore order, or at least prevent the state of anarchy which is reigning in the interior from spreading to the coast, and also to preserve the territorial integrity of Albania. It will be remembered that on a similar occasion, in October, the Italian Government landed a force at Avlona, in order to give security to those who were being persecuted by insurgents. At that time Italy's action seemed to be a menace to Austria's interests only. At present it may lead to serious consequences with Turkey, on account of the strained relations already caused by Italy's attitude toward Turkey's designs on the Suez Canal and by Turkey's failure to give full satisfaction in the matter of the British Consul.

Austria-Hungary.—A notable sermon was recently delivered by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna in St. Stephan's Cathedral before a gathering of ten thousand men, among whom were many high officials of the State and of the army. He eloquently set forth the truth often insisted upon by Catholics, that the present war is far from being an unalloyed evil. His heart, he said, was filled with consolation and joy as he beheld the changes brought about through the counsels of the Most High. The elements of social disturbance and of national discord had disappeared, and a fellow feeling united high and low in one devotion of love and sacrifice for their imperiled country. The materialistic shell of the times had burst asunder, and from within there gleamed forth the pure gold of moral strength at the heart of the people. There had been danger for many that a false culture would supplant religion, but now, that the rough hand of war was shaking to its foundations this self-complacent culture, men realized that in God they possessed their only Helper. Faith and the fear of God were springing up anew amid the destruction of all mere earthly things.

Providence in the War

Like a thunderstorm that swoops down upon the tree tops of the forest, and breaks and shatters to earth all that is not sound and strong and quick with life to the very core, so the war is sweeping away all that is decayed and worm-eaten with its own self-conceit. A holy, religious solemnity prevails. The sun of the nation's spiritual spring-tide has broken through the dark clouds of a long and sultry peace which had foreboded the coming storm and had threatened to make us slaves to earthly sensuality.

With earnest words of confidence in God, he continued, the soldiers had been sent forth to pray and do battle. The war had become a mission for them. Men were no longer ashamed to pray, their letters were pleading for prayers. A campaign of prayer at home was supporting the army in the field.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has expressed his gratitude to President Wilson for the Christmas gifts bestowed by our nation. The presents were distributed in every city and town of the Dual Monarchy. The American Ambassador pointed to these gifts as the best evidence that there are true friends in America. The presents destined for Hungary arrived at Budapest December 22 and required fifty-two wagons to bring them to the central place of distribution. The Hungarian Minister, Count Stephen Tisza, was one of the committee entrusted with their distribution throughout the country.

Thanks for Christmas Gifts

France.—Parliament convened on December 22, and voted the war loan without discussion. According to the Paris *Matin*, "French political degeneracy, of which our barbarian enemies make so much, exists, if at all, only in times of peace. The scenes attending the opening of Parliament show that France has attained the sacred union asked for by President Poincaré at the opening

Opening of Parliament

of the war." The address of the Premier was little more than a restatement of the reasons which led France to engage in the war, and of the determination of the French people not to lay down their arms until their honor is satisfied, and all future conflicts are put beyond the range of possibility.

France, acting with her allies, will not sheath her arms, until reparation has been made for her outraged honor; until she has united for all time to the French fatherland the provinces taken from her by force; until she has restored heroic Belgium to the fullness of her material life and her political independence, and until Prussian militarism has been completely crushed. Only then will it be possible to reconstruct on a basis of justice, a Europe regenerated. Let us continue to have one soul and tomorrow, in the peace of victory, we shall recall with pride these days of tragedy, for they will have made us braver and better men.

France and the Holy See

The belligerent Powers are now well represented at the Vatican. France, however, is excepted. This is a source of regret to many. M. Hanotaux, a former Foreign Minister, writing on the subject in the *Figaro,* expresses the belief that attempts are being made to prejudice the Holy See against the Allies, "While we, as a result of a fault which is forever regrettable, are without a defender. What is happening to our Catholic protectorate in the East?"

We are now at war with Turkey, by whom the voice of France will no longer be listened to. The successor of the great Leo XIII, who solemnly proclaimed the rights of a Catholic protectorate in the Ottoman Empire, has a duty which he will assuredly fulfil. But shall we leave all the work to him? Never was a permanent and complete *entente* between the Holy See and France more needed than at this moment.

Up to the present, the French Government has taken no notice of this public appeal.

Germany.—There was rejoicing in Berlin at the arrival of the American transport ship Jason with its load of Christmas presents. The papers devoted entire columns to expressions of appreciation. John Callan O'Laughlin and his delegation, who were charged to deliver the gifts, were received in the city hall by the chief Burgomaster, Wermuth, in the presence of the Italian and the American Ambassadors, and of the children of the Crown Prince. Wermuth, in the name of city and country, made an address of gratitude, saying that he was touched to hear amid the roar of cannons the sweet voice of charity. The German press was appreciative of the generous offerings sent from Chicago, and astounded at the large sums collected in New York. At a single bazaar for the widows and orphans of German and Austro-Hungarian soldiers, which closed December 21, a sum of about $338,000 was secured. Yet this is only one of the New York funds collected for this same purpose.

Christmas Largess

The soldiers at the front were not forgotten. The Bavarian King saw that every man in his own regiments was provided with Christmas gifts. The German and Prussian Ministers of State contributed thirty thousand marks for the soldiers who had no relatives or friends to provide them with presents.

Great Britain.—England is setting her house in order, and promises a warm reception to whatever invader may set foot upon her shores. The recent attacks have stimulated recruiting. Land forces are being mobilized with greater energy, and arrangements have been perfected, it is said, which will provide a ready defence, no matter what obscure place the invader may fix upon for the opening of hostile operations. Private letters from England give evidence that the people expect an invasion of the enemy, and are fearful, too, of the result.

Preparing for Invasion

The welcome given to more than three hundred Belgian refugees by Oxford, University and city, has been most cordial. Concerts have been given to obtain the necessary funds for the exercises, and these entertainments, together with a "Belgian Day," for public subscriptions, have brought in a sum of money which will maintain the unfortunate Belgians in some degree of comfort. After consultation with the professors decrees have been published, regulating the admission of Belgian students to university privileges. "Although the claims of their country have prevented all but ten or twelve Belgian students from entering," says the *Tablet,* "the professors, fortunately, are more numerous." Among the professors who have been invited to open courses, Professor Noel, of Louvain, has undertaken to spread a knowledge of scholastic philosophy, "by an address at the invitation of the graduates' Philosophical Society, and by a series of public lectures." According to a writer in the *Oxford Magazine,* quoted in the *Tablet,* "the Belgian professors have become quite an Oxford institution, and bring an element of charm and friendliness to this grim term." More than fifteen hundred Oxford men are in the army, and over eighty per cent. of the Catholic undergraduates have gone to the wars. Of these, David Kerr and Richard Snead-Cox have given their lives for their country.

Belgians at Oxford

Ireland.—There is a movement to unite the two bodies of Nationalist Volunteers. President McNeill, of the original body, wrote that so far from being separatists and hostile to the Irish Party, as had been charged, they were formed to defeat the Unionist conspiracy against Home Rule, and would continue the same constitutional policy by steady constructive work among the young men in Ireland. The effect of recent differences among Nationalists has been illustrated in the election for King's County of Mr. E. J. Graham, M.P., a candidate who had been defeated at the convention, and for that reason was opposed by Mr. Redmond and the Party organization. The fight was made, not against the Party, but

Recent Elections

against the constitution of the nominating conventions, which will probably be made more representative in consequence. Sir James Dougherty, a Liberal Home Ruler, was elected for Derry, unopposed.

A proclamation has been issued against the importation or sale of all arms, except shotguns, which, however, are permitted by special license only. The papers that have been suppressed include the *Irish Volunteer, Sinn Fein, Irish Worker, Freedom, The Celt* and *Ireland,* the only daily that opposed the recruiting policy. Circulation in Ireland of the New York *Irish World* has been prohibited. The suppression and seizures were made under the recently-enacted Defence of the Realm Act, which prohibits any statements in speech or writing calculated to "prejudice the recruiting, training, discipline or administration of any of His Majesty's forces," or otherwise interfere with their success. Offenders may be tried by Court Martial and sentenced to death or penal servitude for life. The result is that news bearing on these matters in the unsuppressed papers is one-sided. Other items record that the criminal cases before the winter Assizes were fewer than usual, that industries generally, except in the linen manufacture, have been stimulated by the war, that the Government has restricted its loans to Irish farmers and the aid promised to the unemployed, and has discontinued Queenstown as a port of call to transatlantic mail steamers for the convenience of British shipping companies.

Items of Interest

Mexico.—Early in September the Editor received a letter from a friend in Mexico City, who witnessed Carranza's entrance into the capital and the lawlessness consequent on his arrival. The communication was held against the day when Carranza's agent would arrive in New York to canonize the "First Chief." That day has come; the canonization is under way. AMERICA takes pleasure in playing the "Devil's Advocate," as follows:

Carranza's Triumph

On the day when the news of the Pope's death was announced, Carranza made his entrance: Madero's entrance was heralded by that awful earthquake. A banner was carried before Carranza with the words: *El clero es la obscuridad. La Libertad es la luz.* Most of the other banners bore devices attacking the Church. They have taken possession of all the unoccupied houses of those prominent people who are absent in Europe or in Vera Cruz (The houses seized are enumerated) . . . Last night M—— was introduced to one of the two American agents who accompany Carranza, no less a person than the redoubtable Sherburne Hopkins, hero of the now famous revelations of the New York *Herald.* . . . After a long talk Hopkins assured M—— we need have no fear: our property will be returned to us and we shall be indemnified for our losses. It sounds too good to be true. . . . Four Jesuits from Tepozotlan were locked in N——'s stables without food. N——'s servants with difficulty obtained permission to give them something to eat. . . . The Jesuits have been submitted to a mock execution; they were led into the yard to face the firing squad. They stood the ordeal well and were returned to their box. . . . The persecution of the clergy seems to be Carranza's outstanding banner. All Catholic schools are being closed: the nuns of —— are leaving; you probably heard of the murder of the Christian Brothers in Zacatecas. . . . It is unthinkable that the Washington Administration should aid and abet men capable of such conduct. . . . Private property is trampled under foot at every step: all motor cars are being seized and battered about by the "chiefs"; in many houses, like N——'s for instance, food for all is exacted at the expense of the owner of the house. The same or worse is going on in Toluca; the neighboring haciendas have been emptied of everything they held. L——'s fine mares, for example, were found in their hiding places and carried off. Needless to say there is great discontent: even the soldiers are murmuring at the *summary executions* for trivial offences when houses, motor-cars, horses, etc., are stolen wholesale by the chiefs. . . . Things are not improving: no sooner does one revolutionist take a measure than another proceeds to contradict. . . . A sign of the times, however, is an article in *El Pais* deprecating some of the more glaring outrages, like the closing of all the tribunals and the occupation or confiscation of private dwellings. *El Pais* was at once suppressed. . . . There are a number of Americans here called "confidential agents" (whatever that may mean) . . . One of them appears especially concerned about the outrages against the churches. He has told M—— of some atrocious acts, besides those we have seen here. In Morelia the whole chapter of the cathedral was imprisoned: 500,000 pesos were demanded of them. They could not get the money and were exiled. . . . Sir Lionel and Lady Carden left for England early this morning and I went last night to say good-bye to them. They are glad to get away. Carden's departure completes the triumph of "the watchful waiting" policy, if it is a triumph to have accomplished the ruin and destruction of our unfortunate country. . . . It is easy enough to let loose the savage instincts of the bad element now in arms, but it remains to be seen if it is in the power of even the United States to bring the avalanche to a stop, after starting and helping it to its actual momentum.

This document, less graphic and horrifying than many others in the Editor's possession, gives a fair idea of Carranza, the "scholar and saint."

The unhappy country is still rent into a thousand parts by unholy strife. And saddest of all, the streets of Mexico's cities are running red with the blood of some of her noblest sons, brutally slain for motives of vengeance, without the semblance of a trial. Villa and Carranza are both confident of victory: each has the "Mexican people with him" and each is fighting "for the people," 300,000 of whom have been killed within the last four years. It would appear that Mexico is to suffer a new misfortune in a rupture between Zapata and Villa. Long since Mexicans predicted that this would come about: and there are signs that the prophecy is about to be fulfilled. At any rate it is hard to see how these two uncouth monsters can agree on any plan making for the good of the nation as a whole. Villa appears to be undergoing a grooming from interested Americans, for some office of importance. A letter received from Mexico City, on December 26, says: "Really, Villa seems to have improved since Mr. ——, the American visitor, talked to him." This is, to say the least, interesting. Perhaps an American agent can be persuaded to spank the bandit. This may be the grace necessary for his complete conversion to standards of common decency.

Strife and Slaughter

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Douay and King James

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you kindly explain the difference between the Catholic or Douay Bible and the Protestant or King James Bible? A number of Catholic and Protestant friends of mine whom I have consulted seem to be no clearer than I am on the point.

New York. H. F. D.

SIMPLE as this question looks at first sight, it really involves a host of others. First of all, most Catholics are probably unaware that the leather-bound volume which graces their book-shelf hardly deserves the name of "Douay" Bible. This at least is the opinion of Newman and Wiseman, who more than seventy years ago called it an abuse of terms to speak of our recent editions as the Douay Bible. Nor has the King James Version remained the same. New editions of the Protestant Bible have been brought out within the last thirty years, which, despite fierce opposition, have gained ground steadily. Taking, however, the question at its face-value, let us see what the difference is between the original Douay Bible and the King James Version as published in 1611.

First and foremost, the King James Bible omits the so-called deutero-canonical books of the Old Testament, while the Douay Version, faithful to its Catholic principles, includes all the books enumerated in the canon of the Council of Trent. In other words, the Protestant Bible omits Tobias, Judith, the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, both books of the Maccabees, parts of Esther and Daniel. This fact alone should be sufficient to bar the Protestant Bible from any Catholic household. For whatever doubts may have existed in former centuries, whatever arguments Protestants may advance against them, whatever blows higher criticism may aim at their genuineness: the infallible Church accepts them with the same reverence and pious devotion as she accepts the other books of the Bible.

Another essential difference lies in the annotations. Catholics are not allowed to read Bibles which contain no notes, much less such as contain notes of an heretical nature. To explain how reasonable and motherly the Church is in this provision would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants on this head springs from principles diametrically opposed. The Catholic Church holds that the Bible is not self-explanatory, that it needs a living teacher for its exponent; to the Protestants, on the other hand, the Bible is as clear and as plain as a child's primer, a book to be had by all, to be read by all, to be understood by all.

The autographs of the inspired writings, it must be remembered, are no longer in existence. The translator then must rely on copies. But these copies themselves were not made from the original. Some were written hundreds and thousands of years after the autograph. To give but one instance, the earliest copy which we possess of the New Testament dates from the fourth century; that is, it was made some two hundred and fifty years after the Evangelists wrote their Gospels. It would be unreasonable, to say the least, to expect that God would preserve this long line of copyists and copies from all error. God never meant the Bible to be our only rule of faith. Hence He could allow mistakes to creep in, at least in those matters which do not pertain to faith and morals. As a fact, if we compare copy with copy, a host of divergences become at once manifest. The question, then, to be decided by the would-be translator is: which is the best and purest text; which has the fewest flaws; which approaches the original most closely?

Now it is true that in this respect the King James translators seem at first blush to have made the better choice. For they based their version on the original Greek and Hebrew text, while the Douay scholars were satisfied with translating from the Vulgate, itself a translation. But this fact does not prove the superiority of the King James Version. Not only is the text on which it is based, the so-called "received text," considered even by Protestant scholars as of comparatively little value, but the more the Vulgate is examined as to the purity of its text, the higher it rises in the esteem of sound critics. Besides, while strictly adhering to the Latin Vulgate, the Douay translators always had the original Hebrew and Greek within easy reach to verify doubtful readings and to clear up ambiguous renderings.

Both Bibles being versions, it is a foregone conclusion that they differ with regard to the faithfulness with which they clung to the original. Now nobody ever denied that the Douay Version was a most faithful rendering of the Vulgate. Indeed, this is the one objection constantly urged against it by Protestants. Whether this be a fault or a virtue matters not for the present. But how does the King James Version stand in this respect? It is true that the Douay Version was published for the precise purpose of counteracting the "manifold corruptions of Holy Scripture" and the "foule dealing herein by false and partial translations." But this charge was leveled against the earlier Protestant Bibles. The King James Version, in deference to the vigorous protests of Catholics, largely remedied this evil. However, there still remain some false translations, evidently introduced with the view of making the Bible seem to stand sponsor for Protestant beliefs and customs.

Finally, how do the two versions compare with regard to their style? With few exceptions, the Protestants condemn the Douay Version as stilted, un-English, ambiguous in its terms, full of strange ink-horn words which never were and never would be English. Even among Catholics an occasional tendency manifests itself to repeat these charges. Yet while there may be some reason for them, let us not overlook two facts. The first is that the Douay translators were by no means unschooled

dilettanti, but men who had received the best training of their day and had been conspicuous at Oxford itself both for their ripe scholarship and their literary accomplishments. If fault is to be found with their style, this must not be set down to incapacity, but rather to definite principles purposely chosen and religiously carried out. As they themselves state in the preface, they preferred truth and accuracy to grace and elegance of style. Furthermore, they expected that words and phrases which might at first sound strange, would in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. It is noteworthy that some of the terms which they foresaw would be distasteful for a time, were afterwards adopted by the King James Bible and became naturalized in the English language.

"The substance and the 'woof and warp' of our Douay Version," says Edwin H. Burton in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," "is vigorous and noble English. When the superiority of the Anglican version is urged, as is frequently the case, we must not forget how much, in the New Testament at least, the Authorized Version owes to Reims. In quite recent years this influence has not only been admitted by Anglican writers, but exhaustively studied and estimated."

A. C. COTTER, S.J.

The Young Man and Art*

IN the Middle Ages the Christian artist lived in the shadow of lofty cathedrals and great monasteries. He made his calling a work of devotion and his gilds and clubs educated and safeguarded him. The animating spirit of the artist's craft was well expressed by the inscription over the door of their gild house in Siena, "We are they that make manifest to the ignorant the miraculous things done by virtue and in virtue of the Holy Faith." This noble spirit continued up to about 1500, though great bankers and temporal princes had, in a large measure, superseded the princes of the Church as patrons of art. But owing to the religious revolution of the sixteenth century the artist's prospects were ruined and even great painters found it impossible to make a living. It therefore became necessary to attract the attention of some rich military potentate, rather than to acquire artistic skill. Artists became hangers-on in the courts of royalty. To please a worldly-minded patron they learned to paint flattering portraits and seductive pictures of fair ladies. This state of affairs continued till the time of the French Revolution, when kings, princes, their fair ladies and flattering artists were all destroyed by an infuriated people.

During the last hundred years, a world-wide effort has been made to revive the artistic professions. But this effort has been made for the most part by non-Catholic forces. The very best art schools are in Paris, created and appointed by an anti-clerical government. All the lectures and the text-books used have an anti-Catholic turn of thought. Good and pious men, to be sure, go through these schools, and afterwards, by natural ability and supreme devotion to their art, a few arrive at even international honor. But it is a dangerous education from a Catholic point of view, and the spectacular success of a few great men is in no way shared by the rank and file of those that study art.

Nowadays the greatest financial success usually comes to the portrait painter and the illustrator. Illustration is a step toward industrial art. As we are a great industrial nation, in time we shall, no doubt, give worthy employment to thousands of artists now unemployed. But this day is not yet at hand.

Pious Catholic artists naturally look back with longing to the centuries when the Church was an ever-ready patron of the fine arts, and there was a place in the work for every one. But efforts in the direction of religious art are very apt to cause trouble for the artist, as the whole art world is anti-Catholic. And Catholics themselves, at least here in America, fail to understand their artists. Three or four well-known examples will explain the situation. One of the greatest French artists of the last century, Hippolyte Flandrin, tried to bring about a revival of church decoration in his own time and country. The decorations he did in St. German de Pres and St. Vincent de Paul in Paris assure us of his everlasting fame, but these great works were done at a financial loss to the generous and enthusiastic artist. For he had to paint portraits to provide even the necessaries of life for his wife and family. His life was sad, but he was a wonderful artist, and his name has marked an epoch in the history of France.

Another great Catholic artist of the last century was the Englishman, Welby Pugin. He was an architect and ornamentalist; his greatest success was, perhaps, the work he did in designing the details for the Houses of Parliament. But he was a very religious man determined to do something for the beauty of the Catholic churches in England. He achieved a great deal, and yet he was a bankrupt and died broken-hearted when only about forty years old.

Here in America we have had great Catholic artists, and preeminent among them stood John La Farge. Honored during his lifetime, both in this country and in Europe, to an extent that few men of any profession have yet enjoyed, he, too, had a taste of bankruptcy. Fortunately, his artistic talents were so great and his friends so true, that he was able to surmount all obstacles and continued to produce great works of religious art up to the year of his death. His name will be ever memorable in the annals of America, while his beautiful paintings and stained-glass windows are to be seen in every American city of importance. The pity is, that Catholics seldom patronized this famous artist, and his greatest works of decorative design are outside the Church.

At the present time a Catholic boy taking up the study

*The twenty-fourth of a series of vocational articles.

of art must expect to be under particularly adverse circumstances from the beginning to the end of his career. Anti-Catholic sentiment will poison his early training, and a lack of sympathy from his own people will embitter his years of maturity. Let him take warning from the fate of our greatest American sculptor, who was once an altar boy in a church down on the East Side of New York. His great talents won for him fame, honor, distinguished friends and comparative wealth. But he lost his Faith and died outside the Church.

The only serious effort to rectify the unfortunate conditions under which Catholic art students are bound to live was made some twenty-five years ago by the Jesuit Fathers in Paris. They formed a club or gild of artists, frequented not only by art students, but by such men of distinction as John Paul Laurens, Aman Jean and young Flandrin, the son of the great church decorator. This little club in the Rue de la Chaise was intended to meet our needs, spiritual, temporal and artistic. I shall always remember the pious devotion of the boys at Mass in the little chapel, which the younger artists had decorated themselves. And as a relief from the turmoil in the Beaux Arts, I shall always remember the tranquil joy of a retreat at Clamar. This gild of artists might have grown to vast proportions had not the French Government's Associations Law put an end to it. Such a club of Catholic artists is very much needed here in New York as a guide and restraining force among our many students.

As final advice to parents and to art students, it can be said that a young man taking up art ought to have not only enough money for his student days, but a certain amount of income on which he can count for later necessities, as is expected in the professions of medicine or law. The profession of art in modern times is one in which many men achieve great fame and social position. But even the greatest artistic success, under modern conditions, fails to guarantee financial prosperity. But in spite of the alluring nature of the artist's calling, parents should be seriously warned against sending their children away from home to study art before their characters are fully formed, unless special precautions are taken to counteract the anti-Christian influence of the ordinary places in which young people prepare for an artistic career.

WILLIAM LAUREL HARRIS.

Ideal Union of State and Church

FOR a civilization largely non-Catholic and even non-Christian the true conception of the ideal union between Church and State has become almost unintelligible. Catholics themselves have often been imbued with current notions concerning its scope and nature. It is looked upon as an enforced condition imposed from without. Yet in reality it is something as obvious and natural in a truly Catholic country as it is unthought of and impossible to-day in lands like England or the United States. It is not a contract of patches and compromises, such as men now have in mind; but a free, vital, mutually helpful and desirable cooperation of the spiritual and temporal power that can be compared only to the intimate relation existing between soul and body.

The intrinsic reason for the perfect union of Church and State in a "civil society of Catholics" arises from the fact that the same men are at the same time citizens of the State and members of God's visible kingdom upon earth, the Catholic Church. Under such conditions they do not, as citizens, forfeit either their civic rights or the full, free and reasonable exercise of them. But as subjects of Christ's kingdom, obviously they must likewise bear in mind the spiritual interests of the Church, the salvation and sanctification of souls. These, however, are not things foreign either to their own good or to the welfare of the State. Consequently there is no violence done to the most complete personal freedom in this union of a Catholic State and the Catholic Church. Rulers and subjects, by their voluntary acceptance of Catholicism, openly acknowledge, as a first truth of their holy Faith, that the last and supreme end of man is eternal life. To give this, and to give it to us more abundantly, Christ came into this world. To it the temporal interests must, therefore, be subordinated, whether in man's private, domestic or civic capacity. Such precisely was the meaning of our Divine Lord when He taught that but one thing is necessary, the attainment of eternal life. The individual, therefore, in thus subordinating his temporal to his eternal interests makes no enforced surrender of any personal liberties, since both interests are equally his own.

"Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Such is at the same time the commandment and the promise of our Lord. A civil society which regulates its civic actions and institutions in conformity with the teachings of Christ, authentically interpreted by the one divinely commissioned authority upon earth, will have little need to fear for its temporal order and happiness. The splendid argument of St. Augustine, quoted by Pope Leo XIII, is here in place:

> Let those who proclaim that the teaching of Christ is hurtful to the State, produce such armies as the maxims of Jesus have enjoined soldiers to bring into being, such governors of provinces, such husbands and wives, such parents and children, such masters and servants, such kings, such judges, and such payers and collectors of tribute, as the Christian teachers instruct them to become, and then let them dare say that such teaching is hurtful to the State. Nay, rather let us ask, can they hesitate to own that such discipline if duly acted upon, is the very mainstay of the commonwealth? (*Epist.* 138.)

True Christianity, therefore, as St. Augustine implies, must be interfused through our domestic, economic, social and civic life. It can not be dispensed with even in our international relations without prejudice to the common welfare. Apostrophizing the Catholic Church, St. Augustine exclaims:

> Thou joinest together, not in society only, but in a sort of brotherhood, citizen with citizen, nation with nation, and the whole race of men, by reminding them of their common parentage.

The dream of international peace, of the universal brotherhood of man, of the golden millennium upon earth, as far as this is possible, can be realized only in the return of the world to his solicitous care who is the Father of Christendom, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, the one universal Pastor to whom alone Christ committed His lambs and His sheep, that there might be one Fold and one Shepherd: "Feed my lambs. Feed my sheep."

That a perfect obedience to the divine will can only be fruitful of a nation's highest good, even from a temporal point of view, all must admit, and history bears witness to the fact. It is no exaggeration to say that all we most highly prize to-day is in a manner to be accredited to the union of the Catholic State with the Catholic Church in an age when barbarism was still contending with civilization. In his encyclical, *Immortale Dei,* Pope Leo XIII writes:

> There was once a time when States were governed by the principles of the Gospel teaching. Then it was that the power and divine virtue of Christian wisdom had diffused itself throughout the laws, institutions and morals of the people; permeating all ranks and relations of society. Then, too, the religion instituted by Jesus Christ, established firmly in befitting dignity, flourished everywhere by the favor of princes and the legitimate protection of magistrates; and Church and State were happily united in concord and friendly interchange of good offices.

The blessings which in such an order accrued to the State surpass all estimation. They can never, as the Pontiff says, be blotted out, or even obscured, by the craft of any enemies of the Church of Christ:

> Christian Europe has subdued barbarous nations, and changed them from a savage to a civilized condition, from superstition to true worship. It victoriously rolled back the tide of Mohammedan conquest; retained the headship of civilization; stood forth in the front rank as the leader and teacher of all, in every branch of national culture; bestowed on the world the gift of true and many-sided liberty; and most wisely founded everywhere numerous institutions for the solace of human suffering.

It was under the auspices of religion that these great undertakings were set on foot, and by its aid that they were accomplished. They would have been impossible for the State alone. Neither could the Church have achieved entire success without assistance from the civil power. The evidence of the confusion which since then has followed owing to the loss of this supreme ideal, of the perfect union of the Catholic Church and the Catholic State, is only too apparent. We behold it in the universality of economic disorder which, even amid the changing industrial conditions of to-day, the Church could have prevented by acting in cooperation with a Catholic State. We see it in the darkness of rationalistic error and ignorance that has fallen upon the nations deprived of all true knowledge of a Divine Christ, of an eternal sanction, of a redemption from sin that must be applied to their souls. We witness it in the flames of war that now envelope the earth in an almost universal conflagration, because the plea for peace from the throne of Peter is no longer heard or heeded. It is doubtless true that no union of Church and State could ever entirely hold in check the passions of men; but it could abate their violence, could convince them of error and sin, could, in fine, as of old it did, lead them back from disorder and violence to repentance and love.

This paper treats only of the perfect union of Church and State as it existed during certain periods of the Middle Ages, when the Church was free and unhampered. We have said nothing of those partial unions in more recent days, which have often proved helpful to the State and its citizens; but at times, too, were used to make the Church the vassal of the State. The former has not tyrannized over the State at any period; but the latter has often tyrannized over the Church, has arrogated to itself her power, and has even used her name for its own political ends.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Benedict XV and the War

FIVE years ago Tolstoy found it difficult to conceive a position more full of misery than that of the then Christian world, with its nations armed one against the other, its ever-increasing taxes for ever-increasing armaments, its growing hatred of the workers for the wealthy, and war hanging over all like the sword of Damocles, and certain soon or late to fall. Now that it has fallen, the resultant miseries are more difficult to realize. Never before has war presented horrors more varied or comprehensive. With the wisdom and paternal solicitude characteristic of his sacred office, the Holy Father points out the true causes and the only permanent cure of this awful and all-embracing calamity.

This world-conflict did not originate in Servia or Belgium, in palace or cabinet or war-office. Its seeds were sown in the irreligious principles and the immoral and unscrupulous practices of governments and peoples, which for generations have been corrupting the very vitals of society. Not to go beyond the reach of living memory, Prussia celebrated her victory over France and her German hegemony by establishing a Kulturkampf of persecution and prosecution against the teachers and teachings of the Catholic Church, and when the Church regained comparative liberty, thanks to the Center Party in which German Catholics set an example to the world of virile loyalty and organized religious independence, Kulturkampf principles continued to obtain among the disintegrating Protestant sects, and free-thinking philosophy replaced the Gospel of Christ, not only in school and manual and the literature of vogue, but even in the pulpit. France, learning nothing from defeat, soon outdistanced Prussia in religious persecution and, unlike Germany, has shown as a

government no repentance. Making irreligion her program and boast, she bent her energies to "quench the lights of heaven," closed and confiscated Catholic seminaries, schools, churches, hospitals and institutions, blotted the name of God from her text-books, tore down the crucifix and all religious tokens, set a black mark against any official who entered a church, and everywhere turned religion out and slammed the door in its face.

"In England as well as in France," cries Father Vaughan, "God and God's commandments have been ignored, spurned, defied." Has not England, he asks, flaunted her irreligion in one's face, cast off what she calls the intellectual and moral shackles of dogma, replaced them by skepticism, spiritualism, paganism, militant suffragettism, drunken and carnal immorality, and erected to herself the gods of luxury and chance, till her vices "have provoked the Almighty and helped to bring about this war-slaughter which is so terribly scourging us for our sins?" Of Russia's persistent persecution of the Church, continued to this hour, there is no need to speak; and Catholic Austria, governed by a Catholic emperor who rather reigns than rules, has been long dominated politically by an unscrupulous clique of Masonic free-thinkers and non-Christian financiers that have been hampering the Church in school and sanctuary, tampering with her marriage laws, and by sundry statutory devices shackling her liberty. In all these countries, and not a few others—even Belgium, the faithful Job of the nations, is not blameless—irreverence, frivolity and luxury kept pace with the scientific inventions of the century, and the four disorders outlined by the Holy Father were operative: want of mutual love among men, contempt for authority, injustice of class toward class, and making material welfare the sole object of human activity.

Christian wisdom has been long discarded in the government of nations. The Catholic Church and the Roman Pontiffs had been laboring for many centuries, and with no small success, to substitute for the ferocious custom that "he shall take who has the power and he shall keep who can," the Christian rule of justice and charity between nations and men. The nations and rulers that broke away from the Vicar of Christ reverted to the barbarous law of selfish might, and in large measure imposed it on the governments that remained nominally faithful. It was said that for three hundred years history has been a conspiracy against truth. For the same period the cabinets of ruling nations may be said to have been conspiracies against justice. When in the third period of the Thirty Years' War France threw its weight in favor of the Protestant princes, selfish opportunism became permanent in national policies. France got Alsace and later Lorraine in reward, and Prussia, awarded independence from Poland, waxed strong enough to snatch them back. The rest were equally unscrupulous as opportunity served. Wherever treaties were in the way they became "scraps of paper," from Poland to Pretoria and Bosnia, and their violations were bolstered by tortuous hypocrisy, until Christian justice and truth, not to say charity and honor, grew so obsolete in chancellories that diplomacy became a synonym for astute mendacity, and the Ministries that should fail to seize on their neighbors' weakness for their own aggrandizement would be deemed traitors or imbeciles. What governments needed or thought they needed was right when they had power to take it, and to be weak was to be wrong. Like Achab and Jezabel they felt justified in seizing Naboth's garden if it would strengthen their strategic or commercial position, or scientifically round out their frontiers, or had sometime belonged to their kin, however distant; and we know the end of Achab and Jezabel. Of the five great contending powers, to exclude Turkey and Japan, there is not one that has not robbed and justified its robberies by success; and unlike Achab they did not even offer Naboth compensation.

Coincidently philosophers framed a code in accord. The good was defined as what was good for individual or nation or what they thought so; and when they made it good they had it proved. This code worked into industries and trades and commercial relations, with a like result. Again might was right, and the weak and poor went under. Those who proclaimed the law of Christ, of justice and charity and brotherhood and the natural rights of humanity, and were foolhardy enough to try to enforce it in business and government were laughed at as feeble-minded obscurantists, denizens of the Dark Ages, jetsam from the backwaters of time. To university dogmatists, leaders of thought, moulders of policies, Christianity and its principles were negligible or contemptible. Faith was well enough for unenlightened people while it kept quiet and unobtrusive—the Galileans might be disregarded in Galilee—but when it dared to guide and animate the thought and conduct of men and the policies of peoples, Herod laughed at it, Pilate condemned it, and the pharisaic and imperial-minded crucified it. With the revolt against religion, the ideas and manners that Pope Benedict speaks of began to evolve, till drama, press, literature, dress, social customs and amusements almost sank to the level of degradation suggested on the pagan walls of Pompeii. Invention and material progress were glorified till they culminated in the Big Gun. Then, Christian justice and charity having been ousted by tyranny and greed and conscienceless ambition, all the big guns went off, devastating cities and homes and decimating the manhood of nations. *Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi,* which may be translated: "When ministries make war, 'tis the people are slaughtered." And the justice of an injured God permitted it.

The conclusion that men must reach and realize is admirably stated by the Father of Christendom. Briefly, they must come back to God, renew all things in Christ, and bring back Christ to school and home and cabinet. The

nations not only robbed one another but, by act or connivance, they robbed the Vicar of Christ of the civil independence, which in Christian days rulers and peoples had given him for the protection of the Church's liberties and their own. They must give it back. They deemed him so negligible that they found him worthy of no seat in their great Peace Tribunal of the Hague. They now see the result; and tribulation is bringing them to see that the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, who counts his spiritual subjects in all lands, is the only arbiter who can impartially adjudicate the conflicts and command the confidence of peoples. It is the right and, at this time, the duty of Catholics to insist that the Holy Father shall be again made independent of secular power and thus free to use efficiently the power God gave him for the peace of the world.

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

Mission Movement among Catholic Students

"IF the students of the Far East are to be won over to Christ it must be accomplished by the students of the West." This significant saying of John R. Mott should unroll before the eyes of our Catholic students the grand panorama of Catholic mission work. The Catholic Church has urgent need of a universal and broadly outlined cooperation of all well-educated Catholics, if she is to accomplish her mission task. This holds true especially for the civilized countries of Asia. To cultivate the understanding for mission work and to incite to an active cooperation, personal and financial, among all classes of Catholic students is the important task of the Catholic Student Mission Societies.

For this purpose it is necessary that student mission circles should be introduced into our Catholic high schools and colleges, while the movement itself should develop to international proportions as soon as possible. In the Protestant camp individuals have engaged singly in mission work, as we have seen, and by their untiring efforts have brought about the widest extension of the movement among students in all parts of Europe and Asia. The Catholic mission movement also has need of able leaders, who with a world-wide view and self-consuming energy will carry the banner of the world mission from college to college, massing into one immense army the Catholic students of the world.

While the mission idea must thus grow extensively it must also grow intensively among the members of the various missionary circles and associations. This intensive growth must be encouraged both by the written and the spoken word. Whoever has realized the importance of the mission idea should endeavor to enlist for it the active sympathy of his immediate environment. Mission circles should be organized among us and made so popular that they can become a standing institution. Such student circles exist at present at Münster, Tübingen and Freiburg. The attendance at Tübingen became so large that it was necessary to form two circles. The meetings, at which a member of the circle reads a paper upon some live mission topic, take place every second week under the direction of a private tutor of the Wilhelmstift. A students' mission league likewise existed at Louvain, and was devoted to the missions of the Congo district.

The discussions at the students' mission circles can be made to bear upon some mission publication, or the conditions and needs of some mission country. Among theologians the dogmatic-biblical argument of the mission duty or similar topics will offer a suitable subject. As soon as some able student with the right understanding of affairs and with some pedagogic skill takes the initiative, success will be certain. The board of directors of every student missionary society will do well to arrange at least three general meetings during the winter term. As these student mission societies will regard as their object not only the arousing of a lively interest among the members of some very select circles of their high school, college, university or seminary, but above all the spreading of the mission idea among all classes of educated Catholics, it is hoped that their general meetings will be open to all those classes who are admitted to other Catholic societies. In general it will be well to invite outside talent, professors, missionaries, etc., but, if possible, the members themselves should be encouraged to take an active part in the speeches and discussions. This should be the case especially in exclusively theological institutions. The first meeting of the winter term should be preceded by a thorough preparation and should be opened with great solemnity, as it might serve at the same time as a conference for the recruiting of new members.

Of no less importance is the spread of good literature. Independent characters form their judgment mostly by private reading. Especially to be recommended are the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith,* of which at present 350,000 copies are printed bi-monthly in English and in the other principal languages of Europe. The *Annals* contain letters from missionaries, news of the missions, and reports of all money received and apportioned by the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith." An illustrated magazine, *Catholic Missions,* is also published by the society in the United States, which should be found in every mission circle. To give a list of all suitable literature at this place would be impossible. Every seminary and college mission circle should at the earliest possible opportunity consider the establishment of a small mission library. Those interested in the Students' Missionary Movement can apply for all necessary information to Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D., of St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill.

The development of missionary vocations, so extremely important and necessary at this time, likewise calls for special attention and active work. Here our methods differ essentially from the common Protestant practices. It is easily understood how Protestant mission circles win over thousands of students by their grand display. The Protestant missionary receives a large salary, and may take with him his wife and children, thus enjoying the pleasure of family life in the midst of his missionary labors. It frequently happens that Protestant missionaries marry at the age of twenty-three years when no law or medical student would think of marriage. The Catholic missionary is poor voluntarily, is obliged to lead a celibate life, and his only joy is his devotedness to his calling and to his supernatural ideals. His vocation demands an unreserved surrender of all that is dear and pleasing to him in this world, something which is beyond all revivalist appeals, and is possible only after the most arduous course of self-denial. The results therefore, of the Protestant propaganda, with its vast numbers of missionary candidates obtained by the Anglo-American Volunteer Movement, are neither to be achieved nor attempted by our Catholic Student Movement. Missionary vocations will beyond doubt increase of themselves in our student world by means of the systematic and persevering enlightenment of our student mission circles. The best and most noble characters will feel themselves attracted by the high ideal of the missionary calling.

Student mission circles, however, have still another important task to fulfil. It regards those who are not directly called to the missions for heathens. Students whose view of the world mission has been broadened by the courses of studies

offered, will later on in their various positions lend support to the mission by their influence over others and by their personal generosity. The financial support of the missions is at present one of the most urgent needs of our time. It is furthermore to be hoped that a great number of our well-educated Catholics will, after becoming familiar by a thorough course of mission study with American interests abroad, feel themselves moved to secure a lucrative position in our colonies or in the foreign mission field.

A movement, finally, which has for its object the propagation of our holy religion can not forego the powerful means of prayer. Common prayer for the mission and for the awakening of missionary zeal among the Catholics of all countries is especially in place during the students' services. By duly regarding the foreign missions at the various college services it would soon be brought to the attention of all students that the stupendous task of Christianizing the world is not the occupation of a few private mission circles merely, but the sacred duty of every sincere Catholic.

Since, however, the mind must be steeped in religion ere true missionary zeal is at all possible, it is of vital interest to the mission movement that it promote, without obtrusiveness, but with a fixed purpose, all organizations that have for their object the advancement of religious life and of practical Christianity among the people. Here I would make special mention of the retreats for laymen conducted by several Orders and Congregations. In this manner the mission movement would also serve to strengthen Catholicity in the home country, by arousing interest for the great tasks of Mother Church and by teaching the public profession of our religious convictions.

FREDERICK SCHWAGER, S.V.D.

The Higher Detachment

ONCE upon a time, as is related in the memoirs of Cardinal Vespertini, there lived a saintly Pope whose concern for all the churches was so unremitting that his health became seriously undermined. Observing this, the court physician secretly left in the apartments of his Holiness two frolicsome kittens with pedigrees far longer than their tails. From that day, attests the veracious chronicler, the Pontiff began to mend because he found in the gambols of those little animals just the distraction he needed. For every evening after his audiences were over, his counsellors dismissed, correspondence finished and breviary read, the Pope would sit in his study for an hour or more watching with keen enjoyment the two frisking kittens. The gentler and more amiable one his Holiness used to call Urbi, while the other, being very mischievous and roly-poly, was dubbed Orbi. This amused exceedingly, of course, the Cardinal Secretary of State who always laughed "sans intermission," whenever—and that was often—his Holiness alluded to the little creatures' felicitous names. Vespertini hints, indeed, that this unfailing appreciation of the papal witticism by the Secretary of State influenced, more than is commonly known, the Pope's foreign policy and that certain extraordinary privileges granted a religious congregation of which the Secretary was Cardinal Protector, are dated by a singular coincidence the very day that his Eminence made a witty remark about "your Holiness's ecumenical kittens."

But Fra Pacifico, this genial Pope's confessor, the memoirs relate, was a grave monk who regarded his august penitent's habit of watching Urbi and Orbi's antics as a most unpontifical form of recreation. "None of your Holiness' predecessors," he would remonstrate, "is recorded to have done the like." But the Pope would only smile, murmur, "Nice customs curtsy to great kings," then continue to enjoy the playful kittens. Deeply concerned, the confessor then wrote a profound work on "The Nine Degrees of Detachment" which he dedicated with permission to the Holy Father. In the book's lengthy treatise on the "Eighth Degree," the author took care to call attention to the perfect renunciation practised by the first Pope. For St. Peter, it was pointed out, not only left, when the call came, the shabby nets he was mending at the time, but also gave up generously in order to be a fisher of men, all the nets, however new and strong, which would have been his, had he decided to remain in Galilee to the end of his days plying the fisherman's craft.

Whether or not the Pope after reading that passage was stricken in conscience and banished from his chambers forthwith the frivolous Urbi and Orbi, Vespertini, much to the disappointment of posterity, does not tell, but interrupts his narrative to eulogize enthusiastically "The Nine Degrees of Detachment." How well deserved was the Cardinal's encomium of the work there is now no means of knowing, for the book has not come down to us. In the disappearance of good Fra Pacifico's volume, ascetical literature has doubtless sustained an irretrievable loss, for it would be exceedingly profitable to learn just how those higher reaches of renunciation could be attained.

It is not hard to surmise of course what the proper object would be of the earlier degrees of detachment. The repression of self-will, self-seeking and self-love in their cruder and more "primitive" manifestations would no doubt be the daily task of pupils in renunciation's elementary school. How to keep free from the contagion of the world's slow stain, withstand the witchery of nonsense and deny the flesh its subtler appeals might well be the study of more advanced scholars, and Vespertini, by his reference to that passage in the eighth treatise of Fra Pacifico, indicates the nature of the next degree. It doubtless taught in theory and practice how to free oneself from those little human weaknesses that still hold captive many who gained long ago the heights of sanctity. Though the penitent of Fra Pacifico, for all his wisdom and holiness, had not attained the eighth degree of detachment, as is clear from the delight he took in the gambols of kittens, which of us does not number among his more amiable and high-minded friends some who rise successfully, at least now and then, to the practice of the eighth grade of renunciation?

Sebastian, for example, has a passion for writing letters, yet for weeks and weeks he will neglect certain correspondents completely. Thus he practises all but perfect detachment. Answering a friend's communication promptly is a temptation to which the general run of men yield almost daily. But to have a burning eagerness to write, yet refrain persistently from sending a single line—Ah! there is a practice of renunciation that does honor to our fallen nature.

Or take the instance of Muriel, whose celestial intimacies, cynics would say, impair her domestic usefulness. But these ill-natured gossips are of course quite wrong. For it is only because of her firm grasp on the higher principles of detachment that Muriel can be content with making only seven retreats each year whereas some of her weaker sisters contrive to get in ten or even twelve. Reginald, too, who for some unaccountable reason has not yet been asked to be a member of the firm that employs him at a salary absurdly out of proportion to his commercial value, is mounting rapidly to consummate detachment. He denies himself every other Monday the high-priced tobacco he feels that a man of his refinement should exclusively use.

But Mildred's passion for renunciation is so intense that she can well be called not only a true proficient in the eighth degree but even a sojourner, for at least three minutes at a time, in the lofty regions of the ninth degree. For Mildred had worked out a philosophy of life, that would always keep smooth and untroubled, as she hoped, the current of her days and, having taught her to draw "music even from the stones of care," would at last lead her with an unwrinkled brow to a serene old age.

The basic principle of this system Mildred found expressed in the apothegm: "Center thy affections on thyself: thou canst then be sure they will be returned."

However beautiful in theory this philosophy might be, Mildred soon discovered that in practice it was full of imperfections. Though she incessantly strove to win the love of her own heart by seeking nothing but her personal comfort and advantage, she observed with astonishment that, owing to her innate nobility of soul, this new rule for the conduct of life instead of increasing her admiring love for herself was actually causing its rapid evaporation, and what was worse, she was losing all her friends. In consternation Mildred then flew to the other extreme, laid seriously to heart the counsel of the bewildered Stephano: "Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself," and developed such an insatiable craving for renunciation and self-sacrifice that she made all her kith and kin very uncomfortable. For she annoyed them by incessantly asking: "What new service can I do you now? What further kindness can I show you?" and squandered her means buying "unbirthday presents" for all her acquaintances.

A crisis, however, was averted by Mildred's sudden and lasting attainment of the ninth degree of detachment. For the highest perfection of that virtue, as Fra Pacifico would doubtless tell us, had his renowned book only been preserved, consists in heroic detachment from detachment itself. The proficient in the ninth degree so tempers and restrains with prudence and common sense his master-passion for renunciation that he becomes the most engaging character imaginable. In him the virtue, without losing its vigor, is rendered altogether attractive, and blossoms forth into a thousand lovely manifestations. Much as he would prefer depriving himself, for instance, of this or that little indulgence, he renounces, out of a generous love for those with whom his lot is cast, the desire for renunciation and thus makes piety amiable and winning.

To know just when and how to practise this ninth degree of detachment is by no means easy. The peril of self-deception is great and Satan often enters robed in light. But many of the saints and holy ones, notably Paul of Tarsus, Francis of Assisi, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis of Sales and Teresa of Avila were adepts in the art of renouncing renunciation in order to make piety attractive to those who mistakenly considered the devout life a gloomy, joyless thing. As the same lesson must be taught the world of to-day, there are needed, numerous and zealous aspirants to the practice of Fra Pacifico's "Higher Detachment."

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Work for Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue for December 12 there is an article, entitled "Work for Women" by Martha Moore Avery. It develops one side of an important question. I should like to call attention to another view of the matter. We should be glad indeed to see our Catholics all joined together in subjects of general interest and of benefit to all citizens, so that there would be no need of cooperation with those outside of the Church. That, however, is something for which we in this country are not yet prepared. The fact is we must cooperate with non-Catholics in many ways in order to obtain desirable ends. Mrs. Avery puts the matter so strongly as to make one believe that it is very wrong to cooperate with those outside the Church, and that it is a serious danger to be avoided at all costs. The issue is not new. In Belgium and Cologne it caused bitter discussion and consequent lack of sympathy between workmen and the hierarchy, and the voice of the Pope had to be invoked to put a stop to the over-zealous so-called Catholic side.

The truth is that we must cooperate at times, that is we must make use of the help of those outside the Church in non-religious matters, in order that we may benefit many of our own and prevent them from falling into evil ways. This is clear for many reasons. We have not the wealth to maintain alone the organizations that are necessary to obtain the objects we desire. Again we often need outside influence. There are occasions when material advantages for our poor can be gained only by joining with others; distinct prejudices would rise up against us, were we to strive to gain non-sectarian objects on a sectarian basis. Besides we should lose a great many prospective beneficiaries who would fall under the influence of Protestants who are working along similar lines. These losses can be prevented by making use of the good offices of those outside the Faith. By cooperating with non-Catholics our Catholic women are enabled to help our Catholic poor in a material way: once this has been done a first step has been taken toward assisting them in a spiritual way. Thus to those who seek only the loaves and the fishes, the bread of salvation can be brought. We acknowledge that there are some dangers for those who so cooperate on a non-religious basis; but the conclusion goes no farther than this: Catholic women whose faith is weak should not be allowed to engage in the work.

It would be well if all Catholic churches had parochial schools for their children, but until we have them we must use the public schools for the benefit of our little ones. So too with organizations whose object is the material assistance of the people. We must have recourse to them so that our Catholic brethren may not be injured or hindered in their quest for betterment. In some departments we can confine ourselves to Catholics and should do so; but there are many other phases of activity where we must have cooperation with others; and if there be danger in such cooperation, as there may be with some weak characters, workers must be chosen only from those who are able to cope with the circumstances. We are not such a power in this land that we can obtain all that we need without this cooperation, and it is unwise to over-exaggerate its danger.

D. J. MCMAHON,
New York City. *Supervisor of Catholic Charities.*

A Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "Catholic Daily" was a most timely topic in your recent issue. Arthur Preuss advocated it long ago. It is a shame that rank infidelity in the "yellow" press should mould our public opinion; and that those whose duty it is to establish a strong defence for the Church show such little interest. Recently the present writer spoke to a prominent State official, a Mason, about the cruel treatment of the Catholic priests and nuns in Mexico. He replied: "They are getting what they have long deserved." When our institutions have been taxed, confiscated, turned into barracks, gymnasiums, market-halls, as the case is now in Portugal, Italy, France, and in some places in Germany, it will be too late to complain. The suggestion, of forming a company of two thousand subscribers at $100 each, could easily be realized if nearly all the priests in the United States would buy the stock, and if laymen would do so, too. The Omaha *True Voice* was established in this way.

Crofton, Neb. C. BREITKOPF.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with deep interest in a recent issue of AMERICA the article on the necessity of "A Catholic Daily." To show how I appreciate the issuing of such a paper, I will take five shares of its stock at $100 a share. I trust that Catholics in-

terested in the matter may be found in sufficient numbers to subscribe the necessary funds to establish the paper on a firm basis.

Franklin, N. Y. R. O'D.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The crying need of the Church in the United States is Catholic dailies. There should be one at least in every large city. Why is the spirit of worldliness growing among us? The answer is clear. The daily breakfast-food of the majority of our people is the secular morning paper. Nor is this enough; a secular evening paper is read as well, perhaps more than one. And the consequence is distraction and corruption of mind. Here is the cause of our leakage. The Catholic weeklies are not sufficient. Catholics do not read weeklies. The news these journals publish is old, and the general taste has been vitiated by the reading of the daily newspaper. Why do we not take courage, and trusting to God's help and to our Immaculate Queen's intercession, begin to issue a Catholic daily?

Woodland, Cal. M. W.

Mexico's "Unsmiling" Children

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am sending you a donation for the sufferers in Mexico. I believe that some measure of relief is being obtained for the poor nuns and priests who have undergone so much. Mrs. Hendrix's letter, however, is the most pathetic I think I have ever read, and should not go unheeded. Mexico, I fear, will need our utmost charity. I wrote a letter to the New York *Sun,* hoping they would publish it, but they did not do so. Somehow our boasted American charity seems to be closed against Mexico. We Catholics must do all that lies in our power. I should prefer that the contribution should go to the "unsmiling" children of Matamoras. You, however, know best. Send it wherever it will do most good.

Stamford, Conn. J. M. MILLER.

Why Send Girls to School?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of AMERICA for December 12, what happened to P. L. B.? Having embarked on an apparently safe cruise in the direction of modern convent education, he voyaged by way of the Victorian Era, and lost himself at Grandma's. Had he been supplied with catalogues of present-day Catholic colleges for women, never, oh! never, in his finest frenzy, would he have accused Arabella of allowing the biscuit to burn because of her absorption in even so exciting a volume as the "Life of Saint Rose of Lima."

After three and a half years at the College of Saint Elizabeth, to say nothing of earlier days at various academies conducted by Sisters, I have yet to meet the type of girl who would forget Edward's dinner. Not to dwell on Arabella's merely human interest in the dinner, an interest which she has in common with Edward, and which proceeds from an unromantically healthy appetite, I should like to direct attention to her scientific regard for the things that help to make home "the brightest, cheerfullest spot on earth." This regard is due to her college course in Household Arts and Domestic Science, a course including, among other attractive branches, the principles of cookery, serving, planning menus, home nursing and diet for the sick, sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, and general household management. In the Academy of Saint Elizabeth, where similar courses are offered, the work in plain sewing is required of all students regardless of their plans for the future.

Nor does Saint Elizabeth's alone, among Catholic institutions, uphold the practical side of woman's education. The colleges of New Rochelle, of Mount Saint Vincent, and others, give the home-making course its proper place in their catalogues. And P. L. B. believed that Arabella would refuse to sew on a button! Does he wish his last lingering doubts about convent education together with his prepossessions for Victorian seminaries to vanish into that nothingness where finishing schools have long since deservedly gone? Let him visit Convent Station, New Jersey. It is on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad, forty minutes' ride from New York. The trip will undoubtedly afford him more pleasure and land him at a safer destination than that other voyage recklessly begun with the futile question, "Why Send Girls to School?"

Convent Station, N. J. A. H., '15.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read with much pleasure the article entitled "Why Send Girls to School?" in your issue of December 12. I wish to say that the point in the last paragraph of that paper is especially well taken, and I greatly rejoice that Father Blakely has put into words what I and doubtless many other ex-convent girls have often thought although we perhaps had not the courage to express what might appear to be a criticism of the loved Sisters who taught us. After several years in the home circle since leaving the convent boarding school I have only one thing to suggest which might be a great help to the girls in after life. An obligatory course in practical domestic science might with much profit be made a part of the curriculum of every convent school, especially boarding schools.

Los Angeles, Cal. S. D.

Catholic Graves

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of November 28, you put the very necessary question: "Why are graves untended?" "Catholic graveyards are a by-word for neglect," is true, especially in villages and country towns; and it is high time that attention be called to the matter and an effort made to apply a remedy. In rural districts the Catholic population is rather small, and forty or fifty years ago it was smaller still. The priest with difficulty secured a rough piece of ground that served as a place of interment for several townships. It was left in a state of nature, there being no funds for keeping it in order. Mark what followed. A person, often from a distance, bought a grave; and if he was not too poor, put up a headstone, levelled and trimmed his lot, and made a point of visiting it a couple of times a year. As a consequence, that special grave was tended for a time. Not many years passed before the faithful friend became feeble; his young people went away to the city, returned only occasionally, and had little time or thought for God's acre. The non-Catholic rural cemetery is in the hands of a self-perpetuating body or association of trustees, or a trustee, with an established fund to keep the cemetery in order. If a person owning a grave deposits $100 or $120 with the trustees, the grave will receive perpetual care. Relatives living at a distance from the cemetery are glad to make this arrangement.

Is it not possible for pastors in rural communities to arrange for a permanent body, and for a fund the interest of which would be expended annually in keeping graves tidy? Perhaps the fund might even be made general, and the bishop or chancellor of the diocese be the trustee for the different parishes. Some such plan seems to me the only remedy for a condition of things that, to say the least, is very disedifying.

Orleans, Mass. H. O.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915.

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Carranza, Scholar and Saint

THOSE who have followed, even with languid interest, the recent career of General Carranza, must have been struck by his pure saintliness as a man, and by his ripe genius as a scholar. This impression is widespread; but, after all, it is merely an impression. Rather, it was a mere impression; for since General Carranza has found his Boswell the pale dim glow of impression has flashed into brilliant flame of certainty. The Boswell in question is "the personal and confidential agent of General Carranza." He recently came to these shores from Vera Cruz. In the quiet seclusion of the city of New York he employs his leisure moments in writing merited eulogies of his sainted scholar and patron. With a nice taste in words, a preciosity not unworthy of Pater or Flaubert, he dubs these effusions "news." One or two papers publish them on dull Mondays. But hard-headed journalists, who hold that a certain minimum of veracity is not undesirable, quickly and quietly drop them into the waste-basket.

With a tear in his limpid eye, Boswell pleads for justice, for an impartial investigation of conditions in Mexico. By accusing his sainted scholar of "atrocities" certain knavish folk have been guilty of "grave injustice." "We do not wish the masses to become atheists," cries Boswell, "we do not wish them to lose their interest in religious thought and practice." Certainly not. That is why we have tortured and murdered priests, inflicted unspeakable outrages upon consecrated virgins, thrown venerable bishops in vile dungeons, and forced many of them into exile. These evangelical measures betoken our interest in religion, our burning desire to see it flourish in the hearts of the people. It is absolutely untrue that we have forbidden the people to receive the Sacraments. "All who desire to continue religious worship are fully provided for, and enabled to do so freely." True, we closed a few churches here and there, but merely because there were more than were needed by the people. We have not made them into barracks or gambling houses. We have never looted schools and colleges. We believe firmly in education; and the formulation of a system of schools which will reach the lowest peon in Mexico is now engaging the chief attention of General Carranza and his counsellors. The few churches which were closed "will be used as schools and libraries."

Plainly, grave injustice has been done the saintly and scholarly General Carranza. He has nothing more at heart than the spread of learning and piety in the lives of his people, many of whom are ungratefully trying to shoot him. Boswell deserves our thanks.

> My king's ideal knight,
> Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was redressing human wrong . . .
> We know him now; all narrow jealousies
> Are silent . . .
> How modest, kindly, all accomplish'd, wise,
> With what sublime repression of himself . . .
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, **nor a vantage ground**
> For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses
> In the fierce light that beats about a throne
> And blackens every blot.

"We know him now!" Let all narrow jealousies sink into silence, as we contemplate this master portrait of Carranza, scholar and saint.

Breaking Down Ideals

THERE is an active propaganda going on that is tending to break down old and honored ideals. One of the manifestations of it is the persistence with which, in novels and on the stage, the advisability and justification of "self-realization" are being preached. The great thing in life, we are told, is "to find oneself." Sometimes this is possible even for those who stay within the conventions; often it is not. In the latter case one must depart from "ordinary standards"—such is the cant phrase—and "be oneself" at any cost, except renunciation. To take an example: Novels are being written which paint motherhood and wifehood as bondage, and sympathy is expressed with those who are galled by being "a wife—just this." Being "a wife up to the hilt" is one of the dangerous phrases that characterize the state of mind of the modern woman who finds herself "caught," with no possibility of escape. The consequence is the growing prevalence of vague cravings that are filling the feminine world with hitherto unknown discontent. Among the champions of the New Woman is Mr. Wells, and to no small degree in his portrayal of Lady Harmon in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon." In direct opposition to his attitude, needless to say, is the position of the Church.

The Wise Man and St. Paul have written a good deal that is to the point on the nobility of being a wife, and on the salvation that attends the fulfilment of the duties

of maternity. The Church, too, following their lead, has constantly held up the married state as a high, though not the highest, ideal, and as affording ample scope for expressing the best that is in woman. She has always set a stern disapproval on those who, having of their own accord entered the married life, desire or seek to shirk its obligations. It is only by fidelity to duty that married women or married men or any women or men can find themselves. Not, indeed, that these duties should limit usefulness. Many a Catholic wife and mother has broadened out the scope of her influence until it extended far beyond her home. The saints have almost invariably done so. They have never so acted, however, because they despised being "a wife—only *this*." They were *this*, though not *only this*, first and above all, the rest was only secondary. After all women are no more exempt than men from Christ's doctrine, that if they would find their life they must lose it. Not self-seeking, but self-sacrifice, is the road to nobility, and hence to happiness. It is this ideal that Mr. Wells' book tends to break down.

Arizona Prohibition

AT the general elections held in Arizona on November 3, 1914, a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Arizona was submitted to the electors, and in the following December, by proclamation of the Governor of the State, was declared approved by the vote of the electors, and in full force and effect. The amendment, taken in its literal sense, apart from all private interpretation, is a direct infringement of religious liberty and a violation of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing to every person the right of worshiping God according to the dictates of his conscience. It is further in violation of the Enabling Act of the State of Arizona itself, providing that in the drafting of its Constitution perfect toleration of religious sentiment should be secured, and that no inhabitant of the proposed State should ever be molested in his mode of religion. These and other violations of constitutional articles were pointed out in a bill for injunction submitted to the District Court of the United States for the District of Arizona by the Reverend Thomas M. Connolly, as complainant in behalf of all other priests and of all Catholics of the State. The injunction was refused and appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

According to the new law the "manufacture in, or introduction into the State of Arizona, *under any pretence*" of wine, including, therefore, the altar wine needed for the daily celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is to be considered "a misdemeanor." The Catholic priest or layman who manufactures or introduces wine for purely sacramental purposes, as required by the rites of his Church and in perfect conformity with the divine institution and commandment of Christ is thus, according to the absolute wording of the law, liable to imprisonment for no less than ten days, nor more than two years, and to a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than three hundred dollars and costs for each offence. The Sacrifice of the Mass, as offered in the Church for nineteen centuries in answer to the divine injunction, "This do for a commemoration of Me," would imply a misdemeanor in the State of Arizona.

In defence of the law against the bill of injunction representatives of the State declared that it was beyond the power of any court to rule that the law would interfere with the use of wine in established religious ceremonies. But the fact remains that the law itself makes no exception for "ceremonies," but definitely states that all exceptions are set aside. What assurance therefore is given Catholics against the decision of local bigots in defiance of the Constitution. Similar laws have been passed in other States, with the understanding, it is said, that they are not meant to violate the constitutional liberty of worship. It is necessary, however, for Catholics to obtain the most positive certainty that such laws can never be ignorantly or wilfully misapplied. For Catholics, above all others, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

The Business of Life

THERE was a time when our Catholics as a class were poor. They had started life under handicaps which they found impossible entirely to overcome. Disabilities of one kind or another confronted them. For no fault of their own education had been denied them; and the patronage of high places, which if not essential to success is so powerful a help, turned a deaf ear to their applications. From the material point of view, therefore, they did not make, as a rule, a marked success in life. That day is passing. We have developed an educational system that is not only giving a solid foundation in the elements, but is producing a distinctly Catholic culture. As a consequence, since we never lacked intellectual ability or strength of character, we are acquiring wealth and positions of influence. There are many fields of public or private endeavor in which we can point to men or women who either by inheritance or personal efforts are making what the world calls a success of life. This is as it should be. The good things of life were made by God for His friends. It is not merely on the wicked, but on the good as well, that He maketh the sun to rise. Actual poverty he proposes as a counsel to the few; from the great bulk of men God neither asks nor expects more than poverty of spirit; that is to say, detachment in the midst of wealth. Riches, indeed, are a danger, they easily entangle the heart; but they are an immense help to the cause of Christ.

The Church, therefore, is sorry to see men set their hearts on the things of the world; but she is glad when her strong, devoted sons enter vigorously into the contest of life, and get their share of the things that make for innocent happiness and serve as a means to advance the interests of Christ and the glory of God. There are

some of her sons for whom riches so narrow down the gate of heaven that they can scarcely be saved; but there are others who count riches as dross, except in so far as they can serve as an instrument of good. For the former the Church prays that they may always be poor; but the latter she hopes may be blessed with a large share of wealth. Her reason is clear. The making of money is not the business of life. It is at most one of its incidents. Into the keeping of each one of us has been given a possession of great value and capable of much development. Not only must we safeguard it from harm, but we must fashion it as we can into a thing of strength and beauty. Now the tempering and the embellishment of a soul is not easily accomplished. It demands both care and time; much turning and many a stroke on life's anvil must be given to a soul before it is fit for the kingdom of God. We receive it, so to speak, in the raw. Flaws have to be removed, and faults corrected, and the virtues Christ taught worked in; and for the doing of this our allotted days are scarcely enough. This is the business of life. Other things are to be valued as far as they are hindrances or helps toward it. This is what the Son of Man called His Father's business, and it is ours as well. Only between His business and ours there is this signal difference, that He had our souls to save and we have our own. That it is a work worth while is evident from this, that Christ was willing to pay for its accomplishment the price of His Precious Blood.

Authors' Autographs

AFTER reading of the extravagant prices that are being paid nowadays for the autographs of departed and even of living authors, a certain popular writer had a valuable inspiration. Out of a praiseworthy desire to reap from his works, before he is gathered to his fathers, as much profit as possible, he has arranged for the convenience of the public a graduated scale of rates at which his name, written in a perfectly legible hand, can be purchased. The fees, as will be seen from the following list, can not be called excessive:

One autograph, name only, on small, cheap card, $0.50. One autograph, name only, on fine gilt edge card, $0.75. One autograph, with words "Yours truly," $1.00. One autograph inscribed to you, personally, $1.50. One autograph letter, one page long (rather formal), $2.00. One autograph letter, two pages (informal), $5.00. Extra pages added to letters, each, $2.50. A $1.00 book, with twenty-word inscription and autograph, $10.00. A $1.00 book, with long familiar inscription, enabling purchaser to claim to know me intimately, $20.00.

The thrifty author's circular then goes on to announce that he is ready to pay admirers a week-end visit for the moderate sum of $100, including expenses, and during his stay he engages to read from his own writings at the rate of "$25.00 for the first half hour and $12.50 for each additional quarter-hour thereafter." Hosts, moreover, may call the literary lion by his first name before five people for $12.50, and for only $20.00 may address him familiarly in a gathering of any size whatever.

By adopting this clever plan those who have "abandoned themselves to literature" will be able perhaps to keep the wolf and even the sheriff from the door. Minor poets and humdrum novelists can not, of course, expect to command such high prices for their autographs and social charms as do "poets of passion" and the producers of "best-sellers," while indigent but honest authors who need the money most will be the ones, as a rule, whose names and smiles are least in request. That table of "rates" is an amusing satire on the rapidly growing class of "liter'y-section" readers who can not only tell you countless details about the personal tastes and working methods of their favorite "living author," but can even name a number of his books. Publicity men take care that we are kept informed about every journey and every social triumph of our "popular" writers: whole columns are filled with such "copy." Therefore, to know such a person by sight is a privilege, to possess his autograph is cause for boasting, to have a nodding acquaintance with him confers distinction, but what shall be said of those who have even received a suitably inscribed copy of a "first edition"?

Meanwhile an immortal genius like Shakespeare, whose autograph few sought while he lived, but which a fortune can not buy now, and about whose "favorite recreation" and "methods of composition" we know next to nothing, remains on the dusty shelf unread, for the author of the last "best-seller" is the lion of the hour.

A Bishop's Letter

SOME months ago, a Chicago journal announced its intention of finding homes in America for a number of Belgian orphans. With ready generosity, many good people of the Middle West said they would gladly shelter these innocent victims of the war. It would seem that this rather quixotic plan has now been abandoned; at least, nothing touching the matter has appeared for some time in the columns of the enterprising newspaper, which formerly gave it a place on the first page. What the Belgians themselves thought of the project may be gathered from the following letter addressed by Mgr. de Wachter, Auxiliary Bishop of Malines, to the Editor:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some time since I had a representative of a Chicago paper ask me what I thought about the proposed plan to adopt into American homes children orphaned by the war, especially Belgian children. My answer was for the Belgians. I stated these had been cared for already and I did not think that any Belgian people would wish to send over orphans to America. On the other hand I confessed that the idea was a generous one, without insisting further.

Of course if the idea were carried into effect the religious education of the orphans should be provided for and Catholic children could be adopted by Catholics only. It would be advisable at any rate to call the attention of public opinion in America to this phase of the problem. Our Cardinal would

never allow our Catholic orphans to be taken by non-Catholics. I submit this letter to your prudence to be used as you think best. You have full permission to make use of Cardinal Mercier's name.

✠ A. DE WACHTER,
Auxiliary Bishop of Malines.

Good sense, as well as courtesy, will counsel deference to the wishes of the Belgian Primate and his people. To safeguard the religious rights of these Catholic children would have been an exceedingly difficult task. As a matter of fact, among the applicants were Protestant clergymen and Protestant schools, and the committee appointed to dispose of these little Catholics numbered but one or two Catholic members. This was hardly an auspicious beginning. Apart from this, however, few will wish to see these intensely patriotic Catholic children sent into exile. Belgium will need her children in victory or in defeat, according to the designs of an all-wise Providence.

Harping on One String

IN the museums of large cities you may see collections of old instruments of music representing the progress of that harmonious art from the few simple notes of early days to the intricate harmonies of our day. Civilization has advanced beyond the stage of a few strings up to the serried ranks of musical steel which you may see in a piano. The solitary individual, therefore, who does his harping on one string, is a relic of barbarism; he belongs to the same strata of civilization as the Hottentot, the Australian bush-ranger, and the primitive Patagonian.

It is related of a good, holy priest, who was in charge of a school, that one night because of some trouble, he lost an hour of sleep. At once he proceeded to strip the varied and multiple harmony of life of its diversified melody and devoted himself to an energetic see-sawing upon one monotonous string. In the last official communication he was still rasping one lugubrious strain about the lost hour. More monotonous, more discordant he than another eminent soloist of history, who "produced" variety out of most unpromising material. In a "colored" band in Southern Maryland was a bass-drummer whose execution fixed the attention of his audience. His proficiency was so marked that he was invited to play a solo on the bass-drum. The performance was a unique one, and, despite obvious handicaps, the performer managed by changes in tune and volume and by different groupings of his beats to escape the lowest degree of monotony. The chief merit that commended itself to the audience was the drummer's seriousness and the manifest admiration of the rest of the band. But this Marylander was no match, either in taking himself seriously or in producing iterated sameness, for the international soloist, the harper on one string.

The favorite tunes of this musician are known to all. There are the pathetic ballads: "I am keeping watchful waiting, for he trod upon my toes;" "I never, never, can forget what she has said;" "I wouldn't care at all, at all, if anybody else." There are also the well-known dead marches with the usual harp accompaniment, entitled, "I never dreamt that she," and "And at the time he was my dearest friend." The repertory is not varied, but it makes up in strenuous exertion what it lacks in diversity.

Next to shattered friendships, shattered health is the subject most in favor with these musicians. They will drop in to see you and, without waiting for an invitation, you will have a recitative on the liver or on the ravages of the lumbago. A solo on "How I got dyspepsia when I worked in Baltimore" is succeeded perhaps by a thrilling duet with another performer, "What's the latest you've been taking for your rheumatism, dear?" Sometimes these dolorous complaints are humorous enough. A good, old priest was dying at the age of eighty-three. He had a grievance against himself: "If I had not been careless of my health when young," he whispered sadly, "I would not now be in such a bad way." Unhappily, however, these sad solos evoke more tears than smiles. There is no humor in the man with a grievance, who has received one wound and keeps it open, who has on file the bullet which hit him and often broods over it, who sings his song of sorrow a thousand times oftener to himself than he does to others. Indeed, such a one is not simply near barbarism; he is on the verge of insanity, one most potent cause of which is the fixed idea, and the harper on one string is the victim of such an obsession.

The sovereign remedy is to learn at least one other tune, a tune of heavenly harmony, a tune that deserves and will receive an indefinite number of encores. "How often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him?" "Till seven times?" "I say not to thee till seven times, but till seventy times seven times." When you learn Hebrew you will find that is quite often. Harp on that string.

LITERATURE

An Archbishop's "Courtesy Book"

TO Giovanni Della Casa, a sixteenth century Archbishop of Benevento, belongs the distinction of being the first to codify the manners of the cultivated classes in Italy. Therefore this prelate of the "Catholic Reaction" is credited with having established the standard of social conduct that has obtained in polite circles down to our own day. It was the Bishop of Sessa who suggested that his Grace should write such a book. No one surely was better qualified for the task. He was connected with two of the leading families of Florence, he was a trained diplomat, a master of pure Tuscan, and a social lion, nor was the fact that he had composed some poetry which smacked strongly of the Pagan Renaissance thought to unfit his Grace for teaching others what is becoming. So the archbishop wrote forthwith a book of etiquette which he called "Galateo," the academic name of his friend, the Bishop of Sessa, the "only begetter" of the volume.

Della Casa's work was not published, however, till 1558,

two years after his death. Translations in French, Spanish and English subsequently appeared, the latter bearing this title:

> Galateo of Maister John Della Casa, Archebishop of Benevento: Or, rather, A Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours, it behoveth a Man to use and eschewe, in his Familiar Conversation. A Worke very necessary & profitable for all Gentlemen, or Other. First written in the Italian Tongue, and now done into English by Robert Peterson of Lincolnes Inne Gentleman. Satis, si sapienter. Imprinted at London for Raufe Newbery dwelling in Fleete-streate litle above the Conduit. An. Do. 1576.

Preserving all the quaintness in spelling and phrasing that characterizes Peterson's version, the Merrymount Press of Boston has now added to its "Humanist's Library" an edition of the "Galateo" of great typographical beauty.

Della Casa throws his treatise into the form of a discourse "Wherein under the person of an old unlearned man, instructing a youthe of his," the author "hath talke of the maners and fashions, it behoves a man to use or eschewe, in his familiar conversation." The foundation of politeness, avers the archbishop, lies in the desire to please. "It behoves thee to frame and order thy maners and doings, not according to thine owne minde and fashion: but to please those, with whome thou livest." Moreover, "It is not inoughe for a man, to doe things that be good: but hee must also have a care, hee doe them with a good grace." Courteous behaviour and entertainment, Galateo observes, are of as much service to him who possesses them as are justice, fortitude and other noble virtues. For the former a man "neede alwayes at all hands to use," while the latter, though more important, are less frequently "put in uze." He shrewdly remarks:

> As these plesaunt & gentle behaviours, have power to draw their hearts & minds unto us, with whome we live: so contrariwise, grosse and rude maners, procure men to hate and despise us. Whereby albeit the lawes, have injoined no paine for unmanerly and grose behaviours, as the fault that is thought but light (& to saye a trueth, it is not greate) yet we see notwithstanding, that nature herselfe punisheth them with sharpe & shrewde correction. For, as men doe commonly fere the beasts that be cruell & wild, & have no maner of feare of som litle ones, as the gnats and the flies, & yet by the continual noiaunce they find by them, complaine them selves more of thes then of the other: so it chaunceth that most men do hate in maner asmuche, the unmanerly & untaught, as the wicked, & more. * * *

The "Galateo," however, is not merely an abstract and theoretical treatise on the usages of polite society. On the contrary the author is very practical and detailed in his applications; so much so, indeed, that he offends occasionally the nicer sensibilities of to-day. Here, for example, is the sage counsel he gives those who aspire to be social favorites:

> To grinde the teethe, to whistle, to make pitiful cries, to rubb sharpe stones together, and to file uppon Iron, do muche offend the Eares and would be lefte in any case. We must also beware we do not sing, and specialy alone, if we have an untuneable voice, which is a common fault with moste men: And yet, hee that is of nature least apt unto it, doth use it moste. * * * There be some, that in yauning, braye and crye out like Asses. * * * And a man must leave to yawne muche, not only for the respect of the matter I have saide alreadye, as that it seems to proceede of a certaine werines, that shewes that he that yawneth, could better like to be elswhere. * * * Let a man take hede, hee doe not begrease his fingers so deepe, that he befyle the napkins to much: for it is an ill sight to see it: neither is it good maner, to rubbe your gresie fingers uppon the bread you must eate. * * * And in like maner, to rise up where other men doe sit and talke, and to walke up and downe the chamber, it is no point of good maner. * * * They are to bee blamed, that pull out their knives or their scisers, and doe nothing els but pare their nailes. * * * Theis fashions to, must be left, that some men use, to sing betwene the teeth, or play the dromme with their fingers, or shoofle their feete: For these demeanours shewe that a body is carelesse of any man ells.

The archbishop goes on to say that it "Ill becomes a man when hee is in company, to bee sad, musing, and full of contemplation." He advises such persons, "when they be so full of their muses," "to get them selves alone." No one either in sport nor in earnest should speak anything against God or His saints, "how witty or pleasant so ever the matter be." The reader is reminded, however, that he should not go to the other extreme and discourse even on edifying subjects unseasonably. It is "unsavourie," for instance, to "reherse Friers sermones" to young gentlewomen who are making merry, and "they doe asmuche amisse, that never have other thing in their mouthe then their children, their wife and their nourse." The archbishop has good advice, too, for those who use in everyday conversation the language of scriveners and versifiers: "When a man hathe like occasion to speake of the Sunne, it shall not be good to call it The Candell or the Lampe of the world: bycause such woordes do put us in minde of the Oyle & the stuffe of the kitchen."

Galateo has no mercy on those who monopolize the conversation, interrupt others, and insist upon literal accuracy in every anecdote they hear. He writes:

> There be other so full of babble, that they will not suffer another to speake. And as wee doe see otherwhile, uppon the flowers in the countrie where they thresh corne, one Pullet pull the corne out of the others beake: so doe they catche the tale out of his mouth that beganne it, and tell it themselves. And sure, suche maner of people, induce men to quarrell and fight with them for it. * * * And therefore, If any man be in a redines to tell his tale: it is no good maner to interrupte him: nor to say that you doe knowe it well. Or, if hee besprinckle his tale here and there, with some prety lie: you must not reprove him for it, neither in wordes nor in gesture, as shaking your hed, or scowling uppon him, as many be wont: gloriously vaunting themselves, that they can, by no meanes, abide the taste of a Lie. * * * And let men laughe uppon occasion, and not uppon custome. But a man must beware he doe not laughe at his owne gestes, and his doings. For that makes men weene hee woulde faine praise him selfe. It is for other men to laughe that heare, and not for him that telles the tale.

The sapient author has many other practical counsels for the complete converser which all aspirants to social success should lay to heart, and the wearisome talker of the twentieth century could read them, too, with great profit. The pages wherein Galateo discourseth on how gentle folk should demean themselves when they sit at table are quite diverting. Without question the rules of good breeding he here lays down are elementary enough. "We must beware," is his caution, "we doe not eate so greedily, that wee get the hicket, or belche withall. . . . Neither must you openly rince your mouth with the wine." "For these," the courtly archbishop sternly remarks, "be trickes for a sloven." Regarding the vice of drinking to excess he finds nothing to correct in his countrymen. "I give God thankes," is his fervent aspiration, "that amongest many the Plagues that have creapt over the Alpes, to infect us: hitherto this worst of all the rest, is not come over: that we should take a pleasure and praise, to be drunke." So in Della Casa's opinion the habit of wassailing was perhaps as undesirable a trans-Alpine importation as were the heresies of Luther. Our *magister elegantiarum* makes perfectly clear, moreover, his attitude toward those addicted to using toothpicks publicly, and toward the man who is "not master of himself," as St.

Ignatius would say, "both in his manner of eating, and in the quantity he takes." Writes Galateo:

> Neither is it gentleman like, to carry a sticke in your mouth when you rise, like the birde that builds her nest; or put it in your care, for that is a Barbars tricke. And to weare a toothpicke, about your necke: of all fashions that is the worst. For, besides that it is a bauld Jewell for a gentleman to pull forth of his bosome, and putteth men in mind of those tooth-drawers, that sit one their benche in the stretes: it makes men also to thinke, that the man loves his belly full well, and is provided for it. And I see no reason, why they should not as well carry a spoone, about their neckes, as a toothepicke. It is a rude fashion besides to leane over the table, or to fill your mouth so ful of meate, that your cheekes be blowne up withal: neither must you by any maner of meanes, give another man to know what pleasure you take, in the meate or the wine. For that it is for Taverners and Bousers to use suche fashions.

But enough for the present even of the courtly Archbishop of Benevento. If our readers should perchance marvel that so eminent a prelate took the trouble to draw up for the young ladies and gentlemen of Italy a code of etiquette that mentions such elementary rules of good breeding as the foregoing, it was doubtless because his Grace had often observed how flagrantly they were violated even in the "best Florentine society" of the sixteenth century, and realized how intimately connected are good manners and good morals.

W. D.

REVIEWS

A Great Soul in Conflict. By SIMON A. BLACKMORE, S.J. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.50.

This volume is a very adequate commentary on "Macbeth," accompanied by illuminating chapters on certain subjects raised by the text, such as the ethics of the preternatural and of equivocation, a brief and clear presentation of which is very convenient to have. The author is thoroughly familiar with the criticism, old and new, bearing on his subject. Any one who has experienced the confusion begotten in the average reader of the "Variorum" edition by contradictory views on many moot points, will be grateful for the sane and judicious eclecticism here displayed. In the important and vexed questions of character analysis Father Blackmore is particularly thorough. For example, in treating of Lady Macbeth, we have the two extremes of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jameson given at sufficient length, and then the temperate *via media* of Campbell, whose view the author champions, bringing to the discussion a valuable contribution, for he expounds lucidly the Catholic's attitude toward the supernatural.

Father Blackmore writes some very interesting pages about the Porter's use of "equivocator," a word which in the opinion of Warburton is a bit of Jesuit baiting, and an allusion to Father Garnett and the Gunpowder Plot. The author speaks here as a master in Israel and his discussion of the question is admirable. In using Macbeth's debate with himself, Act I, scene 7, as a proof of the utter absence of conscientious scruples in the thane, Father Blackmore reasons well, yet Professor Bradley's views on the force of the passage might have been examined. If a second edition of this valuable book is published, a more suitable title should be found.

A. P. M.

Twenty-Five Years: Reminiscences. By KATHARINE TYNAN. New York: Devin-Adair Co. $3.50.

The years date back from 1891, when Parnell died and left, for Mrs. Hinkson, nothing worth remembering thereafter. The last chapter is a paean of hero-worship on her supreme hero, who apparently became so only after the divorce proceedings, and there is not a little here and there in the 400 large pages of the book that the average reader will contrast with many reminiscences that are edifying. However, he will not be greatly scandalized, and the piquancy and naïve charm of the style almost transmute the very faults into virtues. Katharine Tynan seems to have been somewhat of a spoiled child whose oddities and perversities were not taken seriously or were pardoned for her many fine qualities of heart and head. Her friends, who number nearly every one worth while and many who were not, will hardly relish her revelations of their peccadilloes, but they are not very hurtful, except perhaps to the narrator. She detests Americans in general but describes all the Americans of her acquaintance as delightful. Like some other Dubliners who never saw a country dance, she attributes the decay of that institution to the joy-killing hand of priestly puritanism, forgetting that in an earlier chapter her father gave the true explanation, that "the famine and the emigrant-ships had carried away" the dancers. Her friend, Douglas Hyde, could inform her that in the last two decades the Irish priests have done much to restore the dances and other olden customs, and retain the dancers. There are some fifty good illustrations.

M. K.

In Deep Places. By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR. New York; George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

The Single Hound: Poems of a Lifetime. By EMILY DICKINSON. With an Introduction by her niece, MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00.

The reviewer is willing to endorse what its publishers say of the first of these two volumes of poems. It has a "delicate and wistful poetry," and its art is on the whole careful and accomplished. To accept a book on the valuation of its publishers is, we submit, in these days of lurid advertising, not an inconsiderable compliment. Having paid it, the critic may be allowed to air a grievance. As the title would seem to imply, these poems are expected to convey some spiritual message of despair or hope, of weariness or consolation, of stoicism or courage. The purpose of the author, so far as we can judge, is to inspire courage in the face of the riddles of life and death. While we have no quarrel with this purpose, we find so much vagueness and inadequacy in the means used, and the failure to achieve that purpose so striking, that the result must be regarded as an essential artistic defect. Let us illustrate our point: In "Queen Mary at Fotheringay," Mary Stuart is represented as meeting her doom with these words on her lips:

> The course I chose was the course I kept;
> In the face of doom like a flame I leapt.
> Bitter and sweet have I known complete—
> One adventure is left to try.
> Life I have finished, mire to throne—
> Here at life's end I stand alone.
> Headsman, warder of worlds unknown,
> Show me now what it means to die!

Now, this is twentieth-century religion, Henley's "Captain-of-my-Soul" bravado. It has about as much courage in it as the whistling of a man in a graveyard on a dark night. There is much more unwincing fortitude, more truthfulness, and—note it well—far more art, in the verses which Mary Stuart is said to have written in her prayer-book at Fotheringay:

> *O Domine Deus,*
> *Speravi in te.*
> *O care mi Jesu,*
> *Nunc libera me.*
> *In dura catena,*
> *In misera poena*
> *Desidero te.*

The "Poems of a Lifetime" have the same vain stretching out of arms toward realms of doubt. The author, of whom there is a sympathetic biographical sketch in the preface, was

a gifted and somewhat eccentric lady whose emotions a New England atmosphere, in its rarest transcendental days, etherealized rather than spirtualized. The compact little lyrics here published contain doubtless much subtle poetry. But it is in solution, and hence often very cryptic and formless. The reviewer gets the impression that Miss Dickinson might have made a name for herself in poetry if she had been willing to occupy herself with the technical rules of her art. These, after all, are of primary importance: they crystallize into visible beauty the trailing ghosts of the mind.

J. J. D.

Kent Knowles: "Quahaug." By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

Here is another good story of "Down East" folks which begins and ends on Cape Cod, but with most of its action taking place in Europe, where the "Quahaug," a clam-like novelist, experiences a more thorough awakening than his publishers ever dared expect. Accompanied by an elderly spinster cousin, Hepzibah Cahoot, Kent sails for England and meets there Frances, a young relative who believes that she is being deprived of a fortune by her two American kinsmen. Kent and Hepzibah, out of compassion, invite Frances to join them on their tour but put off telling her that her expectations are quite baseless. This course leads to many amusing situations, produced by Kent's love for Frances, the girl's pride and "Hepzy's" affection for her. But the "Quahaug" is at last accepted and the three sail home happily to Bayport. The well-told story holds the reader's interest to the end. Hepzibah, with her Yankee faith in signs and frankly expressed opinions of British manners and customs, is an entertaining character though she carries the chip somewhat unsteadily on her American shoulders. Kent's ardor is tempered by his years but his final conquest of the English girl's heart is thorough. Readers will enjoy the lover's indecision and his self-effacing efforts to promote the happiness of Frances. As "Kent Knowles: 'Quahaug'" is the best of Mr. Lincoln's longer stories, it will undoubtedly widen his circle of appreciative readers.

J. T. B. F.

Japan To-Day and To-Morrow. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

This is a sympathetic study of Japan by a graceful writer who would like to dissipate the prejudices entertained by many Americans regarding our distant Eastern neighbors. Though more than 50,000,000 people are now confined to islands of which the area is no greater than that of New York State, and though the Japanese have a large and victorious army and navy, Mr. Mabie seems to think that other races need have little fear of a "yellow peril" from Nippon. The author well compares the Japanese to the ancient Greeks, but he neglects to paint in all the shadows of the picture. He gives a readable account of the country's history and good descriptions of the daily life of the natives, paying well-deserved tributes to their passion for the beautiful, and their uniform politeness. "A bow and a smile," Mr. Mabie attests, "go a long way in Japan." Reminding American travelers that a "Cynic knows the price of everything, but the value of nothing," Mr. Mabie cautions us against forming too hasty a judgment of the Japanese, who are still a "nation of artists and gentlemen" though the westernizing of their country has apparently cooled our admiration for the race. The volume is well illustrated.

W. D.

On the Hills with Our Lord. By the REV. JOHN H. O'ROURKE, S.J. New York: Apostleship of Prayer. $0.50.

With tireless energy Father O'Rourke continues to explore the hills of the Holy Land. In the sixteen chapters of his new book he leads us in the company of Our Blessed Saviour from the Hills of Cana across the Hills of Bethany and of Samaria to the Hills of Capharnaum, pointing out as he proceeds many hitherto uncharted undulations of the ever-yielding land of devotional thought. His fifteen years' experience as a Jesuit novice-master, as well as hundreds of retreats preached with abundant zeal in convents, academies, churches and seminaries, have made the author intimately familiar with the uplands and lowlands of the human heart, no less than with the slopes and plains where saintly prophets and princely patriarchs "tarried in their tents or watched their flocks browsing on the green hillsides." The millions who read the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* are already acquainted with the many practical reflections and vivid scenes which enlighten and adorn the pages of Father O'Rourke's new book.

J. H. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Reviewing "Teacher and Teaching" by the Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J., a facile *Nation* critic after writing some words of commendation for the book, was literarily scandalized when he found that its pages gave countenance to the "faculty theory of the soul," universally discredited by modern philosophers. No one will deny the critic's right to condemn, even when he can not point out a more excellent way; but one wonders if the *Nation* reviewer has in mind any system upon which modern philosophers have agreed not to disagree? However this may be, the announcement of a second edition by the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co. shows that, despite its medieval psychology, teachers and students have found Father Tierney's book of practical value.

The *Bookman* reports that the six novels selling best during November in this country were "The Eyes of the World," "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," "Kent Knowles: 'Quahaug.'" "The Wall of Partition," "The Prince of Graustark" and "Bambi." The last three of these books have already been favorably mentioned more than once in AMERICA. "The Eyes of the World" we have also reviewed but with very faint praise. Mr. Lincoln's new book is noticed in this issue. "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" is a harmless and commonplace story of the Canadian North West Mounted Police and the Riel rebellion.

The *Catholic World* for January should be of special interest to the social worker. Dr. John A. Ryan summarizes and discusses the "Minimum Wage Laws to Date," Mr. Edwin V. O'Hara, the Chairman of the Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission has a good paper on "Wage Legislation for Women," in which he pays special attention to recent minimum wage laws, Helen Haines contributes an article on "Catholic Womanhood and the Socialistic State," and Padraic Colum finds St. Adamnan "An Irish Champion of Woman." Thomas Walsh, whose studies have now made him a high authority on things Spanish, has an interesting paper on "Salamanca To-day and Yesterday" and his fellow-clansman, James J. Walsh, M.D., in "History Fifty Years Ago," gives Dr. William Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," such a searching examination, that the latter's standing as a recorder of facts is sadly impaired. In this number of our contemporary there are also stories by Katherine Tynan, Rosa Mulholland and Percy James Brehmer, appropriate verses by S. M. D. and Emil Dinnis, and a plea for fairness to Germany by Andrew J. Shipman.

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe" which Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry collected, edited and furnished with notes and an introduction nearly twenty years ago have lately been reprinted. (Scribner, $2.00.) The volume is furnished with two portraits of the author, several

fanciful pictures, which are hardly needed, and a facsimile of a page bearing Poe's emendations of his verses. His well-known lines to Our Lady beginning:

> At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
> Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!

were originally entitled "Catholic Hymn," but in a new edition of his poems the word "Catholic" was deleted. The notes give all the changes—and they are numerous—he made in his poetry, and Stedman's introduction is excellent.

"The Signification of *Beraka*" (Wagner) is the title of the thesis presented to the Department of Semitic Languages of the Catholic University by Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., for his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It is a study in semasiology, the science of historically tracing the meaning of words. The Semitic root *B-R-K* is examined in various Semitic languages, and its diverse stem-forms and inflectional forms are correlated and coordinated. The prehistoric meaning of the stem is shown to be "to throw one's self, fall prostrate, kneel down," while the historic meanings are: "to lie down; the part of the body on which one reclines; to become firm, exert one's self; abiding well-being, blessing, etc." It is out of the question adequately to estimate the work of Dr. Plassman without becoming over technical; suffice it to say that his thesis is not the usual sophomoric work which one takes it for granted a doctorate thesis will be, but he has done really scientific work. We commend the study to all professors of Scripture.

In a circular letter that the Bishop of Trenton has addressed to the clergy of his diocese, he urges rectors to place in their church vestibules book-racks filled with good pamphlets and suggests that at all the Sunday Masses the titles be announced of leading articles in Catholic periodicals. He utters a warning against papers and magazines that should not enter Christian homes, quotes, with approval, a pastoral of the Canadian bishops on the subject, and then exhorts the clergy thus:

> Advise every family to subscribe for Catholic newspapers and periodicals, such as the *Monitor,* our own diocesan Catholic paper, AMERICA, the *Catholic World,* and others of like standard. Have the "Catholic Encyclopedia" in your own library and also in that of the parish school.

That suggestion of Bishop McFaul's about mentioning from the altar the names of important articles that Catholics should read is particularly good. But if the practice were widely adopted, Catholic editors would soon become in all probability a haughty, purse-proud class, and that of course would never do.

The "American Jewish Year Book" (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia), for the year 5675 (1914-1915), contains some interesting figures. The Jewish population of this country on July 1, 1914, was fixed at 2,933,374, and it is estimated that by January, 1915, the three million mark will have been reached. In other words, one out of every thirty Americans, and in our average cities one out of every sixteen, will be a Jew. The Jewish population is mainly urban, and New York City alone counts 975,000. One remarkable fact, however, is that within recent times a great dispersion of the Jews throughout the entire country has taken place. In a chapter on "Jewish Education in the United States," Julius H. Greenstone writes: "It is obvious even to the most superficial observer that the immediate future of Israel will be in this glorious land, that hither the center of Jewish activity will soon be shifted if it is not here already." A great portion of the "Year Book" is naturally taken up with the Beilis affair. Wholesale expulsions, new devices for persecution and the suppression of education are said to be the order of the day in Russia.

EDUCATION

The Wrath of Alethea

"I BEG your parding, young man," said the redoubtable Mrs. Raddle, standing on the purple cauliflower in the Kidderminster carpet. "But who do you call a woman? Will you have the goodness to call me that again, Sir?" What genius first said that history was but a series of repetitions? "Had P. L. B. been supplied with the catalogues of present day Catholic colleges for women," writes the indignant Alethea, "never, oh, never in his wildest frenzy would he have accused Arabella of allowing the biscuit to burn"; never would he have begun with the "futile question, 'Why Send Girls to School?'" And Alethea's fine eyes darken. It is plain that some one has called her a woman. "Have the goodness to keep your observashuns to yourself, Sir," exclaims Mrs. Raddle as she gets up steam. "I am not aweer, Sir, that you have any right to direct your conversation to Me." Alethea too is getting up steam, albeit in a very ladylike way, as befits an alumna of St. Hilda's. May her loyalty to Alma Mater never grow less! But we have erred in directing our conversation to Alethea.

"OBSERVASHUNS" MISAPPLIED

At St. Hilda's, the intellectual menu is brief, wholesome, yet not so brief that it does not include the "humble homemaking courses." There the morning sun streams in on rows of polished pans so bright that they give back smile for smile, and the potatoes bubble and hiss in the pot, while the kettle on the hob, or its modern equivalent, purrs and sings in the merriest way imaginable. Even a harmless, necessary cat, I fancy, blinks in the warmest corner of that very attractive room, the home of the domestic sciences, and one may see whole lines of busy little Marthas, troubling themselves about many sticky messes. My early "observashuns" have gone astray. They were not directed to this cheerful school of which, there can be no doubt, Alethea is one of the most promising pupils. I had no right to direct my conversation to her. Rather, I was thinking of Belinda who wrote exultingly, kindly underlining certain phrases to help my slow wits: "I am glad the good nuns taught me to prefer *literature* and *psychology* to cooking and *sewing on buttons.* Some persons will not concede that a *mere woman* can have the faintest glimmering of psychology. I *marvel* that such persons can be *tolerated* on the staff of AMERICA." The savagery of this communication fairly takes one's breath away. It suggests that literature and psychology, as influences refining the female mind, are not what they have been "cracked up" to be. Belinda may scour the plain in pursuit of the middle term, but pans and floors and dishes, never!

CATALOGUES AND COURSES

Belinda and Alethea, it would seem, were bred in different schools. Belinda scouts the value of the domestic sciences. These have no place in convent schools, she holds, because they deserve none. For her own school, on the other hand, Alethea produces objective evidence; for the other schools she loyally suggests a reference to the respective catalogues. May no carping word of mine darken the childlike confidence of Alethea. Let the young dance happily to the strains of fairy music, and may they long wander trustfully, hand in hand, through a world of beautiful unrealities, with all dreamy makers of true romance and editors of catalogues. It is a dreadful thing to quote a catalogue as evidence to one who, in his day, has had a hand in the compilation of these Arabian documents. He feels that at last Nemesis has overtaken him. Catalogues are not dishonest; but they are optimistic, and need interpretation. There is a great world of difference between an optional and a required course, but in catalogues one often finds them printed in the same kind

of type. From this fact, for which of course, the kindly compositor is entirely responsible, many strange conclusions may be drawn. May it be whispered that certain scholastic pursuits, among them domestic science, sometimes take refuge in the catalogue, because there is really no room for them in the curriculum? That Alethea's soul may not once more be harrowed up, it may be stated, definitely and loudly, that at St. Hilda's the homemaking courses exist in reality, as well as in the catalogue. But this is not true of all schools. Some of them offer domestic science as an elective and, as a result, it stays in the catalogue, for it is by no means a "snap course."

And shall the testimony of my venerable nun, young after sixty summers in a convent school, be destroyed forsooth, by the wholly admirable protests of Alethea? Not while ginger is hot in the mouth, and the principal cause of the day is the sun. For Alethea does not count sixty summers of conscious existence, in school or out of it. Besides, Belinda is against her. One bold enough to discuss from a discreet distance, the discrepancy between these two, may justly conclude that some convent schools teach domestic science, and that some do not. My original contention, that this subject, partly cultural and partly practical, might profitably be placed among the studies required in all our convent schools, does not seem to be vitally affected by this rather obvious conclusion.

ANGELS IN THE KITCHEN

Exception will at once be taken to the assertion that household training is even partly cultural. But, in the opinion of many, the statement might be put far more strongly. The persistent devotion to any worthy ideal, a devotion which is sustained by a motive not wholly self-centered, is quite cultural as the "handling of old Greek things," or a sympathetic study of the Provençal poets. After all, it is the motive and the end sought, which invest our actions with significance. Useful work is, in its nature, ennobling; and since the days of Nazareth, when our Blessed Mother busied herself with household duties, and her Divine Son earned His bread in the sweat of His brow, to the Christian soul labor has partaken of the nature of a sacramental. The old monk in the scullery heard the chant of angels, as with gnarled and knotted hands, he carefully washed the rude platters of his monastic brethren. And fitly was he chosen to listen to the throbbing of that heavenly symphony, for the love of God and man which he put into his humble task, made him worthy of the company, even of angels. The monastic cook whose tasks left him no time to pray, finds his kitchen filled with celestial visitors, to help him praise God as he prepares the frugal repast of his many brethren, to teach him that to labor for God's children, is to pray. To perform common, laborious, even repulsive tasks in the spirit of loving service, widens the heart and the mind, makes one careful of the sensibilities of others, refines the tastes; and this is culture. Even Laurence Sterne, sentimental, selfish, frivolous as he was, has noted in imperishable lines, the exquisite courtesy of a simple Franciscan lay brother, whose life of tireless service undertaken for the love of God, had purged away much of the unlovely dross of our human kind. Take up Montgomery Carmichael's charming "Tuscan Sketches," if you wish to know the cultural influence of even menial tasks, when one lends to them the transforming power of a Christian motive, which regards all service as rendered to Christ Himself.

THE VANISHING HOME

This is the spirit which our religious teachers impress upon their pupils. It is the spirit of Christ. Supernatural religion is strong, thank God, in all our convent schools. There God walks with His children, and directs their gaze from the welter of this world to the peace and purity of the lasting City of God. Secular knowledge is imparted with admirable thoroughness and accuracy; but the pupils are never allowed to make terms with the seductive fallacy that knowledge is an end in itself. Fads, therefore, have no place in these schools, but it would be a grievous error to hold that domestic science is a fad. Our courts are working overtime and our jails and prisons are unsanitarily crowded, because our homes, rich homes quite as well as poor homes, are going to pieces. Whatever may strengthen, develop, the home-loving, home-making instincts of our Catholic girls, may well find a place in the schools which are training them. Religion, above all else; secular studies, disciplinary and cultural; these we have, and their influence has long been felt, wherever Catholic women have not forgotten their convent training. But even among our Catholic people, especially among the unhappy inheritors of wealth, the spirit is growing up, that personal labor is not only unnecessary for persons of their class, but quite unworthy of them. This is a step back to paganism. We think the Mistresses of convent schools will bear out the statement that this spirit is found in many of the children who come to them, especially if they have been bred in the wealthier homes.

VALUE OF HOUSEHOLD COURSES

We need something which will destroy this unhallowed spirit. Our religious teachers can readily link the domestic science courses with motives that are supernatural. They can use these courses to impress upon the children the nobility of manual labor. They can tell of the supernatural reward which God promises to labor undertaken in the spirit of love. "Why do we sing these hymns?" is the question put to the children of the Pittsburgh parochial schools by the musical directors. "To praise God and help our neighbor," is the answer. "Why this cooking, sewing, mending, scouring, planning?" "Not for ourselves, but for God and our neighbor." All that is menial in the work is glorified by the nobility of the motive.

There is no need to insist upon the practical and social value of these courses. Please God, we shall never be subjected to the dreadful conditions which now prevail in Belgium and northern France. But what if our country should be drawn into a similar conflict? "We can find no greater lesson as to the necessity of woman's work," I read in a Sunday newspaper, "than the present conditions abroad. Women must not only knit socks, prepare bandages, make the clothes, for lack of men in the shops and factories, but they must do all the old-fashioned work that their grandmothers were obliged to do by necessity. And they do it all, these noble women, with a pride in their hearts that they are able to help when war is devastating their country." But let us get back to actual conditions. Men are marrying late in life, or not at all, because they fear the expense of a household which means an apartment or hotel with its high-priced mechanical service—and this is no home at all—or a private establishment in which all the work must be entrusted to well-paid servants, since the natural home-maker is unable or unwilling to do her part. Young men claim that "seeing Nellie home" is no longer a simple process. The bright lights have cast their glare over the occasional gatherings which sufficed for the social life of a plainer generation. Nellie expects a seat in the parquet, at least, and a supper afterwards, and an automobile for the homeward journey. Furthermore, while it is not true that the main cause of divorce in this country is poor housekeeping, this may often be a contributory cause. Fathers and children do not find a great deal of pleasure in a slovenly "home," where everything is out of place, where meals and tempers are equally uncertain. The fathers, if not the children, may be tempted to seek elsewhere what they lack at home.

TERMS AND REALITIES

We rightly accept the convent schools as institutions ideally suited, for the most part, to impart suitable training to our

girls. Only a critic with a genius for the obvious, feels called to draw up a catalogue of their virtues. "Convent training" and "the convent-bred girl," are accepted terms, and correspond to very definite and lofty realities. "We are puzzled to select a school for our girls," are the words which a New York *Sun* cartoonist attributes to two *thé dansant* mothers, quite at home with cigarettes and champagne. "Somehow, convent training no longer prepares a girl for the demands of society." *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* But our convent schools do not need the lesson. Their praise is in the mouths of those who reject them.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The First Christian Trade Unions

THE origin of craft gilds, or Christian trade unions of the Middle Ages, followed, in the order of time, upon the development of the merchant gilds. The purpose of these early organizations of specialized craftsmen was the mutual protection of their members; the promotion of the common industrial and commercial interests of the city as well as of the fraternity; and the fostering of that spirit of brotherhood, based upon supernatural motives, which was to last through life and continue beyond the shadow of death.

Agriculture was almost the universal employment of men during the period of social reconstruction, after the tidal wave of pagan barbarism had swept over the civilization of Europe and the Church began anew her work of Christianizing and civilizing the world. Specialized craftsmen were rare or unknown in communities where each family built its own home, spun its own clothing, and drew its sustenance from the flocks it reared and the crops it planted. There was consequently only a very gradually developing need of them. Over all Europe the religious communities of this period were the centres of economic development as they were the hearths that kept alive the spark of learning beneath the cinders of almost universal destruction. They were now the first trade schools as previously they had taught the cultivation of the soil to the roaming hordes of barbarians, and in due time were to hold up for their descendants the torch of learning and unseal for them the wisdom of the ages.

AN EARLY NEED

It was still, however, a far cry from the first scattered craftsmen, a few of whom might suffice for the growing village communities, and the organized craft gilds which were to play so important a rôle in the life of the Middle Ages. As civilization grew more complex the free craftsmen united with other freemen of their communities into the *frith* or "peace" gilds for the prevention of theft and the preservation of order. In the course of time the merchant gilds arose, particularly in England. Since craftsmen were likewise merchants at this period they were now absorbed into these organizations, in which the great body of burghers were originally united for the protection of their own and their city's interest and trade.

It is evident that in none of these stages was there any call for specialized gilds of artisans. But the towns now grew rapidly in population. Economic conditions became more complex. The villeins, or unfree workmen, were emancipating themselves. The ranks of free craftsmen were constantly swelling. The merchant gilds, where they existed, no longer sufficed. The time was ripe for a new stage of economic development, and the craft gilds, which answered to the growing need, sprang into being. Soon practically everywhere they had taken their place throughout Christendom.

CRAFT AND MERCHANT GILDS

Prescinding from the unions said to have been organized among the serfs, the beginning of the craft gilds proper may be ascribed to the early part of the twelfth century, although isolated instances can be found even in the preceding century. Thus we read of the victory won, in the year 1032, by the Flemish weavers of Courtrai in the defence of their city. Mention is made of the weavers of Mayence in 1099. It is evident, therefore, that no clean-cut chronological statement can be made indicating the relative dates of the origin of the craft and of the merchant gilds. The rule that the latter was prior to the former by an entire century can not be applied upon the Continent as readily as in England. In fact it is mainly to the latter country that we must turn for the universal, systematic development of this institution. Merchant gilds upon the Continent were apparently more sporadic and often different from it in nature. The craft gilds, however, though always enjoying their local peculiarities, were sufficiently alike to allow of broad generalization. Their similarity indeed is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Middle Ages. This fact is the more striking when we consider the wide separation in space, the difficulty of communication, and the practical isolation of the cities.

DEVELOPMENT OF CRAFT GILDS

The unfolding of the craft gilds in England was comparatively normal, and outbreaks of violence were apparently rare. The merchant gilds of each important town had previously embraced the craftsmen as well as the leading burghers occupied in other pursuits. Gradually, for various reasons, the craftsmen withdrew from this larger gild to form organizations restricted more or less to their own trade. In some cases they may still for a time have remained members of the original gild. Each withdrawal of a craft to form its own union meant a weakening of the merchant gild, whose province was thus ever more and more restricted, since its purpose originally had been the monopoly and control of the municipal trade and toll. As long as the communities were small and the burghers were practically all associated together in the town gild, the need of craft organizations was not felt, nor were they possible in many cases. As the towns grew in population and the gilds in size, it was natural that a division should take place. How far the merchant gilds themselves became exclusive, and so necessitated the formation of new organizations, it is difficult to say with certainty. In not a few of the towns weavers and fullers, we know, were denied the rights of free burgess as long as they exercised their trade.

As one of the comparatively few instances left on record in England, we may mention the laws set down for the weavers and fullers of certain cities in the London "Book of Customs." All sale of cloth, wholesale and retail, was forbidden these craftsmen and legislation was enacted that they must not dispose of their wares even outside the town limits, lest they interfere with the trade of the local gild. They were thus permitted to dispose of their cloth to no one except the town merchants. Nor was this their only grievance. Not only was all their work to be done for the "good men" of the town, but they could not even practise their trade itself without obtaining the consent of the former. No merchant or *franke homme* could be brought into court by a weaver or fuller, nor could they even be summoned as a witness against him. As the gildsmen in such instances had grown in wealth and power their Christian principles had apparently suffered in proportion. A Christian renewal was needed.

GILDS OF THE WEAVERS

The first craft gilds everywhere were the gilds of the weavers, since material for clothing was the first great industrial demand. Other trade gilds followed in rapid succession and gradually obtained official recognition from the Government or the King. In 1130 the English gilds of weavers at London, Lincoln and Oxford were making their annual remittance to the royal treasury in return for their official recognition. The possibility of levying additional taxes may often have been no slight inducement for granting authorization to the numerous craft gilds that now sprang into existence. Gilds not thus authorized were known as "adulterine." They could not claim the privileges of chartered organizations, though they might be permitted to continue unmolested. The new gilds were the more welcome in as far as they strengthened the authority of the ruling sovereign by weakening the power of the barons. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century the craft gilds, or medieval trade unions, had therefore become a characteristic feature in the industrial life of England. Upon the Continent the struggle attending their establishment was far more severe. A great economic readjustment was taking place over all the earth.

J. H.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Against the reports of bad treatment of German prisoners in France," says the *Berliner Tageblatt,* "there are more reports that are friendly. Justice requires that this be noted. That prisoners are well treated in Germany does not require proof." Similar comments have been made by French and English newspapers. It is reported that the Holy Father has written to the bishops, in whose dioceses prisoners are detained, commending the captives to their especial care. As far as possible, they are to be provided with chaplains speaking their own language, and the chaplains are requested to do all that Christian charity prompts, to make the term of imprisonment less burdensome.

The pleadings for peace of the venerable Dr. Washington Gladden sometimes fall upon unresponsive ears. As a recent public meeting in Rochester, according to the *Post-Express,* the Doctor undertook to warn his audience against sectarian hatred. He thought it hardly fair to discriminate against a man, in politics, for instance, on the sole ground that he was a Catholic.

> Shall we then disfranchise the Catholics? It is proposed that they be excluded from office, and denied all power in the making and enforcement of laws, so that they shall be a subject class in the community. Oh, Christian men, what am I saying? to whom am I speaking? I am speaking to men and women who believe in God, disciples of Jesus Christ. Let me cover my face with shame. I am standing here nineteen centuries after the birth of Christ, trying to prove to men who bear the name of Jesus, that they can and ought to be friends.

Whereupon at a given signal, about half of the audience, arose and filed out. Possibly they resented the Doctor's assumption that they were disciples of Christ.

From January 1 to November 1, 1914, 276 children were killed by vehicles in the New York streets. In the State, during the same period, 889 persons died from "injuries inflicted by vehicular traffic." In 591 instances, the automobile figured. These numbers lead one to suspect that New York has plenty of children to spare, although other large cities may have a death-rate quite as high. Portland, Oregon, is an exception. In nine months of the past year, no one was killed and no one was injured in an automobile accident in that city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. "And all," says the Cedar Rapids *Gazette,* "because the city maintains a good-sized rock-pile at the city jail." Even the most wreckless of "speeders" must feel his pulse beat slow when he is confronted with a hammer and a pile of rocks. In Portland, "speeders" are never fined. They are sent to jail. A conviction means a sojourn of a month with the rock-pile squad. As a result, comments the *Gazette,* there is little or no "speeding." Because there is no speeding, there are very few automobile accidents. "It's hard on the undertakers and the doctors, but it's a pleasant protection for citizens who find it necessary to travel the streets on foot."

The fight against divorce in Colorado, comments the Denver *Catholic Register,* does not seem to be having the least bit of an effect. In the number of divorces, Denver bids fair to break her record of last year, which was the worst in her history. According to the clerk of the district court, for every two marriage licenses issued during the present year, one divorce suit was filed. Of every three suits heard by the county court, one was a divorce proceeding. In an able editorial, the Boston *Pilot* reviews the testimony of the proctor appointed by the Kansas City court, to investigate divorce cases in which no defence is offered. This proctor, after an experience of three years, holds that, ordinarily, two reasons move people to seek a divorce. The first is immorality, and the second is a desire, more or less justifiable, to protect property interests.

> I go so far as to say that nearly all those who ask for divorces, mean to marry again, and have already chosen the person they intend to take in wedlock the second, or it may be, the third or fourth time. . . . The wish for a change of mates, if I may state it that way, is at the bottom of practically all the divorces in Kansas City and every other large city. . . . I am almost ready to declare that immorality, actual or intended, present or prospective, can be read between the lines of 99 per cent. of the divorce petitions filed in American courts. I realize the seriousness of the charge I make, but I make it. What we need in this country is a return to old-fashioned ways of living and old-fashioned morals.

The proctor suggests that a court of domestic relations by reconciling estranged husbands and wives would prevent many divorces. As the *Pilot* notes, this does not solve the question, but it would be a great gain for decency. "If divorce is to be curbed, there must be first of all, religious stability, and outside the Catholic Church there is no such stability." It is hopeless to look to the non-Catholic religious organizations for loyal and consistent aid against the evil of divorce.

The Most Reverend Patrick Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, died at his home in that city, on December 27, after an illness of but five days. The Archbishop was born in Chatham, New Brunswick, in 1841, and spent his boyhood in Chicago. After his college course at Notre Dame, the future Archbishop entered the American College, Rome, and completed his education at Louvain, where he won the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology in 1864. After his ordination in 1865, he returned to Chicago, taught theology in the old diocesan seminary, and for many years was engaged in pastoral work in the diocese. In 1883, he was consecrated titular Archbishop of Cabesa and Coadjutor to the See of San Francisco, to which he succeeded in the following year. His Grace was a true pastor of his flock. During the years of his administration, many new parishes were opened, educational institutes for young men and women were founded and promoted, and ample provision for the future priests of the diocese was made by the excellent diocesan seminary at Menlo Park. In 1902, the Archbishop appeared as plaintiff before the Hague International Arbitration Court, in a suit against the Mexican Government for the settlement of the Pious Fund. This case, one of the first, if not the first, reviewed by that tribunal was decided in favor of the Church in California.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—With the exception of the two extremities of the line that stretches from the Channel to Switzerland there has been no change in the positions of the hostile armies. East of Nieuport the French succeeded in capturing the town of St. Georges, but only after they had reduced it by artillery fire to a mass of ruins. Throughout the rest of the line there is little to record beyond continuous artillery contests which, however, have not materially affected the general situation. The main interest in the western conflict centres on the efforts of the Allies in Alsace. Here they have been making strenuous efforts to begin an invasion of the Rhine, and are reported to have transferred large bodies of troops from the coast to the vicinity of Thann, from which they have advanced on the town of Steinbach, and by a series of hand to hand conflicts have already succeeded in wresting half of the coveted territory from the Germans. How confident they are of ultimate success is clear from the fact that on New Year's day it was publicly announced in Paris that Upper Alsace has been restored to its place as a province of France, and that the Government had appointed a sub-prefect to administer the "department of Le Haut-Rhin." It will be interesting to watch the efforts of the French to regain Alsace, as it will be remembered what sacrifices they made to take and to hold this "lost province" in the beginning of the war. They have still a good deal of territory to capture before they will be in the position that they occupied in the first month of the struggle.

Bulletin, Dec. 28, p. m.-Jan. 5, a. m.

Alsace

In the east the line of battle, except in Galicia, has shifted very little. It still runs along the East Prussian border from a point a little west of Gumbinnen through Johannisburg almost to Soldau. Here it enters Poland and turns south, and after crossing the Vistula follows the banks of the Bzura and the Rawka. It passes some thirty miles to the west of Warsaw, crosses the Pilica, runs parallel to the Nida, but somewhat to the westward and so on across the Vistula and the Dunajec to the Carpathians. In East Prussia and in Poland neither side has made any advance, although desperate fighting has continued. Russia has been able to reenforce heavily her troops along the Bzura, and as a consequence Germany has transferred the brunt of her attack to the banks of the Rawka, where she is using her heavy guns. Russia seems to suspect that this is merely a cover for the transfer of troops further south, and that the Germans will soon begin another series of attempts to advance on Warsaw from another point. She feels confident, moreover, that the German retreat will soon begin. Berlin appears to be satisfied with the situation. Between the Pilica and the lower Vistula, in spite of occasional conflicts, there is something of a lull in the fighting.

Attack on Warsaw

The Austrians have again been outgeneraled in Galicia and defeated. Their plan, which at first seemed successful, has failed, according to their own admission, and they have been forced to fall back all along their line. Their offensive began by an advance on the Russians from three directions, from the west in the vicinity of Cracow, from the south across the Carpathians, and from the east from Przemysl. Their purpose was to concentrate a superior force at a single point and to get Russia between two fires. They failed because Russia was able to attack and defeat each body of troops sepa-

Austrian Defeat

rately. The garrison of Przemysl was driven back into the fortress; the army that came from Hungary is fighting its way back across the mountains, and dispatches from Petrograd already place the pursuing Russians in Hungary, and the army that had driven the Russians back fifty miles from Cracow to a line that ran along the Dunajec and the Biala rivers, is now in retreat. According to Russian reports in each instance the Austrians were routed. Although these reports are doubtless exaggerated, the Austrian defeat in Galicia seems to have been complete. Along the Pilica and the Nida, however, it would seem that they are still holding their own, although even here their offensive has spent itself.

In Washington and London on the last day of the year there was published the text of the note which had been sent some days previously to Great Britain by the United States. It was concerned with the seizure and detention of American cargoes by British warships, and contained a friendly but firm protest against the fettering of American shipping beyond the necessities of existing conditions, and in a way "not justified by the rules of international law or required by the principle of self-preservation." The document was strong, dignified and clear, but quite free from anything that could be construed into the semblance of a threat. Before it was published there had been some sinister prophecies as to the effect of the note, but the text itself makes it evident that there is no likelihood of its bringing about an interruption of the cordial relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. In England it has called forth much favorable comment and there is an evident disposition toward conciliation on the part of the British public.

The Note to Great Britain

During the week Germany sent a note to the neutral Powers signifying her refusal to recognize the *exequaturs* issued to the consuls of neutral governments by Belgium, and her intention to cancel them. Consuls who remain must be acceptable to the *de facto* German military government. Unless they ask permission to continue their duties as consuls, it is requested that they be withdrawn. There are at present four consuls of the United States in Belgium, at Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent and Liège, who although unable to exercise their principal function, commerce having been interrupted by the occupation, have stayed at their posts and have devoted themselves to caring for American citizens and for refugees. They are all accredited to the Belgian Government. It is not clear that Germany, in her own name, means to issue *exequaturs* for Belgium, but she insists that it is a military necessity for the authorities in command of an occupied territory to control its civil business; and as a step toward such control she has demanded that consuls get permission from the military authorities to continue to act in their official capacity. The minister of the Belgian Government has protested against Germany's action, alleging that it implies sovereignty over Belgium. "The issue and the cancellation of an *exequatur*," these are his words, "are acts which imply the sovereignty of the State from which they emanate." Sovereignty over Belgium, however, he declares, Germany by no means possesses in so far as neutral States are concerned, but at most only *de facto* possession. According to this view, to admit the German claim to the right to cancel the *exequaturs* Belgium has issued, or to request approval for our consuls from the *de facto* military government would be tantamount to an official recognition of the annexation of Belgium. This view, however, is not held by all, for many think that acquiescence in Germany's demand would by no means commit this country to formal recognition. The United States is in no hurry to force the issue, as the same situation may soon arise in Egypt, where consuls are still accredited to the Turkish Government. Something similar happened in Kiao-Chow after its occupation by the Japanese, who insisted, and have continued to insist, on the withdrawal of all consuls, and this in spite of the fact that our trade in the Far East suffered considerably by their action. In that instance our Government deemed it wise to agree to Japan's demands. It is not unlikely that she will do the same if Germany insists. However, there is no probability of her doing anything that can be interpreted as a recognition of Belgium's annexation. Naturally she would prefer to follow what has been her practice in South America, where our consuls continue to exercise official functions all during the period of revolutionary changes.

Cancellation of Belgian Exequaturs

In the English Channel, on January 1, the British predreadnought battleship Formidable was sunk before dawn by a mine, or, more probably, by a German submarine. More than five hundred of her officers and crew were lost, as the ship went down immediately. During the week there has been constant talk of the possibility of Japanese troops being brought in large numbers to Europe to fight for the Allies. Japan herself has stated that she has not been approached on the matter, but it is generally supposed that while England has expressed no approval of the scheme, both France and Russia are in favor of it. There is this much show at least of foundation for the rumors, that Japanese statesmen have publicly discussed the profit and loss to Japan involved in such an undertaking and the price she probably would exact for active participation. The Hodeida incident is on the way to a satisfactory settlement. The Turkish Government has given orders that Italy's demands be complied with. A week of the time set by Italy still remains, and it is expected that before it has elapsed Turkey will have actually given satisfaction. The necessity of complying has doubtless been accentuated by the internal disorders at Constantinople, which have forced Turkey to concentrate her attention on the defence of her Asiatic possessions and especially the Dardanelles. Italian warships have bombarded Durazzo in Albania, further complicating affairs.

Other Items

Austria-Hungary.—Few Americans, from the perusal of their daily press, can realize the great vitality which has been displayed by the Dual Monarchy in the present struggle. The enormous war loan raised by it was mainly the voluntary contribution of the class of people whose hard-earned savings were the result of personal labor or of modest business and agricultural undertakings. Such a circumstance demonstrates the strength of that national spirit which had long been obscured by the pettiness of party politics. It likewise proves that economically the country was far more sound than even its best friends had believed. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* admits that, considering the great difference in commerce and industry between the two countries, Austria-Hungary can compare favorably in her generosity with Germany herself. Unwillingness to make signal sacrifices is ascribed only to the great capitalists of the country, whose offerings have, in proportion, fallen far short of those made by the middle classes. It has become evident, from the successive revelations brought about by this war, that little was understood by the world at large of the real spirit of the people, their love of country and their loyalty, which has in a moment of national peril united all the various races into one strong nation. Remarkable, too, have been the financial offerings made for proper hospital service and other similar needs of the country by the Catholic episcopate. To this must be added the fact that every Austrian Catholic regards the war against Russia as in reality a crusade carried on for the Catholic Church to preserve Europe from Russian orthodoxy.

Vitality of Austria-Hungary

Germany.—A leading article in the *Allgemeine Rundschau* calls attention to the delicate subject of the relations of the war to the religious peace of the country. It shows that the extreme Evangelical party has not yet desisted from its anti-Catholic campaign. The methods employed in time of peace correspond somewhat to those of the *Menace* and of the Guardians of Liberty in our own country. Many Protestant soldiers from thoroughly Evangelical sections of Germany learned to cast aside their prejudices only after coming into contact with Catholics. The soldiers, and even the officers, confessed that they feared to be taken to a Catholic hospital because they dreaded the reception and treatment which would be accorded to them there. Discrimination against Catholics and even open attacks upon their Faith are not wanting even now when perfect union of all elements is most desired. That such instances should still occur is not marvelous since the effects of the long years of agitation on the part of the more violent groups of German Evangelicals can not be undone at once. However the war will cause the Church to be more greatly respected and to become better known. It is gratifying in particular to note that Catholics can, without any reserve, acknowledge that "in the highest places of authority there exists the firm determination to prevent anything that could in the least offend the feelings of Catholics and to accord them full justice."

The War and Religious Peace

Great Britain.—An official report has been issued by the Commission appointed some months ago to consider the question of the employment of the Belgian refugees. Up to the present over a hundred thousand Belgians have found an asylum in England, but the Commission states that arrangements are being perfected to add to this number by bringing others from Holland. The latter country is said to harbor nearly half a million refugees. The report indicates certain industries in which the Belgians can be suitably employed. There is a shortage of British armament workers, and the Commission is seeking to place the refugees in the positions left vacant by textile workers, carpenters, miners and gardeners who have gone to the front. Complaints are noted that in certain quarters some of the Belgians were forced by necessity to engage in labor on unequal terms; but it would seem that on the whole the Commission has performed the extraordinarily difficult task imposed upon it with an unusual measure of success.

Employment of Belgian Refugees

Throughout England, January 3 was observed by all as a day of intercession. Cardinal Bourne officiated at Westminster Cathedral. In his letter to the clergy and people, the Primate implored the protection of God, not only for the forces, but for those at home "who are exposed to anxiety, suffering and sorrow." England has thoroughly awakened to the possibility of a foreign invasion. In Yorkshire special preparations have been made by enrolling a corps of civic guard volunteers, and uniforms, arms and equipment have been provided by public subscription. In the coast towns adjoining the Tynedale district and Sunderland, the police have served notice upon "persons regarded as undesirable," to quit the area within eight days. The persons affected are aliens of hostile countries, naturalized aliens of both sexes, and British-born descendants of aliens, to the second generation inclusive. Exception is made for persons of advanced age or extreme youth. These regulations indicate how acute the fear of spies has become along the coast.

Intercession Day

Ireland.—Differences of opinion on Ireland's relation to the war threatened to disrupt the Gaelic League, but Dr. Hyde has secured agreement that political views shall continue to have no part in it. Irish education in language and thought would make, he said, an Irish Ireland when present conflicts in war and politics were forgotten, and for this end the Gaelic League was the open door to Irishmen of all views. He was strongly supported by Bishop Cohalan, of Cork, who, while denying that Gaelic or any other language was essential to

Home Items

faith or nationality, insisted that as an important aid to both it should be taught in home and school and University. The Archbishop of Dublin has secured from the Dublin Corporation a suitable site for a Catholic Cathedral in the precincts of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, on Abbey street, which had been built by King Malachy in 945. The Catholics of Dublin have had no Cathedral since the Reformation, the two existing Cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christ Church, having been alienated for Protestant uses. The $60,000 required for the purchase of the site have been donated, and an appeal is to be made to the Irish Catholics of the world for means to erect an edifice worthy of the capital.

Mexico.—This unhappy land was never in a more chaotic state. The following letter reveals the plight of the people:

Chaos, Misery, Protests

Yours of the 18th enclosing letter from Father Quinn and a check for $10.00 was received Christmas eve. I take pleasure in reporting that we have had other returns from the printing of this appeal in AMERICA. A number of your readers have sent cash donations, and the Mother Superior of one convent writes that she is sending clothing. This is the kind of intervention we need in Mexico. It will bring peace and good will when all else fails. It is my earnest endeavor that these responses from the United States to Mexico's need shall do their appointed work; not only in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, but also in wiping out race prejudice and bringing the two peoples closer together.

I have no words to express adequately my thanks to you for printing this appeal, and to your readers for their generous response. I wish I could take them with me as I went on my rounds with your offering and theirs, on the Christmas eve just past, sometimes into the ruin of an ancient palace, great bare rooms stripped of every stick of furniture, only a heap of rags in one corner out of reach of the wind and rain driving through bullet-shattered windows, sometimes into windowless huts with the rain dripping through the palm-thatched roof on the dirt floor. I should like to be able to convey to you and your readers the prayers, the tears, the blessings: they are yours, not mine.

This has been a very hard winter for this part of the world. Cold and continuous rain, exposure and lack of food have made the people easy prey to disease. The situation is doubly difficult to handle, owing to the pride of the people, which has caused them to conceal their true condition until now we find almost a whole nation starving. Every day reveals more appalling conditions. During the past forty-eight hours word has been brought to us from a town to the south of us that the people are being kept alive by a small supply of seed corn which is doled out to them in infinitesimal portions from day to day. To add to the horror, smallpox in a malignant form is raging. I am trying to collect money for a car of supplies to be sent to that locality, but have no hope of sending what is most needed, a doctor and nurses. The people of the United States have responded generously to my appeal, but it will require continued and liberal giving through many months, otherwise famine and pestilence will finish what war has begun.

Again thanking you for myself and for this unhappy country, I remain Respectfully, etc.,

(MRS.) E. C. HENDRIX.

Matamoras, Mexico. *American Consulate.*

That interest in Mexico's condition has been aroused is apparent from the appended resolutions adopted by the Boston Central Labor Union:

Organized Labor, ever ready to assist the down-trodden, no matter of what race, color or creed, calls your attention to the outrages on women and young girls in Mexico as outlined in the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Boston Central Labor Union Sunday, December 20th:

WHEREAS, The information received through the press and other sources from Mexico relative to the outrages by the armed military upon defenceless women and young girls fills us with horror and makes our blood boil within us at the indignities the religious and peaceful residents of that country have been subjected to;

WHEREAS, Every liberty-loving citizen, no matter of what color, nationality or creed, holds as the highest and most valued possession the right to worship his Creator according to his conscience, and any and every effort to restrict such worship calls for a vehement protest:

WHEREAS, The entering of convents by the mad and infuriated mobs under guise of the military, the outraging of the inmates, whose lives were dedicated to Almighty God in working for His people, the sacrilegious orgy which attended the pillaging of the places of worship, the insults and assaults heaped upon the clergy and their followers, are so harrowing and brutal that, even in the most callous person every instinct of manhood is aroused and calls for a vehement protest against these barbarities; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, in meeting assembled, respectfully call upon President Woodrow Wilson to protest, in the name of humanity and freedom of worship, against such outrages and indignities; and be it further

Resolved, That we call upon our members of Congress to take this matter up with President Wilson to the end that such outrages will cease for all time.

The Boston Central Labor Union desires your organization to take similar action in the matter by adopting the resolutions or drafting others in a similar vein and forwarding same to President Woodrow Wilson in Washington, also to the Massachusetts Senators and Congressmen.

For the Boston C. L. U.

JOHN J. BARRY, *President,*
HENRY ABRAHAMS, *Secretary.*

This is but one of the many movements under way in favor of the republic beyond the Rio Grande. Others will be described later. As usual, in cases of this kind, preachers are on the hustings striving to fix the blame for Mexico's condition on the Church. The devil's work is their opportunity. How amusing their efforts are can be learned from the lecture of a Methodist preacher who, according to the Buffalo *Express* of December 28, cited, among other causes for the revolution, the fact that Mexican priests sold indulgences and levied a heavy tax upon the people for every service. As was fitting, this lecturer was introduced by a bishop who, shortly after the death of a prominent and highly respected citizen of Buffalo, calumniated the dead man in a most offensive way. Mr. Lind, too, once our special ambassador to Mexico, has seen fit to enter the lists *publicly* against the Church. As Dr. Francis C. Kelly, President of the Church Extension Society, is showing in a book, which will be issued in a short time, the sometime ambassador seems to have made poor use of an old edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." On another page of this paper will be found an open letter to Mr. Lind.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Experimental Inoculation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some two weeks ago one of our papers published a series of articles on the morality of permitting a convict who offered himself as a victim, to be inoculated with cancer germs, in the interests of science. Yesterday I was discussing the case with some friends and I went away from their company bewildered by the contradictory opinions, and intent on writing to you for an exposition of the case, from the standpoint of Catholic morality. Can you not give space to an article on this topic?

Brooklyn. I. T. S.

PERHAPS nothing in the world throws a serious man into profounder despondency than the handling of moral questions by the daily press. In the first place, the newspaper confuses issues. Unaccustomed to exactness of expression, the newspaper writer, in the course of an article, will state a question in two or three ways, the same to him, but to one habituated to consider the definite meaning of terms, altogether different, each calling for a special solution. In the second place, the newspaper seems to have no idea of an absolute standard of right and wrong, and of a moral science concerned with its application. When a question involving the morality of a legal question comes up, a whole page may be filled with lawyers' views on it. When another arises in some medical or surgical matter, we may read at equal length what the doctors think. It never occurs, apparently, to the editor that a lawyer's business is merely to know the law and its application; the physician's or the surgeon's, to understand the body's ills and their cure. As to the morality of some particular case, neither doctor nor lawyer has any special right to decide. Each has the conscience of the ordinary man, the ordinary moral principles for guidance in every-day affairs; but in difficult matters each is as much obliged to seek guidance as the grocer, or the shoemaker. Should either undertake to settle the problems himself, he will bungle as sadly as would a moral theologian attempting to fix a doubtful title, or to operate for appendicitis.

An example of all this was had a short time ago. A criminal under life sentence offered himself to be inoculated with cancer by physicians studying the disease. A newspaper announced the fact under the heading: "Should 'Lifer' be Sacrificed for Science?" Thus it changed the whole question. The real point of issue was, whether a man—criminal or not, makes no difference—may allow himself to be the subject of a definite experiment: the question as put by the newspaper was, whether, in general, public authority may use its convicts for scientific experiments without their consent. Whence follows a most serious consequence. The general public, more impressed with the glaring head-lines, is likely to apply whatever solution of the real question is given, to another question, entirely different. The matter having been proposed, a reporter was sent out to gather the doctors' views. They had much to say. Some appealed to the law, not knowing that no positive law can change the definite intrinsic morality of an act. Others drew conclusions from parallel cases, a most dangerous proceeding. Absolutely parallel cases are not so common. There is usually some point of difference; and it may happen very easily that on this point the whole morality of the matter turns. Others consider the question from a sentimental standpoint; but none laid down any definite moral principles.

Some argue that, as from common consent a soldier may volunteer on a forlorn hope, though he should lose his life, it must be lawful also to allow one's self, in order to promote the common welfare, to be inoculated with a disease. The reasoning is *a pari*. We must consider, therefore, the principles governing the case cited and others of like nature, and see whether they apply in the case in question.

The principles are these: The free disposal of human life is not in man's power, and this is true of his own life as well as of another's. Hence no act necessarily or directly causing death can be used as a means to an end, however good this may be. With regard to an act bringing about death indirectly and as a consequence only, but not as a necessary effect, the case is different. If the act is in itself indifferent, it may be used to obtain a good end; and thus it will share in the goodness of the end. There must be a due proportion between the means and the end. One can imperil his life only for a good more universal, either intensively so, as when for the sake of charity one plunges into the sea to save a drowning man, or extensively so, as when by the act of one a number receive real benefit. Now, with regard to the forlorn hope mentioned above, the actual passing over the ground covered by the charge is not a death-producing act: the firing of the enemy's guns is its consequence, but not its effect; the end to be obtained is of great importance; for, abstracting from special cases which may include, for instance, the saving of the entire army, the action of those who volunteered on a forlorn hope is always a high example of military virtue which encourages others and contributes powerfully to discipline and fortitude, so necessary for success.

Coming now to the case at issue, we must point out that inoculation is not a parallel case to the one we have just considered, for now death is not the effect of the act, but its consequence only: the contracting of the disease is the direct effect of inoculation. In the forlorn hope, so far is the soldier from intending his own death, that the success of the undertaking depends generally upon the survival of the danger by as many as possible; the inoculated person, on the contrary, deliberately intends to contract the disease, as the means necessary to attain his end. One may say that this is not the case when one submits to inoculation in order to prove a disease non-contagious. This is only apparently true. The intention still is to contract the disease if possible; and the demon-

stration is valueless unless every means be taken to ensure the contracting of it. Moreover, should death follow inoculation, it may be so intimately associated with the disease that the contracting of the disease was practically the sentence of death. Hence in willing to contract the disease and in taking the means to do so, one is in such cases compassing his own death.

Wherefore inoculation can not be defended in the way that such cases as the forlorn hope are justified. One thing, however, remains. Inoculation is not a necessary cause of death, because the disease it is intended to effect has not always a fatal issue. Here we must introduce another principle. When a cause has two distinct effects, one indifferent and the other bad, if the former be the direct and primary effect and the latter indirect and secondary, we may seek the indifferent effect to gain a good end and permit the bad effect, provided it have no efficacy in producing the end desired and we are under no special obligation to impede it. To appreciate the bearing of this on the question, we must notice the common distinction between fatal and non-fatal diseases. The former end ordinarily in death and recovery is the exception; with the latter the reverse is the case. In the former recovery is accidental; in the latter death is so. In a mortal disease, then, one can not practically look on the disease and death as two distinct effects, since death is involved in the disease; and so one could not, for instance, allow a rattlesnake to bite him that doctors might try possible remedies. It seems that for the same reason one could not permit himself to be inoculated with plague and such like diseases. In non-fatal diseases the case seems different, the disease, coming directly and primarily from the inoculation, and death coming from it secondarily in those occasions in which certain physical conditions obtain in the subject. The former alone is intended and used for scientific investigation; the latter is, as far as possible, averted; but if it happens accidentally it is merely permitted. If, then, in such a case there be no positive reason requiring one to take every care to avoid death, it seems, he may submit himself to inoculation under certain conditions.

These are as follows: As soon as the disease declares itself every means must be used to secure a favorable issue. As between the two extremes of fatality and non-fatality there are almost as many degrees as there are diseases, each case must be examined individually, and it is not allowed to argue boldly from one case to another. As there is question of inducing a disease that may result in death, the good to be obtained must be very definite, of grave importance, and the more so according as the danger increases. When a disease is near the dividing line, between fatal and non-fatal, the burden of proving that it belongs to the latter category rests on those who would use the experiment. As to the special case of cancer, since it is generally reckoned among diseases necessarily fatal, and very near the top of the scale, too, inoculation, with its germs, appears unlawful until physicians prove clearly that the disease may be transferred to the non-fatal category. HENRY WOODS, S.J.

The Opportunity of the Young Men of America

THERE is opportunity to-day for every young man in America. Twenty years ago there were comparatively few positions paying $4,000 or $5,000 a year and over. To-day there are many men in various cities of this country drawing salaries of this amount or more. Further, every ten years sees a large percentage of new men at the head of the commercial and financial institutions of America. These new men come largely from the ranks, a fact which illustrates that the opportunity for young men is greater to-day than ever in the history of this nation. Business will continue to expand and new products will be manufactured, new fields for the sale of merchandise will come into existence, and no country on the globe promises better than does the United States.

Unhampered by social, hereditary, or other caste distinction, the young man of America is free to make himself whatever his natural ability, energy and activity dictate. It is only necessary to look about and see on all sides the number of our most successful men whose origin was humble. With few advantages and many handicaps, they began the struggle of life. Nevertheless they progressed step by step and reached the goal of success by sheer will power, energy and grit. These men had not a college education, but they had an indefatigable determination to learn and succeed. The young man who argues that his progress is handicapped because he has not had the advantage of a college education will not go far toward success. Poverty never spoils a good man. Unearned prosperity often does. There are always good reasons for a real man's success. It is not due to luck. Lack of success is often the result of wasted opportunity.

Some men learn all they know from books, others from life. Both are essential to a degree. It is the man who knows enough about practice to test his theories for defects that gives the world a shove around on its axis and finds a fair margin of profit for himself from the effort. Education is a good deal like eating. One can not always tell what particular thing he learned that did him most good. A young man must go to work in the morning with a firm determination to make that day count for something if he expects to return home with any degree of satisfaction. Depending on "hindsight" to point out opportunity will never avail him much. The capable man is one part talk and nine parts judgment and he uses the nine parts of judgment to tell where and when to use the one part of talk.

It is probable that the situation in Europe may result in America having a large increase in immigration; immigration of a kind that will help us. There are many Germans, French, Austrians and English who will look to America as their future home. I believe that condi-

tions abroad will cause many of the best people of these nations to seek our shores for their future livelihood. If such should prove to be the case, I would ask the young men of America to watch the progress of these thrifty foreigners. Many of the strangers will be handicapped in not speaking our language, in not knowing our customs and, perhaps, by a lack of money. But notwithstanding these things, many of them will, in ten years, be ahead of numerous young men of America, who to-day have every advantage and numerous opportunities.

Summed up, opportunity and ultimate success rest, to a large extent, with the individual. There are men who will succeed in spite of apparently insurmountable obstacles. There are other men who will fail, notwithstanding opportunity and the assistance of many friends. Every man can hew his statue of success out of the block of opportunity, and the necessary tools are integrity, thoroughness and energy, and, I will add, judgment and adaptability.

FESTUS J. WADE,
President Mercantile Trust Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Catholics and Socialism

AT present great efforts are made by socialists to obtain recruits to their ranks from the Catholic fold. "Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists" is an article by Carl D. Thompson, the Director of the Information Department of the Socialist Party, and is the latest attempt to counteract the opposition of Catholic organizations to socialism, and to catch the weak-kneed ones among us in the meshes of the Marxian net. This article has already gone the rounds of the socialist press from Boston to Los Angeles, and is now being spread broadcast in leaflet form by the hundreds of thousands.

The appeal opens with a paragraph of praise for Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Thompson knows that it is much easier to catch flies with honey than with the tartaric acid some of his comrades have been using. However, flies only, not men, will be content with his words, which are far too sweet to be wholesome. "Pope Leo felt a deep concern for the working people." That is true, and it was this deep concern that caused the Pope to issue the encyclical which Mr. Thompson wilfully misconceives and misapplies. It was Pope Leo's deep concern for the working people that prompted him to warn them of the dangers of socialism, of the "crafty agitator" who, "working upon the poor man's envy of the rich," seeks to fill the heart of the former with seditious teachings. The encyclical is something more than a condemnation of socialism. It is a severe indictment of the unjust conditions that prevail; it is a condemnation of the heartlessness of grasping employers who make the life of the toilers hard indeed; it is a demand for a remedy—for good moral and physical environments, for security, for a living wage, for a multiplicity of owners of property. When socialists use the Pope's exposé of evils to turn workmen to the view opposite to that expressed in the encyclical they become diabolical indeed.

Mr. Thompson says every socialist agrees with Pope Leo, when he contends that as effects follow cause, so is it just that the results of labor should belong to him who labored. Do socialists really agree with what Pope Leo says? Certainly not. They have deliberately torn this excerpt from the context and set it upon the false premises of socialism. The Pope is referring directly to the right of property in land and indirectly to the ownership of private property in capital, declaring in the self-same paragraph from which the excerpt is taken, that a man has not only the right to use land and to have the fruits thereof, but also the right to possess outright either the land on which he has built, or the estate he has brought under cultivation, and asserting, moreover, that socialists, by denying these rights, would defraud men of the fruits of their labor. Proceeding from the basic illustration of the man working for wages and with his wages buying land, the land being his wages in another form, the Pontiff asserts the man's right to own the land as the fruit of his work, and also his right to bequeath the land to his heirs. The papal document then condemns the socialists' denial of the right of a man to operate capital for his personal advantage. The encyclical plainly sets down the man's right to lucrative property, in other words, to private property in the form of capital. Moreover, the Pope makes clear that he considers the capitalist a factor in production, and hence justly entitled to the results of his industrial efforts. The Pope repudiates the socialist theory of the "class struggle," "that class is naturally hostile to class," saying it is "irrational," "false," for "capital can not do without labor, nor labor without capital." By capital and labor are personified the two living factors in production for exchange. Hence, both the owners and directors of industries, as well as the employees, are severally entitled to the result of their efforts. When these plain facts are stated the pronouncements of Pope Leo are seen to be contrary to the socialist contention, viz., that the labor of the workman is the one only factor in the production of economic value, and that to the working classes shall be given the whole product of industry.

No fair-minded man will dispute that the economic principles laid down by Pope Leo in his encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, are most just. Every man is entitled to the fruits of his own labor, no man has a right to live on the sweat and labor of another. But the socialist principle is unjust. It would deprive men of their God-given right to own and inherit substantial property, land and capital; it would lead them to confiscate the property of others. It was, indeed, the deep concern of Pope Leo for the working people which caused him to say that "The first and most fundamental principle, therefore, if one would undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property."

Socialists of world-wide authority realize and frankly

acknowledge that the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII makes clear the dividing line between socialism and the Church. It is only when the socialist tacticians are trying to seduce Catholic workmen to come into the army of the revolution that the words of Pope Leo XIII are twisted to serve a base purpose. The President of the International Socialist Bureau, Emile Vandevelde, says Catholics can not consistently be socialists, "Because the Catholic Church does not only profess a metaphysical, but a social doctrine which is the very opposite to socialism." In "Le Mouvement Socialiste" Mr. Vandevelde quotes the position of Pope Leo XIII on property as outlined in *Rerum Novarum,* saying, "The context shows that by private property the Pope means capitalism, as well as personal property, the fruits of labor." This international leader then asks the question, "Can a sincere believer follow the Church's teachings and yet be a socialist?" His reply is that, "Considering the weight given by Catholics to the Pope's words, we are bound to admit that both in philosophy and in politics there must be war between socialism and the Church."

Must not, then, a candid man admit that Mr. Thompson is not acting in good faith, but with deceitful intentions, when he presumes to show "Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists" upon the authority of Pope Leo? His assumption appears to be just, because in the second paragraph of his article Mr. Thompson makes much of the authoritative source of his alleged information, stating that the encyclical bears the *nihil obstat* of the *censor librorum,* and the *imprimatur* of a cardinal. Then when this is done "the weight of the Pope's words" is discredited flippantly. Thompson, the sometime minister, takes it upon himself to read us a lesson in Catholic history and theology. He tells us that Pius IX and Leo XIII "were the only Popes who referred to the matter [of socialism] at all"; that "we have no absolute statement of any Pope or Council on the question"; that the pronouncements issued are not infallible, therefore Catholic workers may become socialists "without thereby violating the discipline of the Church."

Setting to one side the impudence shown by socialists in issuing instructions to Catholics, are Catholics indeed free to disregard at will all papal pronouncements save those that are *ex-cathedra?* What theologians of the Catholic Church ever proclaimed that the faithful are subject to the discipline of infallible pronouncements only? Not one of them! The contrary is true. Pope Pius IX in his "Syllabus of Modern Errors" (No. 22 Cf. *Ep. "Quas libenter" ad archiepisc., Monaco-Frisingensen,* 21 Dec., 1863.) condemned the very error that Mr. Thompson is inculcating. It can not be denied that three Popes have condemned socialism; that cardinals, bishops and accredited priests are a unit in proclaiming socialist philosophy to be the very opposite of Christian philosophy. This is the reason why the socialist position on the family, on property, on the responsibilities, rights and duties of the individual, the family and the State is admitted by every well-informed Catholic to be contrary to Christian teaching. Consequently the faithful know *why Catholic workers should not be socialists,* they know why the remedy for social ills must rest upon Christian truth.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN,
Secretary Boston School of Political Economy.

Vitalism

A TRANSLATION of "The History and Theory of Vitalism," by Hans Driesch, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, has just been published by Macmillan. The book was originally published in German some years ago, but this translation has had the advantage of Professor Driesch's revisions. It may therefore be considered an up-to-date statement of the position of vitalism. A generation ago when Darwinism was at the height of its interest the question as to whether the operations of living beings were merely manifestations of physical and chemical forces or due to some additional force, life, which ordered and coordinated the physical and chemical forces at work, was much discussed. The great majority of biologists were frank materialists. For them there were no forces in living things beyond what was observed in non-living matter. With an easy shifting of opinion that is very admirable in its way, science has now changed all that, or at least the younger generation of biologists now hold a very different opinion, and vitalism which attributes the operations of living creatures to a force distinct and superior to physical and chemical forces has become quite fashionable. Professor Driesch, of Heidelberg, is the protagonist of the vitalists in our day. He has given in this volume three proofs of vitalism which he thinks are incontrovertible, and he is acknowledged to be one of the distinguished scientists as well as philosophers of Germany.

Some six years ago Professor Driesch published his first volume of Gifford lectures delivered at Edinburgh. The last paragraph of the preface is interesting at the present moment when we have been hearing so much of culture and nationality:

> The lectures in this book were written in English by a German and delivered at a Scottish University. Almost all of the ideas discussed in it were first conceived during the author's long residence in Southern Italy. Thus this book may be a witness to the truth which, I hope, will be universally recognized in the near future—that all culture, moral and intellectual and esthetic, is not limited by the bounds of nationality.

In the Gifford lectures as delivered at Edinburgh, Professor Driesch, though in the British home of Darwinism, did not hesitate to declare that "Darwinism fails all along the line." His lectures attracted profound attention and quite disturbed the usual complacent acceptance of Darwinism as a dogma unquestioned. Driesch insisted that:

> Selection has proved to be a negative factor only and this betokens the complete collapse of dogmatic Darwinism as a general

theory of descent: the most typical features of all organisms remain as unexplained as ever." Professor Driesch particularly made it clear that "what natural selection explains is why certain types of organic specifications, imaginable *a priori,* do *not* actually exist, but it never explains at all the existence of animal and vegetable forms that are actually found. To say that a man has explained some organic character by natural selection is in the words of Naegeli the same as if some one who has asked the question 'Why is this tree covered with these leaves' were to answer 'Because the gardener did not cut them away.' Of course that would explain why there were no more leaves than those actually there, but it would never account for the existing leaves as such. Nor do we understand in the least why there are white bears in the polar regions if we are told that bears of other colors could not survive.

It was Darwinism pushed to an exaggeration that led to the eclipse of vitalism a generation ago. In his "History and Theory of Vitalism," Driesch talks of it as the "Darwinism which explained how by throwing stones one could build houses of a typical style of architecture." He adds "Darwin is unfortunately always made to suffer for the sins of his followers and the words Darwinism and Darwinian are quite established. Darwin himself, though not always critical, kept clear of the chief errors of Darwinism."

Professor Driesch calls attention to the bitterness with which any tendencies to vitalism were actually resented in scientific circles a generation ago. Only a few very great scientists dared to exhibit any leanings toward the vitalistic doctrine. Young men particularly who showed any tendencies this way were at once laughed to scorn. Talk about the *odium theologicum,* it is as nothing compared to the *odium scientificum* though scientists are always prating about their freedom of mind and opinion. Driesch says:

> A true doctrine is never completely extinguished. It may for a time be *out-shouted* by its opponents but there are always a few who, whatever may befall, pursue their way heedless of all the uproar of the day. And indeed things were not pleasant for the few who when materialism was at its zenith guarded the tradition of the old, that is of the vitalistic, biology. People would have preferred to have locked them up in madhouses had not "senility" "excused" them to a certain point.

Driesch tells of the general attitude of German scientists toward Albert Wigand, one of the really great scientists of the day. "I can myself bear witness," he says, "that even so late as the end of the eighties it was hardly considered respectable to speak of Wigand's great Critique in any but the most disparaging terms, or to regard the man as other than an utter idiot." Such intolerance is usually proclaimed by scientists to be reserved for the field of religious controversy. Apparently even scientists are human beings and with all of humanity's weaknesses.

Professor Driesch shows, however, that it was the really great biologists who maintained the tradition of vitalism. The smaller men are always in a hurry to make sensational contradictions of old-fashioned notions. Even the great physicists and chemists whose exclusive devotion to the study of matter might possibly be expected to influence their judgment toward materialism were not so materialistic as the small-fry biologists who were very loud in their expressions on the subject. Liebig long ago, Ostwald, Hertz, Maxwell, were far less prejudiced in their views than biologists. Liebig, in a passage that is always apt, is quoted by Driesch as deprecating the confident proclamations of "Dilettanti who have strolled so far as the portals of scientific research and then claimed the right to discourse to an ignorant and credulous public how the world and life really arose and how far we have got in the solution of the deepest problems;" to which Driesch adds, "Of whose disquisitions on the relations of the body and mind nothing remains when they are divested of all their gaudy trappings but the single assertion that we can no more think without a brain than walk without legs."

Driesch has insisted that the "brain and the nervous system appear as nothing but as necessary means for putting the 'acting' factor into connection with material nature; but they are not themselves the acting factor." As his conclusion the Heidelberg Professor confesses that science can not solve the universe. He is more modest than most scientific writers who can solve everything under the sun and a few other things besides by the application of their little science. Professor Driesch thinks that "The problem of theism or pantheism then must remain unsolved and surrendered to belief; and we may only say that those who regard the thesis of the theory of order as necessary for everything that is or can be, must accept theism and are not allowed to speak in the words of Bergson, of *dieu qui se fait,* that is of god [be it noted with a small letter] who makes himself." The book will evidently provide some conservative reading for serious students of science and will be an encouragement for those who having remained conservatives used to be thought so far behind in the procession of scientific thinkers, though now they find themselves among the leaders, for the procession of thought has completed its usual cycle and come round to them.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Holland and the War

BARRING actual fighting and its concomitant horrors, Holland, though strictly neutral, is receiving its full share of the ill effects of the war. The forced mobilization of her army has virtually paralyzed all of her industries. Some two hundred and fifty thousand of her workers and bread-winners had to be called to the colors for the purpose of protecting the country's neutrality at the border lines. Her commerce, which in normal times greatly exceeds in volume that of much larger sized countries, has likewise been crippled badly. The numerous restrictions put in force by some of the belligerents principally account for this. Add thereto the hundreds of thousands of Belgian refugees that have sought safety across her frontier and it is easy to realize the serious plight in which both the Government and the Nation find themselves. The refugee problem is by no means the least perplexing. At the time of the fall of Antwerp fully 800,000 Belgians streamed across the border. Scarcely a town or hamlet within the confines of the kingdom

that did not receive its quota of fugitives to be cared for. Such, indeed, was the influx that great cities like Rotterdam had to announce publicly their inability to add a single stranger to the many thousands already crowded within their walls. In some of the larger border towns as, for instance, Roozendael and Bergen-op-Zoom, the number of refugees for several weeks exceeded twice and three times the normal number of permanent residents.

The Belgians that came over to Holland, be it said, mostly belonged to the poorer class, the more well-to-do having sought refuge in England and France. Nevertheless, Holland is acquitting herself nobly of the gigantic task the fortunes of war have unexpectedly thrust upon her. Everywhere the war victims have been received with open arms and are being treated in a most generous manner. Not the least conspicuous part in this general display of hospitality has been taken by the Dutch Catholics. Seminaries, colleges, schools, orphan asylums and hospitals everywhere threw wide their doors to the sorely stricken thousands. The numerous foreign mission houses and monasteries of the two mainly Catholic Provinces of North Brabant, and Limburg in particular, distinguished themselves by their open-handed hospitality. Their action has been such as to draw forth from the liberal press of the country the most unqualified encomiums of praise and admiration. This is all the more striking since ordinarily this same press has nothing but words of sneering contempt for the Religious Orders. About six months ago the admission into Holland of a number of Spanish religious was objected to by one of the leading liberal daily papers, the reason adduced being that these Friars belonged to a class to be looked upon as "suspicious characters," *verdacht allooi*. But since then this same paper has been constrained to acknowledge the Friars' usefulness, and in its meed of praise for the conduct of the Religious Orders in the present emergency, it goes so far as to deprecate the very suggestion raised in some quarters of including a mortmain tax among the relief measures in behalf of the national exchequer. And this mortmain tax has ever been one of the pet liberal theories!

As to the refugees themselves, the warm reception given them everywhere has greatly comforted them in their present misfortune. They are exceedingly grateful to their Dutch brethren, and the natural tie of race and language between Holland and Flanders has undoubtedly been strengthened. In a lengthy letter to the Archbishop of Utrecht, His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier of Malines, has expressed his own abounding gratitude and that of his dear Belgians for the cordial and brotherly treatment shown them by the Catholics of Holland in particular, and by the Dutch Government and public in general.

At the same time the prevailing extraordinary conditions are exercising a considerable strain on the country's finances. The army alone calls for nearly a million gulden extra expense a day, while the support of the refugees requires huge sums of money in addition. Both England and France have offered to help the Dutch Government to support the Belgian refugees, but the latter has positively refused to accept any aid either from foreign governments or from foreign organizations, deeming such acceptance incompatible with the national honor. To meet these extraordinary calls the Government of Holland has recently issued a war loan of two hundred and fifty million gulden ($100,000,000), which will tide over the financial difficulties till May of the coming year.

With regard to the economic situation in Holland, the Government is confronted with further difficulties owing to the embargo on food-stuffs. These are now being imported into Holland exclusively through the agency of its general Government, whose supply of wheat is kept so limited that black bread at present constitutes the main diet both of rich and poor. The Dutch Government naturally has protested against these restrictions.

As reflecting the standard and enterprise of Holland's numerous Catholic daily papers, two among them, *De Tyd* of Amsterdam and *De Maasbode* of Rotterdam, have lately attained international recognition as purveyors of war news. Both these papers are represented in the war zone by their own correspondents, whose dispatches are frequently reproduced by the Associated Press of this country. *De Maasbode* a week or two ago was referred to as receiving news from far-away Przemysl by carrier pigeon via Berlin to Rotterdam.

V. S.

"Round the Mulberry Bush"

HE into whose arms children leaped for a caress has bid us remember that the feet of children tread not an earthly but a heavenly kingdom. The place where they play, and they are playing always, is one of God's great open spaces not made of hands but of skies. We elders who have unlearned and forgotten the philosophy of golden make-believe that made our childhood a conquest have forsworn the broad liberties of our Father's kingdom to coop ourselves up within the straightness of Broadway or Piccadilly. But our children are not the simpletons we are. For the moment, they are too near the gates of heaven to be smitten by any of the littered highways of the world.

In nothing more than in their play is the heavenly wisdom of the little ones inexpressible. Of late years in the great cities where children die and "gold groweth," the educationalists have contrived a medicine entitled "organized games." Boys and girls—girls rather than boys—are found to be so unchildlike as to need a master or a mistress in their own monopoly of make-believe. In the same school-yard where they are drilled by force of law they are gathered together out of school hours into a little slave-community of organized playmates. God bless the gentle folk who have had mercy on the fledglings of our cities. But Heaven destroy the state of things that has stolen from the children their play kingdom of the skies! Plato has bid us take note that when a people's music changes great harm may befall the State. Of still greater account than the songs the people sing are the games the children play. When these cease, all that can be done for the people is to bury it with great weeping.

Some two years ago now on a Sunday evening about six of the clock I had a God-appointed proof that the children with their divine art of play are, if not the salt of the earth, at least the world's necessary sweetness. It was on the steerage foredeck of the R. M. S. Carmania bound westward for New York. I imagine that most of the passengers, like myself, were in an ill-humor with things in general and with weather in particular that had delayed us some twenty-four hours, when every hour was of value to our plans. I take it that not even the Mersey Harbor Board would be aggrieved if we said that one of the world's grayest outlooks is the Canada dock; and the grayest hour of the week for seeing this nether side of mammon's coverlet is an evening hour of an English Sunday.

We, the eight hundred steerage passengers, were crowding in dull patience the cumbered foredeck of the great liner. A polyglot humanity was crooning over its leave-takings in a tragedy of reserve. The inborn and happily immortal cheerfulness of the poor was for the moment stilled under deep sorrow. Nothing in sky or land, nothing in the flock of gray clouds, nothing in the dull deserted warehouses furthered the fortune of the ideal within our soul. Home was a heart-breaking memory, the ocean with its dangers was before us; Canada dock and a dispirited army of fellow-exiles all we could see, outside the hands of God. I looked round, and then startled my nearest neighbors by saying with emphatic relief: "Thank

God, there are some children!" From what will presently appear, the words were as much prophecy as thanks.

For the children soon came into their kingdom. They found it ready to hand on the foredeck of the Carmania in the gray misery of Canada dock. My brother, who is a father and a doctor, has often said in my hearing: "Children that can not evolve a most exciting and even dangerous game out of half-a-dozen oyster shells, should be taken to the cook or the doctor. They need either food or medical treatment." It was a good hap that the children on the Carmania were in good health. For suddenly when the gray had angered down into a sullen black, the children's kingdom flashed upon the foredeck.

Upon the deck there is a house which serves at once as a protector to the steerage companion-stairs and as a support for the derrick windlasses. The roof of the house on deck projects some three feet beyond the walls and is supported by round white steel stanchions some four inches thick. I set these things down because it will be seen how the fancy of the little ones was in creative mood. Indeed, like the Master of children it created a world out of nothing.

Suddenly the children began to clasp hands, to dance and sing. Then one of them, the inevitable and undisputed leader, broke their mystic chain. There was a swift military evolution; in a trice the garland of clasped hands was around one of the four-inch, round, white stanchions of the house-on-deck and the children were dancing as they sang, "Round the Mulberry Bush."

I knew it would happen. I knew the moment I saw their little feet that they were the beautiful white feet that would lead us back to the hills from which they came. And I knew as certainly as a man might know that he could not long fare in the company of angels without seeing sooner or later the flashing of white wings.

Only for a moment did your little feet dance and your sweet voices sing: "Round the Mulberry Bush," children of the Carmania! But the music of your dance and song was to one who stood near you the opening of a golden gate in your children's kingdom. The gate is still open; I still tread, within the waste of waters, your kingdom's golden streets!

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Deadly "Perpendicular"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Please remove our name from the list of your subscribers, as we do not appreciate the rehashed, one-sided "War-news" of "the Associated liars" in a Catholic periodical. We would advise you to solicit subscriptions from the good Catholic Cossacks, Serbs and the savage tribes of Africa and India, whose cause you so warmly espouse.

Covington, Ky. B. F.

[Our correspondent omitted the inhabitants of Mars from his enumeration.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My subscription to AMERICA expires January, 1915. I do not desire to read your paper any longer. Perhaps Petrograd or Tokyo or any other of the "All-lies" enjoy it better.

Osceola, Wis. M. A. SCHENZ.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am quite amused to see the poor Father Editor placed between two fires by his readers. Some find him awfully in favor of the Allies, others of the Germans. As for me, German though I am, I find that you alone of all the American newspapers and magazines, as far as I see them, show a little, nay, a lot of common sense; and therefore are as nearly accurate as is possible with regard to this horrible war. I find you just square and fair to all, without prejudice. The arrival of AMERICA is a pleasure to me, new every week. I try to get my parishioners interested in your excellent magazine, but you are too deep for them; my people are not instructed enough for you; the majority can hardly read English.

Waialua, Oahu, H. I. SEBASTIAN KONZE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I return these bills, as I do not wish to renew subscription to a paper so manifestly unjust to the French and Belgians.

E. V.

The Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Re, "A Catholic Daily Newspaper," let me offer a suggestion: Why not make AMERICA a Catholic daily newspaper? It is already established. It need not dispense with any of its present departments but could add whatever other departments are suited to a Catholic daily newspaper. We do not need more Catholic periodicals. What we need is better support for the ones that we already have, in order to enable these to do the work that we have a right to expect from Catholic periodicals. And Catholics would prefer to give their money to a paper already established than to invest it in something "they know not of."

Shelbyville, Ind. M. CONGER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. Flick's article on a "Catholic Daily Newspaper" puts the case squarely before the American public. Unfortunately the same plea has been made for years back and always with the same result: *desinit in piscem.* Not a few of our leaders, including even a Cardinal, have quite openly deprecated the necessity of Catholic dailies, for fear they might lead to the formation of a Catholic political party. Hence there is no strong conviction of the need of a daily press of our own, and no unanimity on the subject among our people, a twofold prerequisite that has made possible a powerful and efficient Catholic press in Belgium, Holland and Germany, the latter two decidedly Protestant countries. We have been so busy patting ourselves on the back because of the numerous churches we have built, and the rate of our increase in numbers, that we have become dazzled by our successes, and have lost sight of the fact that the position we have gained can not be held except it be reinforced by a powerful press, the modern heavy artillery of spiritual warfare. I have occasionally bought a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor,* and as an example of unpartisan, clean and interesting journalism, in which the religious issue is never obtruded, it can hardly be excelled and is an example worthy of imitation. Timid Catholics, who have become obsessed by the fear of political entanglements, as if they were night-raiding Zeppelins, might study the career and the make-up of this Boston paper to advantage.

Moline, Ill. C.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What means this lone cry in the wilderness set up in a recent issue anent the woeful need in these parts of a Catholic daily paper? Grant that the writer of it has his heart in the right place, I ask can he be serious when he deplores the lack of sturdy organs in properly moulding our thought and sentiment? And does he not feel that he is flying in the teeth of that splendid testimonial so lately rendered to the contrary? It was ever thus. Instead of cheering us to the echo, and bidding "with frater feeling strong" each of our sixteen millions to pat himself on his respective back—not to be assured of the presence of a human spine—for the fine way in which we acquitted our-

selves of a very plain duty toward our suffering Mexican brethren, what do we find? Along comes this incorrigible wight to let drop this unsavory fly into our precious ointment. Alas, and again alas! Yet let us not be so easily cast down. But, since we have, to use a famous playwright's phrase, "seen our duty and done it nobly," shall we not complacently chirp as an application to our heroic conduct and wounded pride that pretty couplet:

For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Of a truth, may we not well liken ourselves to the well-to-do husbandman lying snug and comfortable in his couch of down? Upon hearing of a sudden the midnight air pierced with a frightful cry that proceeds from out that poor little ranch down in the valley, he recognizes in that cry the call of some members of his very household. His duty, you say well, is clear and obvious! and his response is, of course, manful and swift.

The point, however, which I should like to send home is simply this. On and by just such occasions as the one I speak of, it is the wont of not a few of our brothers outside of the fold, to weigh our holy Faith in the balance; in the words of a great man in quite another connection, here it is they feel its pulse, and as they find that beat, do they deem it (Faith) sick or sound. It were wise, for a' that to steer the morrow's conversation with Billikins (who had been showing a regard of late for the claims of the true Church) into the channels other than the one discussed. This, too, for purely modest, and self-effacing reasons.

Yonkers, N. Y. T. H. CLEENE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter of J. H. Miller in AMERICA for Dec. 26 seems to me exceedingly timely and of great importance. As day by day I see displayed in the newsstands the organ of the Christian Scientists, I think to myself, "If this strange cult, which numbers perhaps some two million adherents, can support a daily paper containing cable news, special articles and local items, why is it that we Catholics, ten times as numerous, are lacking in a strong organ of our own?" We number in our ranks experienced writers of all kinds—newspaper editors, reporters, correspondents of high degree, novelists, poets and essayists, all the intellectual equipment called for by a great modern daily. What, then holds us back from this far-reaching work?

There are, of course, certain dailies which are entirely Catholic in their tone and affiliations, but unfortunately, they are the mouthpieces of determinate racial units or represent certain political propaganda which, while entirely just and legitimate in itself, is not a part of American life but is rather a remnant of the Old World agitations that have driven many to our shores. These papers can be dismissed from all consideration, even though their editors and readers be loyal Americans. The public to be reached by a Catholic press, or rather, Catholic daily, is the general American newspaper reading public of all religions or none, if need be. It should be its aim to present to the public at large the truth devoid of all sensationalism and while sacrificing none of the qualities of an up-to-date and enterprising organ, all exaggerations should be suppressed and the news should be presented without bias and without favor. Perhaps this is a counsel of perfection, but as I read even the greatest of our dailies, I am more and more impressed with their subserviency to some particular fetich, either the proprietor's social aspirations, or political ambitions, or social theories, or racial antipathies, or hidden religious bitterness, or even the pseudo-scientific shibboleths of the day. Any news item that might seem to work against any of these is ruthlessly tortured and twisted to conform to the guiding idea of the paper's policy. This should be avoided absolutely and all news should be carefully shorn of adjectives calculated to bias the reader. Such a daily as I have in mind should also give truthful foreign news, even though it be not so interesting as back-stairs intrigues or scandals in high life, such as pass current for European news now-a-days. It might also make a specialty of news from the so-called unenlightened South American countries, telling of their progress in the arts and sciences, as well as of their history and political events without restricting it only to the usual swash-buckling tales of revolutions, presidential assassinations and other similar productions of superheated brains which our daily papers serve up to their unsophisticated readers as true pictures of life in the "Banana Republics," and other impossible creations of the popular adventure fiction writers of the moment. Its editorials should be the broad-minded discussions of events of national importance without heat and without prejudice, and calculated to inform public opinion on the burning questions of the day in the light of truth and in the forum of justice. Such in brief, is my notion of what a Catholic newspaper ought to be—not for Catholics alone, but for all honest men who desire to know the truth without fear and without favor.

Perhaps one or two incidents personally observed may help to make clear my point of view and at the same time show what a Catholic organ should avoid. At one time, I did quite a little work on South American matters for a well-known daily. At the time I had just lost a position in a foreign consulate and wished to enter newspaper work permanently. My editor-friend to whom I made my request for a position with his paper said in answer "Bueno, there are two reasons why you would not make a good newspaper man; one is that you are too logical, and the other that you are too impartial." Here is the keynote to modern journalism—lack of logic and fierce partisanship. And the guiding principles of our great metropolitan dailies are vividly illustrated by another episode. A news item was taken in to the editor, who respectfully but firmly declined it. Why was it unacceptable? It was true, wasn't it? Yes, but it went counter to the policy of the paper and therefore could not be published. Here is a commentary on the impartiality and independence of the press! Another instance of newspaper enterprise: Somebody I know very well was in a South American capital some years ago and there he met the correspondent of a paper that makes a specialty of foreign news. He said to the correspondent, "Mr. G., why do you always send your paper news of revolutions and political disturbances, when you know they amount to nothing and give the country a bad name abroad? Why do you not send, for instance, news of important new industries established, or of educational reforms or of advances in the well-being of the country?" The answer was, "Mr. B., my paper pays me only for what it publishes; it wants sensational news, and so I send it." This may explain the sensational atrocity stories from the seat of the present war. The paper in question more than any other has contributed to give the Latin Republics so bad a name that many years must elapse before they can live it down. It is to counteract these vicious tendencies of our modern journalism that a Catholic daily should be established.

As to ways, it is always possible to purchase a newspaper, and our Catholic men of wealth should not hesitate to embark on this enterprise, which, carefully managed and enterprisingly conducted should yield satisfactory returns. At first there may be an invisible profit, or even a long-continued loss, but as such a paper made a field for itself, it should finally become a source of great revenue. One of our sensational sheets when it was first started under its present proprietor, who purchased a moribund newspaper, and a malodorous sheet at that, netted him a monthly loss of $20,000 a month for over a year, then it began to pay. But it should be borne in mind that a purely religious or even a quasi-religious daily would come to a quick end. What is wanted is a fearless, impartial, enterprising newspaper, animated by a Christian Catholic spirit reflected in its treatment of the

great social, moral and religious questions of the day and in the absence of filth and vileness from its news columns.

White Plains, N. Y. J. R. DE LA TORRE BUENO.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Is there sufficient support, moral as well as substantial, already given to Catholic weeklies and monthlies to warrant the consideration of a Catholic daily newspaper even as a possibility? Can not the present supporters of Catholic journals be divided into two classes: one class that perfunctorily subscribes and never reads; the other, that forms a body of readers, receptive and sympathetic? Do not the great body of Catholics depreciate their own publications and make their ignorance of the good work that is being done serve as an excuse for withholding their support? How could a daily newspaper with Catholic ideals and standards hope to win the favor of the unthinking multitudes who have fed so long on the pabulum afforded by yellow journalism that their tastes have become almost incurably vitiated? Is it not an obstacle to be reckoned with that, unless a Catholic daily could attain at once a great circulation and influence, there would be a disposition on the part of Catholics, prominent in church activities, to withhold the facilities for information and news which now they are often disposed to offer the secular press at the expense of Catholic journals? Would it not be poor policy to engage in such an enterprise as a Catholic daily newspaper without the assurance of sufficient capital to carry on the experiment for at least five years? Can one put all these questions in good faith without pretension to the office of *advocatus diaboli?*

Brooklyn, N. Y. B. M. C.

Religion of French Generals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several people have asked me about the religious belief and practice of the more prominent French generals. Can you give any information on the subject?

Indianapolis. R. L.

[AMERICA'S French correspondent has written as follows: de Castelman, practical Catholic; Foch, very good Catholic; d'Amade, less praiseworthy; Pau, admirable Catholic; Joffre, once a Mason, no longer such, by general report not a practical Catholic. I myself am not sure.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Prominent Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Those of your correspondents who replied to me recently seem indignant at my characterization of "prominent" Catholics as the deadwood of Catholicism. That they have been so moved proves that I have touched one of the sorest spots on the body of Catholicism, a spot whose presence accounts for the absence of organization among Catholics, as well as for the fact that our influence is in inverse proportion to our numbers and we humbly submit to violations of our rights which would not be tolerated by religious organizations with one-tenth our numbers. I refer to the indifference of our leaders to the importance of effecting a solid organization of those who are the mainstay of Catholicism, namely, the common people, and their insistence that we be represented by "prominent" Catholics who, while ever ready to pose in the capacity of representatives, are not only no element of strength to the Church, but actually cause her to share in that contempt which the masses bear for them. This was notoriously the case in France and we know with what result. The socialist instinct for organization bids him build upon the masses and ignore the classes as only the froth of humanity. This he does and the success of his propaganda is no matter for wonder.

Must Catholics continue to see themselves represented in every public affair by "prominent" Catholics, mostly holders of political jobs, whose chief concern is to hold on to the sinecures they have got, and who are perfectly willing to use, and do use the fact that they are Catholics to assist them to this end, but who, when any question affecting any Catholic interest arises, display consummate skill in keeping out of sight?

Brooklyn, N. Y. JAMES V. SHIELDS.

Catholic Leaders

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of December 19 my fellow-townsman, Mr. S. B. Duffy, deploring our lack of Catholic leaders, says: "If we had a leader in authority we could sink our individual preferences or opinions, and all work together in whatever way such an authorized and competent general would dictate." Why, bless your heart, Mr. Duffy, we have leaders. What we want are followers, who will stand up and be counted. Get on the Federation band-wagon. If you had attended the recent quarterly meeting of the Brooklyn Diocesan Federation, and heard the splendid analysis of revolutionary Socialism and Social Reform by my young friend Alexander I. Rorke, of Manhattan, you might have recognized one Catholic leader.

Federation represents the militant Catholicity of America. The three American Cardinals are leaders in the movement. Mr. Duffy is seeking for a competent general. Right Rev. James A. McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., and his able lieutenant, Most Rev. S. B. Messmer, of Milwaukee, have been fighting in the Federation trenches for thirteen years, leading the hosts of Federation to victory after victory for Catholicity and morality in America. All the hierarchy of the country are arrayed as generals and colonels in the army of Federation. If Mr. Duffy will read the Federation *Bulletin* for December he will find in a magnificent address on Federation by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, the following:

> Let me point out that Federation has done great service in bringing to the attention of our Government the conduct of the present leaders of the disgraceful anarchy in Mexico, and the Administration has at last done something to insure the safety of our priests and nuns from the brutal rapacity and barbarism of these savages, who for more than a year past have conclusively proved their absolute unfitness to govern.

Mr. Duffy wants to know what should be done about Nathan. It may be belated news to him, but it is a fact that Federation's protest to our Government was heard even in Italy. The voters of Rome defeated Nathan for mayor, and elected a respectable citizen of the ancient city to the high honor by 5,000 majority. Most people have come to regard Nathan as a dead duck. Mr. Duffy is looking for a leader to tell us what to do about the *Menace.* Federation is proceeding sensibly against filthy literature by appealing to our lawmakers. The representatives of the people must eventually heed our persistent demands. If Mr. Duffy had attended the recent National Convention at Baltimore he might have found lay representatives of the 3,000,000 Federationists who are leaders among men and women. Mr. Duffy is impatient and wants to "get results." You can not always get results with a club. Do not be discouraged. Join the Federation procession, and when you have served your apprenticeship we may make you a leader.

Brooklyn. EDWARD FEENEY.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Letter to Mr. Lind

OUR sometime special agent to Mexico has made a statement concerning a remarkable papal bull that we have not been able to find. Mr. Lind speaks with such an air of wisdom and confidence about the document that we feel sure he can and will give us the pleasure of examining the bull in question. As a consequence the following letter has been addressed to him:

HON. JOHN LIND,
c/o *Bellman*,
Minneapolis, Minn.

HON. AND DEAR SIR:

In a recent issue of the *Bellman* you write:

> The masses of the Mexican people are illiterate but not ignorant. Popular education, except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal bull for two hundred years and is now opposed by the old régime.

This, Sir, is a most interesting bit of information; and as it bears on a subject which is uppermost in many minds, I am writing to ask if you will be good enough to cite the bull for me, giving me the reference to the *Bullarium* in which it is to be found. And in order to preclude any chance of error in identifying the document, would you kindly add to the information the name of the Pope who issued the bull and the date of its issue?

I should hesitate to make this request of a busy man did not your ready and confident remarks about the document leave the impression that you have it at your elbow. This, I trust, is actually the case; for in this event you will not lose time and I shall receive a speedy reply to my letter, which I am making public in this issue of AMERICA.

With many good wishes, I am, Sir,

Respectfully, etc.

RICHARD H. TIERNEY,
Editor of AMERICA.

59 E. 83rd St.
New York City,
N. Y.

Epiphany Day

SAD beyond expression is this year's Epiphany day. Its sun rises on a scene that is heart-breaking. Over the face of the earth rings the Rachel-like cry of millions of mothers, bewailing their sons "because they are not." Sweet children are pinched by hunger and made pallid by fear; aged men stand like Isaias of old, looking up to heaven with sad, wistful eyes, in longing expectation for a vision of the Prince of Peace, Whom they can not see, because His face is hid by the dense vapor that rises from the hot human blood flowing in the battle trenches.

This is the day, Epiphany day, that Christ is shown unto men and men can not see Him, their Saviour. "He has come unto His own and His own receive Him not." So, the cannon roars and bayonets are reddened, and men cry out in hate and anguish and despair, mocking the love and peace and hope of Christ, and His very Cross, too, the symbol of triumph over war and the horrors of war. The bewitchery of folly has gripped men's souls; and this becomes a taunting hour of mockery and mystery, too great for comprehension. Christ is shown unto men and they see Him not. But yet all is not despair. There is hope in this folly and anguish and mockery and mystery. The fulness of life will come through this awful cataclysm. The world baptized in the blood of men, is struggling, we trust, toward higher ideals. The war will come to an end; men's passions will burn low; might will no longer be a god, tactics will not be a creed, feats of arms will cease to be acts of adoration. There will be a new Epiphany day; Christ will be shown again to the nations, and they will take Him unto themselves and restore unto the people His gifts, peace and love and hope and joy. The war song will give way to the glad alleluia that the Saviour has come into His own, the mastership of hearts and nations. A brighter Epiphany day is dawning; we must await its fulness in humble submission to the divine will.

Gangsters

NEW YORK has been disturbed of late by symptoms of lawlessness more distressing and widespread than any which have afflicted the city for some time. There have been mysterious murders, bomb throwing, violent invasion of restaurants and other misdeeds generally associated with a primitive state of civilization. As usual, people more or less orderly have raised a protest, and as usual, too, those city officials to whose care the peace of the metropolis has been committed, have been roundly scored for neglect of duty, for inefficiency, or both. This clamor will last for a week or two; many stupid things will be said and done, and then there will be silence, until more murders are committed, more bombs "planted," more restaurants invaded. Thereupon

a comedy or tragedy or melodrama will be enacted anew. There will be much oratory, many gestures, a demand for the resignation of officials, and so on, an excellent illustration of Lord Randolph Churchill's old saying, that "When people shout something must be done, something stupid will surely be done."

Our frantic citizens never seem to realize that the responsibility for the outrages against which they protest rests with them, not with this or that official. The remedy for the evil does not lie in "three months on the Island," or on the end of an officer's club. The cure is an upright soul, virtue, nothing more nor less, and man can not be dragooned into virtue. In youth he must be taught to know and to love right, that in manhood he may work unto justice. Our citizens will not have it so; they insist that hordes of our children grow up without that moral and religious training, which gives life and preserves it, and is at once the prompter of suitable laws and their proper and only effective guardians.

The worst is not yet. These same people who cry out in indignation against gangsters are actually contributing in a positive, constructive way, to the formation of gangsters. Libraries supported by public funds are supplied with books which would all but corrupt an angel, say nothing of the trigger-brained men and women who read them. A word to a librarian will fetch you the "Revolt of the Angels," or any other book as unspeakably vile and hostile to law and order. What is to be expected from such literature? Virtue, order, respect for authority? Do figs come from thistles? Last winter a course of public lectures on "the literature of revolt" was given at a certain well-known institute. The list of authors explained and defended, included Ibsen, Hauptman, Sudermann, and others equally unfit. The audience was made up of young men and women of the two races which are supplying most of our criminals, shallow, conceited, irreligious, impudent sprigs, ready to follow any impulse, good or bad, without thought of moral standards. The impulses set in motion by "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler," for instance, had best be left to conjecture. So the work of "constructing" gangsters through the money and votes of citizens goes on; and the gangsters repay their creators. There is neither moral nor religious training! The soul is tenantless, Godless; books and lectures and other public utilities convert the tenantless soul into a den of demons; bombs, and what not, follow.

The horrid blasphemy, "God is dead! God is dead!" rings through Nietzsche's "Zarathrustra"; the result is the superman, a monster of brute force and lust, and every species of lawlessness. "God is dead! God is dead!" is ringing through the souls of our youths; the result is the superman, the gangster, above man, nigh to a demon, in crime; below man, on a level with the brute, in all that makes for righteousness.

Is this evil to be remedied by mass meetings, by demands for the resignation of the police commissioner, by an order that clubs should fall on offending heads? It is to be remedied in a way that few men in New York have courage enough to propose, by a religious education.

The Real Peace Palace

SOME time ago the Editor of AMERICA received the following striking letter:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On the 28 of last August, there occurred the first anniversary of the official opening of the Peace Palace at The Hague. On that auspicious occasion the President of the Carnegie Institute stated that "the idea had been advanced to found a permanent Court of Arbitration before which one government could summon another, and that would be competent to decide all claims and grievances." The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration declared "The opening of the Peace Palace to be a fact and that thereby an important page had been added to the annals of history wherein would appear the procedure of international arbitration." The dean of the diplomatic corps thereupon expressed the opinion "that the maintenance of peace would be a great boon to the nations and was certain of being strengthened by the international arbitration plan, the principle of which was meeting everywhere with growing approval and was to be put to practice in Mr. Carnegie's building." The English Ambassador in turn assured his hearers "That his royal master by means of personal visits to several of the foreign Courts had succeeded in creating an all-round good feeling." Finally Mr. Carnegie himself spoke to remind his audience of the Czar of Russia's words: "With God's help this conference will prove a favorable omen for the age. It will be the turning point on which will be concentrated the efforts of every government that is in earnest to make the idea of universal peace prevail over the elements of discord and unrest."

By a grim irony of events less than twelve months had elapsed before all Europe became involved in the most sanguinary war on record! The Peace Palace has been reduced to the rank of a mere architectural ornament and over its spacious portals one might read in fancy: "For rent. Apply to the Powers."

Colusa, Cal. V. S.

These lines seem to have been written in something like a spirit of prophecy, for a traveler who recently visited the Hague reports that the Peace Palace is quite deserted save for a single caretaker. Its mournful solitude suggests salutary reflections. Not the least of these is the evident futility in certain lines of the "almighty dollar." Many things undoubtedly it can effect. It can, for instance, buy blankets and equip hospitals and fit out a good ship Jason; but the greater things of life it can not do. It is powerless to control the passions of man. To this the $3,000,000 marble structure will bear overwhelming testimony for untold years.

Its great white walls will also point another moral. The Holy Father was given no place in the meetings at the Peace Palace. He received no invitation to its deliberations. His exclusion was an injustice and an insult. In a movement for the maintenance of world-wide peace his advice and influence ought to have been sought. They were not sought. His right to be present was not admitted. And yet events bid fair to vindicate that right. Had it not been for the obstinacy of Russia, he would, in all probability, by his own unaided efforts

have succeeded in restoring for a day what the united efforts of the peoples who debarred Him, signally failed to preserve even for an hour. And what of lasting peace? Whose mediation is so likely to make it possible as the present pontiff's? Already he has earned the title of the Pope of Peace. This much is certain, that his prayers, if not his diplomatic offices, will have much to do with the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Carnegie's building, while it bespeaks a goodly purpose, is a monument to folly. It is an eloquent though silent indictment of the folly of deliberately excluding the representatives of God from a share in schemes for the betterment of man, and especially in the matter of peace. The Pope is the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. He has a divine commission to give men peace. The real Peace Palace is at the Vatican, not the Hague.

A Certain Rich Man

WE do not like the phrase. It is like a whiff of brimstone. It tells the story of Dives clad in purple and silk, now calling across the impassable gulf, calling in vain. Scripturally, "a rich man" seems a term of reprobation; "a poor man" is one shut out, but only for a little while, from God's house. Christ preached poverty from the day He was born, in a deserted hovel like a child of the evicted poor, to the hour when from His cross, He saw the soldiers gambling for His clothes. The rich did not walk much with Him. One, who might have been an Apostle, turned away sorrowfully; for he had great possessions. Another came to Him by night, when no one might see him in converse with this poor Nazarene. Our Lord was not often in their houses. His words could make no impression upon beings who for hearts and souls had bags of gold, and a lust for more. Moreover, the rich did not find him congenial. He told them impolite truths. Lordly folk, too, were nearly always arrayed against Him. A ruler tried to take His life when He was a little Child, a petty King dressed Him in His sorrow like a clown, and a Roman governor ordered Him to be crucified. And so He liked best to be with simple people, with the poor, the sick, with little children. Of such was the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet He did have some dealings with the rich. We read that one of them gave Him a dinner, in rather an unmannerly way, it is true, and that another gave Him a tomb. If the rich and powerful gave Him anything else, it has not been recorded. Probably they did not; for only the poor give largely, generously: the poor in reality, like the widow who gave her all; or the poor in spirit, like a certain rich man in New York.

For this rich man of New York, we are puzzled to find a scriptural parallel. Perhaps he has by nature one of God's greatest gifts, "a good heart." Perhaps he remembers his own childhood days. We do not know, for we do not know his name. Perhaps he was in the crowd that day when, in St. Mark's words: "Taking a child, he set him in the midst of them. Whom when he had embraced, he saith to them: Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in my name, receiveth me."

Our rich man received not one child, but nearly four hundred and fifty, whose names had been given him by a zealous priest, with a heart for the sorrow of his people. The children wrote letters to Santa Claus, and the rich man read them, and gave the children exactly what they asked for. He dressed for them a great Christmas tree, and the gift for many a poor hard-worked mother was the joy which the rich man put in the hearts of her children. Pauperizing the poor? God send us many more such pauperizers. As if one could pauperize children by giving them gifts at Christmas time! With a delicate, Christ-like charity, the rich man made private inquiries, and on Christmas morning every poor child in the parish was clothed from top to toe in new garments, warm and pretty, the best that money could buy. No child knew that any other was the recipient of this kindness; no child knew the generous donor, save as "a certain rich man." Thus in the mouths of babes a phrase of doom is hallowed.

Our rich man is laying up for himself treasures in heaven, treasures that will be increased a thousandfold by innocent children who will speak of him to God in their prayers. Were all the gold in the world in his coffers, our rich man could not be rich, for he is poor in spirit. Whatever the years may take from him, he can never be poor, for he has the key of the kingdom of God. For a word spoken in His defence, our Saviour rewarded a dying malefactor with eternal happiness. Not less glorious is the reward which He has in store for "a certain rich man," the giver of happiness to hundreds of children who, but for his generous heart, would find the joyous birthday of the Child of Bethlehem the saddest day of all the year.

Smoothing War's Wrinkled Front

FROM our correspondent in Japan comes an interesting description of how Tokyo is treating the vanquished. He writes:

> The German prisoners from Tsing Tao were conveyed into Tokyo with as little public humiliation as possible, though large crowds had assembled to see the affair. On arrival a Japanese lady with some German friends presented each soldier with a chrysanthemum. The Young Men's Buddhist Association of Tokyo has drawn up an address of congratulation on the Germans' valor and condolence on their misfortune, which will be presented to the prisoners. The captives are to be detained in the Temple at Asakusa, Tokyo, treated with all possible leniency, taken for a walk in the streets twice a week and the officers who have families in Tokyo will be permitted to live with their own people.

How polite and romantic all this is! Even when waging war the Japanese does not neglect the courtesies of life. The action of the authorities is reminiscent of the famous reply: "The gentlemen of the French Guard

never fire first!" That chrysanthemum episode is particularly delightful. In Nippon the language of flowers is an exact science. Not only does every blossom speak, but its very hue and form are eloquent, and as chrysanthemums are now grown in an endless variety of shades, forms and sizes, some very moving addresses were silently delivered, no doubt, that day the Japanese lady and her friends gave each of the conquered a chrysanthemum. The gift of a large white blossom to a captain would mean, perhaps: "Though a prisoner, you have kept your honor unstained." A drooping, wine-colored flower presented to a downcast lieutenant would say: "All Tokyo sympathizes with you in your misfortune." A small, thick-petaled chrysanthemum, as near crimson in tint as possible, would express to a wounded gunner: "Your long and heroic resistance even to the Mikado's invincible army has won our admiration." But to the surly private who would not accept with a good grace his easy captivity, was fittingly given, peradventure, a cluster of flaring yellow blossoms.

What a pity it would have been, however, if those prisoners had not thoroughly mastered during their stay in the East the expressive flower-language of Japan! For then it might have happened—but perish the thought!—that after enduring on short rations a long siege, the captives, as they entered Tokyo, would have missed the full significance of the proffered chrysanthemums. Meanwhile, the prisoners' less esthetic nature would be clamoring, perhaps, for something more edible and nourishing than flowers, but when nothing else was forthcoming, the magnanimous victors' present of chrysanthemums would be interpreted, most unhappily, as a mark of scornful triumph over a humbled foe. Be that as it may, heathen Japan has not allowed herself to be outdone by any Christian Power in treating considerately prisoners of war.

"You Shall." "I Won't"

IT is one thing to burn dynamite; it is a splintered cliff and often a funeral, to detonate dynamite. The slow and persistently dropping water may figure in the realms of proverbs as a reliable excavator, but the cry for quick results precludes its frequent use for digging foundations. The drop of water gently taps one particle of stone; a detonator must shock into instantaneous and simultaneous activity a million particles with exaggerated tendencies toward divorce. Hence explosions! As a first-class detonator to engender moral explosions we recommend highly the brief dialogue used as a title to these remarks. If there is anything which will send a shock through every ramification of man's muscles, veins and nerves more quickly and more vehemently than the pointed directness of this short but animated conversation, we should like to see it.

People do not resort immediately at the beginning of a conversation to the monosyllabic brevity of "shall" and "won't." Sometimes, indeed, there are such sudden head-on collisions in life, collisions, however, which have begun on far-away tracks and are driven by long since developed energy; but as a rule, head-on collisions do not come at once. The dynamite enmity begins to burn before it is detonated. A sultry period is followed by heat; then far-off there is sheet-lightning; and then comes the flash-lightning of "You shall" and "I won't," and detonated storm-clouds drift apart into darkness, muttering sullenly. Alas, for the subsequent gloom with little illumination, and that light of an unpleasant kind from gleaming eyes! Enter Rembrandt to picture the black looks backward of smarting wrongs, the black looks outward of anger, the black looks inward of brooding resentment, the black looks forward of revenge. "You shall" and "I won't" lay on the thick shadows in life's picture gallery. Sometimes the opposition has been focused to so intense and so warm a point that this little tug-of-war does not find expression in words only; it tingles through clenched fists; it puts a strain on dental enamel and flames in steely looks. Without this pointed vehemence, wherein two souls hurl themselves at each other, the positive and negative determination of "shall" and "won't," our sports would be as thrilling as a sewing-bee.

Most vices are virtues gone wrong. So it is here. The flash of will with will is responsible for all the horrors of war, as well as the poisonous meanness of any two pettily jealous souls, but it is the same clash of wills which has made heroes and martyrs. Perhaps the tenacity of good will is not as frequent as the stubbornness of evil-will. Virtue burns where vice explodes. Many of our good missionaries in their fervent sermons are striving energetically to find some thought which will make the stagnant blood of sluggishness flame into detonated energy. Oh, for a Nero to cry, "You *shall* offer incense to the idol of indifference"; then might ten thousand answer back with explosive suddenness, "We won't." On the day of General Judgment it may be discovered that one reason why an all-ruling Providence permitted the *Menace,* was to make certain Catholics fight their way to Mass.

LITERATURE

"The Old Farmer's Almanack"

HAD Ponce de Leon's childhood hours been familiar with the "Old Farmer's Almanack," he need not have sought the fountain of youth. If his early days had only been brightened by the frequent perusal of Robert B. Thomas's annual publication, the old Spanish cavalier would have been perfectly content, no doubt, in the evening of his life to sit by the fire and turn the pages of the current "Old Farmer's." For the years would then roll back and he would be a boy again. To those at any rate who were New England children thirty years ago, or more, the reading of that almanac makes time run back and fetch the age of gold.

What first meets the eye is of course the familiar cover design which used to be printed, if we remember aright, on paper

of a lighter yellow than that used for the 1915 edition. The corners of the cover, however, still bear pictures of the four seasons, thoughtfully labelled, lest spring be mistaken for winter, or summer for fall. To the left of this page is the benignant face of Franklin and to the right Thomas's sterner visage: fittingly stern, for the establishing of the "Old Farmer's Almanack" in 1793 was perhaps a far more hazardous enterprise than even the launching of a new republic. Let Benjamin Franklin smile, but not Robert B. Thomas.

Turning to the title page, how rich it is in promises which the experienced reader knows will be exactly fulfilled! How adroitly blended is hoary yesterday with nascent to-morrow! The lines run:

> Number One Hundred and Twenty-Three. The (Old) Farmer's Almanack, Calculated on a New and Improved Plan for the Year of Our Lord 1915. Being 3d after Bissextile or Leap-Year, and (until July 4) 139th of American Independence. Fitted for Boston, but will answer for all the New England States. Containing, besides the large number of Astronomical Calculations and the Farmer's Calendar for every month in the year, a variety of New, Useful and Entertaining Matter. Established in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas.

It is plain then that the "Old Farmer's Almanack" is primarily intended for those whose high privilege it is to bask in the *alma lux* of the Sacred Codfish and to tread the hallowed precincts of Boston Common. Mr. Thomas, however, being a moderately generous-hearted man, was willing to let his almanac "answer" for even the whole of New England, but since there must be a limit to liberality, he could hardly be expected to make his little book also "answer" for the benighted people that live beyond the New York State line. Every old acquaintance of the "Farmer's Almanack" will joyfully recognize on the title page the woodcut of Father Time. He is uncomfortably seated on a hillock, a scythe rests on his shoulder, his head is bald, but a long forelock invites the grasp. At Time's left a winged hourglass stands and under his right hand is an overturned jar from which flows a liquid consisting, presumably, of priceless minutes. To our boyish eyes Father Time looked needlessly sour and pessimistic and we used to wonder why he let that jug lie on its side when he could so easily have set it upright and thus save the precious moments.

Turning to the third page of the "Almanack," the reader will find, as of yore, those interesting "Names and Characters of the Principal Planets," "Aspects" and "Signs of the Zodiac." With regard to the latter, a familiar figure seems absent. Was there not once a man on this page with a look of distress on his face and with lines darting from his body in different directions, and ending at certain portentous figures called "Aries," "Taurus," "Gemini," etc.? To children that picture was dark with mystery. We used to wonder what the wretched man had done to deserve such a fate.

On the following page there have been printed, time out of mind, delightfully strange words like "perihelion," "aphelion," "inferior conjunction," "winter solstice" and "vernal equinox." The first of these terms, we were piously told, meant the period when our globe was nearest the sun—a trifling matter of 91,000,000 miles or so—whereas when Earth was in aphelion she had gayly frisked some 3,000,000 miles away from her former position, which of course, made the weather warmer. This preposterous conclusion we would pretend to believe, when our elders were by, but among ourselves we generally treated it with the incredulous scorn such an absurdity deserved.

The "Almanack" then displayed, as now, a vast deal of erudition regarding the "annular eclipse of the sun." An elaborate explanation would be given about how and when the phenomenon was to take place, and just as our curiosity was highly stimulated, would come the disheartening announcement: "Invisible in New England." The changes of Mercury, Mars or Venus from being evening stars to a more decorous career as harbingers of day would be solemnly chronicled, the declination of the sun and the southing of the moon were seriously discussed, and the latter's apogee, which to us children seemed to be something particularly disgraceful, was noted with emotion not far removed from tears.

The "Old Farmer's" for 1915, however, does not seem to be as bold and dogmatic in its weather prophecies as was the "Almanack" of thirty years ago. The forecasts are two timid and diffident. With chattering teeth we may now read in January that the days are "mild for the season" and by turning for solace to July learn that we shall then be permitted to "expect a few hot days," and the familiar April forecast, "occasional showers," can be profitably contrasted with February's friendly invitation to "look for snow." But in days of old, unless we are mistaken, the fearless prophet used to foretell so unerringly the exact nights that the moon would be shining that New England selectmen could determine on January 1 just how many hours during the coming year the street lamps would need to be lighted, and this, from an economical point of view, was of course a great advantage.

Transcending in importance and interest all other parts of the "Almanack" is the reading matter judiciously scattered through the months and heaped together like a sumptuous banquet in the twenty closely printed pages following December. Who can forget the editor's heart-to-heart talks with the farmer which are so rich in sage counsel? In November, for example, he was advised to "bank up" his house with leaves against the coming winter, in January admonished to take thought and see if he has by chance left the mowing-machine standing in the field, and, in March, he is cautioned to examine his seedlings. The 1915 "Almanack" is lamentably inferior in this department to the editions of our childhood days. The reader looks in vain for burning words that will inspire the farmer with a passionate love for his calling, and keep his ideals lofty and pure. Here, for example, are the low, unworthy motives for toiling contentedly that the 1915 "Almanack" suggests:

> Perhaps at times in the hayfield you have thought that yours was a hard lot to have to work out so much in the sun's scorching rays. On such occasions consider the golfmen who pursue their labors in like temperatures with countenances no less serious than yours. Reflect, too, that those gentlemen can not look forward to having, about this time of the year, great store of wholesome scented hay to show as the result of their own industry.

Need we ask, "Why does the boy leave the farm?" when we find his own *vade mecum* insidiously luring him cityward with reflections like the foregoing?

But let us hasten on to what was once the most appetizing portion of the "Old Farmer's Almanack," the intellectual feast set forth in the last ten pages, where "Poetry, Anecdotes, Humor, etc.," was followed by "Charades, Riddles, etc." and came to a noble conclusion with "Useful Hints" of various kinds. It must be confessed at the outset that the quality of all these departments has sadly deteriorated since we were children. Much of the verse that is printed in the 1915 "Almanack" is too much like poetry for such a publication. There is an unseemly freshness about the anecdotes, the apothegms smack of youth, the jests are far too obvious, and only one of them is borrowed from the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

The charades, riddles and conundrums appear indeed at first reading to be quite up to the ancient standard, but when pondered over a little, it is plain that they will hardly remain unsolved for an entire year. Without question the "Almanack" for 1916 will not be awaited with that feverish expectation with which we longed for the issue, say, of 1884, in order to learn the answers of the problems we had puzzled over for twelve long months. The modern conundrums, moreover, lack terseness and

point. "Why is a door in the subjunctive mood?" for example, contrasts unfavorably with the archaic: "When is a door not a door?" As for the "Useful Hints" they leave much to be desired. "Try changing the stockings from one foot to the other every morning: it is said to greatly lessen the wear," is the only "hint" in this year's "Almanack" that recalls the editions of long ago.

In conclusion we wish to protest indignantly against the "Old Farmer's Almanack's" admitting into its pages such intolerable innovations as tables of taxicab and automobile fares, paragraphs about radio communication or the rules governing the use of the parcel post. What right have these modern vanities in so staid and venerable a publication? Shade of Robert Thomas, rise and protect from desecration your ancient masterpiece!

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Parables of the Gospels. An Exegetical and Practical Explanation. By LEOPOLD FONCK, S.J., President and Lecturer of the Biblical Institute, Consultor of the Biblical Commission in Rome. Translated from the Third German Edition by E. LEAHY. Edited by GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., M.A. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $3.50.

The high credit for biblical knowledge which the learned author of the present volume enjoys among all scholars, and the remarkable proofs of confidence which he received during the lifetime of the late lamented Pontiff, and which he continues to receive from his successor, now happily reigning, make his authority in all that concerns the Bible a matter of common acceptance. There is no need, however, of such an extrinsic recommendation for "The Parables of the Gospels." No one who is at all familiar with the book as it appeared in the German will be inclined to question the statement that it is the best modern work on the parables that has appeared in any language. Nor has it lost anything by its rendition into English; rather it has gained. The greater flexibility of the English has enabled the facile and accurate pen of the translator to give to the invaluable matter, which with some slight omissions remains unchanged, a more artistic form than it had in the original. The editing of the text has been both careful and scholarly, and one is glad to notice an almost entire absence of those blemishes which mar many of our best Catholic publications. This is especially true of the treatment of the Greek, which indeed leaves little to be desired. The volume, which contains 829 pages, is clearly and painstakingly printed.

The book consists of some brief introductory chapters on the meaning, object and interpretation of the parables. Then follows a short sketch of the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven in the parables. The rest of the work is taken up with the parables themselves, of which seventy-two are enumerated and explained. They are grouped into three classes, which form the three parts of the volume: Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven in its gradual development, its nature, and its working; parables concerning the members of the Kingdom of God individually and their responsibilities; parables of the Head of the Kingdom of Heaven and its relation to its members. This division is a happy one and gives through the parables a more systematic presentation of Christ's teaching than at first sight might seem to be possible. The treatment given to each parable is very exhaustive. First comes a synoptic view of the texts, Greek, Vulgate and English, with a list of the variations. The setting, geographical, historical and local, is next set forth, and is followed by a discussion and explanation which, in spite of *apparatus criticus* and copious references, never become obscure or technical. The quotations from the Fathers, which are given at as great a length as could be expected, are of much value; and of even greater value, at least in themselves, are the numerous references to the Migne edition of the Patrology. Preachers will find in the outlines of development and in the conclusions, under which are grouped suggestive and illuminating topics for sermons and meditations, much help for the pulpit; but the book is primarily, though not exclusively, intended for the student. "The Parables of the Gospels" should be given a prominent and honored place in the library of every priest. No one certainly can hereafter pretend to have made a thorough study of the parables who has not made its acquaintance. Indeed it is not too much to say that it has become a classic on the subject.

J. H. F.

The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the Catholic Reformation. By EDWARD M. HULME. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

This is another of the books to make one melancholy, turned out from our universities. The author, Professor of History in the University of Idaho, has gathered much matter which he has not used with judgment. He knows all about the Catholic Church, utters his assertions with the tone of finality that is a note of "modern scholarship"; and what would have been but the privilege of the young men and women of the University of Idaho, has been made common to all the world by the publication of this volume. Everyone, even the Pope himself, may learn that, in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, nuns were a part of the monastic clergy, and that, with the exception of baptism, the Sacraments could be administered only by a regularly ordained priest. What about Matrimony, what about Confirmation and Holy Orders? The Seven Sacraments were indispensable to man's spiritual life, the author tells us, from which he draws the most illogical consequence, that the laity were absolutely dependent on the priesthood for their religious life. The assertion, which seemed framed to suggest more than it expresses, is analogous to this: food is indispensable to physical life, therefore we are absolutely dependent on the butcher and the baker for our literary and artistic life. Both arguments are true in a sense, but not in that intended by Professor Hulme. Rome was, of course, utterly corrupt. "It was perpetually crowded with foreigners, many of whom, doubtless, discarded their own code of morals when they visited a city of alien manners. *Omnia Romæ venalia* was justly said of it"; which makes us suspect strongly that the Professor did not know the meaning of *venalia*. Taken in his context the Latin seems to mean: all sins are venial at Rome; while its real meaning is very different and hardly appropriate to the assertion it is used to illustrate. As regards Avignon, he accepts without reserve Petrarch's diatribes. Fraticelli, Beghards, Lollards, all have his sympathy, and he ignores their outrageous errors against even natural justice. St. Catherine of Siena was a "dreamy, mystic girl," though in the next page she appears as "the leading" statesman of Italy. But it is better to fall into contradiction, than to admit the reality with all it implies for the Catholic Church.

Being what he is, a modern professor, Mr. Hulme could not write a book such as this without discussing mysticism, though what this is, he knows not, any more than do the other professors and literary people who dabble in it nowadays. He tells us, as so many do, that the Church was the enemy of science. He lays down an exaggerated notion of the individual and of his relation to society, and consequently reaches untrue and very dangerous conclusions. The same is the case with his idea of conscience, in connection with which he has much to say about theologians and their doctrine concerning implicit faith. Unfortunately he does

not understand the theological meaning of this term, nor even the nature of faith. He cites many theologians in support of his crude notions; but as he omits to specify the texts, most probably because he has taken them at second hand and failed to verify them, we can not follow him up and show how he has abused them. It is sufficient to apply to his affirmations in the matter the maxim of logic: *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negari potest.* Is it on account of our sins that the makers of such books are supported with public money to which we Catholics have to contribute? H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With the issue of January 8, *Catholic Mind* begins its thirteenth volume, as the periodical was started in 1903. This number is devoted to the Catholic Press. It opens with a paper by Father E. Hull, S.J., Editor of the Bombay *Examiner,* then follows an article on "A Catholic Daily Paper," by Dr. L. F. Flick, a contribution on the "Mission of the Catholic Press," by Bishop Hartley and some suggestions for promoting the spread of Catholic papers from Father Dwight. The pamphlet is designed to awake in its readers a greater interest in all Catholic papers and periodicals.

Selecting as weapons arguments and eloquence, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the editor of the *New Witness,* a British review, has challenged Mr. George Sylvester Viereck to debate with him the question, "Whether the cause of Germany or of the Allied Powers is just." So a meeting has been arranged for the evening of January 17 at the Cort Theatre, West Forty-eighth Street, New York. Mr. William R. Shepherd, Professor of History, Columbia University and Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, late literary editor of the New York *Times,* have consented to act as chairmen. The subject chosen is unquestionably a thoroughly "actual" one, and if the Catholic Mr. Chesterton is, as his not-yet-Catholic brother Gilbert considers him, "one of the finest debaters in England," his encounter with the capable editor of the *Fatherland* is sure to be interesting. Tickets are for sale by Mr. William B. Feakins, Times Building, New York, and a portion of the receipts will be given to the Belgian Relief and to the German Red Cross Fund.

"The Romance of the Beaver," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Lippincott. $2.50), will delight lovers of nature. The splendid illustrations alone make the volume unique among its kind. The author knows the beaver well, and through five long chapters writes of the animal in a simple, fascinating manner. Unfortunately, although Mr. Dugmore in one place protests against humanizing the brute, yet further on he attributes to it "a fine moral nature," "a high code," "knowledge of right and wrong" and so on. This sort of language detracts from a book which would otherwise be without blemish.

"War's Aftermath," (Houghton, $0.75) by David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan is a timely book, brimful of interesting gleanings from personal study and research into the eugenic results of warfare. While not giving us an exhaustive and final treatise on the subject, the authors have synthesized and collated a large amount of material gathered from an investigation of conditions in the South after the Civil War and in the Balkans after the bitter struggle of 1912. The thirty propositions in the book are often more stimulating than convincing, but will doubtless do much to awaken interest in this hitherto untilled field of psychology and eugenics. "War's Aftermath" ought to be seriously pondered by peace apostles for it contains very telling arguments for their cause. The authors' view of eugenics is sane and proper, a pleasant and scholarly contrast to so much that has been written on the subject by mountebank reformers and unpsychological psychologists.

A "Japanese Grammar," by H. J. Weintz (Reilly, $1.00), will be of great assistance to students of this difficult tongue. The author's skilful arrangement of exercises introduces one gradually to the peculiar construction of the language. Frequent allusion to phrases and idioms in English, French and other languages, enables the student of Japanese to see in what the sentence-construction differs from a known tongue. The interlinear translation into English of Japanese colloquial expressions is very helpful, and the two vocabularies and alphabetical index will aid greatly in translation and sentence-building.

"Lucas' Annual" (Macmillan, $0.75) is a varied collection of literary odds and ends by living and dead British authors. J. M. Barrie contributes a boy's amusing reminiscences of "Old Hyphen," a rod-loving teacher, the chapters from Stephen Leacock's "Thousand-Guinea Novel," are nearly as diverting, while "Soki's" account of the fire in the "East Wing" and Hugh Walpole's "Bachelors" the reader will also enjoy. Hitherto unpublished letters from Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson and John Ruskin are full of interest and there are good verses in a lighter vein, scattered through the volume.

Father John B. Ferreres, S.J., who stands among the foremost canonists of the present day, has lately issued the fourth edition of his learned work "Las Religionas legún la disciplina vigente." (Razon y Fé, Madrid, $0.80.) The book contains, besides the five commentaries included in former editions, the many important decrees lately promulgated by the Holy See. Particularly worthy of note is the author's commentary on the two recent decrees on general absolutions and benedictions. The work will prove of great value to those who direct religious communities.—After an unavoidable delay caused by the war, Pustet has succeeded in getting out an edition of his breviary with the Jesuit *proprium* added. The price of the sumptuous 12mo volumes we have received is $16.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Catholic Truth Society, London:
The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. By J. R. McKee. $0.18; The Principles of Christianity. By Rev. A. B. Sharpe. $0.35; The God of Philosophy. By Rev. Dr. Aveling. $0.35; The Church at Home and Abroad. Edited by Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. $0.35; Bell, Book and Candle: A Few Words on Excommunication and Anathemas. By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. $0.05.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopedia. Vols. I-VI. A-Didymograptus. $5.00 each vol.

Donahoe Publishing Co., Middletown, Conn.:
Songs of the Country-Side. By D. J. Donahoe. $1.00.

J. Fischer & Bro., New York:
The Bo'sn's Bride. A Nautical Yarn in Two Acts. By Maude Elizabeth Inch and W. Rhys-Herbert. Vocal Score, $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
Grace: Actual and Habitual. Pohle-Preuss. $2.00; Memoirs of Zi Pré. By Edmund M. Dunne, D.D. $0.50; The Knight of the Fleur de Luce. By Sophie Maude. $0.75; The Fruit of the Tree. By Mabel A. Farnum. $1.00; What Faith Really Means. By Henry Grey Graham, A.M. $0.15; Christ and the Powers of Darkness. By J. Godfrey Raupert. $1.00; The Mystery of Faith. By Kenelm Digby Best. $0.75.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The World's Story: A History of the World in Story, Song and Art. 14 Volumes. Cloth, $30.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia
The Romance of the Beaver. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. $2.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Britain's Case Against Germany. By Ramsay Muir. $1.00; The Fellowship of the Mystery. By J. Neville Figgis, D.D. $1.60; The New Testament. Vol. III. Part V. Ephesians and Colossians, Philemon and Philippians. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., and Alban Goodier, S.J. $0.40.

Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill.:
The Catholic Mission Feast. By Rev. Anthony Freytag, S.V.D. $0.60; Fireside Melodies. Edited by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. $0.15.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Oxford Book of American Essays. Chosen by Brander Matthews.

EDUCATION

Ships and Whales

IT was Mr. Rudyard Kipling who, with admirable success, taught the birds and beasts of India to speak. It was the same genius who, at a later day, extended his pedagogical labors to ships and bolts, and trains of cars, passenger and freight, and engines, steam and electrical. Of all this you may read in a book which Mr. Kipling called, if memory serves, "The Day's Work." Of the opening tale, the heroine is a ship just off the ways, a ship completed and ready to buffet heavy seas, except that her component parts were not, as yet, perfectly fitted one to the other. She squeaked, one gathers from the narrative, like a new shoe, and groaned like an old farm-gate slowly swinging in the vagrant breeze. But what the careful naval architect had failed to accomplish, was brought to pass by a storm at sea. The upheavals of the deep strained and wrenched the ship, beat and threw her about, until at last every part, accurately adjusted, lay in peace and harmony with its neighbor. The ship had found herself.

THE VALUE OF STORMS

A political state is an entity rather elusive, but for ages it has been designated by poets and schoolboys as a ship. Education, or what we are now pleased to regard as education, is likewise an elusive entity. An apology may be needed for likening it to a ship, but the storms that have raged about it may justify the figure. Perhaps we like to talk about it in figurative language, because we are not quite sure what it is. If we call it a ship, we may remark, quite truly, that its course is not smooth. We may term it a port, and reflect that it is on the sea-coast of Bohemia, or marked on the maps of the golden bourne that lies beyond the setting sun. We have doubts about the faithfulness of our charts; we observe with concern, that our compass spins about like a teetotum. Clouds cover the stars. In the good ship Education, bolt, rivet and plate, with whatever else Messrs. Cramp and Kipling put into a seaworthy vessel, are crying out, one against the other, in mutual distrust and discomfort. Whatever figure we choose to adopt, we will agree that we do not seem to be getting into port, and we are quite certain that our ship has not as yet found herself. The only hopeful sign is that a great storm is raging. It is very bad not to know where we are but it is worse to be headed away from the port, perfectly convinced that we are holding to the proper course. This storm, perhaps, may blow us into a safe haven. Or, as Mr. Kipling teaches, it may help our ship to find herself.

IS EDUCATION LIKE A WHALE?

If we do not know what education is, many among us are quite certain that we know what it is not. Persons with definite opinions on the subject, are apt to evince a temperament at once critical and pugnacious. They state their views with a heat recalling the *odium theologicum*. A teacher of long experience, now principal of a high school, recently said that while the race of lecturers and essayists on educational problems, sometimes amused and sometimes irritated him, few among them gave him or his teachers any practical help. They were more than ready to point out defects, but their eloquence failed, when they were asked to suggest a remedy. They were diagnosticians, solely. Their criticism was destructive. This is not education, they say, that should find no place in any rational scheme of mind-training. But what is education? How is it imparted, attained? We may seek the answer in the stars; it does not seem to be written in books, though many have tried to write it.

Mr. C. Hanford Henderson, for instance, has recently given us, through Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, the cream of his experiences, in a book entitled, "What Is It to be Educated?" He discourses charmingly for four hundred and fifty-six pages, but it can hardly be said that he tells us what education is, or what it is to be educated. One gathers that education resembles Hamlet's cloud: a camel, but backed like a weasel, and very like a whale. To do him justice, Mr. Henderson admits his failure, pleading, however, that it is better to have some defensible concept of education, than none at all. But the concept which Mr. Henderson selects as most immune from attack, will at once be rejected by a large school of philosophers, and by a larger school, we fear, of practical teachers. His apparatus, for one thing, is too elaborate, and in the next place, relies for its justification upon theories in philosophy and theology which are acceptable to Modernists and none other. In fact, Mr. Henderson is kind enough to tell us that our parochial schools, which he admires as "wholly logical and consistent," will at once be lifted to a higher plane, when the Church accepts this synthesis of all heresies.

A WATER PHILOSOPHER

Thirteen years ago, Mr. Henderson became the blushing author of a book, "Education and the Higher Life." This production he now regards as highly sophomoric. It was built upon the erroneous theory that it is possible for the human intellect to attain truth.

> The earlier book was founded upon the avowed idealism. . . . The central position of this idealism may be summed up in the one sentence—*All is given*. It was summed up in theology in its conception of the Deity—*the same yesterday, to-day and forever*. In a word, it was a fixed universe, and truth was pre-existent. Man's rôle was rather a dull one. He could amuse and profit himself by unwrapping the truth, but he could originate nothing, create nothing, alter nothing. In reality no act was significant, for the august universe remained the same.

Mr. Henderson has gone beyond the *nonum prematur in annum* of Horatian precept. In thirteen years, much water has passed under his bridges, and in this year of grace, he gives us his corrected impressions, subject, no doubt, to further correction, day by day. Idealism remains; no longer a static, but a dynamic idealism.

> All is *not* given; nowhere in the empyrean does the whole of truth exist; even God Himself, we believe, does not know what is going to happen, since all existence is continual movement, eternal creation. . . . This more fluid view of truth is too vital a matter to be ignored by education. On the contrary, it must be made the foundation.

And Mr. Henderson, having laid the foundation of the educational process on water, launches forth upon the deep.

THE OPTIMISTIC SCHOPENHAUER

Of the fluid nature of truth, Professor James and his followers have written flowingly. But it is a discouraging sort of a philosophy. Schopenhauer by comparison is a smiling optimist. The ingenious author of an old text-book on mathematics, proposed the case of an infinitesimally small animal, struggling to get out of a well. During a cycle of twenty-four hours, by dint of great perseverance, he would crawl through a distance equal to four times his bodily length. In the succeeding cycle, he would fall back three-fourths of the distance previously traversed. Mathematically speaking, would he ever get out of the well? Mr. Henderson's best attention is directed to this problem. He is a bug trying to get out of a well; a laudable pathfinder, calling us to follow his lead. Or, to change to a figure congenial to Mr. Henderson, he is an atom, floating on the sluggish stream of truth. Thirteen years ago, the stream was slowly but surely, as the melodramatists say, bearing him in the wrong direction. He tells us, that at the time, he was not aware of this aberration. What has happened in thirteen years to bring the error home to

him? How does he know that he is now headed for the port? How does he box his compass? Upon what new stars does he gaze? If truth is this subtle, elusive thing, which Mr. Henderson describes, shifting, changing from hour to hour, disappearing like the snows of yesteryear, hid with the gold at the rainbow's end, what is his warrant for asking us to reject his theories of thirteen years ago, to replace them by the theories which swam into his ken during his last meditation?

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Mr. Henderson's theory of truth can not bear critical examination. Mr. Henderson will probably be the first to allow this, theoretically, at least. But with an eye to the practical things of life, he writes a book on education, and asks us to accept it, while he confesses that in all likelihood, its very foundation is false, or may be false, before you have finished a first reading. To restate the scholastic concept of truth, is but to elaborate the obvious. The modern philosopher adopts it, partly at least, whenever he rejects it. For he rejects it as untrue, thereby implicitly affirming the truth of his denial. But no sane scholastic ever held, as Mr. Henderson seems to imply, that the finite mind of man can comprehend God. Nor did he hold that we can grasp the complete and ultimate truth, about so much as one small created object. Even Tennyson can teach that in his rhymes about the flower in the crannied wall. But he did admit that knowledge must grow from more to more. Logically, this concession is beyond Mr. Henderson. His formula would be, that conditioned theory must grow from more to more. For while the foundation of valid, definite knowledge is valid, definite truth, Mr. Henderson can not assure himself at any given moment that he *knows* anything, for he is never sure that he has arrived at the truth. He has opinions which he accepts provisionally. He entertains theories which to-morrow's sun may prove arrant falsehoods. "Here is a method," he tells his teachers. "I have some reason to believe that it may produce some good results. But if you press me, I must confess that I really know nothing about it." All this is theory. In real life, I have no doubt that Mr. Henderson is a hard-working, common-sense teacher, most remarkably like you and me, whose philosophy is that of the "As You Like It" shepherd.

OVERWORKED WORDS

"Now when *I* use a word," remarks Humpty Dumpty to Alice, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." Mr. Henderson is not a greater sinner than his masters, but some of these were followers of Humpty Dumpty. Yet Humpty Dumpty, it will be remembered, called his overworked words together on Saturday night, and paid them double, thereby showing that he recognized them, and could tell them apart. Mr. Henderson will do well to prove that he knows his overworked words apart, by appending to the next edition, a glossary of terms. For we need a terminology. We stand in greater need of a few realities to which the terms we use so glibly, may correspond. That education can be looked on as a ship, a flat-car, a port, a sea, a process, an end-in-itself, a camel, a hump-backed weasel, and a whale, is due to the nebular philosophy which Mr. Henderson propounds with much literary grace and charm, for four hundred and fifty-six pages, exclusive of a bibliography which credits the "Grammar of Assent" to William Henry Newman.

Was it of Carlyle, that some one wickedly said, that he preached the value of silence in thirty-six eloquent volumes? Mr. Henderson has been at similar pains to prove that, since after all we can know little or nothing, we may as well accept his theories, and try them on the children. For we are wandering alone on a dark and starless plain, or think we are, for we can be really sure of nothing. "O, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul," is a fair summing up of Mr. Henderson's philosophy.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Window Breakers

IF a child had been told all its life that breaking windows was a good occupation, would you blame it for breaking every window in sight? I think you would blame instead the persons who told it of the goodness of window breaking.

In so simple a case we see clearly. We place the blame where it belongs. But in cases only a little more complicated, we are often blind. When, not long ago, there were serious riots in Lawrence, a great many of us expressed our indignation quite freely. We condemned the attacks on property and the general lawlessness. Some, going even farther, condemned the men who did this and the individuals who led them. This was as it should be. You would punish even the little boy who broke windows because he thought it was right. You would make him remember for the future that it was not right. Where many of us were blind was in failing to see farther still. We condemned the strikers and their leaders without condemning the theorists whose ideas they were putting into practice.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM

Socialism in its more violent forms has now existed for many years. A new generation of laborers has had time to be brought up on it. They have been taught that it is right and worth working for, and they have not had the word of the Church to show them the contrary. In Lawrence and Paterson and other places, they were simply putting their lessons into practice. Of course they must be taught new lessons; but while they are being taught, we must not forget to pity them and love them, for they need both pity and love.

They need pity because they are the scapegoats for every mad homeopath who has the ability to get his theories before the public. Those homeopaths are the real window breakers. At all times we are apt to underestimate the importance of theorists. We often laugh at them, and it is not until their theories are made tangible by other hands that we learn to give them the respect or the scorn they deserve. A European war was a theory till a few months ago. Every theorizing general staff had its plans drawn up. Suddenly each name on a paper list became a man leaving his home with uniform and rifle. Each spot on a map became a scene of slaughter, just as the theorists had planned. If ten hundred thousand men now in the prime of life are dead to-morrow, it is because the theorists have planned so well. Where a man fights for country to-day, the present theorists have planned that he shall fight for "class" to-morrow. The cause of humanity has not been strong enough to thwart the theorists in international war; will it be strong enough to thwart them in social war?

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

The answer depends on the clearness with which Catholics see the laborers' position. Remember that theorists have been telling our laborers for years that they owe their lives not to country but to class; then ask yourself whether those laborers, living up to their teaching, are more to be condemned fighting for class than soldiers fighting for country. It is wrong to kill; but if you know another man is attempting to kill you, you may have to kill him in self-defence. Our laborers have been taught that others are killing them by slow degrees; having no warning to help them, they have accepted their lesson, and now they are almost ready to kill in return and to say they are killing in self-defence. They are doing

wrong; but how are they to know it? The fault is with the theorists. The theorists are now busy writing lists of names and making dots on pieces of paper. If each name becomes to-morrow a soldier of labor and each dot a scene of riot, it will be because the theorists have again planned so well.

PITY AND LOVE

Our laborers need pity because they are ignorant tools; they need love for a far deeper reason. They need love because they have had indifference too long. Indifference stings hate into life. We have watched the struggles of the poor for all ages; we have watched their honesty, their faithfulness. We have watched their tragedies, which are often so much greater than ours; and yet we have remained indifferent. Now it is time to have love for them. They have never needed it so much; and we have never seemed so loath to give it.

A pity which we must never show, and a love which we must show always; that is our message to the laborers. If we are laborers ourselves (and who shall say "this man labors and that man works"?) we shall find it easy to show love for our fellows. We can work cheerfully when others stop to listen to the gospel of hate. We can mix as freely with socialists as with our fellow Catholics. We can love each one as a man, and not be so little or so timid as to hide our love.

THE CHURCH'S MESSAGE

If we are not laborers, our task is harder, but all the more inspiring. We can not say too much, or the laborer will think we are patronizing him. But we can prove our love by doing the greatest deed the century demands; we can carry the message of the Church to the men who are killing our society. We can strip the hypocrisy from those whose indifference, whose dishonesty, whose greed have made all the malpractice of the mad homeopaths possible. We can stop the sources of the deadly poison that gives society its unnamed disease. We can say to the mad social doctors, "Wait!" and while they wait and watch, and while we try to win the trust and confidence of our laborers, we can hunt down, each one in his own sphere, the man-serpents who have bitten us. By forcing our message upon them, and by that act alone, can we prove our love for the unfortunate victims of the theorists.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The *Lancet* describes a disease, of which many cases have been noted among prisoners of war. While painful, it is usually not of long duration:

> The symptoms are, first, great mental dejection, loss of appetite, indifference to external influences, and slight hectic fever. As the disease progresses it is attended by hysterical weeping, a dull pain in the head, throbbing of the temporal arteries, anxious expression of the face, watchfulness, increased fever and wasting. Its worst complication is encountered among young prisoners of war.

The name of this disease is *nostalgia*, or homesickness. The *Lancet* designates it as a disease of mental origin, a species of melancholia.

Last year ten thousand pupils in the Boston public schools were over age for the grades they were in. This is an improvement over the preceding year, in which thirteen thousand children were said to be in a retarded state. The Board of Education considers that these numbers are entirely too large, and has ordered that an investigation be made. If conducted properly, the investigation should throw much light on this difficult question. Medical inspection has shown in innumerable instances, that what was thought to be stupidity or ill-will in children, arose from the fact that they were suffering from some physical defect. Lack of proper food, unsuitable home conditions, account for other instances of retardation. Probably the majority of the parochial schools have some form of medical inspection; none should be without it. In several large cities, the medical inspectors appointed by the city, cheerfully give their services to the private schools; but where this is not feasible, Catholic physicians, internes of Catholic hospitals, or the authorities of Catholic medical schools, would gladly undertake the work. Medical inspection can be readily overdone; but there is also such a thing as having too little of it.

How badly Catholic social workers and social settlements are needed is indicated by the following remark taken from the New Orleans *Morning Star:*

> At one of these settlements . . . that of Kingsley House, the editor was told that over ninety Catholic children were in attendance. At another Saturday Sewing Class and Sunday School, conducted by Methodist women, we are informed that over one hundred of the children in attendance are Catholic children. There is food for thought in all this, and it is hoped that now our Catholic women have organized, that social settlement work will form a leading feature of their labors.

It is to be feared that these conditions can be paralleled in most American cities. There are indications, however, that Catholics are at last awakening to a sense of their obligations in this matter. It is high time. There can be little doubt that some of the zealous men and women who are in charge of non-Catholic social settlements, consider it a sacred duty to snatch little papists as brands from the burning. Their efforts are best counteracted, not by railing at them, but by supplying our poor or destitute Catholics with similar social advantages.

The Anglican *Church Times*, the only journal of any standing in England, as the *Month* points out, that could bring itself to speak evil of the late Holy Father, is greatly irritated because Benedict XV will not follow the advice given him weekly in its columns. Because he will not excommunicate, *en masse*, the Catholic soldiers fighting for Germany and Austria, says the *Month*, it has the incredible impudence to charge the Holy Father with being a *particeps criminis:*

> It calls upon the power of all others that is bound to observe the strictest neutrality, to pass summary judgment on the aims of rival peoples and to declare for the Allies. It invites the Holy See to do what its enemies would be only too glad to see it do, viz., to take sides in a political dispute, and to interfere with the secular concerns of secular States.

And, in the eyes of the *Church Times*, unless the Holy Father does all this, he participates in the guilt of murder. This is a folly even greater than that displayed by an American magazine, whose editor held that the Pope, had he so wished, might have prevented the war, by putting the aged Austrian Emperor under an interdict.

The delusion that the Middle Ages were periods of deep and deplorable intellectual and moral darkness still prevails in some penumbral quarters, just as some people still believe that Catholic priests have horns, and that bad tonsils are the principal cause of sin. Occasionally these persons break into print, and their eruption then serves to call forth such letters as Mr. T. J. Guilfoyle, of Brooklyn, recently wrote to the New York *Sun*. Mr. Guilfoyle directs attention to the following passage from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's "Philosophy":

> To suppose that such an age as this (the Middle Age) can properly be described as dark, is only to invite attention to

the limitations of one's knowledge and sympathies. No age was dark in any true sense that witnessed the assembling of scholars at the feet of Alcuin and Hrabanus Maurus; that saw the rise of the universities, of guilds and of cities; that was fired by the enthusiasm and zeal of St. Francis and St. Dominic; that gave birth to the story of the Cid, of the Holy Grail, of the Nibelungen, and the Divine Comedy of Dante; that witnessed those triumphs of Gothic architecture that still delight each eye that rests upon them; or that knew the constitution of Clarendon, the Magna Charta, and the legal commentaries of Bracton.

A youthful essayist once wrote that we could, if we so wished, build Cathedrals which would put to shame the glories of Reims and Chartres. But our modern era is so dark, it would seem, that we do not even wish to build them.

The Boston *Pilot* reprints some interesting ecclesiastical statistics. After Italy, the United States has the largest hierarchy in the world, with one hundred and one archdioceses and dioceses. Italy has two hundred and seventy-four Sees for a Catholic population of about thirty-four million. Spain, with a Catholic population of twenty million, has but fifty-seven Sees; Germany has the same number for twenty-two million Catholics; in Belgium, six Sees contain eight million Catholics. In eleven years, Pius X added to the Church, twenty metropolitan Sees, fifty-five episcopal Sees, six abbeys and prelatures, and forty vicariate-apostolics. This represents a growth in the hierarchy, says the *Pilot,* of about ten per cent. in eleven years.

"Prodigious!" Dominie Sampson was wont to exclaim when confronted with the marvelous. His ejaculation may well be reechoed by those who have read the following announcement of a midnight Mass at St. Paul's Church in a certain eastern city. After describing the beautiful vestments to be worn on this occasion, the writer proceeds to comment upon the other features of this singular service:

> The solemn procession will recall those of the Parisian churches of the Madeleine, St. Sulpice, and St. Eustache, for the marshal of St. Paul's wears the French uniform of the Swiss Guard. The procession symbolizes the Church Militant, and is guarded by the sword of the body-guard. Below the canopied statue of the Virgin will be seen the Manger of Bethlehem, with quaint little figures from France, and two angels carved by Lang, who was the Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The great sanctuary lamp hung for several hundred years in the Cathedral at Palermo.

Without wishing to be irreverent, it must be confessed that this list of Paris, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, French uniforms, swords, Oberammergau, and Palermo, sounds like an extract from the catalogue of a dealer in curios. And does the sanctuary lamp take part in the procession? The description of the new vestments puzzles one:

> The Church Triumphant is represented entirely in gold thread. All the hosts of heaven are depicted, each with his or her peculiar symbol.

These vestments must be very large, or else the work of the artist who engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. For instance the Benedictine Order alone, it has been stated, has given the Church Triumphant, more than sixteen thousand Saints. It is hardly necessary to add that St. Paul's is not a Catholic Church.

The sixth annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society took place in New York during the past week. The main topic of interest was the unfolding of the actual condition of the society. Its organizing secretary, Dr. Harry W. Laidler stated that there were now some sixty chapters for the study of socialism in the various colleges of our country. During the past year fourteen new chapters had been founded. Among the institutions represented may be mentioned in particular, Adelphi, Amherst, Barnard, College of the City of New York, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Howard, Illinois, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, New York University, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Radcliffe, Union Theological, Y. M. C. A. and Yale. The last-named university contains at present the strongest socialist chapter.

The actual membership of the organization is not more than about one thousand; but the significance of the society consists in its propaganda work among the general student body, in the arrangement of public lectures and the distribution of literature. Students to whom socialism itself does not appeal may nevertheless be seriously affected by its materialism and other inherent evils which can lead only to the subversion of order and religion in society. During the fall season the organizing secretary alone addressed some three thousand students in a score of colleges in New York and New England. He spoke before twenty-seven economic and sociological classes, as well as "a number of college bodies at their chapel exercises." (!) Other socialist lecturers were likewise frequently engaged to address college groups under the auspices of the society. It is among the journalistic students and in literary as well as sociological groups that socialist agitation and literature may often produce the greatest harm. The delegate from Columbia, calling attention to the vigorous campaign carried on throughout the university, added: "The students on the whole are liberal, but the spread of socialism is greatest among journalists." These unfortunately are precisely the men who may later exercise the greatest power in moulding public opinion.

Some of the delegates on the other hand deplored the apathy of the students, who believed "that socialism is all right," as Miss Caro Lloyd, of the New York Alumni Chapter, expressed their argument, "but it will take a thousand years for it to come about, so what's the use?" This precisely confirms the point made before, that false principles themselves are often accepted though socialism itself is not taken seriously. So again complaint was made of the "esthetic kind of socialism" found in certain parts. To the same effect was the conclusion "that there were too many persons who sympathized with socialism in a vague sort of a way without doing any practical work." R. W. Chubb, of Harvard, believed that the greatest enemy to intellectual pursuits in general and to socialism in particular at his university was football. To make socialism more acceptable the Wilkes-Barre delegate suggested that the study program be varied by socialist plays, debates and stories.

Considerable attention was devoted to the war, since it is by such discussions that socialists will naturally strive to interest the student body. The British University Socialist Federation, in extending its greetings to the American comrades, admitted that the socialist international has been "shattered," but looked to the socialists in America to play an important part in its reconstruction when the war is over. There was little of any general importance said or done. The work of introducing revolutionism into our American colleges is merely to continue as before, while the authorities favor or permit the propaganda. With the countless moral and religious aberrations in non-Catholic institutions of our country we are not surprised that the red menace likewise should find its place. The rationalism taught from many a professorial chair has long ago prepared the way for it. The fact only emphasizes the culpability of parents who believe that they can safely neglect the admonitions of the Church and place their wisdom above her own when she points out the danger of non-Catholic education and insists upon a Catholic training and Catholic surroundings from first to last, as far as this is possible, for every Catholic student.

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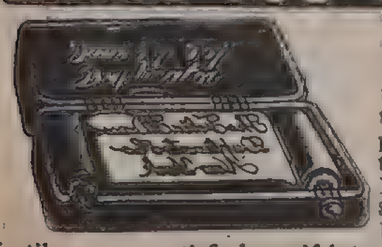
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CHRONICLE

The War.—Official dispatches record but little change in the situation in France and Belgium. Almost continuous artillery duels, slight local gains by means of infantry charges and the blowing up of trenches by mines, measured for the most part by hundreds of yards and often regained on the following day by the opposite force, have left the line practically where it was last week. There has been spirited fighting at many points, along the coast, at Ypres, in the vicinity of La Bassée and Arras, and near Reims. At Perthes and in the Argonne the line has swayed to and fro, leaving the honors about even. The French advance on both sides of the German wedge that projects as far as St. Mihiel is slow but steady, but has not yet succeeded in forcing the retirement of the Germans or in breaking their communications with Metz. Steinbach in Alsace has been the scene of the most hotly disputed contests. It has changed hands either in whole or in part at least six times, and is again reported to be held by the Germans. The invasion therefore of the Rhineland has made no permanent progress.

Bulletin, Jan. 5, p. m.-Jan. 12, a. m.

Situation in the West

The position of the armies within the East Prussian border is unchanged. In northern Poland it is reported that the Germans have taken advantage of the cold weather which at last has set in and have begun another drive on Warsaw from the north. They have received large reinforcements and are expected to try to force their way somewhat in the direction of their last invasion from Mlawa and Soldau, but presumably still further to the east. In central Poland, west of Warsaw, after taking Bolimow on the Rawka they have made another series of violent attacks on the Russian lines, but have not made any noticeable advance. Further south but still in Poland there has been no marked change in the situation, although there have been unofficial reports that the Austrians are in difficulties near Cracow, and that their further advance toward Kielce has been blocked. Along the Nida and the Dunajec in Galicia the Austrians are holding their own and have defeated the Russians with considerable loss at Gorlice. The main objective of the Russian attack seems to be the important passes in the Carpathians. There are four of these on the Galician-Hungarian border, all of which have been the scene of fighting, but at present, according to Vienna, they are comparatively quiet. Further south the Austrians are facing a serious danger. In Bukowina they have found themselves confronted by superior numbers and have retired before the advancing Russians in order to occupy the passes over the Carpathians from Bukowina into Transylvania. It is on these passes and especially on the Borgo Pass that the principal interest in the eastern struggle centers. Russia is advancing in two directions, almost directly south and almost due west along the Roumanian border, and the Austrians are retreating, but not without disputing every step of the way. Desperate fighting will probably take place at the Borgo Pass, both on account of its strategic importance and also because of the influence its possession is likely to exercise on the hesitation of Rumania.

East Prussia and Poland

Galicia and Bukowina

The Austrians have again resumed operations against Servia. The unimportant engagement which took place at a small island near Belgrade, and which resulted in a victory for the Servians is said to be only the prelude of a new campaign which is now being organized

Servia

at Sarajevo conjointly by Austria and Germany, presumably as a check to the growing unrest in the Balkans.

Rumania is mobilizing. The precise reasons for her action are not known, but they have given rise in many quarters to predictions that she will soon enter the war.

Rumania

The presence of Russian troops all along her border and their effort to enter Transylvania give more color of truth to these predictions than they have hitherto had. Rumania has repeatedly been said to be willing to join the Allies provided she had a well-grounded hope of receiving Transylvania as her reward. This reward Russia would be in a position to offer if she could get actual possession of the coveted province. The desire to be able to do so has been, so it is asserted, largely responsible for Russia's recent strong offensive in Bukowina. Whether or not Rumania would be willing, even in case of a Russian occupation of Transylvania, to depart from her hitherto strictly maintained neutrality is doubtful. She seems, however, to be making ready for all contingencies. As her entrance into the war would involve serious consequences for Austria, the Borgo Pass is attracting much attention.

Rumania's action will probably wait upon the decision of Italy, whose interests are so divided that it is difficult to foresee what she will do. Italy's entanglements, however, are multiplying. She has issued an ultimatum to Turkey concerning the Hodeida matter, which so far has been disregarded, and she has taken a vigorous hand in Turkish affairs in Albania; she has ordered an investigation into Austria's treatment of four Italian hostages, and has given no heed to Austria's protest against her occupation of Avlona. For a while last week also it seemed as though she was to be embroiled with Greece over the treatment of the Greeks in Albania. The storm blew over and amicable relations were preserved. Should Italy take up arms in the spring and Rumania follow suit the Emperor Francis Joseph's cup of sorrows would be almost full.

Italy

Success and disaster are reported for Turkey. She has occupied Uremiah, which the Russians had been using as a base in Persian Armenia. On the other hand she has met with a crushing defeat in the battles of Ardahan and Sari-Kamysh. The losses have been estimated as high as 50,000. Unrest prevails in Constantinople, and there have been rumors of changing the capital to Adrianople. The Anglo-French fleet continues its bombardment of the Dardanelles.

Turkey

The note sent by Sir Edward Grey in reply to the protest of the United States against Great Britain's interference with America's commerce is in substance just what was expected. Frank and friendly in tone, it contains assurances of the British Government's desire to do nothing to injure the interests of this country, but at the same time insists that whatever steps have been taken have been fully justified. It is meant, however, only as a preliminary communication intended "to remove some misconceptions that seem to exist," and will be followed by a detailed reply. There is no hint in the text of the note to indicate that Great Britain means to change her procedure.

Great Britain's Reply

Austria-Hungary.—The plans and activity of Russian orthodoxy, as set forth from exclusively Russian orthodox sources, are a startling revelation. The first step of the members of the Synod, according to the *Golos Moskwy,* was the passing of a resolution to prepare Russian orthodox priests for preaching to the conquered population and bringing them over to Orthodoxy. More detailed resolutions were passed by the Galician-Russian Society of Petrograd. We quote from the report as printed in the *Rjetsch* for September 16:

Startling Facts

> It is absolutely necessary instantly to suppress the order of the Basilian Fathers. . . . It is absolutely necessary to depose the bishops who have been appointed by the Catholic Emperor, as acting in favor of Austria, etc. . . . Catholic priests must not be permitted to remain in villages that will pass over entirely to Orthodoxy. . . . All Jesuits must be expelled unconditionally from Galicia. Their churches and institutions must be closed.

The first official act was to drag into captivity the Greek Catholic Metropolitan of Lemberg. The treatment accorded him at Kursk, his final place of detention, is thus described in the *Juschnij Kraj* for October 10:

> The dwelling of the Archbishop is under a guard of police. He is not allowed to receive any visitors. The request of the local Roman Catholic priest to be permitted to speak with him was refused. Correspondence and the reading of papers have likewise been forbidden him.

The work of proselytizing now began with the occupation of the Catholic cathedral, which the orthodox Archbishop Eulogius used for celebrating high Mass, though a newly-built orthodox church was open to him. At this the *Utro Rossiji* declared: "The orthodox rite has been proclaimed the ruling religion of Galicia." In the account of another Russian solemnity in the cathedral the *Russkoje Slove* speaks of it as an "orthodox" church. This would imply its permanent seizure. Archbishop Eulogius, according to the *Djen,* considered it "imperative that the way for Uniate Catholics to Orthodoxy be made easy." For this purpose he believed that Russian education should be promoted and special attention given to existing religious schools. He desired to see "a net of Russian schools over all Galicia." (Sept. 16.)

It is claimed that in working for the apostasy of the great Catholic population no violence will be used; but the *Kijewlanin* for October 16 tells of captured farmers "converted" in the military camps, ordered to take the oath of allegiance to the Czar and then set at liberty. The Military Governor of Galicia announces to the world that he will practise the largest tolerance; but in speaking to

the Catholic citizens of Lemberg he assumes a different tone: "I will introduce here the Russian language, Russian law and Russian order." (*Prikarpatskaja Rus,* Sept. 10.) What Russian law means Catholics know. So again the *Rjetsch,* after a rhetorical passage about religious tolerance, adds that, of course, the Uniate priests who fled at the Russian approach must never be allowed to return. The very papers which condemn as impolitic the haste with which enforced proselytizing is carried on merely desire the same object to be brought about in another way. As the climax of all we may refer to the ordinance of the "tolerant" Military Governor, printed in the *Rjetsch* for October 14. It forbids, under a penalty of three months' imprisonment or 3,000 rubles, the selling or loaning of any Ukrainian book published outside of Russia. All books of this kind are to be separately gathered up. By this single ukase all Greek-Catholic church books and prayerbooks are proscribed, since they can be printed only outside of Russia. It is a thrust aimed directly at the heart of the Church in Galicia, and is a death blow to liberty. Such is Russian tyranny, shamelessly exercised, according to the testimony of its own press.

France.—Toward the end of September, 1914, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the truth of certain accusations that officers of the enemy had acted "savagely and inhumanly against French soldiers and civilians." A portion of their Report has recently been made public by the Cabinet. "We are forced to conclude," say the Commissioners, "that there has never been a war between civilized nations of so savage and ferocious a character, as that waged on our soil by our implacable adversary. Facts collected in many cases prove that claims which have been made, that the killing of civilians was due to attacks by the citizens, are unfounded." The Commission affirms that it was careful to distinguish between conflagrations caused by bombardment, and others deliberately enkindled by the enemy at a time when no fighting was in progress. As a result, it asserts that certain "army officers, and even personages in high rank can not be judged guiltless of wanton arson.' The complete Report will form about twenty closely printed newspaper columns. It is said to recount minutely, instances which, as the Commissioners depose, were established under oath by witnesses examined under the usual form of judicial procedure. These depositions will be published as a Government document. As far as can be ascertained, little more than a summary has been published either in England or America, and even the French accounts of this document are of the most general character. Any present judgment of its value as an historical document would, therefore, be premature.

A Commission Reports

On January 6, the banking houses of Paris, to further the restoration of normal financial conditions, resolved to renounce the privilege of the moratorium. Henceforth they are prepared to reimburse deposits of current accounts in full. In taking this action the banks accept, apparently without reserve, the statement of the Government that the German Government has been defeated in its endeavor to capture Paris, and that the capital is now out of all danger.

Waiving the Moratorium

Germany.—The report that Cardinal Mercier had been kept in confinement by the German authorities in Belgium because of a pastoral letter has been denied in an explanation offered to the Vatican by the German Government. It officially states that the Cardinal was never either imprisoned or confined within his palace, but has always retained full liberty to come and go at pleasure. The document adds:

Cardinal Mercier

> The German authorities realized the delicacy of their position if they would preserve order in Belgium and convince the people that only their best interests are sought. They consequently, in all courtesy, requested the Cardinal not to assume any attitude which would make the performance of these duties more difficult and might expose the people to danger.

The Cardinal, according to the Berlin correspondent, declared himself perfectly satisfied with the order that the pastoral should not be read from the pulpit, since grave consequences were feared. The Cardinal, it is said, assured the Military Governor, in a written explanation, that he had only desired to calm the people and ask them to yield obedience to the authorities; but that he had wished at the same time to show consideration for the national feelings. Such is Germany's version of the incident. Commenting upon the great reserve shown by the Vatican in the whole incident, the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York says editorially:

> The Vatican can not be forced to assume any other attitude in its dealings than one of strict impartiality and good will toward all. It is understood at the Vatican that the Pope is destined to play an important rôle in the coming peace deliberations. His impartiality and good will are then to be the very factors which will obtain influence and a hearing for his voice in the reestablishment of peace.

This is a notable statement, showing the exalted position the papacy holds in the minds of men at the present moment.

Great Britain.—In a Report, published on the seventh of the month, the Royal Commission on Civil Service recommended that certain traditions of the British Foreign Service be abolished, thereby making the service more "democratic." It has been an unwritten stipulation for many years, that all candidates for foreign posts in the diplomatic service have a private annual income of $2,000. The Commission advises that in future this requirement be disregarded.

Private Incomes and Foreign Posts

On January 6, Lord Kitchener addressed the House of Lords. The recruits now number about one million; in the Earl's opinion, double this number will be required by

Stimulating Recruits

Great Britain. Lord Curzon, leader of the Opposition in the absence of Lord Lansdowne, maintained that the total forces needed would, in the end, be nearer three than two millions, and the country, he thought, ought to know this. To this statement, Lord Kitchener made no answer. Some gather from Lord Kitchener's speech, that the military authorities propose to adopt, shortly, energetic means of stimulating recruiting. Lord Lucas, however, speaking in the House of Lords on January 8, said that while it was not the intention of the War Office to let Germany know the number of new armies to be put in the field within the next few months, he was at liberty to state, that the recent remarkable increase in the weekly average of recruits, afforded a striking testimony of the undaunted spirit with which England's call for men had been met in an hour of need. Referring to misconceptions on this point prevalent in the United States and elsewhere, the *Westminster Gazette* points out that "there has been no moment since the beginning of the war in which the preparation of new armies has been held up by lack of numbers, and many moments in which the number of those offering themselves have gone beyond the power of the War Office to absorb them and equip them."

Ireland.—Speaking to a large and representative meeting in Limerick, Mr. Redmond said that he was urging young Irishmen to enlist generously and numerously in the English armies in accordance with the policy of Grattan, O'Connell and Parnell, who promised that if England granted them self-government, Ireland would be loyal. There were three reasons now why Irishmen should be loyal and prove their loyalty by fighting at the front. They had been granted Home Rule, and therefore they would be word-breakers and cowards if they failed the empire in its need. It was a war in defence of small nationalities and therefore Ireland's war. The Home Rule Bill had an undefined Amendment Bill attached to it, and if it was shown that the Carsonites had volunteered more numerously than the Nationalists the Bill might be amended in favor of the Ulsterites and against the demands and interests of Irish nationality. Opponents of Mr. Redmond's attitude said his speech meant that they should enlist because they had got Home Rule, and also because if they did not enlist they would not get it. There is also complaint that the Irish Party has supported or encouraged the Government in suppressing several Irish Nationalist papers of constitutional views and inhibiting others from expressing legitimate opinion. This receives some support from Mr. T. P. O'Connor's warm approval of the appointment to the Irish administration of Sir Mathew Nathan, an official who, though a Hebrew and an alien, was, he said, eminently qualified by his experience in Asia and Africa to quell any troubles in Ireland. The removal of Lord Aberdeen, a viceroy, who was friendly to the people, and the appointment of Lord Wimborne, who is thought to favor the ascendancy minority, is interpreted as inimical to Irish aspirations. Another ground of complaint is the persistence of the Admiralty in refusing even to notice the demands of the Irish Catholic authorities that the present discrimination in the navy, which leaves but one official Catholic chaplain to 223 Protestant chaplains, shall be remedied.

Home Rule and Enlistment

Mexico.—"Worse than ever" is the terse description of conditions in Mexico, that the British Ambassador at Washington gave after making one of his frequent visits to our State Department. The southern "Republic" is considered by a Senator "a chaos of fighting banditti. The social organization has collapsed and anarchy is a polite word to apply to the condition of things." It is estimated that nearly a billion of dollars of American money invested in Mexico is all gone now, some 200 Americans are said to have been killed since the revolution started, and fifty-two people have met death or injury in Arizona from bullets fired over the United States boundary. In the hope of lessening these perils of the peaceful citizens of Naco, Arizona, General Scott kept our guns pointed over the border and waited patiently for a conference with Villa, that a neutral zone might be arranged. On January 9 the meeting at last took place. Villa agreed to let Hill, the Carranzista leader, evacuate, unmolested, Naco, in Sonora, and to make the town neutral. On January 5 the Carranza forces won a battle from the followers of Zapata at Puebla, and the city was taken, with 5,000 prisoners, by Obregon. The end of Mexico's woes is nowhere in sight. Apparently, there is not a man in that ruined and bloodstained country strong enough to control the revolution that is raging.

"Worse than Ever"

The bandit chief has been very busy during the past week with diplomacy, war and other things. Suspecting that Provisional President Guttierez purposed leaving Mexico City, Villa placed sharpshooters around the house of Guttierez and told him he would be killed if he tried to "desert his post." The President complained that no one obeyed his orders and everybody was plotting against him. "You issue orders," said Villa. "Zapata and I will see that they are obeyed." Villa's depleted exchequer is reported to have been lately replenished by large consignments of gold from New York. Villa's delay in going to meet General Scott is now being explained. According to the press a woman of Jimenez was unfortunate enough to attract the revolutionist's attention. On her refusal to accept his addresses, he sent a file of soldiers to seize the girl and carry her off to Chihuahua, where she will be forced to marry him. As Villa is currently reported to have left a "wife" in every town he captured, his treatment of the Jimenez young woman is credible enough. Such is Villa's "reform."

Villa's Activities

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Election of a Jesuit General

BY the death of Father Francis Xavier Wernz, which occurred on August 20, the office of Superior-General of the Society of Jesus has become vacant, and now a new General of the Order is about to be elected. No doubt, many of the readers of AMERICA will be interested to learn something about the mode of choosing a Jesuit General. The laws and rules which must be followed in the election are laid down in the Institute (*Institutum S.J.*), the *corpus juris* of the Society of Jesus. The "Institute" nowadays is an open book to scholars, and may be read and studied in any of the large libraries of the learned world. The most important part of the "Institute" are the "Constitutions," in the writing of which St. Ignatius spent more than ten years, and they have been extolled by scholars and even by statesmen as a work of surpassing genius. The "Constitutions" of St. Ignatius contain much of originality, for the saint was in advance of his time as regards the government of a religious Order. The Church has set the seal of her approval upon the work, and many of the later religious Orders or Congregations have profited by his bold initiative.

The Society of Jesus is a monarchy, from the nature of the case an elective monarchy, and it is ruled by one supreme head called the Provost-General (*Præpositus Generalis*). He is the only superior holding office by election, as well as the only one elected for life. All other superiors derive their authority from him. He is not an absolute monarch, but what we may call a constitutional monarch. His will is not law; he is bound to rule in accordance with the "Constitutions," and he has official advisers and an admonitor given to him by the Society. He is the chief executive and has vast administrative powers, but he is not a law-giver. He is the one man above all others in the Society of Jesus who is bound to enforce the law. The legislative power and function belong to the Society itself as represented in the General Congregation. The General Congregation not only makes laws, but also elects the Superior-General, and has even the power of deposing him from office.

The General, before he dies, leaves, in a sealed document, the name of a distinguished Professed Father who is to govern the Society as Vicar-General pending the election of a successor. Should he have omitted to do so, the Professed Fathers in the neighborhood of where he has died meet, and by a majority of votes elect the Vicar.

The Vicar gives official notice to the Society of the death of the Father General and calls a General Congregation for the election of a new head of the Order, naming the time and place of the meeting. The place, usually, but not necessarily, is Rome, and the time five or six months after the notice has been sent out. The time, if necessary, may be extended. During this period Provincials and Rectors of Colleges are not removed from office. The notice is sent to the Provincials of the various provinces and by them promulgated. As soon as this notice has been promulgated all members are strictly forbidden to seek votes for themselves or others, and no member of the Society is ever permitted to cast a vote for himself. In due time the Provincial Congregation meets for the purpose of choosing electors. This Provincial Congregation consists of fifty members, made up of the Provincial who presides; the Rectors of the Colleges and the senior Professed Fathers, also the Procurator (treasurer) of the Province. Their chief business is to choose by a majority of votes and by secret ballot two distinguished Professed Fathers who, together with the Provincial, who is always an official elector, are to go to Rome for the election of the new General. They also elect three substitutes who will take the place of the electors in case any or all of them should be prevented, by death or any other cause, from fulfilling their mission.

The Society of Jesus at present is divided into five "Assistancies": the Italian with five provinces; the German with six provinces (Austria, Belgium, Galicia, Germany, Hungary, Holland); the French with four provinces; the Spanish with five provinces; the English with seven provinces (England, California, Canada, Ireland, Maryland-New York, Missouri, New Orleans).

The twenty-seven provinces send, each, three electors to the General Congregation. The Vicar-General, who presides, and the five Assistants of the late Father General, also have votes. In the next General Congregation there will be, therefore, eighty-seven electors. The method of electing the General is laid down, in the minutest details, in the eighth part of the "Constitutions" of St. Ignatius. The saint enumerates the qualifications of the General. Briefly, he must be a man of rare virtues, and possessed of the highest and noblest gifts of mind and heart. Ignatius expects each elector to act in accordance with the loftiest principles of the spiritual life, and, moreover, he takes every possible precaution that human ingenuity could devise to secure a pure election.

On the day appointed for the opening of the General Congregation, if at least two-thirds of the electors are present at Rome, the Vicar-General may open the congregation. The electors present must show their credentials for examination.

The next day, after the recitation of the *Veni Creator*, the Vicar gives an account of his administration, and then the Secretary of the Congregation and his assistant are elected by secret ballot and plurality of votes. One elector is chosen in the same way to give an exhortation on the day of the election; another, not a member of the Congregation, is chosen to be doorkeeper.

The severest penalties are enacted against any one who has been convicted of having coveted the Generalship, directly or indirectly, by word or act or sign.

Three more days are spent by the electors in prayer and austerities, and in taking information among themselves as to the virtues and other qualifications of any Professed Father who might be eligible for the office of General. They are not, however, to ask whether this or that individual Professed Father is fitted for the Generalship.

At the end of the four days the Congregation assembles for the election of the General. The Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated, at which all the electors receive Holy Communion. An exhortation is given by the Father elected for that office, and then follows an hour of prayer. All the electors take a solemn oath before the crucifix that they will vote for him whom in the presence of God they regard as best fitted for the office of General of the Society.

The first method of electing the General would be by "acclamation," that is to say, if the whole body of electors arose and by unanimous consent proclaimed one of the Professed Fathers General of the Society.

The second and usual method is by secret ballot. If any one has received a majority of the votes of all the electors present, *i. e.*, more than half the votes, he is elected. If the General has not been elected after the fifth balloting, the Congregation may continue the balloting, or may decide, by a two-thirds vote, to elect the General by "compromise," which would be the third method of election.

By a majority of votes of the electors, one from each Assistancy would be chosen and these five would choose the General from among those who had received votes in the ballotings.

As soon as the election is completed, the Vicar-General proclaims the new General, all approach to pay him homage, and then repair to the church for a solemn Te Deum.

The newly-elected General from now on presides over the Congregation, which assumes its legislative function. The Congregation can not be dissolved by the General without its own consent. It remains in session till it has considered each and every important need of the Society, enacting laws to meet the exigencies and committing the statutes to the care of the General, who watches over their observance.

B. GULDNER, S.J.

The Young Man and Advertising*

WHAT are the chances of success for the young man in advertising? This is easily answered: the same as in other high-pressure lines of business that demand the best there is in a man: no more and no less. But the question, What type of man is best fitted to succeed in advertising? is not so easily answered. For the profession of advertising is a many-sided one; it has almost as many branches as there are lines of business.

There are six main branches of advertising, namely: (1) magazine; (2) newspaper; (3) street-car; (4) outdoor bulletins; (5) direct advertising, embracing the use of letters, booklets, circulars, and the like; (6) specialty or novelty. Each of these branches calls for highly specialized knowledge. Nowadays the tendency is for advertising men to specialize in some one branch of advertising, just as doctors specialize in parts of the human body. There are three kinds of advertising men, namely: (1) advertising managers employed by advertisers; (2) advertising writers or "plan" men employed by advertising agencies; (3) sellers of advertising plans or space, employed by advertising agencies and the various advertising mediums.

How can a young man enter the field of advertising? No satisfactory answer can be given to this question that will cover all cases. First of all, advertising can not positively be taught by academic methods. You can take the average young man and teach him, with some certainty of success, to become an accountant or a draftsman or an engineer. Any exact science can be taught. But advertising is not an exact science, and probably never will be. Advertising is simply a means of influencing the human mind; and anything that has to do with influencing the mind can not be reduced to exact rules. Advertising is an art. And as "science is knowing and art is doing," the only way to learn advertising is to practise advertising and to learn by doing.

To the young man who seeks to enter the field of advertising by the school route—correspondence or resident—the soundest advice, upon which all practical advertising men are agreed, is, "Don't!" Any one who claims to be able to teach advertising by means of books and lectures should be looked upon—well, at least, as misguided. One of the greatest absurdities of the age is the claim of some colleges to be able to teach methods to forecast the pulling power of advertisements by subjecting them to psychological tests. As psychology of this kind is nothing more than guesswork, it is obviously ridiculous to attempt to use it as a basis for reducing advertising to an exact science.

The only way to learn advertising is to start at the bottom with some advertiser, publication or advertising agency and work up. This is the route traveled by the most successful men in advertising to-day. The man who now directs the advertising and sales policies of a great mail-order house, at a salary of $15,000 a year, started with the publisher as office-boy. The $12,000-a-year advertising manager of one of the big clothing houses started with a patent medicine advertiser as general clerk. The advertising manager of one of the largest specialty houses in the world, who receives a salary of $10,000 a year, started with his company as correspondent. Other successful advertising men have begun as salesmen and, on showing aptitude for selling by means of the printed word, were transferred from the sales force to the advertising department.

*The twenty-fifth of a series of vocational articles.

The salaries obtainable in advertising have been greatly overstated. This has led many a young man to believe that advertising offers a quick road to financial success. While many men, it is true, receive large salaries in advertising positions, these men are so constituted mentally that they could earn salaries just as big in other branches of business. It must be remembered, moreover, that not all advertising men receive large salaries. For every advertising man who receives a salary in excess of $5,000 a year, there are probably hundreds who receive less than one-half of this amount. Simply because a man is in the advertising business does not imply by any means that he receives a large salary. The advertising field offers big rewards to the unusual man, just as do other lines of business; but such rewards, as in other lines of business, depend entirely upon the mental caliber of the man, and not the mere fact that he is an advertising man.

There seems to be a general idea that of all short-cuts to wealth in advertising, the advertising agency offers the shortest. Advertising agencies are credited by the uninformed with making large sums of money almost with the turn of a hand. Nothing could be farther from the real facts. Possibly this erroneous notion has entered the public mind because so much is read nowadays about the large sums of money which advertising agencies invest for their clients. Advertising agencies as a whole, it must be remembered, handle the advertising of their clients on a commission of from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. of the net amount spent. Thus, on an advertising appropriation of, say, $20,000, the agency will receive for its work from $2,000 to $3,000. This commission, however, is gross. In order to earn it the agency must do a large amount of highly skilled creative work, as well as care for a mass of detail work. The cost of this creative and detail work to the agency is from five per cent. to seven and one-half per cent. So in reality the agency nets only from two and one-half per cent. to seven and one-half per cent. And in order to earn even this commission the agency must risk its own money on all campaigns it operates for advertisers. This is an inflexible rule in the advertising agency business. When it is remembered that capital invested without services of any kind will pay dividends of from six per cent. to eight per cent., it will be seen that the advertising agency has no "soft snap" by any means.

To win success in advertising calls for an unusual combination of mental powers. First of all a man must possess the mind of a promoter. He must be one who can see sales possibilities in the most commonplace things and happenings. To this must be added a sound, practical knowledge of all basic departments of business: buying, selling, financing, organizing, and the like. It is greatly to his advantage if he possess the ability to express himself forcefully on paper, although this is by no means an essential, as many successful advertising managers do not possess writing ability. His judgment must be sound, and while he should be willing to take big chances, he must at the same time be conservative. These are basic qualifications. To these he should add a technical knowledge of type, paper, printing, engraving, photography, art, the relative values of various advertising media, and so on.

Every well-known advertising man is almost daily besieged by young men who wish to enter the advertising business. Some of these applicants label themselves hopeless from the start. Others offer promise and often succeed in getting on the pay-roll. About a month ago a young man came to the writer and stated that he intended to make advertising his "life work," and wanted to start at the bottom. The young man made such a good impression that he was employed at once at $6.00 a week, with the promise of rapid advancement if he "made good." At the end of the first week he resigned. When asked why he had given up his "life work" so quickly, he replied that he had met an old classmate who was making $7.50 a week selling gas tips, and that he intended to enter the same line of business. That young man may have thought he wanted to carve out a career for himself in advertising, but in reality he merely wanted "easy money." Like many others ambitious for success, he did not give mature thought to the first great step which is such a problem in choosing a vocation. He followed the "line of least resistance." "Natural enough," one argues, but taking this easy winding line without prayerful meditation generally results in placing one's self on a hard, weary road.

There is no "royal road" to success in advertising. The way is to start at the bottom, work hard, learn by doing, and be prepared to take hard knocks. The young man who will do this, and who has natural aptitude for the work, and staunch principles that will keep him from promoting any dishonest or fraudulent advertising scheme, will succeed in the course of time. Opportunities there are in plenty, and the rewards are substantial. The time is at hand when every firm that sells goods or services of any kind will operate an advertising department just as it now operates an accounting department. And for its advertising manager it must look to the young man of to-day who is casting about for a vocation.

A. J. DOOLEY,
The Dooley, Brennan Co., Chicago.

Catholic Papers—Old and New

JOHN MULLALY, once the editor of the *Metropolitan Record,* died in this city on January 2, in his eightieth year. The paper was the official, personal organ of Archbishop Hughes. Mr. Mullaly was the last of the old-time editors of national repute, the end of the list that carries, among others, the names of Brownson, McMaster, Bakewell, Roddan, Finotti, Hecker, Boyce, Webb, Purcell, Callaghan, Gallagher, Cummiskey, Corcoran, Huntington, White, D'Arcy McGee, Wilcox, Wolf, Donahoe, Keogh, Hickey, McCarthy, Tello—

names not even known to the present public, yet those of men who were the leaders of Catholic thought and action during the last half of the nineteenth century. He, too, had oulived his generation and was a stranger to the millions in the city he had seen grow to international preeminence and to the great body of his brethren in the Faith whose sturdy champion he had been during a long and busy life. In his last years he found special pleasures in unweariedly ministering to the comfort of the poor old people under the care of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. They will remember him.

Born in Belfast, Mr. Mullaly came to this city in the early fifties and began his newspaper career on the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*. In 1859, Archbishop Hughes, at odds with McMaster's *Freeman's Journal,* started the *Metropolitan Record,* and made Mr. Mullaly its editor. He so continued until the paper ceased publication in 1873. When the first Atlantic cable was laid (1857-58) Mullaly went abroad as the representative of the New York *Herald,* and, crossing the ocean in the cable ship, reported the laying of the cable for that paper. After his editorial functions ceased he served the city in several offices of trust, and was the projector of the great system of public parks that now adorn Bronx Borough.

The death of this veteran Catholic journalist at the present moment, when the question of the support and improvement of the Catholic Press is a current topic of special interest, makes a glance at some past incidents in this field pertinent and profitable. Since 1809 there have been about 550 Catholic periodicals started in the United States, but only four of those published in English during the first half of the nineteenth century survive. These are the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati (founded 1831); the *Pilot,* Boston (1837); the *Freeman's Journal,* New York (1840), and the *Pittsburgh Catholic* (1846). The fine optimism of the enthusiastic readers of AMERICA who are now writing such interesting letters telling how easy it would be to start a daily is most reassuring in the face of the cold facts and figures of the record since the indomitable Father Gabriel Richard hauled his printing press and type by wagon over the mountains from Pittsburg to Detroit, and started our first Catholic paper, the *Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer,* August 31, 1809. With all the resources of our modern progress and ecclesiastical development ought the task of securing Dr. Flick's two million dollars of capital and an up-to-date outfit be any more unsurmountable than that confronting Father Richard in the Michigan wilderness of 1809; or that which Bishop England undertook with his *United States Catholic Miscellany* at Charleston, in June, 1822? He saw the need of a Catholic medium of publicity, called it into existence at once and made it the repository of stores of polemic ammunition and historical data that are available for use even to-day.

Judging by the complaints he makes in his address to the annual "Conventions" of the clergy and laity of his diocese his enterprise did not meet with the staunch support it deserved. At the Convention of November, 1830, for instance, he says:

> I would still impress upon your minds the propriety, nay the necessity, of using your exertions and your influence to uphold our few Catholic periodical publications; it is only through them that we can in any manner be enabled to meet, and in some degree to correct, the very serious misrepresentations which a press professing to be under religious influences continually scatters through the land. . . . You are yourselves conscious of the unfairness of the picture which they draw, but that is not enough. You should aid in the effort to undeceive those who are mistaken or misled. . . . Perhaps you need to be informed that the neglect of contributing to its support leaves the oldest of those papers, the *United States Catholic Miscellany,* in a very precarious state.

This was said eighty-four years ago, but it sounds strangely like warnings that have been dinned into the unheeding Catholic ear much more recently. New York's first Catholic paper, the *Truth Teller,* was begun in April, 1825, largely through the influence of a noted and aggressive English Catholic publisher, William E. Andrews of London, the lieutenant and helper of the famous Bishop Milner. In spite of the poverty of the small Catholic English public of the time, Andrews started half a dozen Catholic papers and reviews, and one of them was called the *Truth Teller.* There is evidence in the first few issues that its New York namesake was projected as a sort of American edition of the London weekly. It was an eight-page paper, printed in large, clear type in three wide columns, and its conductors were not lacking in the sort of enterprise in which pride is taken to-day. The popular "History of the Protestant Reformation," then fresh from the pen of Cobbett, was its serial attraction, and in the issue of September 10, 1825, is this notice:

> In order to counteract the injurious effects produced against Catholics by pretended reports from private correspondents in Paris sending over calumnious and false statements which, after appearing in the English Papers, are copied with avidity into the Prints of this country, we have in conjunction with Mr. Andrews, the editor of the London *Truth Teller.* established a correspondence with a Catholic Gentleman residing in Paris, in every way qualified for the task, who will from time to time transmit true and correct accounts of the state of affairs, more particularly in regard to Religion in France and on the Continent."

The first letter, dated Paris, July 21, is then printed. We are not, therefore—except in mechanical details—so vastly ahead of the good and able men who long ago unselfishly gave their splendid abilities to the cause. Even the "yellow" tinge, supposed to be characteristically "modern," can be found in the earlier era. Witness this from a letter written in 1848 to Brownson by McMaster about the way the latter edited his *Freeman's Journal:*

> Generally of course it is thought I am too hot and too heavy—and in truth I have no idea of keeping up so much excitement as is raised about it just now. But, in the first place, I want to increase its circulation and I find this just the way to do it, as nobody who is anybody likes to miss seeing

a paper that presents each week among the other dishes one or two roasts.

Many profitable lessons can be gleaned from the files and the histories of the old papers, of which, no doubt, substantial use will be made by the evangels of the new dispensation. One that the young man ambitious to adopt Catholic journalism as a career, will find writ large, is that his fame, as in the case of John Mullaly, is evanescent, and that there is small pecuniary reward to be gained. But we are going to change all that with the other details when the million-dollar "angels" fold their wings and rest in the counting-room and sanctum of our so loudly demanded "Catholic Daily."

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

The Church Unity Octave

OF all the devotions practised by Catholics, the Church Unity Octave, or eight days of prayer for the union of all Christian people in the one true Church, is unique in that it was inaugurated outside the Catholic Church, and has come to be a devotion practised by Catholics throughout a considerable part of the world.

From the year 1570, when the Bull *Regnans in excelsis* of Pope St. Pius V, which excommunicated Elizabeth of England, was promulgated, there have been many sporadic attempts to effect a reunion between the Holy See and the Anglicans. Such attempts have varied in their degree of seriousness, but generally they have shown, from the Anglican side, at least, a dominant idea of compromise and expediency. Those things which Rome holds, and always has held, to be vital to the very existence of the Church, are conceded by our separated brethren to be, at best, merely for the Church's well being. When an Anglican—or for that matter any non-Catholic—speaks of the Catholic Church, his conception is entirely different from what a Catholic means by the same term. For this reason every scheme for reunion has come to nothing: for it is a fundamental rule of logic that a term must bear the same meaning always and to all parties. It was left, then, to the twentieth century, and to a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, to formulate the only possible plea for the reunion of Christendom. It was a venture of faith that has had most blessed results.

The idea first emanated from the Rev. Spencer Jones, Anglican Vicar of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, England, who, in November, 1907, wrote to the Rev. Father Paul, Superior of the Society of the Atonement at Garrison-on-Hudson, which was at that time an Anglican religious order, suggesting that the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul be made the occasion of special sermons on the office and prerogative of the Prince of the Apostles, and emphasizing the fact that the Chair of Peter is the one center of Catholic unity. The idea was taken up and the observance of the devotion decided for the eight days elapsing from the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, January 18, to the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25. In the January following, 1908, the Octave was first celebrated, its object and purpose being set forth in the *Lamp*, the monthly publication of the Friars of the Atonement.

That to be in communion with the Catholic Church it is necessary to be in communion with the See of Peter is a doctrine at which even the most advanced Anglicans stumble; and for a clergyman of the Anglican Church in regular standing to put forward this fundamental doctrine of the Catholic Church was an effort that called for an heroic practise of the virtues of faith, hope and charity. But God is not to be surpassed in generosity by His servants, and He blessed the courageous effort which sought to draw together the scattered remnant of Israel. The first observance of the Octave was participated in by many Anglicans, and not a few Catholics to whom so apostolic a labor was dear, according to the following program:

> 1. Prayers, private and public. 2. Masses celebrated and Communions made with intention for the return of all Christians to communion with the Apostolic See. 3. Sermons and instructions on the subject. 4. Church Unity Conferences, public or private, in churches, halls, houses, on the street, anywhere and everywhere as time or occasion shall make them wise and expedient. 5. Judicious dissemination of Church Unity literature.

In the following year, 1909, the observance of the Octave was greatly extended, both among Anglicans in England and also by Fathers of the Society of Jesus, one of whom, Rev. P. M. Cavrois, of Belgium, reported that no fewer than one hundred and ninety Masses had been offered for the reunion of Christendom. The Archbishop of Boston promised the prayers of himself, his clergy and people for the same worthy object. But the firstfruits of this harvest of prayer were about to be gathered in, and in October of 1909 the entire Society of the Atonement, consisting of Friars and Sisters, was received into the Catholic Church. Thus the movement for the reunion of Christendom found itself radiating from the very center of Catholic unity, the See of Peter, and the faith of Father Paul was made perfect in the light of truth. The movement received the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Farley and of Archbishop Falconio, then Apostolic Delegate, and later in the same year Pope Pius X, through Father Brandi, extended his blessing to the Octave.

The reception of the Society of the Atonement into the Catholic Church did much to inflame the zeal of Catholics for the cause of reunion, and the *Lamp*, now a Catholic magazine, spread the good work far and wide. The Catholic Press of America took up the burden, and throughout the continent the faithful were called upon to pray for this object, while in England the Bishop of Salford commended it to his clergy and people, in the diocesan organ. Meanwhile the Anglicans had not given up, and in many of their churches and religious houses the Octave was still observed.

By 1912 the observance of the Octave had spread widely on the continent of Europe. England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, all joined in the good work, and in the City of Rome, at the Church of St. Marcellus, which has the distinction of being the church where Mass has been longest said continuously in the Eternal City, the week of prayer was celebrated with great devotion. In 1913 the prayers of so many devout souls were again wonderfully answered by the reception into the Church of the two communities of Anglican Benedictines. The following year saw the Octave celebrated in every diocese of the United States, in each archdiocese and nearly every diocese of Canada, and in the various Catholic countries of Europe. In England it received the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, the Archbishops of Liverpool and Birmingham, and of six diocesan bishops, while no fewer than thirty-five abbeys and convents observed the week of special prayers and devotions, as also did many parish churches and missions.

From a small beginning how great the work has grown! Humanly speaking, it were absurd that a clergyman of the Anglican Church should inaugurate a devotion which had for its object the union of all Christians in communion with the See of Rome. But it is the divine plan to take the weak and foolish things of earth in order to put to confusion the mighty works of men; and the Protestant revolt against the Catholic Church was, humanly, a considerable achievement. The

venture of faith has been gloriously blessed, and as the tide of prayer increases so will the number of the elect be more nearly consummated, and the prayer of Our Lord fulfilled: "That they may all be one." As the movement for Catholic unity first came into being under the auspices of an Anglican religious order, so from these same religious orders has poured a flood of converts. In America the whole communities of Friars and Sisters of the Atonement, and the Order of the Holy Saviour, as well as members of the Order of the Holy Cross and the Sisterhood of St. Mary. In England the whole community of the Convent of St. Katherine, the nuns of St. Bride's Abbey, the monks of Caldey, and individual converts from the Fathers of the Divine Compassion, the Cowley Fathers, the Society of the Resurrection, the Society of the Sacred Mission, and from nearly all of the principal sisterhoods; from the ranks of the clergy and lay folk, they have come home to the True Fold, for the Chief Shepherd has said: "My sheep know my voice and follow me."

With the spectacle before our eyes of the ruthless persecution of the Church in Mexico, and the slaughter of countless human beings on the battlefields of Europe, a special effort is being made during the present celebration of the Church Unity Octave for a still greater outpouring of prayer for this sublime object. Above the strife of warring nations one voice has been heard, the voice of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, calling for peace in the name of his Master. The rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon can not drown the sound of the plea of the Shepherd and Bishop of all Christians; and the pleading of the Octave of prayer is that all his children may be restored to him, that men may be of one mind in one house, *ut omnes unum sint.* H. C. WATTS.

The Russian Soldier

TALL, loose-limbed, ungainly, slouching when at ease, slow in look and speech, the Russian soldier is not at first acquaintance prepossessing. He does not take kindly to drill, for everything forced and unnatural is foreign to his nature; but when drilled he is the finest specimen of military discipline to be found. It has been said that the Russian army is scarcely an European army, so different are its methods, formation and spirit from those which prevail in Western hosts. These are built up on the Prussian model, and attempts to introduce the same in Russia have hitherto failed. Everything in Russia is big, from the railroad gauge, too wide to take any but its own waggons, to the tea-urn containing a minimum of ten cups. The Russian soldier's greatcoat is spacious, for he likes plenty of room and full freedom of movement. Neither is his soul stunted by cast-iron rules, meticulous observance of non-essential details, or the systematic harshness that drives to suicide. Between officer and man there is human dealing, mutual tolerance, and the sense of solidarity that actuates all Slavs without regard to caste. I have known punishments to be cancelled, holidays to be granted, bonuses bestowed in contravention of the written rules, merely because of the human touch inseparable from direct intercourse between commanders and subordinates. The bulk of the Russian army is made up of peasants, and therefore it is a religious, loyal, docile, devout, humane body of men; for all these qualities distinguish the Russian peasant. The mainspring of his life is a supernatural force. He depends on moral and not on material help to attain his end. Because he possesses his soul the Russian soldier knows no defeat. His power is independent of the last thing in armament.

An army confident in its guns, and in all its materialist equipments, may be put out of gear by an unforeseen defect of machinery. There are times when only a strong faith can impart strength to resist, and this faith is rooted in the heart of the Russian soldier. From infancy he has been trained to repeat: "God is not in might but in truth."

The mentality of the Russian soldier is most lovable. He is child-like, affectionate, gentle, patient and compassionate. I have watched him for hours playing with an animal, cat, dog or goat, and again spending half a day mending a sick comrade's reserve shoes, so that he could cut a good figure when well enough to go home on leave. Tender, unobtrusive thoughtfulness for his fellows is innate in the Russian, and there is not an army in the world with less friction among its troops. It would take more than a century of militarism to destroy the good nature and spirituality of the Russian. His trust in God is so entire that physical training or strategical knowledge will ever be to him but secondary factors. Guns, steel, and martial efficiency are all very well, but Ivan looks beyond the skies for the Power that decides the issue. His courage is founded on fortitude rather than on aggressiveness. He is slow to hurt or destroy, for the essence of his being is kindliness and longanimity, but his capacity for endurance and self-sacrifice is limitless. By habit an ascete, he is impervious to the charms of glory, brilliance, parade—all the external trappings that fire the military enthusiasm of his Western compeers.

The preservation of truly Catholic doctrines and instincts among the masses of the Russian peasantry is one of the most hopeful signs for the reunion of Christendom so ardently desired by the successors of Saint Peter. Devotion to the Mother of God has helped to maintain a loftier standard of morality than prevails in Protestant countries. Divorce, indeed, has been introduced by the Church authorities, but it remains in disfavor with the people, who are, in many respects, superior to their teachers with regard to religious principles. Belief in an intermediate state after death is evident in the prayers and practices that have survived the scission from the parent tree of this fine branch of Christianity. Reverence for the Blessed Sacrament has not died away, although it is not fostered by the clergy, who fail to realize the vast import of their professed faith in the Real Presence. There is a touch of Jansenism in the attitude of the Russian people toward this Mystery. The scrupulous observance of the prescribed weeks' fasting before the annual reception of Holy Communion is an admirable indication of Russian fervor, and no Catholic can live among Russians without longing for the day when union with the True Church will open to these devout souls the fount of graces they are so well calculated to appreciate. The step from schism back to the fold would present little difficulty to the Russian, did not national pride and ecclesiastical influence bar the way. As it is, the common soldier can and does join heartily in the acts of worship of his Polish comrade-in-arms.

Upward of a million Russians become liable for military service every year, but no more than 365,000 are taken by the War Office, for the State revenues do not provide for the training of the colossal army Russia could create at will. Another cause for the limitation is the non-martial character of the people, the most restful, inaggressive people in the world. It remains a fact that twenty per cent. of the population are possible soldiers, for this number go through annual military drill, but Russia is a land of comparatively few wars, and her forces are by no means commensurate with the extent of her area. The peace strength of the Russian army is one and a half million, and the war strength ten million. The *Opoltchenia*, or militia, formed of ex-soldiers between forty and fifty years of age, counts over a million men. This is the last reserve, and takes the field under the

leadership of the *Pomestchika*, or landed gentry. When we read that Russia's frontier guards, sparsely dotted along her borders, number 35,000, we can gauge the enormous extent of her territory and also realize how small is Russia's army in comparison with that of other Continental countries.

The dreaming, idealistic Russian is indeed subject to outbursts of rage—mostly occasioned by religious fanaticism—but these are never prolonged, and are followed by remorse and humble acts of atonement. No other European race has so spontaneously assimilated the Christian teaching of poverty, humility and renunciation. Reverence for the poor, and sympathy with the penitent are found among all classes. Tolstoi's voluntary mortifications astounded the Western world. They were neither novel nor inexplicable in Russia.

The average Russian is not chauvinistic, for however strong his love for his native land and race, the supreme word of praise that rises to his lips is that of *cheloviek* (human), or *Creschanin* (Christian). He has neither contempt nor dislike for foreigners. His heart is capacious enough to hold all mankind, and his religion so interwoven with his life that he must needs extend it to the political domain considered by some European statesmen as outside the ordinary rules of human dealings. The capacity for obedience so extolled in the Russian soldier is not the result of barrack discipline but the outcome of an inherent respect for authority. It is well for him that he has been from childhood preoccupied with the spirit world, that what are called by others "abstractions" are to him realities, for otherwise he could not face the loneliness of his severest tasks. The Russian frontier guard is isolated for months, his only company the supernatural world. He has ample time to meditate on the maxims in the little guide-book he learns by heart, for he is often illiterate. The chief of these are: "Do not fear death. God is watching you," and "If your position is desperate God wills it so. He will either deliver you or take your soul. He only wants you to do your duty."

In addition to the general precautions for maintenance of troops in the field, Russian military authorities are obliged to consider the religious sentiments of their men, and provide facilities for regular worship. There can be no headlong pursuit of an enemy after defeat without assurance that the fallen comrades shall have decent burial. The Russian is perhaps such a stubborn fighter because he is instinctively solicitous for his base. Interment with church rites is one of his conditions for absolute surrender of his life to the order of his commanding officer. Military movements in the present war have been hampered by Russian regard for traditional usage in disposing of the slain. Cremation would be considered a sacrilege likely to call down the vengeance of God. Again, the presence of the sacred ikons of each regiment is indispensable, and their safety must be guaranteed. There is no more inspiring sight than the Russian army at morning or evening prayer. I can never forget the look on the faces of the men who were consciously speaking to God. Their entire attitude showed the act was not one of prescribed ceremony but a necessity of their being.

Passivity is said to be a Russian characteristic, but it does not exclude moments of intense enthusiasm. At a massed parade on Morsova Polya, outside Petrograd, I saw a body of stolid-looking recruits break their lines and rush toward the Tsar as soon as he appeared, hurrahing and waving their caps in a manner certainly not learned at drill. Such a solecism could hardly have occurred in any other European army, and the generals, whose protocol was thus upset, excused the breach of discipline on the head of the youths' rawness. They had only just come from their villages and could not control their excitement at finding themselves in proximity to the person of the Tsar. One of the foreign attachés present found the incident indicative of "hopeless idiocy," and another of "dangerous insubordination." The Russians themselves scarcely noticed it. It was comprehensible, if not familiar.

The Russian people are said to be only half grown-up. Our friend Ivan has indeed the simplicity of God's children. We can picture him in future ages as speculating in mysticism or evolving myriad patterns of religious belief, should he lose his Christian faith, but we can not picture him as an agnostic or a materialist. Frugal, ascetic, charitable, devout, the *mujik* is very close to the Christian ideal. May he continue to regard worldly renown and prosperity as *nitchevo* (of no account) and keep his mind fixed on the joys of the world to come!

E. CHRISTICH.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The Demand for a Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The discussion regarding a Catholic daily is both interesting and profitable. Though much in favor of such a publication, I would suggest that some one with the proper experience should be *Advocatus Diaboli* and present all the objections to it, and all the difficulties in the way of making a success of it. This, then, should be met by a thoroughly business statement of how much capital would be necessary before commencing, and how much yearly income; how many subscribers; what it would sell for; how large a sheet it should be. Then there should be a tentative call for *stock* subscribers.

La Crosse, Wis. J. T. DURWARD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is interesting to note that the readers of AMERICA have come to appreciate the appeal made some time ago by Dr. Flick with reference to a Catholic daily newspaper. I believe that if the need were made apparent to all Catholics, and a campaign were conducted by able representatives in the Catholic centers of thought and achievement, it would not be long before all would interest themselves in this great cause.

I am a resident of Cincinnati and there should be a fertile field here, as well as in other large Catholic centers, for conducting such campaign. We should outline a plan of action and arouse all Catholics to the great possibilities in store for them, if each and every one would do his share to foster this movement. Representative Catholic men in every walk of life, imbued with the true spirit, will certainly see the need of a free and untrammeled press, which will give to all the people the news that is trustworthy, and the good and whole-some items of interest each day. No better institution could be established to educate the masses and be a beacon light of true civilization and progress. A more propitious time than this could not be had, and if every effort were put forth, success would be only a question of time. We need organization to accomplish this purpose and why not start now to effect it? Begin immediately, after a campaign has been outlined. All Catholic organizations should unite to promote the success of the cause.

Cincinnati, Ohio. B. C. CREMERING, JR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your invitation to discuss the establishment of a Catholic daily is most fortunate. May I be permitted to express an opinion based on a few general observations here and abroad?

As one or two of your correspondents have suggested, our need seems to be rather for a daily under Catholic supervision and management than for a strictly Catholic paper. The distinction is obvious. A paper that served chiefly for the discussion of Catholic affairs would have only a limited influence; if it were in any sense an "official organ," very few non-Catholics would read it. On the other hand, as a strictly "news" paper, whose choice of news and manner of presenting it were regulated by Catholic ideas of morality, and whose editorials were expressive of the dignity and soundness of Catholic training, this paper might, by mere example and excellence, become one of our greatest missionary forces. As a matter of practical value, a Catholic daily should be the most effective news agency in the country. One has only to read the "Chronicle" in AMERICA to appreciate the international and impartial character of Catholic news service. We have ready at hand the very best possible groundwork for an international news agency; and if the proper use were made of it, we should soon command the respect and admiration of all parties.

I do not think the effort should be to make the paper too popular. Taken as a whole, there is not in this country a more consistently excellent set of readers than the Catholics. They are willing and anxious to have the best. Besides, the greatest Catholic ideal is dignity. The temptation in editing an ultra popular sheet is to "muck-rake," to attack everything in sight, with the belief that all humans like to see, or read about, a fight. No matter what we may say, the glory of the Catholic Church has been won not because she has fought well, but because she has resisted well. If abuses have been attacked, she has answered by correcting the abuses, by undermining all ground for opposition. Her ideal is the rock of Peter, and not the rampant lion. This may sound like a digression, but it is not. A Catholic daily which really reflected the best in the Church would win us millions of friends; but if it established as a motto "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," it would soon become our very worst enemy. The Catholic gentleman to-day, as in the times of the Apostles, should be known not because he hates, but because he loves. Christianity triumphed in pagan Rome by being attacked, not by attacking. And so, too, in our equally pagan modern atmosphere, we shall win respect and admiration and confidence not by raising a *Whip,* but by showing clearly what we really are.

Being at the present writing in a somewhat biblical turn of mind, may I be pardoned for citing the whipping of the money changers in the Temple. We can use a whip as often as we like against the modern money changers. That whipping is not in answer to direct attack, but to scourge an abuse. Our new Catholic daily can stand for sound ideas; but we must certainly not use it for mere revenge. The Jews are still under the Old Law; we are not. I have purposely not been concrete; for I am very much afraid that in discussing concrete policy, our highest aims may be blurred, and, possibly, a trifle defaced.

Cambridge, Mass. RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Catholics who have seen the inside of the daily newspaper business and who know something from personal experience about the tremendous force wielded by the press must feel grateful in reading the announcement that AMERICA intends to open its valuable columns to a somewhat lengthy discussion of whether we can launch a Catholic daily. If some of our leading prelates, the Cardinals for instance, should direct a letter to the various national organizations, asking them to establish a fund for the institution of a paper, the problem would be speedily solved. If the Knights of Columbus alone, for instance, were to levy a dollar per capita tax, it would mean $330,000 immediately. A fund between a half million and a million should be ample for floating a national organ. If a Catholic daily were established in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or one of the other large cities, and were a business success, it would be only a matter of five years until we should have similar ventures in every other metropolitan center. All that is required is somebody to break the ice.

I read recently a protest from a Catholic that we should have the greatest difficulty in securing Catholic writers enough. He is asleep. If a Catholic daily were launched in Denver to-morrow enough trained newspaper men and women could be obtained to run it without going out of Colorado to get a person, and it would not be necessary to hire a single non-Catholic for the editorial staff. They would be as efficient as you could find on any American daily, too. Personally, I believe that an endowed weekly press would be far more efficient than dailies. Our Catholic press in America to-day is undoubtedly the best weekly press in the nation, except in one or two localities. But its financial condition is a disgrace. Both the laity and clergy are to blame. Perhaps some of the editors are not well enough trained in modern newspaper tactics, but they do remarkably well for the resources at their command.

If papers were sent weekly to every family in a diocese, it would take about seventy-five cents to one dollar a year to issue each paper. The endowments required for furnishing such an imperishable subscription list would not amount to more than the cost of the cathedrals in most dioceses. Can the dioceses raise these endowments? Did you ever hear of one that had serious trouble building a cathedral? It would take less than a half million dollars to send a free paper every week into every Colorado Catholic home, and it would never be necessary to touch the original endowment. The interest would handle everything without trouble. Surely a weekly paper which was known to reach all the Catholics in a diocese would carry tremendous influence. With such a press, in my humble estimation, we could so handle things that the secular daily papers would not dare to keep silent about Mexico in the way they have been doing. A man who believes that the Catholic Church can continue to grow in America and neglect her press as she does at present is guilty of folly.

Denver, Colo. MATTHEW J. W. SMITH.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I note the discussion in your issue of December 26, 1914, on a Catholic daily newspaper and the need for same. There is a crying need for such a paper. Why does not some one "start something"? Why not turn AMERICA into a daily? You can't come too often. Put my name on the list for a share of the stock (might take two or more) of the proposed "Catholic daily." Count on me as a life subscriber also, to the proposed paper.

Ware Shoals, S. C. JAS. F. MACENROE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Let *Et Veritas Omnia Vincit,* besides being the basic foundation, be the constant guiding spirit of our present crying need, a Catholic daily, and I guarantee unbounded success. It is with its sucess alone I am concerned. All other considerations, classifications, typing, general appearance, distribution, etc., I leave to those better qualified than I in that particular. Its material value should be upon an even plane with the best, though not so as to deprive the poorest on that account. It is nonsensical to dilly-dally over the prob-

able cost of the plant. The glaring possibility does not admit of this. Is it an impossibility to form a company of Catholics with sufficient finance, and of sufficient business acumen, to produce this crying need? This is an excellent opportunity. Let us seize it, and thereby give the lie to the charge that "a papist is fit for nothing else than to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water"! Really?

Haileybury, Ont., Canada. A. VIDAL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It was with great pleasure that I read the essay of Lawrence F. Flick on "A Catholic Daily Newspaper." I possess no journalistic experience nor have I discovered any theories which would ensure the successful production of a modern newspaper; but, the knowledge that Germany, having twenty or more million Catholics out of a total population of about sixty-nine million souls, issues several hundred Catholic daily newspapers; that little Holland publishes a number, and Belgium did, too, prior to the war; that even the Argentine Republic has twelve or sixteen, causes me to wonder why our American Catholics, over sixteen million strong, can not produce "dailies" in at least great cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and St. Louis. With open arms would I welcome a Catholic daily newspaper into my home, irrespective of the cost. Were the same to be purchased at two, three or four times the price of the secular paper, I would willingly make the sacrifice, yes, and forward a year's subscription in advance, something I would not think of doing for the "paper" which is left at my residence each morning.

Boston. EUGENE J. TALBOT.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with considerable interest the articles which have been lately appearing in AMERICA on the Mexican situation, and the possibility of establishing (presumably in New York, as it is the metropolis, and in addition has the largest Catholic population of any of our cities) a Catholic daily paper or, more properly, a daily paper which shall be owned and managed by Catholics. In the Catholic population of this country the Irish element prevails by a considerable majority. Now, there is one characteristic of the Irish Catholic that makes itself apparent to any close observer, and that is the lack of aggressiveness in civil affairs that may involve religion. There is no question about his loyalty to his religion, but, I maintain, that when civic and religious matters come in contact, he will generally be satisfied to allow the other side to settle the matter, so long as no vital point of his faith is assailed.

The only explanation I could ever arrive at for this condition of affairs is that it is a matter of heredity, if I might use the term. We know that, for many, many years, the Irish Catholic had to practise his religion in secret, and for many years more he was barely allowed to practise it in safety. Here was bred the germ that took root in the Irish mind, and the instinctive trait of always keeping his religion in the background in public matters was the result. When the emigrant came over here, he found a condition of affairs that was favorable to the growth of this instinct, and after even two or three generations, that instinct is still noticeable.

Now, I believe that it is to this instinct that all our backwardness in any public movement is due. It has held us back in the Mexican matter. Had our prominent men throughout the country, the judges, lawyers, manufacturers, bankers, representatives in both Houses of Congress, risen to the occasion, they would have shaken off this feeling and spoken out their minds just as our Hebrew friends did when Russia assailed their co-religionists. Were our people at large to act similarly in the matter of a newspaper, again just as our Hebrew friends did when they felt the need of one, the paper would now be a fact instead of being only a hope. Undoubtedly it is time for us to shake off this foolish weakness, to stand up manfully for our convictions and to do our part wherever and whenever our faith is assailed, whether it be physically, as in Mexico, or intellectually, as in the average newspaper? To my mind the time has come to stop talking and to act. The Mexican situation is not likely to be settled by further talk, neither can a newspaper be so established.

Surely the editors of AMERICA, with their experience and wide acquaintance, should be able to form some sort of provisional committees to take up each of these subjects and so set the ball rolling. I believe that such committees, if they act as though they mean business and do not allow themselves to become moribund, will receive loyal support, and with Catholics aroused and the issues given the prominence and publicity they deserve, it will not be long before the Mexican matter will be satisfactorily settled, and we shall have a newspaper that will be clean, truthful and independent, two consummations devoutly to be wished. BROOKLYN.

Plays of Baneful Influence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently I had occasion to witness a performance of "Omar, the Tentmaker," which is nothing more nor less than a dramatization of the still popular but pernicious poem, the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, with all its pessimistic fatalism, materialism and epicureanism. In "Omar, the Tentmaker" we are served with an unsavory dish of sensualism mixed with some good philosophical principles. Religion is flouted, because somehow sensualism and true religion will not mix. A fling is taken at the religious belief in a heaven or a hell, and Omar tells us: "I myself am Heav'n and Hell." Omar suffers and enjoys; his joy, after suffering, coming as the result of his doing good to others. Yet in the very play are rascals whose hell is their wickedness and whose heaven is the satanic pleasure they seem to derive from their very wickedness. However, that punishment for their evil-doing is visited on them according to their deserts here below, is not indicated. Nor does the elucidation come in the quoted Rubaiyat verse:

> Some there are who tell
> Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
> The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
> He is a Good Fellow and 't will all be well.

And thus God is blasphemed by supposing He could mar some of us in the very making, as a potter may mar his pots, and that we do not mar ourselves by our own wilfulness. Man, accordingly, is a predestined creature with no free will of his own. And so the false and un-Christian philosophy creeps out. According to the idea that God is a "Good Fellow" and "'T will all be well," there is no justice to be executed in the form of everlasting reward or punishment, but for all, saint and sinner alike, it will be well when we come to die!

Then, too, in Omar's case all turns out happily and old age finds him honored after dishonor and reunited to his old sweetheart and wife. And her he tells, that when the end comes, and the wine, which is Life, is drunk, there remains only to turn down an empty glass. Wine, woman and song were his heaven; he desires no more, nothing purer, higher or more heavenly. Truly, a sensualist idea, the true Moslem's creed! And Christians applaud such sentiments! It does not occur to them, who would swear by the "Rubaiyat," that the Persian poet could reason no better because a corrupt religion was his guide and teacher. Such plays are very dangerous.

Baltimore, Md. J. B. JACOBI.

AMERICA

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Mr. Lind's Answer?

PROFOUND silence! But, then, maybe that dreadful "Bull" has broken through the bars, and perhaps in the far, cold Northwest a silent, thoughtful man is hot on the fleet creature's trail, too distracted and breathless and outworn to give thought to an answer.

The Grieving Christ

A FEW weeks ago there was published in the New York *Times* a reproduction of a remarkable painting of "Christ on the Battlefield," by Henri Danger, the French artist. In the background of the picture is a vast plain covered with the corpses of soldiers. In the foreground lie, stark and still, eight warriors whom the painter has skilfully depicted just when their death struggle is ended. One prostrate figure clutches a blood-stained sword, another clasps to his heart a cross-surmounted banner, a third, his spear gone, dies grasping a useless shield, and the other five soldiers lie along a broken redoubt, their faces turned to the dark heavens, as if pleading for the mercy they themselves have not shown. The central figure of the painting, however, is the most striking. It is that of Our Blessed Lord. The Prince of Peace walks slowly through the reeking battlefield, His thorn-crowned head bowed in grief, and with a hand veiling from His tearful eyes the heart-rending evidence of man's inhumanity to man.

The artist's fanciful painting symbolizes but too well present conditions in Europe and Mexico. On the Continent eight Christian nations have now been engaged for almost half a year in pitiless warfare, and there is little hope that 1915 will see an end of hostilities. As for Mexico, that country could scarcely be in a worse state of anarchy and disorder. Her most sanguine children are in despair. Without question, the heart of Christ is sorely grieved at the present state of the world He came to redeem.

When the crusaders fought it was to wrest the Holy Places from the unbeliever; when John Sobieski went to battle it was to save Christian civilization from Mohammedanism, and when the Catholics and Protestants of the sixteenth century engaged in relentless strife it was in defence of their religious principles. But the wars now going on, appear, when all is said, to be largely due to commercial rivalry. Whatever Christian virtues, moreover, these times of stress call into exercise, the fact remains that the Church is sure to be left desolate, impoverished and disorganized. A short month saw Catholicism in Mexico reduced from a moderately thriving state to a condition of utter ruin. Our illustrated papers tell the eye what has happened to the beautiful churches of Belgium, while Poland seems to be another Flanders, or worse. The presence of some 20,000 clergy in the French ranks proves that few priests are left to minister to the Catholics who remain at home, and in those countries not yet invaded, the Church is forced to cease promoting almost every enterprise except relief work.

Add to these woes of the Church the violent death, day by day, of thousands of Christian warriors who, unrepentent and unshriven, are summoned to judgment; add to this all the misery and wretchedness that women, the aged, little children and other non-combatants have to endure, and we can understand in a measure what sorrow must fill the tender heart of Our Saviour. This circumstance, however, should not be forgotten: the more poignant is His grief, the readier He will surely be to hear our suppliant prayers for peace.

History in the Making

SOME modern writers take it as an axiom that Rome is always wrong. This is quite convenient, and since it has a certain vogue it is bound to fall on many willing ears, especially in country towns and mountainous districts. All this is useful and consoling to ill-trained itinerant preachers. But that the *Evening Post* and its literary relative, the *Nation,* should be so insistently anxious to perpetuate the vulgar error is a matter of some concern. Recently both papers have given a striking example of their attitude in this regard. The former published a long, inconsequent, inaccurate article on the unfortunate state of affairs in Mexico, in which after much rambling, a delicate compliment was paid to Catholic civilization. Even the art of the printer was brought into requisition to drive the lesson home. Italics and bracketed interrogation marks were used. Ingenuity has scarcely ever been surpassed. Catholics should read the article, drink in the italics and bracketed point, regret their crude civilization, doubtfully Christian it would appear, and make heroic effort to rise to the

superior plane whereon are found those numerous editors who censor the articles of the *Post*. One reading will annihilate their barbarism. A word of caution, however, is not out of place. There is grave danger of contracting prejudices that are usually associated with the crimped hair and "hooped" skirts of a period happily gone.

Yes, Rome is always wrong, quite inferior, quite crude. Hence: "It goes without saying that everything savoring of modern, scientific Biblical criticism was anathema to the predominant faction in Rome." Indeed! Why, then, did the *Nation* say it? To impress upon us that we are Philistines, especially in regard to "scientific Biblical criticism." The *Nation's* opinion is recommended to the director and staff of the "Biblical Institute," to the scholarly collaborators of Cardinal Gasquet, to many other Catholic scholars throughout the world. But lest they should become discouraged they should read, too, this sentence: "Unhappily, however, Pius X's famous condemnation of Modernism involved in a wide-ranging suspicion even this modest but useful little book" (a portion of the Scriptures published under the auspices of the St. Jerome Society). Ah! now they smile; they appreciate the humor of the situation; the italics and the question marks are forgotten. There are several kinds of Philistines.

The Ambassador of Peace

IT is with profound satisfaction that Catholics have read of the success of the Holy Father's efforts to effect an exchange of prisoners incapacitated for further service in the war. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the King of England, the German Emperor, the Kings of Belgium and Servia, President Poincaré, and the Bavarian, Russian and Turkish Foreign Ministers have all agreed to Pope Benedict's appeal. Steps have already been taken for a meeting of the representatives of the nations to discuss the details. As a consequence not less than 150,000 permanently disabled men will soon be on their way home. That they should be of many different nations and of many different religious beliefs emphasizes the fact that the Pope is the friend of all mankind, and that his heart is big enough to embrace all the world. The diplomatic triumph of His Holiness has also given impetus to the impression that to him, above all others, must we look for the reconciliation of Europe. Unusual proposals have already been made that he should convoke a council of all "the Christian churches," with the purpose of putting an end to the war. Naturally they have come from non-Catholic sources, but this fact only brings into greater relief his qualifications to be the Ambassador of Peace. Strange, indeed, is it that he should get peace for all the world, though he has no hope of it for himself, and that he should obtain liberty for many thousands of prisoners, but must himself remain the lonely victim of unending imprisonment in the Vatican.

Mexico's Appeal

THE Catholics of Mexico have appealed to the Catholics of the United States. Down from the caves in the mountains, out from the dismantled and polluted temples, up from the ruins of the desolate convents they are calling for help. There are tears in the voices of their bishops and priests, their religious and nuns. They are homeless and hopeless and hungry. They who chose a single day in the house of the Lord above a thousand years in the dwellings of sinners have been driven forth from the abode of their desires. Mass is not said at many an altar, the light has gone out of their sanctuaries, the door of the tabernacle stands open, and they are exiles from their churches and convents. And all this has come to pass because they love God. They have been tried in the fire and not found wanting, they have given proof of their faith, they have shown their fidelity in suffering. They have been persecuted for justice's sake. Theirs has been a glorious part, and like the Christians of old they are proud to have been found worthy to suffer something for Christ. So much for them, but what of ourselves?

What of ourselves? What have we done in the matter? Oh, we have expressed our indignation, but indignation is cold comfort to those in sorrow. We have felt undoubted shame that we should even unwittingly have had some share in the wrong, but our shame has affected only ourselves. Sympathy, too, has welled up in our hearts, but with some notable exceptions it has remained in our hearts, it has borne no fruits; and we know that by its fruits it shall be tested. So far we have done little for the Catholics in Mexico, and this although we are certain that they are the suffering members of Christ. They are those of whom Christ said, "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Surely we should be happy to give our Lord to eat and to drink, and to take Him in, if He were a stranger without a place whereon to lay His head. What a mysterious thing it is, that what we do for His friends, He counts as done to Himself, as a personal favor written down in the book of life against the dread day of judgment! And the converse is true as well, if we refuse. In both cases He says, "You did it to me." The appeal of Mexico is not, indeed, so urgent or so intimate that it involves for us the extreme penalty or even the slight displeasure of Christ; but it is a refusal all the same to do it for Him. And if our reason for doing so is mere thoughtlessness or selfishness, ought we not to be ashamed? We have given Christmas presents to our friends. Why not offer a present now to the Christ Child, to be given to His brethren who are in bitter need? A blessing will come from the Master for all those who put it in His power to say, "You did it for me." Nor is it only the rich who should take this to heart. We know that our Lord rejoiced exceedingly over the widow's mite. Children, too, might do some-

thing, for Christ is the children's King, and little babes are dying in Mexico of hunger and pestilence. Some slight act of self-denial, a pleasure foregone, a luxury deferred, will mean little to us who have many good things, but much to those wanting the necessities of life.

"The Readiness is All"

SOME of those who have lately been reading in the daily papers accounts of a subway fire that menaced the lives of thousands, and of an elevated railroad collision that took its toll of killed and injured, have, perhaps, made a resolution nevermore to entrust their valuable persons to metropolitan conveyances and vehicles of any kind. Others, perhaps, call to mind the disastrous results that follow, as a rule, the derailment of an express train, they are aware of the perils faced just now by steamers sailing European waters, they remember the long catalogue of fatalities for which the speeding or skidding automobile is responsible, and forthwith grimly determine to renounce for good all travel that can not be done on foot. Yet even in walking, complete security is not to be found, the peace-loving pedestrians will reflect, for in our large cities the bombs and bullets of gangsters are making even the sidewalk unsafe.

Perhaps it is only when he gains at nightfall the shelter of his home that he breathes freely, only after he has shut his chamber door he laughs at fear, and not until he is lying in his ancestral bed, does he feel that now at last he is thoroughly secure. But what terror might seize the heart of our life-loving citizen were a remorseless statistician to sit by his side and prove beyond all cavil that a bed is positively the most dangerous place in the world for a man to be in. For since time began, the statistician could easily demonstrate, those who have died while in bed outnumber by billions all who have ended life while fighting, traveling, playing or working. Yet fatuous man thinks his bed, forsooth, a place of safety! Would not our prudent citizen, if he acted logically, shun so perilous a spot with even greater care than he avoids the subway?

"The readiness is all." It little matters where our traveler's summons reaches him if he is only prepared. A man who sought to know where death was to find him, vowed that he would then "keep a thousand miles away from the spot till the end of his life." But it had been far wiser to learn when the call was to come, that he might be ready. We ask in the Litany to be delivered from "a sudden and unprovided death," not because a sudden death is in itself altogether undesirable, but because, for most men, it is so likely to be an unprovided one. Enter the subway fearlessly; then mount the stairs to the elevated train with a merry heart, travel without anxiety in the automobile, the express or the liner, as need or convenience may dictate. But fail not meanwhile to keep the heart clean and faith strong. "The readiness is all."

The Dogmatist

INTRODUCTORY Note: "He" and "His" and "Him" are used here in a bisexual sense. This observation is made to preclude any dogmatizing about one sex to the exclusion of the other. The dogmatists of either sex may apply the following theorizing to the other sex if they are willing to accept another's teaching.

It is still a disputed question whether a dogmatist is born or made. Self-made men are commonly accused of dogmatism, and, it must be confessed, that their development usually fits them for the part. But not all self-made men are dogmatists. Your saints are in great part self-made men, approved by heaven and canonized on earth. Yet the saints are the least dogmatic of mortals. The reason, no doubt, is that saints know and recognize that though they had to work strenuously to make themselves, yet after all, they were only one factor in the manufacture. Many other self-made men are humble enough to admit the same fact. The dogmatist is one who recognizes his own superiority and is as oblivious of any contributory causes to his excellence as the Washington Monument would be if it were suddenly to become conscious of its own existence. Enamored of its own supremacy, it would admit no retrospective gratitude to quarry-men, scaffolding and masons. The shining whiteness of its tapering beauty, its wide outlook, its massive grandeur, would make it forget that its feet were rooted in mud. This is a better illustration than you at first might imagine. With straight lines, with oppressive weight, with index-finger ever pointing to the zenith, with inflexible, unyielding rigidity, a marble monument is not a bad likeness to a dogmatist.

Your true dogmatist is a biped university. Every morning as he opens the paper, he at once prescribes a dozen new courses; a course of tactics for the generals of all opposing armies, some exercises in automobiling for chauffeurs, a code of suggestions for directing a political campaign, a table of hints for married people, and so for the rest of mankind, ending up with a new policy for the editorial page. After the usual morning lessons in domestic economy, which he scatters about at home, he betakes himself to the awaiting world, administering extension lectures to slouchy individuals by assuming a finer dignity in his own carriage, to strident talkers by making prominent the mellower modulation of his own tones. His vocation to teach weighs so heavily upon him that he feels every member of his body constitutes a faculty in this ambulatory university.

Upon his arrival anywhere his fellow-men assume the attitude of listeners at once. Why should any one be permitted to talk in class while the lecture is in progress? An interruption is an impertinence; a difficulty is an insult; a sustained objection merits contemptuous expulsion into exterior darkness. Does the lecturer err? Impossible. He is such an adept in theorizing that he can walk as fast and as dignifiedly and as educationally back-

ward as he can forward. He is the author of the favorite war-phrase, "Checking the enemy by rapidly taking up strategic positions in a continually receding rear." Why does not the magnitude of his task break through the keystone of his arching brow as he permits his revered head to sink solemnly to rest after a day of world's tutoring? It must be due to the intrinsic solidity of the constituent elements. His brains are monumental.

There must, indeed, be dogmas, but it should be carefully noted that the Catholic Church, which holds tenaciously to dogma, does so for two very good reasons. Those reasons are that the dogmas come from infinite wisdom and infinite truth. The Church is dogmatic in the sense that it can not betray what it knows to be the truth. The Church does not encourage dogmatists. "Unless you be as little children" is the ideal of the Church, as well as of the Founder of the Church. The child does not imagine itself a teacher with an imperialistic vocation to set every one else right and impart to them its own ideas. Nothing could be less of a dogmatist than a little child. Grown-ups could afford to take example.

LITERATURE

"What Can I Know?"

DR. George Trumbull Ladd, for many years a professor at Yale and a philosophic writer of note, has lately given us, in a volume entitled "What Can I Know? An Enquiry into Truth" (Longmans), his answer to those who ask "What is My Knowledge Worth?" The book is written for the non-technical, serious-minded general reader. Its practical educational value, however, and the reputation of its author, will recommend it to philosopher and educator and will give it a prominent place in college and normal school reference libraries. It will be in a position to do much good or much harm. An answer, then, to this other question, "What is Dr. Ladd's book worth?" will doubtless be of value.

The discerning Catholic reader, let it be said at once, will on consideration find the influence of the work harmful, and that paradoxically, because of the sincerity and earnestness of the writer and the excellence of much that the book contains. To many, therefore, its philosophical badness will be hidden, but the book philosophically is bad, radically bad. It closes the way to all true knowledge by attacking, as present-day non-Catholic philosophy is fond of doing, the worth of all our cognitive faculties. It denies in particular that God can be known by the light of reason. It perverts the nature of God.

But this is not done openly. If it were there would be little danger. Nowhere is it baldly asserted: Catholic philosophy is all wrong; man can not know God; there is no God. Far from it. Dr. Ladd is in explicit agreement with Catholic philosophy on many points. He rejects, fully or in part, agnosticism, materialism, pragmatism, phenomenalism, idealism, sentimentalism, voluntarism, Bergsonism. Such an array of adversaries places Dr. Ladd in a very good light.

What is more, he not only does not openly deny the existence of God, but he asserts it again and again. He speaks of God with the greatest reverence. He holds that the highest type of man is the moral and religious man; the truest kind of knowledge is the knowledge of oneself, and "The best and practically most efficient test of all trustworthiness and worth of all self-knowledge . . . is essentially involved in the question, What does God think of me?" He scores the millionaire who will not think of conferring with an expert "In ethics before making up his mind as to the morality of a profitable business transaction," and praises the Japanese youth who walked "Several hundreds of miles to listen to lectures which he hoped might make him see more clearly how he could reasonably believe in God." He adds, moreover, that everything "From center to circumference in every direction of man's experience with nature and with himself, and with the historical development of both," favors if it does "not imperatively demand" the inference "that God is, and certain inferences as to what He is." In a word, according to Dr. Ladd, man's whole nature somehow clamors for God.

Enough surely to make any philosophy appear orthodox to an untrained reader. And yet, with all this, Dr. Ladd's philosophy is bad. For if one wished logically to push his basic principles up and out through his whole philosophic system, they would be found to vitiate it entirely. We have no intention of doing this. It will be sufficient to state some of these principles.

In the first place, though Dr. Ladd has written a book on "What Can I Know," he has knocked the props from under all true knowledge, and for that matter from under his own book, by asserting that man's knowledge-faculties are in no sense infallible. Here are his words: "Infallibility is not the characteristic of any form of human knowledge." "Every knower may take for granted a certain reasonable confidence in his own faculties. They are not infallible; they are very far, indeed, from being infallible. But they are, of course, for the individual the only available organ of knowledge." "There is no absolutely sure passage, either for the individual or for the race, from subjective conviction to objective certainty." "Logical thinking can never render knowledge infallible."

Secondly, Dr. Ladd devotes a special chapter to the question, "Can I know God?" He concludes that we can have a knowledge of God based on "attitudes of mind and heart and will," which "gets its firm grip on the soul . . . through the special spiritual experiences of the individual himself," and which "in its final solution probably must always remain with the individual largely a matter of choice." To be plain, Dr. Ladd holds that some blind instinct or other leads us to God, reason certainly does not do so. This he tells us bluntly elsewhere. "It must be admitted that the knowledge of God comes to no man through strict demonstration. . . . There have, indeed, been various attempts to construct such a compulsory form of argument. All these attempts, when tested, have failed of logical soundness and practical utility." They will "always continue to fail."

Lastly, Dr. Ladd makes frequent mention of God in his book; always with respect and reverence. We know that he is sincere in this reverential attitude, but while admiring his sincerity, we are forced to say that he has perverted the notion of God. His God is no God. It is a thing of clay. Dr. Ladd is a pantheist pure and simple. His God is "The World." He does not say this in so many words, but there appears to be no possibility of mistaking what his words convey. We have space only for brief quotations.

He tells us that "the commonest event has its origin deep down in the Universal Being" (The World). He calls the world "a Cosmos, a Divine evolution," a "larger Reason," "whose product and child man is." He sees in a bit of sand "a moment of the Divine Life, a realization in particular of the Universal Spirit, of the Absolute Self." Finally he speaks of "Faith in the goodness of the Divine Being of the World, as though he were the Father and Redeemer of mankind," insisting that "our interest is not in an absentee Di-

vinity and aboriginal Creator." This can mean nothing else than pantheism.

The review of this book may stop here, as more than enough has been said to show how careful one should be in reading non-Catholic, and especially modern, philosophical works. WILLIAM J. BROSNAN, S.J.

REVIEWS

Current History of the European War. Vol. I, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. New York Times Co. $0.50 each.

Britain's Case Against Germany. By RAMSAY MUIR. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

The Evidence in the Case. By JAMES M. BECK, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

A Scrap of Paper. By Dr. E. J. DILLON. New York: G. H. Doran Co. $1.00.

Builder and Blunderer. By GEORGE SAUNDERS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

The War Week by Week. By EDWARD S. MARTIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Swollen-Headed William. By E. V. LUCAS and G. MORROW. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.50.

These publications, which, with the exception of the *Times'* "Current History of the War," are more or less violent arraignments of Germany and its Emperor, have been set down in the order of their value. The last, in illustrated verse of a taste in keeping with its title, places not only Dutton & Co., but the country of issue "beneath the skilful, kindly sway" of Great Britain. "The War Week by Week" consists of editorials from *Life* and is, as the advertisement says, "just what you would expect a *Life* book on the war to be." The title of "Builder and Blunderer," an appraisement of the personality and policy of the Kaiser by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times,* is suggestive of the contents. Carefully selected facts, arbitrary conclusions and newspaper gossip are hurled at the Kaiser in weighty language, but in too obviously biased a fashion to affect the reader. Dr. Dillon's book eschews gossip, arguing from what is or what he believes to be fact, but is equally unconvincing. He knows the secrets of all chancelleries, but like the Berlin authorities, is "too well supplied with details while lacking a safe criterion to measure their worth." Hence his certainty that, whereas Germany is craft incarnate and "Teuton methods almost always are crooked and clumsy," the "trusting nature of the English people" and "Russian ingenuousness and candor" played a material part in bringing on the conflict.

Mr. Beck's "Evidence in the Case" is a more measured and better documented argument for the same conclusion, that in forcing unreasonable demands on Servia and violating Belgian neutrality as well as by previous policy and its conduct of negotiations with the other powers, Germany is morally responsible for the imminence of war in recent years, and its precipitation at the present time. The latter conclusion, which would be still further strengthened had the author Premier Giolitti's revelations before him, is amply sustained by the parallel columns of Austria's extreme demands and Servia's humble reply and by Germany's failure to seek a compromise; but the question of previous responsibility is not equally clear nor satisfactorily presented. Here the contention of the Allies is alone put forward, and while they are represented as invariably right, the Dual Alliance is shown to be always in the wrong. In other words, the "Evidence," while able and readable, is merely the plea of a lawyer for the defence.

Much the same can be said of "Britain's Case against Germany," the deepest and most masterly of the present volumes. Particularly instructive are the scholarly chapters dealing with the manner of Prussia's rise to power and its predominating influence in the German Empire. If Prussia alone was guilty of the charges he brings against her, and most of them are not overstated, his indictment would be unanswerable; but in every instance she can reply with the ready argument of retort. He recalls the fact, overlooked by most historians, that the Kaiser and his power descend from that Hohenzollern who, at the time of the Reformation, being Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, renounced his religious vows and his Catholic Faith to make East Prussia, the lands of the Order, hereditary in his family, and carried his people along with him. A pro-German antagonist could retort that a British King of the same period renounced his marital vows and his Faith and likewise carried his people away from their religious and national traditions; and for the story of Prussian aggression, violation of treaties, greed of power and unscrupulous accumulation of territory by force or intrigue, he could find ample parallels in the history of Great Britain, France and Russia, and frequently better the argument. He could plausibly match the provocation of Pan-Slavism against Pan-Germanism, of navalism against militarism, and the larger military expenditure of each Triple Entente power, their commercial jealousy and threats of vengeance and persistent newspaper abuse, against similar manifestations in Germany. In fact, though well worth reading and true in the main, this searching examination of Germany's historic background defeats its own purpose by studiously excluding all other truths, however pertinent. Such books tend to produce much the same effect as those indiscriminating anti-Semitic productions that bias the fair-minded reader in favor of the Hebrew.

The *Times* publications are at once the cheapest and most valuable in regard to the precipitation of the war and its early operations. In 617 large pages of close print it gives the views of distinguished writers on both sides, the official utterances of the rulers, diplomats, ministers and authorized spokesmen of the warring powers, and the official documents in the case. Many of the contributions, of slight value in themselves, will be useful to future historians as indicating the temper of the times. Scarcely any touch the real causes of the world conflict. These are revealed in Pope Benedict's Encyclical, recently printed in the *Catholic Mind,* and which we trust the *Times* will include in the next issue of its war story.

M. K.

The Upper Room, a Drama of Christ's Passion. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $0.80.

This is the second book of Mgr. Benson's to appear since his death, and Kenedy announces the publication next month of a volume of "Poems" by that lamented author and a novel called "Loneliness," which deals with English life of to-day. This "Drama of Christ's Passion," like Mgr. Benson's "Mystery Play" of the Nativity, can be easily presented by school children. Though Our Blessed Lord pervades every scene, He does not appear. His Mother is frequently introduced but speaks only once. Samuel, the servant of "Achaz, the landlord of the Upper Room," has most of the lines and suggests the messenger of the ancient classic stage. Mary Magdalen, Judas and St. Peter are brought in with fine dramatic effect, and St. John, Longinus, Joseph of Arimathea, Veronica and the speaker of the prologue are other characters in the play. The setting throughout the three acts is the "Upper Room," and there the tragedy of Calvary is feelingly related by those who witnessed it. One of the strongest scenes in the play is that in which St. Peter begs Our Lady's

forgiveness for having denied the Master. The penitent Apostle cries:

> Ah! Lady! Lady! By those Eyes of Love
> That looked on you, while yet a little child
> He lay within your arms! Ah! By those Eyes
> That turned to you in dying! By those Eyes
> You closed just now—have pity! Say one word
> Of pardon in your Son's name—ere I go
> And hide myself again. I—Peter—I—
> Who dared not face the laughter of a maid
> Entreat the pity of another Maid!
> I—Peter—I—who left the Son in shame
> Turn to the Mother—Lady—for Jesu's sake!

In the preface to "The Upper Room" Cardinal Bourne pays a worthy tribute to "him who in so short a time accomplished so much; who was taken from us so suddenly, and, from the human point of view, so prematurely; who has left so many to mourn his loss and feel his absence."

W. D.

Elizabethan Literature. By JOHN MACKINNON ROBERTSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

Those more or less conversant with English literature will find much to attract their attention in this history of the Elizabethan period. The author frequently makes use of his opportunity to lay particular stress on features that are, as a rule, touched but lightly in dealing with the subject. Thus, his admiration for Spenser, though expressed in superlatives, is contracted within the narrow limits of a few pages, and he is evidently more at home and is conspicuously more eloquent when he castigates the poet's shortcomings. He scores his "labored pictures of the merely beastly." He pours scorn on his Puritanical didacticism. He speaks of the "Faerie Queene" as "an eked-out string of episodes without vital connexion, a procession of personages distinguishable only as good and bad." In the same strain of disapproval he treats of the artificiality and lack of inspiration in the sonnet-sequences. And nowhere can one find an adequate treatment of the song, though in this field the Elizabethans have probably no peers in English literature, certainly none before Shelley. In a word, the writer puts on exhibition the wrong side of his tapestry more than the right side. This is not the best style of criticism—least of all when the criticism is meant for the uninitiated. Unhappily most mortal men have the gift of seeing the defects of others—even in literature. It is the special privilege of the critic to see and to make others see what is admirable. What is admirable in this book is the large number of citations from the authors criticized. These passages are admirably illustrative of the point, and are not to be found so profusely, perhaps, in any other compendious treatment of the period. F. M. C.

The Photodrama. By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS. Larchmont, New York: Stanhope Dodge Co. $2.00.

This is a practical book intended to teach how to write a photodrama, a moving picture play. Every phase of such a production is clearly presented from the establishment of the artistic difference between the silent and the spoken drama to the sending of the manuscript to the prospective producer. Mr. Phillips shows himself throughout a good teacher of this new art. His own evidently successful experience in writing photoplays wins confidence, his enthusiasm rivets attention to his pages, and his copious examples make each precept live. To all of this he has attached a complete play to illustrate the principles inculcated. That the author has serious and sincere intentions of elevating and dignifying his art, is everywhere impressed upon the reader. The writers of photoplays, he tells us, "should build the lives of the audience anew; inspire them to noble deeds; let them touch the hem of the garment of sublimity and teach them life's lessons of humility, forbearance and faith." All the world is still a stage; yet as some misunderstanding wag has said: "All the world is becoming a curtain." Therefore it may be hoped that, as the photoplay grows in importance, there may result some classics in the new art to take the place of the visualization of the old dramas and the amateurish dime-novel originals that have attracted the numerous spectators of the moving picture.

J. P. M.

California. An Intimate History, By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

The phrase "an intimate history" was, we fancy, selected as a title likely to draw money. Those who expect to find in this book what is usually implied by the phrase, will be disappointed; as all deserve to be, who read only to gratify an improper curiosity. In the interests of retributive justice one is almost tempted to wish Mrs. Atherton's book a wide sale; but everything else in it inclines one the other way. For her, apparently, an intimate history means one written, not according to facts, but according to the author's inner likes and dislikes. Persons she likes are praised beyond measure: persons she dislikes are condemned without mercy. Broderick and his politics occupy disproportionate space, probably to allow a frequent expression of the author's feelings regarding the Southern Democrats, then settled in California. The so-called romance of Concha Arguello, an every-day misfortune, is told with much tenderness; and it gives the author an opportunity of blundering not to be missed. Had Razánov, she writes, "set out upon his long overland journey immediately on his arrival at New Archangel, he might have survived. But there he lingered to strike a blow at Japan." As New Archangel was no other than our modern Sitka, it is hard to see how it could have been the starting point of either an overland journey to St. Petersburg, or a blow at Japan. How the author regards the memory of the Franciscan missionaries is clear, since she undertook to tell their history without troubling to read the only serious works on the subject, that of the late Bryan J. Clinch and the still more exhaustive volumes of Fr. Zephyrinus Engelhardt, O.F.M. One is not surprised, therefore, that she reproduces in the boldest terms the calumnies both those authors refute so thoroughly. H. W.

Water Reptiles of the Past and Present. By SAMUEL WENDELL WILLISTON. Chicago University Press. $3.00.

This is a most instructive and interesting volume by the Professor of Paleontology in the University of Chicago. Scientific in method, it is also intelligible to average readers by its definition of technical terms, plentiful illustrations and clear explanations of most of its arguments. The author, whose long experience places him in the foremost rank, chooses aquatic reptiles for his subject because the comparative abundance of their remains makes complete classification more nearly possible than in the case of terrestrial animals. After chapters on the general classification, its anatomical basis and its geological history, he devotes his fourth chapter to the evolution of aquatic species from terrestrial ones. The remaining eleven chapters treat in a most interesting manner of the known species in detail, and their various relations to reptiles now existing.

The author's boldest and least evident conclusions appear in the fourth chapter, which might be recommended as an excellent antidote to ultra-evolutionary tendencies on the part of any one whose "scientific imagination" is still under some sort of control. Before telling us how air-breathing marine animals were developed from terrestrial ones, he informs us that the latter were themselves originally aquatic. The primeval fish, we are assured, found that it could breathe air as well as water, and thus evolved into a bird or a land reptile; then the latter, in search of an easier existence, took to the water again, but continued to breathe air, never entirely reverting to the type

of its finny prey and quondam ancestor. Among other puzzles which this theory suggests, perhaps the least is the question how the mere morphology of a few skeletons can furnish evidence for this marvelous story. With the single exception, however, of this chapter, the book can not but be a useful and pleasant guide to the student of modern reptiles, as well as to the beginner in the whole subject of paleontology.

W. H. McC.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Honorable Justice Longley, D.C.L., LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, well says in the foreword he writes for Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's "In the Heart of the Meadow and Other Poems" (Toronto, William Briggs, $1.00) that the author's "Poems are easily understood, and come freely from the heart and imagination." The verses for the most part are occasional. *Forsan hæc meminisse juvabit* will not be Vergil's till an *et* is inserted after the *forsan*.

Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street" (Appleton, $1.35) is a novel made up of two dissimilar parts. In the first is a sympathetic picture of Oxford undergraduate life, and the University is described in its varying moods by one who loves it well. Oxford done with, London, and a base and sordid London at that, receives the author's attention. The underworld and its denizens are presented in many vivid scenes. His attitude is for the most part sane and pitiful, but no good purpose can be served by dragging the "general reader" through such a reeking mire as "Sinister Street" is. As to Mr. Mackenzie's art, he has an exceptional gift for description, though his fondness for unusual words is hardly deserving of praise. As the author has become a Catholic since this novel was written, he has said, no doubt, *paulo majora canamus*.

Rome is not dead after all! Our highly valued contemporary was merely taking a midsummer nap, which began on August 1 and was prolonged till December 12 owing to the unavoidable absence of the editor and to the difficulty of getting the periodical into the hands of subscribers while Europe was at war. But Mgr. O'Kelly assures his readers that, instead of *Hic Jacet,* they may now say *Hic est!* and that he will do his best to send them the paper regularly.—In closing with the December number its twentieth volume, the *Catholic University Bulletin* announces a change in its character. Hereafter the periodical will be illustrated and will be solely a chronicle of the daily life and current work of the University. As the faculty have long felt the need of a more specialized magazine, in April they will publish the first issue of a quarterly to be called the *Catholic Historical Review* and to be edited by Rev. Drs. Turner, Healy, Robinson, Weber and Guilday. The articles, book reviews, chronicle and bibliography which will appear in the new periodical are intended to be a complete guide for workers in the field of American Church History. AMERICA cordially wishes all success to the renascent *Bulletin* and to the new *Review*.

If authors whose articles have been curtly rejected by unfeeling American editors would only take heart and send their precious manuscripts across the seas to some Chinese periodical, their works, we are credibly informed, would either be joyfully accepted or promptly returned with a soothing letter like this:

> I have read your work and am delighted with it. Nay, I swear by the sacred ashes of my forefathers that never in my life have I read anything to excel its merits. That is why I am afraid that his majesty, our exalted Emperor and Sire, would become so enthusiastic over it, should we print the work, that he might forbid us ever to have anything printed hereafter that did not approach this superb masterpiece. And since in the next one thousand years another work of equal value can hardly be expected, we herewith return your divine manuscript to you with infinite regret, and beg your forgiveness for doing so.

Though an imperious President has now supplanted in China the exalted Emperor this traditional politeness of Oriental editors no doubt is still maintained in all its vigor. The above is, of course, only the Chinese manner of saying "Declined with thanks." But how different the effect on the sensitive author!

Mr. C. T. Winchester, Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University, has edited a good "Book of English Essays," the latest of Holt's series of "English Readings for Schools." After a preliminary chapter on "The Essay," selections are given from the writings of Bacon, Cowley, Addison, Steele, Lamb, Hazlett, De Quincy, Thackeray, Emerson, Lowell and Stevenson. One-fourth of the book is taken up with biographical sketches, adequate notes, and "Queries and Suggestions." Young people of to-day who can discourse fluently on the merits of the latest "best-seller" but have never read "Of Studies," "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," A Quakers' Meeting," "Nil Nisi Bonum" or "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" could improve their taste by reading this book.

Under the title "The Exploration of the Alps" (Holt, $0.50), Arnold Lunn does not by any means pretend to give a complete history of the exploration of the Alps, but limits himself to chronicling the attempts that were made to conquer some of the less accessible peaks and the successes met with in these endeavors. Beginning his story with a chapter on the medieval attitude, which contains among other things an implied regret that the Evangelists failed to depict the grandeurs of Judean mountain scenery, the author next tells of the pioneers in Alpine exploration and then enters upon his theme proper.

Herder has out a new edition of Dr. Joseph McRory's work on "The Gospel of St. John, with Notes Explanatory and Critical" ($2.25). The author in his interpretation is eminently safe: following the lines of Maldonado, à Lapide and Corluy. The scholarship is all that the seminary-student would desire. The Reims version, as edited with Cardinal Wiseman's approval, and the Clementine Vulgate are given in parallel columns, and the notes refer to the Greek text, when it illuminates the Latin; and give the Patristic interpretations of moot-passages. The language of the Fourth Gospel should, in a new edition of this work, have received more attention than is possible in two lines and a half. The light thrown on the New Testament by recent papyrus-finds and by the studies of Deissman, Moulton, Milligan and Abbott, is well worth noting. Moreover, the Washington Ms. deserves a place in the study of the text.

The latest *Catholic Mind,* which is out this week, contains "The *Menace* and the Mails," a keen exposition, by Mr. Paul Bakewell, the eminent St. Louis lawyer, of the postal law providing for the exclusion of indecent matter from the mails. Though the Postmaster General has decided that the law as now worded, "does not cover the case" of the *Menace,* Mr. Bakewell in this open letter to the Attorney General, proves conclusively that the law is already sufficiently clear and drastic for the purpose of keeping from the mails the *Menace* and its kind. All that is needed is to enforce the law. The readers of AMERICA should see that their representatives at Washington receive a copy of this pamphlet. Catholics are now paying the Government for distributing the *Menace.* The current *Catholic Mind* insists that this injustice should cease.

EDUCATION

The Olive Branch and the Catapult

THERE was never a time when the Catholic Church did not insist upon the need of religion in the schools. Her practice was for ages generally accepted. Even the arch-leaders of revolt in the religious turmoils of the sixteenth century, while they popularized principles which have gradually forced God out of our civic life, insisted vigorously on the retention of religious training in the schools. The Lutheran schools in Germany and the northern countries of Europe, the newly-founded schools in England, as well as the more numerous ancient establishments of Catholic lineage, and our grammar schools, academies and colleges of New England, were founded on the principle that it is an ungodly thing to shut God out of the schools and the hearts of children. "These institutions," writes Dr. Bartlett, sometime President of Dartmouth, "for the most part were founded and conducted in the interest of pure religion and high morality. . . . Not seldom have these institutions been the scenes of deep religious interest and revival. The infidel, the demagogue, the sectarian, have banished these influences from the high school, the grammar school, and the primary school; but from the academy they can not dislodge them. That institution remains, and may remain, the stronghold of Christian education." That this statement is still true of the typical New England academy may be doubted. But it is literally true of the thousands of Catholic schools and colleges, to be found in every part of the United States.

ANTI-SOCIAL PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, Dr. Washington Gladden discusses the question of religion in the schools. Inevitably the parochial schools occupy much of his attention. We do not doubt that Dr. Gladden's intentions are most charitable. Dr. Gladden has had the courage to speak a kindly word for Catholics, at a time when many who should have raised their voices took refuge in a cowardly silence. For this Catholics are duly grateful. We are even ready to believe that, in writing his *Atlantic Monthly* article, Dr. Gladden felt that he was doing a service to the cause of Catholic education. But he did us no service. Objectively, the essay is as objectionable as any "history" fostered by Peter Parley. And Dr. Gladden's reputation, together with the moderation of his language, makes his attack seem, not in Dr. Gladden's intention but in the resultant fact, all the more treacherous.

It is true that Dr. Gladden finds some features of Catholic education which he can safely praise. He sees; though dimly, we fear, that in these days when faith is growing cold, it is a magnificent testimonial of faith in God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent, that a body of poor men should be willing and glad to spend millions of dollars every year, to transmit more surely the old Faith delivered to the saints, undiminished, unimpaired, to their children. But in spite of this, he holds that the parochial school, as it exists among us, is anti-social and, in a certain degree, un-American. It breeds religious and social intolerance. It is the force which, ultimately, makes religion, in itself a bond of unity, "the wedge that divides us, the force that prevents us from dwelling together in unity." And, therefore, the parochial school is not a thing to be encouraged. The sooner it bids farewell to the elements which differentiate it from the state and from non-sectarian private schools, the sooner shall we enter upon a period of religious peace.

That is, in Dr. Gladden's opinion, the flock buys peace by dismissing the watchdogs. Not so have Catholics read their Æsop.

PASSIONATE PATRIOTISM

Must we, then, face the probability of a permanent division of our population, asks Dr. Gladden. "Are our children in their school days to be separated into unsympathetic and unfriendly groups, suspicious of each other, never singing the national songs together, never feeling the thrill of a common emotion as the great days of old are recalled?" The simplest answer to this oratorical question is "No." But Dr. Gladden continues:

> Nations whose traditions are feudal, and whose social system rests on caste, may be content to have their youthful population separated by such lines of division; but it is hard to understand how they can be tolerated in a democracy like ours. And it seems deplorable that so many children should grow up among us who owe no debt of gratitude for their education to the land of their birth—to whom a passionate devotion as that of Mary Antin must always be a thing unknown.

With all due respect to the venerable Dr. Gladden, it must be said that he has here condescended to write nonsense. If passionate devotion to one's country is contingent upon a course in the State schools, George Washington must at once be dismissed from the roster of passionate patriots, and the patriotism of Abraham Lincoln becomes a thing suspect. Columbia men, who begin with the Horace Mann School, and complete their education with a degree in philosophy at Columbia, can never share in Mary Antin's passionately patriotic thrills. Lawrenceville and Princeton, Groton and Harvard, Morgan Park and Chicago, with a host of other private schools and Universities, must at once set to work to find a reason which can render them tolerable in "a democracy like ours." For they are feudal. Their students can owe no debt of gratitude for their education to the land of their birth. Their patriotism has a flaw in it. It can not be passionate. And in a democracy, this is not to be tolerated.

CATHOLIC PATRIOTISM

Dr. Gladden's argument is completely *a priori*. It is based on no adducible fact. It is opposed to fact. Thousands of parochial school alumni, who never wrote, like Mary Antin, about their passionate patriotism, loved their country well enough to die for it. Dr. Gladden has chosen to ignore this easily-ascertainable truth. His intentions may have been eirenic, but he has discharged his olive branch from a catapult. Catholics will properly resent his insinuations as insulting. For we allow none to question our patriotism.

We Catholics are not strangers in a strange land. We are not tolerated aliens. We make no apologies for our presence here, none whatever, as we make no apologies for our religion, or for our religious schools, which are multiplying daily. We are not of yesterday. It was one of our faith who pointed out the way, when America was but a dream of poets who sang of sunny lands beyond the gates of Hercules. Our ancestors were the first to make Christ's name known in this country. Our Catholic soldiers, our glorious Sisters, our priests, have played a noble part on every battlefield of blood, and on the hallowed fields of religion, education and charity. From our ranks a Benedict Arnold was never taken. Our patriotism is no passing thing of tingling nerves and silly sentimentality. It is a Christian virtue. We love our country because we love God. But these statements are truisms. They are recalled here merely because Dr. Gladden seems to have forgotten them.

DR. GLADDEN'S SUBSTITUTE

Dr. Gladden holds that civil government, as it exists among us, has no right to teach religion, or to force any particular

form of any religion upon its citizens. Dr. Gladden is at pains to prove a truth which no man in his senses ever dreamed of denying, Catholics least of all. But to teach religion, to force its acceptance, is not synonymous with aiding a school in which, in addition to the requisite secular branches, religion is taught. On the other hand, it may well be thought that we are subsidizing irreligion by holding that religion has no place in any practicable scheme of education. As a substitute for religion in the schools, Dr. Gladden proposes religion in the home. We wish him all success in his efforts, but with Catholics it is not a matter of substitution. We will have religion in the home, the school, in public life, in the heart of every man. Neither our sociability nor our patriotism will suffer thereby. PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Tuberculosis, Divorce and Eugenics

JUSTICE BLANCHARD spoke, and a murmur of press approval broke over the country. He interpreted law in the light of modern tendency. He annulled the union of a man, who had concealed his tubercular condition, with a woman who found it out. He benefited our nation (according to the press) by establishing a "judicious and courageous precedent." His decision is a decided boon to eugenics—and, incidentally, to divorce.

Legal reasons for snapping nuptial ties have of late years increased beyond all reason. Now we have another. Daily, thoughtless readers of newspapers are entertained by the trite complaints which Mr. and Mrs. Incompatible present to a giggling court-room in return for freedom; thinkers shake their heads. That weighty causes for separation are often advanced can not be denied. But no excuse, however great, can allow the separated parties to flit from old bonds into new. Divorce, as well as phthisis, is a disease. To cure one ill by substituting a deeper ill is somewhat quixotic. Yet this is precisely that for which the Supreme Court Justice is being praised.

Strangely, those outside the Church do not seem to appreciate just how serious a disease divorce really is. Statistics tell a startling tale, the sequel of which is misery of the most pronounced type. Does the fact that this national malady directly affects the soul of our country, rather than the body, make it less serious?

LAW AND LICENSE

Christ decried divorce. His heart was the purest that ever throbbed, His mind the keenest that ever thought. He spoke for the spiritual and material uplift of mankind. Such countries as faithfully preserved all His precepts have now no need of eugenics. Chaste and virile Ireland is a contrast, striking and solemn, to France and America.

In our so-called "land of the strenuous life," convenience has been largely preferred to Christ. Hymeneal ties become irksome; hence Reno. Moral liberty, as well as every other variety, is an American fetish. Prisons still exist, testifying to the public belief that crime should be curbed by punishment; nevertheless, statutes exist that tempt, if indeed they do not legalize, crime. Penitentiary and court-room are scowling at each other. Law, though quite consonant with liberty, never mixed well with license.

Divorce, as one of our legal licenses, is a prolific source of immorality. It shatters the most sacred of human pledges. Crueler than death, it tears children alive from either parent, and robs them of the ennobling influence of a real home; it encourages silly alliances by promising ready relief; it stimulates further folly by fulfilling its promise; it causes sex to degenerate by furthering folly; it opens the way to crime by removing the obstacle of honor. And thus, describing a sordid circle, it frequently ends at the point where it began: the law. So it is, that order and disorder have become uniquely tangled, in our unique age. Law ultimately punishes what it initially promotes.

After promoting, by legalizing, divorce, our cheerful country is now looking for faultless births! Are we to hold that divorce has brought the realization of the expectation appreciably nearer? The wretched truth is, that births will have the supreme fault of not being at all, if Reno and her similarly lax sister communities are not obliterated. Mention need not be made of the abuses to which Justice Blanchard's "judicious and courageous precedent" is going to give rise. They are obvious. Hitherto it was too easy to obtain divorce. Now it will be easier!

THE LATEST PANACEA

As for eugenics, the cause of which Justice Blanchard is esteemed to have enhanced, what a beauteous bubble! It would seem that most of us grown-ups, after all, are still like very little children, eager to follow what is bright and alluring. Catholics (thank Heaven!) have an authority, founded by Christ, to hold them in leash. Consequently they have adopted none of our novel and popular extremes. But, outside the Church, the race waxes increasingly energetic. No sooner is an ideal caught than it bursts, and spatters cold disappointment on the catchers. New enthusiasm, however, speedily wipes away the damp. Once more the catchers set out in pursuit of another glittering and elusive enticer. This great game of chase is highly interesting, diverting, and, in some respects, affords exercise that aids moral health; but is it altogether sensible? Dazzled by ideals, we are blinded to the very facts which most of all require our attention and which render those ideals inane and impracticable. A brief consideration of eugenics will indicate the truth of this assertion.

This, our latest theory, whilst earnestly devising means for racial vigor, is quite ignoring the real disorders which are weakening vigor. Surely it is more logical to destroy the destroyer before calling for the improver. Sound births can hardly result from loose marriage-ties. Again, it is strange that, in these days of low birth-rates, public sentiment should make for a further lowering. To seek to cure our national ailment is praiseworthy; but, with such remedies as eugenics, we are more likely to kill than cure. Besides, though consumptive parents may transmit their disease to offsprings, there is equal probability that they will not. Heredity plays pranks. Indeed certain medical authorities held, not long ago, that tuberculosis was *not* an hereditary disease. Conjecture now seems to be that it is. But should chance or conjecture be permitted to sway court decisions?

LAW, NOT RELIGION

In fine, can law really support eugenics? This question ought to give adherents of the theory serious pause. If between a defective man and a normal woman, or *vice versa*, there is genuine affection, law will hardly succeed in keeping them apart, unless it exceeds its rights and deprives them of personal liberty. Religion, indeed, would conduct them along lines of virtue and prudence; but the eugenic appeal is to law, not religion.

The wisdom, then, of moulding law to make it fit eugenics does not appear. The praise accorded the Supreme Court Justice would be much juster, had he struck a blow against divorce rather than for our latest craze.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A bureau of research in northern Michigan, recently undertook to gather opinions from three hundred and seventeen parents and "representative citizens," on the advisability of teaching sex-hygiene in the public schools. Of this number, one hundred and seventy-five declared that they thought such instruction would probably do more harm than good. In discussing these figures, the editor of a medical journal, who seems to have ranged himself with the losing side, admits that "this is a matter which must be handled with care," and that in the absence of properly trained teachers, it would be better not even to attempt such teaching. This is probably the first time that a community has been asked to vote upon the matter. The result is encouraging.

The college professors of the Middle West recently met in annual convention in Kansas City, Missouri. Their deliberations, so far as reported by the press, prove, if proof be needed, that they are persons of much truthfulness and common sense. For one thing, they are agreed that something more than a degree is required to make a teacher, and they fear that the college instructor who gives the larger part of his time to "research work" is likely to shirk the more important task of teaching. Dr. G. M. Wilson, of the Iowa State College, recommends that the teaching of philosophy be discontinued in training schools for teachers, and that subjects of greater practical value be substituted. It is rather difficult to conceive of a coherent system of pedagogy which is not founded upon rational philosophy. But if Dr. Wilson is thinking of the intellectual riot, termed philosophy in many institutions for the training of teachers, many will agree that it is high time that it be discontinued.

"Would it not be a splendid thing," writes a correspondent, "if we Catholics had a vigilance committee, composed of laymen, to take care of the attacks on the Church, or misstatements of her doctrines, which appear too frequently in the daily papers? I feel sure that ignorance rather than malice prompts many of the grotesque narrations which get into print. At any rate, a great many editors would rather be right than wrong in points of fact, and those with a tendency to misrepresentation would think twice, if they knew that bigotry would not be tolerated." A vigilance committee of this type was the dream of Cardinal Manning's later days, and for years he himself fulfilled the function of watch and guard over the daily press. With the closer union that has been effected among Catholics in this country, it should be possible to organize and place on a practicable and permanent basis a Society for the Instruction of the Daily Press. Have AMERICA's readers any suggestions to offer?

Those who have the cause of true temperance at heart will not quarrel with the action of Congress in rejecting the Hobson bill. Prohibition, as a general policy, can hardly be defended, ethically or economically, except in the rare instance in which a community is so wedded to the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors that all other remedies are ineffectual. To force total abstinence, or even partial abstinence, upon an unwilling community, is not merely a useless, but an unjust measure, and may lead to consequences quite as deplorable as the undeniable evils of intemperance. Mr. Hobson, to the extent that he has forced some consideration of these evils upon the public mind, has done a good work. But the Catholic Church, as the *Month* points out, stands for liberty as well as for law. "If Prohibition is adopted by any society, it should be with the consent of all, or at least of the vast majority, on the grounds of inveterate abuse. We regret to learn that a section of Catholic temperance reformers in the United States, in apparent ignorance of the Christian ethics of the question, advocate absolute Prohibition as a just policy." Yet, in view of the harm wrought in the army and among the recruits by intemperance, the *Month* is tempted to regret that Great Britain can not follow the "paternal despotism of Russia" in banning alcoholic liquors from the army.

So much has been written of late of woman's place in the world, of her ideals, and the duty imposed upon her "of living her own life," that it is a pleasure to read the following beautiful passage, attributed by the Boston *Pilot* to *The Christian Family:*

> She wrote no books; she painted no pictures; she thrilled no audience with her eloquence; she inaugurated no great reform. She spent her life in none of the brilliant spheres for which many of our girls sigh to-day. She simply lulled a little babe to sleep; she pressed its face close to her mother's heart; she went about her household duties in a Nazarene kitchen; she filled her water pitchers at the well, lighted the fires and prepared the frugal meals, unwaited upon, unattended by any, save the angels that hovered unseen. Yet through all the ages past and through all the ages to come, her name is and will remain that of the most blessed among women.

Some months ago, the Archbishop of St. Louis was asked by a daily paper to express his views on woman suffrage, a question then about to be submitted to the voters of Missouri. The tenor of his Grace's reply was to the effect that, in his opinion, woman would do far more for society by imitating the Blessed Virgin than by voting. Whatever may be said of the intrinsic merits of this question, the "votes for women" movement is decidedly unfortunate in some of its feminine advocates, whose unchristian principles and methods fill Catholics with distrust and aversion.

Writing in the New York *Sun,* "I. M. Hopeful" reflects that, in the course of their evolution, nations undergo "various phases of national character." At the present time, we are in "the era of the great sob." "Spasmodic sobbing" is heard all through our law, foreign policy and schemes for social regeneration. We see more woe in the world than exists in reality, and we set to work to abolish it, by appointing a committee to investigate it. Before long, it is found necessary to appoint a second committee, whose duty it is to investigate the first. Other symptoms of "the era of the great sob" are thus indicated:

> 1. Confiscation of property under guise of "uplift." 2. Interstate morals regulations. 3. Subjugation of personal liberties of minorities by whimsical majorities. 4. Invasion of foreign States for "the service of mankind." 5. Coddling criminals. 6. Extension of the "unwritten law" *ad infinitum.* 7. Increase of taxes for "social uplift" schemes. 8. Blatant philanthropy. 9. State socialism. 10. The recall of judicial decisions and judges. 11. Eugenic marriage laws. 12. Double taxation.

Years ago, the advice was tendered to State legislatures: "When in doubt, pass a law forbidding the use of cigarettes." Many legislatures seem to have taken the advice seriously. The "era of the great sob" coincides with "the era of the reign of law." Unfortunately, much of the law follows the theory, that men can be haled into the paths of righteousness by human legislation whose characteristic mark is absurdity or injustice.

At the last election Oregon voted to abolish the death penalty. Whether or not the good people of that State were influenced by the style of argument which failed to impress

the residents of Arizona at the same election, can not, at this distance, be decided. Putting criminals out of the way of harming folk by hanging them, may not be a very pleasant subject for discussion, say at a dinner; but to hold that it is the same thing as murder, is mere nonsense. The State has the right to adopt suitable, necessary means for its defence and for the defence of its citizens. If it did not have this right, civil society would become impossible. The exercise of this right, however, and its extent in a given instance, depends upon the particular circumstances of the case. The time may come, although it seems far removed, when capital punishment may be deemed unnecessary. The vote in Oregon was very close. "A change of seventy-nine votes," comments the Hartford *Courant,* "would have maintained the old barbaric and unpoetic proceeding by which the world has for so long got rid of those who committed murder. The modern way is to sentence them for life, and then pardon them out."

One hundred years ago, a treaty of peace which closed the last war between the English-speaking peoples of the world, was signed at Ghent. The American Peace Centenary Committee, organized in 1910, had planned to celebrate this centenary by appropriate ceremonies both in Belgium and America. "Unfortunately, however," the Committee announced in a recent circular, "we are called upon to mark our centenary celebration in the midst of the most terrible war that history records." But even at such a time,

> we must avow our emphatic faith in the supremacy of justice over force, of law over might. We rejoice in the peaceful relations of a hundred years among all English-speaking peoples, and particularly in the undefended and unfortified line nearly four thousand miles in length, which divides the territory of the United States from that of Canada. The mutual trust, forbearance and helpfulness which make that undefended boundary a link and not a barrier between two peoples, we offer as an example to our warring brothers across the sea.

The Committee appeals to all civic bodies, churches, and schools, to set aside February 14, 1915, for public exercises which will bring home to the minds of all, but especially of the children, the blessings of continued peace. The circular is issued by the Chairman of the Committee, the Hon. Joseph Choate, and bears the signature of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

The National Child Labor Committee has announced a campaign in support of the Palmer-Owen child labor bill, now pending in Congress. This bill, if it becomes a law, will eliminate the ten-year-old cannery children, and the youngsters under fourteen in the cotton mills. It will support the efforts of State authorities to enforce laws already existing. It will shorten the hours of labor of 100,000 children who are legally laboring nine, ten and eleven hours a day, and it will make the physically, and often morally, demoralizing night work of children in glass factories, a thing of the past. The law will not in any way interfere with the action of any State Legislature. In fact, as the Committee explains:

> Only improved State laws can deal with the equally important matters of the education and health of the children who work, or regulate their employment in stores, messenger service, and other occupations in which interstate commerce is not interested.

The bill has met with considerable opposition, mainly, however, from those who fear financial loss in case the children are taken from mills and factories. It has also been said that the law will work great hardship in poorer families who are forced to depend largely upon the earnings of their children. The first reason alleged should not be considered for a moment. That children can be exploited for the accumulation of huge fortunes, is a blot upon modern civilization, more disgraceful than ante-bellum slavery. It is probably true that the withdrawal of children from the factories may press hard for a time upon poorer families. In this case, some means must be devised of helping these unfortunate families, either by drawing upon the resources of private charity, or, should these prove inadequate, by invoking the assistance of the State. In this there is nothing socialistic. It is the State's bounden duty to provide for the welfare of the citizen in those things in which the citizen can not provide for himself. In most instances, modern industrial occupations are bad, morally and physically, for growing children, who are the future support of the Church as well as the State. This is an aspect of the problem which should appeal with especial force to Catholics. Ultimately, but one thing can be done with child labor, and that is to abolish it. Satisfactory "regulation" seems out of the question.

Boston University, a Methodist institution, proposes to open a department for the training of religious teachers. The need of this department is thus stated by the University:

> The future welfare of our country depends upon the religious education of the coming generation. If our boys and girls are to grow up into trustworthy, unselfish and morally efficient citizens they must learn how to take God into account. . . . The teaching of religion has been removed from the public schools. The average home does not provide for it. Hence upon the Sunday school falls practically the entire responsibility for the religious training of the young. . . . The Protestant Church is now losing over fifty per cent. of her young people, because it has not yet developed an adequate system of religious education.

Nearer and nearer are our separated brethren approaching the Catholic idea of religious education. From time to time during the past year, AMERICA has noted protests made by Baptist, Lutheran and Episcopalian clergymen against the lack of religion in education. Jewish rabbis in many parts of the country are earnestly striving to establish schools of religious instruction. At Gary, Indiana, such schools have been founded by several Protestant churches, and by arrangement with the Superintendent of Instruction, the time-schedule of the public school has been changed to allow the children, who wish, to attend them. The *Ave Maria* reprints from the Protestant *Sunday School Times,* the following words of the Rev. William MacKenzie, D.D.:

> In the matter of education, the secularist school holds the field. It is the task of the Church to set beside it the school of religion. This requires nothing less than a vast army of trained teachers who have been prepared by special study of the Bible and of Christian truth and the relations of the Christian spirit to modern civilization to become the convinced and inspiring teachers of the children of America. They must have intellectual force equal to that of the public school teachers, but they must have in addition the definite religious aim, the conscious evangelical spirit.

It is true that this movement aims to add religious to secular instruction, rather than to put religion in the schools. In time, however, non-Catholic educators will recognize that this system makes religion a burden to the children, inasmuch as it requires more class after the regular school hours. After all, religion is not something to be added on, like a patch to a garment, or an appendix to a book. "Religion's all or nothing," as Browning says, "stuff of the very stuff, life of life." But better a little religious instruction on Sundays or after class, than no religious instruction at all.

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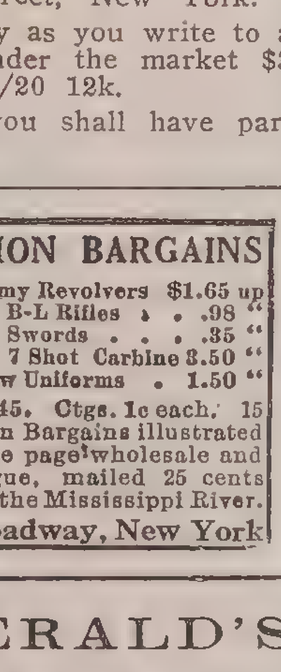
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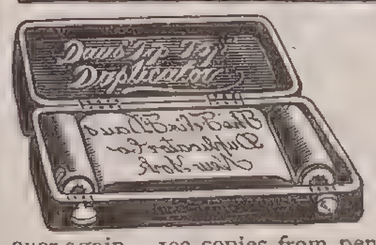
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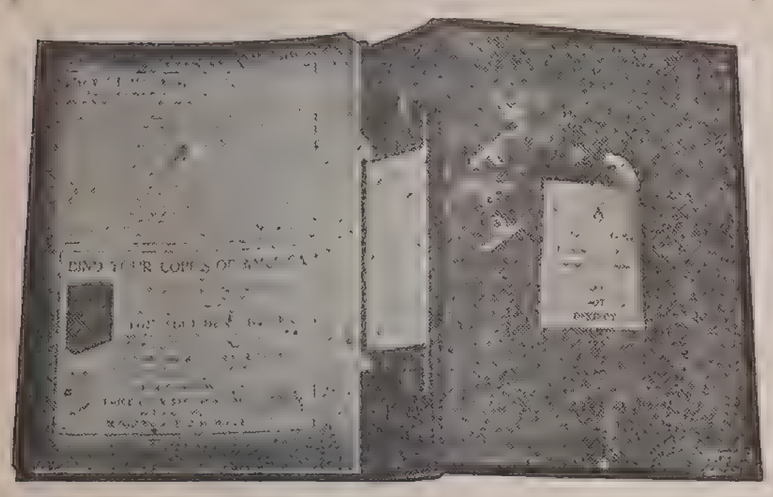
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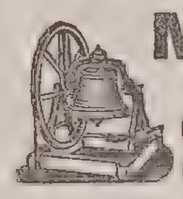


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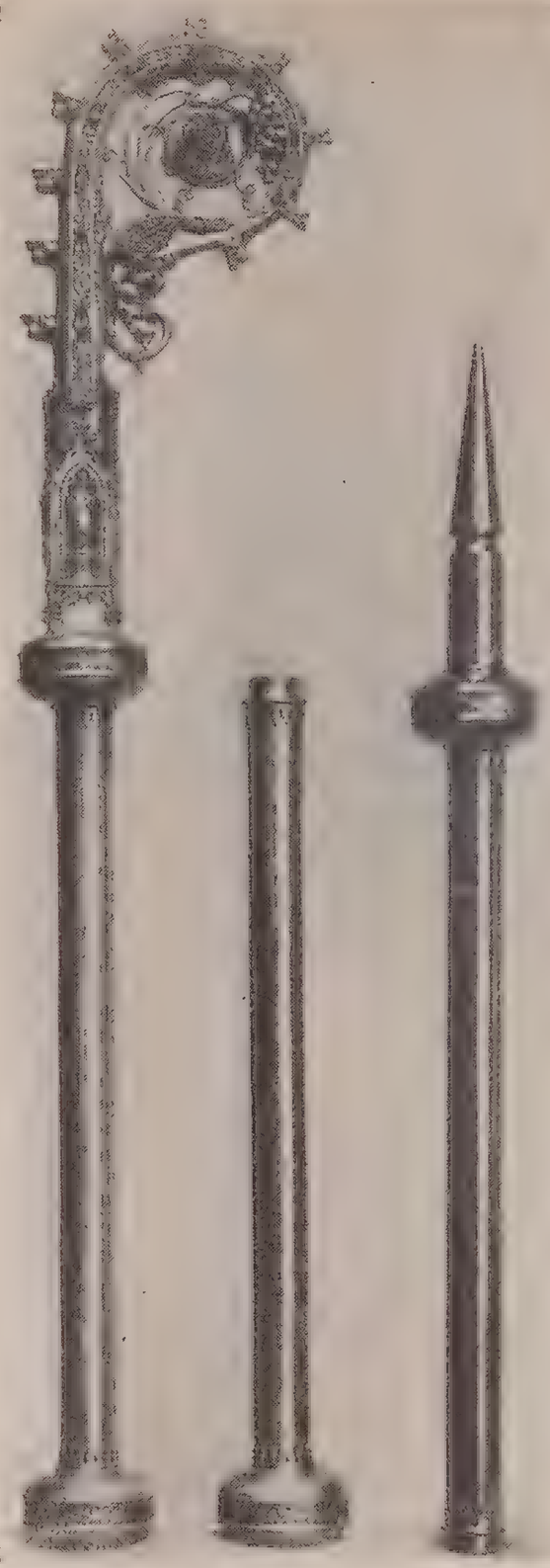
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Alsace there has been a lull in the desperate efforts of the Allies, and the invasion of the Rhineland has made no perceptible progress. The same may be said of most of the rest of the line. The general forward movement that seemed to be preparing recently has come to a standstill and, with the exception of some slight gains by the Allies at Beausejour, north of Perthes, and between Arras and Lille, the old deadlock again prevails. Artillery fire and trench warfare, with a few artillery charges, which have, as a rule, been repulsed, are all that there is to record of the situation. It is just possible, however, that the Germans may shortly renew their activity in Flanders. The railroads in Germany and Belgium for the last few days have been used exclusively by the German military authorities for the transportation of troops, and as a consequence vigorous attacks on the Allies have been predicted as likely to take place, probably at Soissons. There are rumors also of another attempt to reach Calais.

Bulletin, Jan. 12, p. m.-Jan. 19, a. m.

Situation in the West

After a week of stubborn fighting that was begun by the Allies with an attack on the German position north of Soissons, the Germans have gained the victory, and not only cleared the plains of Vregny, but forced the Allies to retire beyond the Aisne. The Germans consider it an important victory, the Allies minimize its value. The Allies are now on the south side of the river and are constructing new trenches in order to repel any further advance by their enemy. The reason they have given for their retirement is the rapid rise in the river, which has already carried away some of the foot bridges and promised to cut off, in the event of a further rise, their line of communications. This would have made it impossible to send reinforcements to their soldiers in case the Germans strengthened their offensive. The Allies claim that they still hold the bridge heads on the north side of the river and that they can again cross at will. The actual gain by the Germans consists in the occupation of six villages to the east and northeast of Soissons: for a time they held a seventh, St. Paul, but later were driven out of it by their enemy. Measured in miles the distance, which is said to be one mile on a front of three miles, is not great; but it is sufficient to have given rise to speculation as to whether the Germans intended to make another drive toward Paris, for Soissons is the point on the line nearest the capital. This is extremely unlikely. Since September, when after the battle of the Marne they made their stand on the heights, they have been in a superior position to the Allies, who were down below them with the river at their back. All along, however, they have been content to remain on the defensive, and the present departure from what seems just now to be their fixed policy was precipitated by the offensive of the Allies. As an offset to this loss of territory the British, according to unofficial reports, by a spirited attack succeeded in driving back the Germans near La Bassée. The ground said to have been gained is about a mile.

Soissons

Bad weather has interfered with operations west of Warsaw, and the armies continue to face each other on a line that runs from Rawa to Borjimow and from Bolimow to Sochaszew. The Russians admit that the Germans have made considerable progress in this locality, having pushed forward in one place as much as five miles; but at the point of their furthest advance the Ger-

Warsaw and East Prussia

mans are still no less than twenty-five miles distant from the Polish capital. The main Russian effort at present seems to be an invasion of West Poland and the southern border of East Prussia. Large bodies of troops are reported to be advancing toward Thorn along the right bank of the lower Vistula. They have already crossed the Skrwa river, where they defeated and drove back the Germans. In the vicinity of Gumbinnen, however, they have failed to make any progress.

Galicia

The Russian advance in southern Poland, in Galicia, and especially in the passes of the Carpathians, has been checked. The Austrians have kept the Russians from crossing the Nida; they have barred their progress at the Dunajec, where they have assumed the offensive; and heavy snow has made fighting in the mountains almost impossible. The Russians are said to be waiting for reinforcements, especially in Bukowina near the Borgo Pass. The combined Austrian and German invasion, which was spoken of so often last week as a thing of the near future, has not yet materialized, and reports to that effect are now generally discredited.

Rumania Italy, Turkey

Rumania is reported to have issued an order recalling all university students from Switzerland, to be pushing forward the construction of hospitals, and to have assured Bulgaria that military preparations are in no sense a menace to her. All this is taken as a sign that Rumania's entrance into the war is a thing of the near future. Italy's action is likely to be influenced by the terrible loss of life and property caused by the earthquake. In many circles, however, it is declared that her participation in hostilities will be delayed but not prevented by the disaster. Turkey has not only agreed to give Italy all the satisfaction demanded for the Hodeida incident, but has decided to make the reparation without waiting for the report of the Turkish commission appointed for the investigation of the matter. The Italian flag, however, has not yet been saluted. In Persia the Turks have had considerable success, for they captured Tabriz, but further north, according to Russian reports, they have met with two severe reverses on land, where they have been defeated at Karaurgan in the Caucasus, and on the Black Sea, where a number of transports conveying troops are said to have been sunk.

Austria-Hungary.—The most important item of news within recent weeks has been the retirement of Count Berchtold as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and equivalently Chancellor of the Dual Monarchy. The announcement was made by the *Wiener Fremdenblatt* in the following words:

Change in Ministry of Foreign Affairs

> Count Berchtold, who for a long time had desired to resign from office and had asked the Emperor to grant him his dimissorials, again renewed his request. The Emperor, realizing that weighty personal reasons urged Count Berchtold to take this step, acceded to his wish.

The successor of Count Berchtold is the Hungarian Minister, Baron Stephen Burian von Rajecz. Many papers would see in this appointment the "beginning of the rift in the lute," the first step toward a secession of Austria-Hungary from Germany. Here, as in other instances, the wish is apparently father to the thought. The new Foreign Minister is a Hungarian and on the most intimate terms, it is said, with the Prime Minister of Hungary, Count Tisza. The latter has only recently denied, in the most emphatic terms, all the rumors of a supposed disagreement between Germany and Austria in carrying on their united campaign. He insisted upon the strength of the unsevered bond of mutual trust, love and sacrifice. One thing appears to be certain, that the appointment of Baron Burian von Rajecz is the best possible choice, if it was the Emperor's desire thereby to conciliate the Balkan nations and to unravel the tangled skein, as far as this can still be done. As envoy at Bucharest, Burian succeeded in bringing about a close relationship between Rumania and Austria, in spite of Russian opposition, while later, as Minister of Finance, he greatly furthered the industrial and commercial conditions of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is too early to make forecasts of any kind about the new Minister's policy.

France.—When the notorious M. Caillaux recently disappeared from public life, there was much comment, much gossip, but no one could assign the reason of his departure. An early report said that he had grossly and wantonly offended, not only the military chaplains in the training-camps, but the English authorities as well. It was finally announced that the quondam minister had been entrusted with an important foreign mission by the Government. He was to visit Brazil, together with other South American countries, the report ran, to investigate trade conditions. This statement never won general credence. The query has again been proposed, this time by the Paris *Figaro*, "Why did Caillaux leave France?" The *Figaro* quotes the Brazilian *Official Gazette's* report of a debate in the Brazilian Chambers, to prove that M. Caillaux, contrary to the report issued at Paris, went to Brazil without any official mission. The decidedly unpleasant light in which the ex-minister was placed by the revelations of the recent trial scarcely indicates his fitness to represent France in any capacity, official or private.

M. Caillaux and His Mission

Constitutionally, the French Chamber should sit for five months. It is reported, however, that in view of the unusual circumstances brought about by the war, the sittings will be reduced to a minimum. All bills will be thoroughly examined and reported by committees, and the privileges of debate will be curtailed. The Assembly, sitting as a whole, will thus be able to proceed without loss of time to the adoption or rejection of proposed measures. Of the Deputies, one hundred and twenty

A Short Session for Parliament

have been mobilized, but their military duties will be suspended until Parliament adjourns. Floods threaten serious damage at Paris. The Seine is still rising, some of the quays are covered with two feet of water, and many of the lower buttresses of the bridges are submerged. Navigation has been practically suspended on account of the swift current.

Germany.—An official reply to the findings of the French investigation committee regarding the "barbarities" of the German soldiery denies all the charges made. "This French declaration," it says, "is an uninterrupted series of calumnies which has no other purpose in view than the dissemination of hatred against the German people." The reply then states that the French findings are too general, and that the committee saved itself the inconvenience of mentioning the details needed to substantiate its assertions. The report insists that German authorities demand strict military discipline, and that this is exacted from the soldiers. In conclusion a counter-investigation is proposed, whose results are to be made public.

Reply to French Charges

The Emperor announces that the festivities usually held on his birthday, January 27, are not to take place this year, with the exception of the religious and school celebrations. No letters or telegrams are to be sent him, he says, in these days of public tribulation, since he is often enough made aware of the strong bonds of love and confidence which unite him with the German people. The decree then continues:

The Emperor's Birthday Decree

> I thank in advance each person whose loyal supplication will on my birthday be made to the throne of the Highest, as well as every one who will think of me in a friendly spirit. I am one with the whole German people and their Princes. The one prayer which sways our heart is for the Fatherland, that God will graciously grant us further victories, and, after a peace with honor, a happy future for our country.

The money usually spent in court festivities is to be applied to charity. Even the Socialists themselves are united with him now in the common bond of love for country. "There is no party," said one of their great leaders recently, "for whom the heaviest sacrifices in the service of the Fatherland could be too heavy."

Great Britain.—A recent number of the *Times* Educational Supplement contains a number of articles and letters, recommending instruction in certain practical subjects for school-children. An unsigned report on "Cookery Instruction in Shropshire" is of considerable interest. "The improvement of poorer homes has long been felt to be an urgent problem," says the writer, "and it is hoped that something may be done by teaching the children simple housewifery." The local board has approved a scheme for the instruction of cottagers and their children in "food values and cookery, which, it is hoped, may be carried out in every parish and hamlet in the county." Sir George Newman, M.D., contributes an important paper on "The Health of School-children." In view of the appalling toll of human life imposed by the war, "the question of the preservation of the rising generation, and care for its physical fitness and equipment, is of more than ordinary importance." In this connection, the *Times* notes that, in the last few months, there has been much laxity in enforcing the child-labor laws. In consequence children have again appeared in the factories, and in street trades. In certain localities the military authorities were obliged to interfere, when the civil authorities were unwilling to forbid the presence of trading-children in the concentration and training camps. "To allow children to be sacrificed on the altar of commercial greed," comments the *Times*, "is a senseless dissipation of one of our most valuable assets." Classes for soldiers, lately authorized by the Board of Education, form an interesting extension of popular education. The Board is aiding the local authorities in providing instruction in history, geography, topography and map-reading; telephony and telegraphy; first aid and ambulance work, with hygiene; conversation classes in foreign languages; field-cookery, and simple crafts. Popular and scientific lectures are also given, and tutorial instruction in letter-writing, arithmetic and other subjects is provided when requested. The Board has agreed to make grants to the local authorities in sums not to exceed two-thirds the cost of the instruction.

New Developments in Education

Ireland.—The appointment of Lord Wimborne to succeed the Marquis of Aberdeen, who had made himself popular with the Nationalists and distasteful to the Ascendancy class, has not been well received by Home Rulers. The new Viceroy left the Unionist Party with his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, and is said to share the latter's equivocal views about Home Rule. He was the first to announce that the operation of the Bill would be held up till it had received the sanction of a general election. He was chairman of the committee that reported in favor of imposing the Insurance Act upon Ireland and consequent taxation beyond the proportion of the benefits received. The Dublin *Leader* thinks that as long as Ireland is denied self-government a Viceroy unfriendly to national aspirations is preferable to a friendly one, as less likely to foster the denationalizing vice of snobbery.

The New Viceroy

In consequence of the *Irish Catholic's* agitation, the Admiralty has recently appointed three Catholic chaplains for British warships in actual service afloat. Previously there was but one such chaplain, though a number of priests were authorized to visit the ships at various ports and naval stations, and some received allowances for such service. The Dublin paper, which had no

Other News

official notice of the new appointments, announces that it will keep up the agitation, as in case of the army chaplains, until the Catholic chaplains for war service in the navy shall be in like proportion to their sailor coreligionists as the 223 Protestant chaplains are to theirs. Grants voted in aid of Irish secondary teachers, of fisheries and various other objects, have been withheld. News of a political nature can only be obtained privately, as the loyal papers are severely censored; and of those deemed disloyal more have been suppressed lately in Ireland than in the whole century previous.

Italy.—On the morning of January 13 a violent earthquake, which lasted about thirty seconds, spread ruin and desolation in Italy. Some seventy-eight towns were destroyed. The territory devastated is the Province of Rome, which is 300 miles long and extends from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhenian Sea. Public buildings, cathedrals, churches, palaces, houses of the poor, are all a mass of ruins, and it is estimated that about 37,000 people have been killed, and 50,000 injured. On January 17, 36,721 were known to be dead; and up to that time the relief committee had not reached five of the stricken towns. Avezzano, San Benedetto, Gioja-di-Marsi, Celano, Pescino are filled with corpses. There were 5,000 deaths in Avezzano alone. The victims were taken completely by surprise, and so sudden was the destruction that escape was impossible. In three towns near Sora the churches collapsed immediately, burying priests and people in the debris. In Sora itself twenty Sisters were killed in the act of receiving Communion: the priest lay dead in his vestments. Some idea of the havoc wrought can be learned from a telegram of an afflicted bishop to the Pope, which reads:

The Earthquake

"The diocese has been transformed into a great cemetery. Avezzano, Capelle and Paterno razed and almost all the inhabitants dead. Ecclesiastics, some dead, some wounded. A few villages are immune, but generally desolation reigns. It is an immense and distressing catastrophe."

The Holy Father is doing all in his power to give assistance, and everywhere priests and Sisters are displaying heroic self-sacrifice. Though this earthquake is said to have been more severe than that which destroyed Messina, yet the number of deaths caused by this one is some 60,000 less than the number caused by the Sicilian upheaval. This time no Americans were killed, and strange to say but one Roman lost his life.

Mexico.—Dispatches from Mexico are so contradictory that it is difficult to discover the truth. One thing is certain: the carnage still continues. According to the Mexican Information Bureau, 173,200 men are actually under arms, distributed as follows: 128,200 for Carranza, 45,000 for Villa and Zapata. These figures are to be accepted with reserve; they contradict former reports. There have been many battles during the last eight days. Early in the week Villa announced that he stopped Carranzista activities around Torreon and Saltillo. This was true. Villareal, a Carranzista, in his eagerness to attack Torreon, left Saltillo without a garrison and the Villistas slipped into the place without trouble. A dispatch from Vera Cruz, dated January 16, reported that Villa's forces later evacuated Saltillo, which was then reoccupied by Carranza's troops. This lacks confirmation, as do also the reports of the same aforesaid date that Mexico City and Guadalajara are in Carranza's hands. These items are evidently false. The campaign around Torreon was marked by great stupidity. The Villistas met Villareal's forces, which were advancing on Torreon, at Ramos Arispe and routed them. Meantime Carranza's forces in Monterey sallied out to help Villareal but, on hearing of his defeat, fled back into the city. At this writing it is reported, though without confirmation, that the Villistas have entered Monterey 10,000 strong, while Carranzistas are about to leave Nuevo Leon. Villa himself boasts that he will be in Tampico within a month's time.

Battles, Decrees, A Convention

Carranza is still issuing decrees. He ordered the British oil companies in Tampico to suspend operations, threatening confiscation of property in case of noncompliance. Shortly after he issued another decree nullifying sales of waters, forests and lands by local authorities and governments, and all sales of lands by departments or Federal authorities since December 1, 1876, as well as extensions of the same. The first decree aroused the anger of Great Britain, which has great need of oil both for land and naval forces. The British Government protested to our State Department and our Secretary of State protested to Carranza. The tension, which became great, was finally relieved by a dispatch from the British Legation in Mexico City, that Carranza had removed the embargo on oil. The dispatch said nothing about further concessions. The dissolved Aguascalientes convention reconvened in Mexico City on January 1, under the presidency of General Gonzales Garza. Up to this little progress has been made. For some days prior to the first meeting type-written sheets were distributed in the city, outlining the policy to be followed. According to this priests must marry, foreign priests and religious will be expelled, and contemplative Orders will not be tolerated. Thus does history repeat itself. During the sittings of the convention, Gutierrez, provisional President of Mexico, fled, it is said, for some unknown reason, and was replaced by Garza. This is the seventh President since 1910, viz.: de la Barra, April 25, 1911, to November 6, 1911; Francisco Madero, November 6, 1911, to February 19, 1913; Victoriano Huerta, February 19, 1913, to July 15, 1914; Francisco Carbajal, July 15, 1914, to August 12, 1914; Eulalio Gutierrez, November 10, 1914, to January 16, 1915; Roque Gonzales Garza, January 16, 1915, to the next petty fight among the "Chiefs."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Watchword of the New Pontificate

"TO renew all things in Christ" was the purpose with which Pope Pius X ascended the pontifical throne. It remained to the end the constant and supreme motive of his actions. It determined all his reforms within the Church, and ever inflamed anew his desire to kindle in the hearts of the faithful that zeal for the cause of Christ which had wrought such wonders in the Church of old. Once more a pagan world was to be won over to the love of Christ. Many there were who had rejected all religion. To others it meant no more than the vaguest pantheism, less definite and not more ennobling than the ancient worship of Baal or Jove. The divinity of Christ had again become a scandal to men, even to countless numbers of those who still bore His name as "Christians." Truly there was need of a renovation.

We remember the enthusiasm with which that watchword was first caught up by the Catholic world: "To renew all things in Christ." It was a trumpet call which urged men to action and roused in their hearts the highest and noblest aspirations. With that appeal was given likewise the most potent means of carrying it into effect: the renewal of the practice of daily Communion, beginning with the use of reason in the child and its first understanding of the essential doctrines of our Holy Faith, and ending only with life itself. Such was to be the way, more important even than human eloquence and learning, for the spiritual conquest of the world. How much has already been achieved we all know, and the future will see a continuation of the work which has been begun so auspiciously.

What, we may at times have asked ourselves, is to be the watchword of the new pontificate? Certainly we knew that there could be no departure from the purpose set himself by Pope Pius X: to renew the world in Christ. But what definite form was it to take? We were not kept long in expectation. With the first encyclical came likewise the announcement of the special object and unalterable aim of the present pontificate. It is briefly and clearly summed up for us in the words: "That the charity of Christ may prevail among men." The text which the Pope tells us he will never weary of repeating, is taken from the Apostle of love and expresses the intimate desire of the Heart of Christ: "Love one another." Here, in his own words, is the aim and object of his pontificate:

> You see, venerable brethren, how necessary it is to make every effort so *that the charity of Christ may prevail among men.* This will certainly be Our aim always as the *special object of Our Pontificate.* Let this also, We exhort you, be your work. We shall not be weary of urging upon men to give effect to the teaching of the Apostle St. John, "Love one another."

What is this purpose but the continuation of the sublime mission of Pope Pius X. Only by the renewal of all things in Christ can we ever hope that the charity itself of Christ shall prevail among men. Only by a return to the fervor of apostolic days can we bring about that reign of love which distinguished the early Christians: "Behold how these Christians love one another." Only by the most fervent, frequent and, if possible, the daily reception of the Holy Eucharist can we attain to that highest perfection of love which Christ desires for us. It was notably at the institution itself of the Holy Eucharist that Our Lord gave us those commandments of His love which Pope Benedict XV gathered together in his first encyclical: "This is my commandment that you love one another." "These things I command you that you love one another." By the constant reception of the Sacrament of His Body and Blood was to be made perfect in the early Church that most complete of all bonds of love: "That they may all be one, as thou Father in me, and I in thee."

It is this zeal for the perfection of charity which permits of no discord or dissensions. The solemn condemnation of modernism has hardly died from the lips of Pope Pius X, when it is taken up anew and repeated with the utmost strength by his successor. Nor will he tolerate any addition to the glorious titles that are ours by right of Holy Baptism: "Christian is my name and Catholic my surname." That same charity is the bond which in the social relations of men should unite the lowest to the highest, as in the Church it should attach the faithful and priests ever more closely to the bishops and to the Holy See. Perfect obedience to all constituted authority must be rooted in the love of God, in that charity of Christ which should prevail among men. Possessed of the fulness of this charity, we shall likewise be able to accomplish to the utmost of our power the renewal of the world in Christ.

It will be encouraging, as it is interesting, to trace the workings of Divine Providence which have wonderfully guided the Church within the recent decades of years. The proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, always believed within the Church, but now declared to be an article of Faith, won for us the particular protection of the Queen of Heaven. The proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, equally believed at all times by the faithful, soon followed as a most signal favor, confirming in the most solemn manner the unity of all Catholics with the Chair of St. Peter, to whom alone Christ committed the keys of His spiritual kingdom, to be possessed by Peter and by his successors, to the end of time. Among the great events which deserve especially to be called to mind as leading up to the mighty impulses of the Holy Spirit experienced within the Church to-day we must not forget the splendor and power given to the devotion to St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church, nor, above all, the divinely desired consecration of all mankind to the Sacred Heart, under the pontificate of Leo XIII; an act which could

not fail to be productive of the most wonderful graces. Immediately upon the personal dedication of each individual Catholic to the Heart of Christ, there was made likewise, in every part of the entire world, the universal consecration of all mankind, Christian and infidel, to that Heart of boundless love:

> Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee: grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of Faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not Thou to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God.

It is by this reign of the Heart of Christ that the desire of the Supreme Pontiff and the object of his pontificate can be fulfilled—the prevalence of divine charity among men. Close after this signal consecration, so solemnly made, there descended upon the earth the fire of Eucharistic fervor, like a new Pentecostal gift. With this flame enkindled within us we can set the world ablaze. So at last can be realized, as fully as possible, the wish of the Holy Father, the special object of his pontificate: "That the charity of Christ may prevail among men."

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

The Poison-Men*

THE entire school of mad homeopaths, the morbid or sensational writers, the ministers who have forgotten their ministry, the men and women of society who patronize every apostle of a new idea, good or bad, and the humble laborers who see their only hope in socialism —all these people who, for one reason or another, promote the revolution are a menace.

They threaten to overturn all that most of us hold good. And their threats and their theories promise to become tangible very soon. Yet they are by no means the real causes of our famous "unrest." You know from experience that you can not make a man "unrestful" by simply preaching at him. You must show him clearly just why he should be dissatisfied with things as they are. And if the reasons you give him have no truth in them, he will soon find that out and stop listening to you.

The mad homeopaths, as a matter of fact, are merely using the wrong treatment for a condition already diseased. It is our own particular duty to study this disease itself and to cure it. If we have persuaded the writers and the ministers and others to hold off for a while, we have already accomplished wonders. But we must prove to them that our methods cure where theirs fail. We must find out for ourselves why people have even read their writings and listened to their preachings in the past. No well person will submit to treatment; yet we all know how willingly certain classes submit to the rule of the agitators. The disease is there. Now is our chance to find the real cause.

Marx and other determinists try to persuade us that the cause of the disease is the present economic structure. They think, and would be delighted to have us think, that the form of government and the form of economic administration cause all our dishonesty and selfishness and immorality. In short, they are not unlike that overserious gentleman who spent many hours studying the shadow of his hand on the wall and came to the wise conclusion that the movements of the shadow must be the cause of every movement of his hand!

Now no sensible person (and the Church is a sensible person) would accept this theory. The Church looks far beyond mere shadows to the good and bad forces that cause these shadows. The administration of an absolute monarchy might be much more just than the administration of a democracy; or the very reverse might be true. Have you noticed that no sensible person ever asks: "How does democracy work?" A sensible person always asks: "How does democracy work in France, or in Portugal, or in the United States, or in the Argentine?"

The distinction is important. It is the people who make use of tools of government that count, more than the tools themselves. If you are willing to trust to one man's judgment or inspiration in a certain matter, you are to that degree an absolute monarchist: if you will trust the opinion of a large number of people, you are a thorough-going democrat. Thus you can easily be a monarchist in one matter (say religion) and a democrat in all others. You prefer one form of civil government to another not because it is better in itself, but perhaps because the person or persons who use it are more honest and trustworthy than those who use the other. In the same way, we must see that the success of any economic system depends chiefly on the temper, ability, honesty and good sense of the people who control it.

This is one of the reasons for the Church's opposition to socialism. In her religious orders, the Church encourages a form of communism, because it is voluntary, and the men and women who practise it are carefully chosen. Socialism does not call for as complete a community of goods as communism; yet the Church opposes it because it encourages tyranny. It is not voluntary. Some people in the State may, in the nature of things, be deprived of the exercise of certain private rights for the sake of the common good. The Church, however, makes an eminently sensible distinction between giving up something yourself and forcing your neighbor to give up the same thing. And socialism advocates precisely this tyranny, by failing properly to make this distinction.

Socialism is not a mysterious *thing* that will remake men. In practice it would become simply a special use of democracy or autocracy. That is why the opinions of individual socialists are supremely important. If they

*The seventh of a series of special articles.

merely want to take over a few large industries, with the consent of the owners, and run them at public expense, we can let them try the experiment. It may turn out badly, but the idea is not morally wrong. On the other hand, they may intend to use the power of Government to confiscate all instruments of production, and to prohibit all private enterprise. That would be an unjust tyranny. They might also (as many socialist leaders have suggested) legislate marriage out of existence, or they might not. The important thing is, what do they intend doing?

Now the Church resolutely opposes socialism, not only because of its philosophy and other fundamental fallacies, but likewise because most men who call themselves socialists have made plain that they intend to practise an unjust tyranny and similar abuses of democracy. It is as if you asked a group of small boys what they were going to do with some air rifles you had given them. If they said they intended shooting at windows, you would take away their rifles—or try to change their intentions.

Exactly as the Church judges socialism so she sees likewise the dishonesty, the bald greed, the selfish individualism, the bad politics and the moral decadence, which are the result of irreligious principles, just as plainly as the socialists and the other mad homeopaths perceive them. She knows that revolutionary agitation would be impossible if these poisons did not give the agitator something to agitate about. No one would listen to the man who says dark gray is black. A mighty work for the whole body of the Church is to bring about the reform of the economic system according to Catholic principles and to force her message to the source of the poison, to all those men who have abused their power. Possibly the mad homeopaths can be silenced for a moment; but so long as there is plainly a disease to treat, there will be bad doctors who think they, and they alone, know how to treat it. We can not silence the socialists and the revolutionists till we have operated on the poisonmen. We must rip out their fangs. And the time to begin is to-day.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Sunday's Sermons

"BILLY" SUNDAY is in Philadelphia, and as a consequence that usually placid city is in a ferment of religious excitement. Explain it as one will, his arrival has produced a marked impression. Conservative newspapers have devoted pages to his sermons, his habits, and his views on things in general. The citizens, though not noted for more than normal interest in their souls, have flocked by thousands to hear him talk; and on one occasion as many as two hundred reserves of the police force had to be called out to keep order, principally among those who found themselves denied an entrance to the auditorium. His appeal is to all classes; clergymen (not Catholic), university students, and men of evident dissipation, all without distinction seem eager to hear him. His reception, however, in the City of Brotherly Love, though remarkable in itself, is not altogether unusual for Mr. Sunday. It is only a repetition of what has taken place in many other towns.

It would be useless to discuss his methods. The utter absence of good taste and refinement that marks the language he uses on the platform, the grotesque actions in which he indulges while preaching, the shocking and well-nigh blasphemous familiarity of his references to God, to Jesus Christ and in general to things holy, are characteristics of the evangelical efforts that are suggested at once by his name, and meet with deserved and general reprobation. That he has power, however, and exerts an influence, can not be questioned. One wonders what can be their source.

His power seems to come, in part at least, from a transparent earnestness. No one who reads his sermons, and much less one who listens to them, can doubt the fact that he thinks he has a message, that he is profoundly convinced of it, and that he gives it expression with a directness and singleness of aim that scorn mere beauty of language and even its ordinary conventions. He has, moreover, deeply religious convictions. He believes firmly in original sin, the divinity of Christ, the certainty of retribution, the existence of the devil and the necessity of prayer. What, perhaps, contributes to his power as much as anything else is his hatred for sham, his knowledge of human weaknesses, and his intense sympathy with his fellow-men. He wants to help them and he is able to communicate to them a realization of this desire. Homely truths couched in homely terms, often in current slang, and always fearlessly, are the staple of his sermons. In them there is no exegesis, but only a straightforward statement of rather obvious facts and principles to which he gives a Scriptural setting. Unfortunately he is not always discreet in the way he addresses mixed audiences. Except for prayer and faith, the motives and the means he suggests are purely natural, but they are driven home with such tremendous force that their own weight and the manner of their expression seem as a rule to carry conviction. Many, no doubt, go to hear him out of curiosity, many for the enjoyment of his racy language and his fantastic action, others because they take pleasure in his tingling denunciations and his lavish employment of abuse; but a great part of his audience, and they form the serious-minded part, follow his sermons in the expectation and the hope of learning how practically to better the manner of their lives. He himself has been "converted," and professes to be able to help others to "conversion." That he has produced results is undeniable. Thousands "hit the sawdust trail" at his bidding; not so much, however, because of that which he says as for the way he says it.

The second and perhaps the principal source of Mr. Sunday's power is the skill with which he appeals to the elemental emotions. Tears and smiles have ever been dear to the human race, and Mr. Sunday is no mean master of both of them. He makes those who listen to

him laugh and weep. He sweeps the strings of their hearts, he stirs and sways their passions. He often awakens in their breasts fear and anger, shame and pride, hope and sympathy. He destroys and builds up self-respect. And the harrowing of their souls leaves in them a sense of righteousness and of a sort of peace. He knows the power of music, and he uses it in the beginning to put his audience into a sentimental and receptive mood, and later to intensify the impression that his words have made. And in the end he sends them away aglow with the pleasurable sensation that usually accompanies the play of deep emotion. If Mr. Sunday entertains and pleases, the reason is not far to seek. He has in him a touch of real eloquence, and he exercises it in the field that affords it amplest scope, the field of sacred oratory.

The Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* calls it a "bromide" to inquire whether his influence is lasting, but, bromide or not, it is a question that ought to be asked. Statistics would indicate that a number of his followers do begin a reformation in their lives in response to his passionate preaching. The strong emotional shock they receive is amply sufficient to explain not only why this should be, but even why the effect should be at times fairly continuous. He might even afford the occasion for justification because an act of perfect contrition might arise in the hearts of some of his hearers, as they listen to his fiery denunciation of sin, but this, though conceivable, is not likely and, if it happened, would be an accident and not a part of his deliberate scheme. In general, however, his influence must necessarily be transitory, and specious rather than real. A false religion has no claim on God's assistance, and of course Mr. Sunday's religion is false.

But over and beyond this the essential weakness of all his efforts is his utter inability to offer supernatural means of grace. Naturally he does not recommend the sacraments. Nor has he any legitimate reason for expecting the cooperation of the Holy Spirit, of whom he speaks with reverence; for he is not in communion with the Fountain of Truth, and therefore he is not an accredited spokesman for Christ, to whom he is much attached. In other words, he is not "sent." His preaching, therefore, though it may be for some a sort of external grace and, as has been said, an occasion, too, for internal grace, is not an *ordinary* means of gaining actual internal graces. He does well, therefore, to tell Catholics to go to their priests. The least eloquent of Catholic priests can do more than he. They are official ministers of the Word; he is self-appointed. They are divinely constituted dispensers of things divine and the merits of Jesus Christ, of the ordinary helps to salvation. Mr. Sunday, when all is said, is only an ardent layman who pleads for a better life; he has no credentials from on high. His system is something natural, as far as any effectiveness of his own goes. To Catholics, therefore, it must appear as hopelessly inadequate because totally lacking in any power to give the grace of God.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

War and Religion in Germany

IT has been truly said that the *Kulturkampf* (1873-1880) proved a blessing in disguise for the Catholic Church in Germany, and the present great war is likely to prove even a stronger force for good, in that it is bringing not only the Catholics but the Protestants as well to a deeper realization of the claims of religion. The war, it must be understood, is universally considered by the Germans a just war, since the very existence and permanence of the Fatherland are believed to be at stake. It was opened with a day of prayer and penance; the churches were filled to overflowing on that day; and the same scene is repeated day by day in the Protestant as well as in the Catholic churches, where millions assemble either to render thanks to the Lord of Hosts or to obtain victory of Him for the German arms. The Kaiser is himself setting a noble example: whether he announces a victory or consoles his people over some heavy losses, he will invariably give the praise to God and implore Him for aid in the hour of trial. Seeing a priest, who had escaped from his French captors, off to the front, he gave him this message for the soldiers: "Greet my comrades fighting our battles in the North and tell them to trust in the Lord, for this will assure an early victory to the Fatherland."

And the 65,000,000 Germans appear to be imbued with this trust in the Lord. In Berlin even the Protestant churches are open throughout the day to all that would worship, and their capacity is often taxed. It may be safely stated, that not one Catholic soldier went to the front without, if time permitted, having received the Sacraments. During the first days of mobilization priests were kept busy for whole days and nights hearing confessions and distributing Holy Communion. And the letters from the front are almost daily reporting scenes of Catholic piety enacted in the trenches and on the blood-soaked battlefield. One priest reports from the Vosges how soldiers returning from a bloody battle were telling their beads aloud with the lay brother attached to the ambulance train. Another priest describes how he said Mass and preached in the midst of the hostile country, and how he had been engaged the whole previous night in administering the Sacraments to hundreds of men. A teacher writes to the *Kölnische Volkszeitung:* "This morning (Feast of the Holy Rosary) I was granted the grace to receive Holy Communion, and I hope to enjoy again on the morrow the same privilege. . . . The church was filled with soldiers, and after Mass I overheard a Sister remarking to a woman 'The German soldiers were in church; this is a noble example'; and her face beamed with happiness."

The *Tägliche Rundschau,* the organ of the German Evangelical Union, grows enthusiastic in describing the Catholic services conducted in a church at Bapaume, in the Department Pas de Calais, at which more than 4,000 Catholic and Protestant soldiers attended. The reporter of the liberal Berlin *Tageblatt* admits that he had never yet seen such religious fervor as he witnessed at the services conducted on All Saints Day before Przemysl. Before the brigade, which was half buried under ground, a rude altar had been constructed and here a Capuchin, who had been decorated with a gold medal for bravery, was celebrating Mass, while a Polish Count served him. After the Mass Fürst Schönberg made a brief address in which he referred feelingly to the fact that in the far-off Tyrol the women were assembled at that same hour in the village churches and were petitioning God for the same favors as were the men in the field. He distributed medals and other distinctions to such as had displayed extraordinary bravery, and half of the recipients

were wounded. An "Our Father" said by the thousands of the brave and hardy soldiers concluded the services.

The influential journal *Massbode* of Rotterdam, not a friend to the German cause, records its admiration of the manner in which the Germans attended services in Antwerp. To quote:

> Arriving at the cathedral (of Antwerp) we found the middle aisle already filled with German soldiers. Several generals and officers occupied places in the choir and, like the soldiers and sailors in the nave of the church, were all praying devoutly. During the solemn Mass most of the men used prayer-books. Here were soldiers who, a few days before, had been threatening the very existence of the city and its great cathedral now down on their knees, and their proud and imposing presence was exchanged for the bowed head and the lips breathing prayer. But the most impressive scene was yet to come, for after Mass the German military band, stationed on the choir-loft, struck up the *"Grosser Gott, wir loben Dich."* The organ and trumpets joined in the hymn of jubilation, the men, now on their feet, took it up and the cathedral shook with the thundering strains; its columns, which a few days before had trembled under the terror of the exploding bombs, now shook with the music and singing of the German host.

August Menth, editor-in-chief of the *Augsburger Postzeitung,* was among the first to fall on the German side, and, turning to the army chaplain, he breathed his last, saying: *"Zu Befehl, mein Gott, nicht mein, sondern Dein Wille geschehe!* (I am ready, my God, may Thy will, and not mine be done)" Bravery, piety and patriotism are obviously not irreconcilable in the German soldier.

No ministers of religion are asked to fight for the German cause; instead they are invited and offered commissions in large numbers to serve as army chaplains. Their number has lately been increased, first by one hundred and fifty-four —seventy-seven Protestant ministers and seventy-seven Catholic priests—and more recently still by eighty-six Catholic priests and by an equal number of Protestant chaplains. And the military authorities have offered even further increases, should those already made prove insufficient. Each chaplain is furnished by the Government with a servant, a horse, free transportation, free board, and 300 marks pay.

Altötting, Bavaria. G. MAYER.

The Niobites

"DEAR me," sighed the Prioress, "how hard I find it to be patient with sad-faced nuns! To my mind a melancholy religious is a contradiction in terms."

"I heartily agree with you," said the Chaplain. "Gloomy nuns should be sent to the Niobites."

"The Niobites, Father? Who in the world are they?"

"What! have you never heard of the Niobites? Why, it's the name of the new Congregation I am founding. I have already drawn up for the Order, an admirable Constitution which will be submitted in due time to the Holy See for approval, and I hope to have eventually a novice or two."

"A new order!" exclaimed the Prioress. "How interesting! You must tell me all about it, Father."

"There's not a great deal to tell. As you know, I have had considerable experience in giving retreats to nuns, and in a few of the convents I have visited, I have observed a Sister or two, first-rate religious in other respects, who seem to think it well becomes their state to wear such doleful faces that a chance visitor would infer that they are very unhappy in the cloister, whereas these gloomy-looking Sisters are really quite cheerful and contented."

"That's true, Father; I know a nun just like that. But what about the new Order?"

"Well, it is meant for religious of this kind. They are to be called Niobites, after that pagan lady of antiquity, you remember, who wept so profusely. The object of the Order is reparation. For these Sisters engage to atone by incessant weeping for the abundant joy and happiness to be found in all the convents in the world."

"But wouldn't it be hard, Father, to keep crying all the while: that is, unless artificial aids could be used?"

"Precisely," the Chaplain continued. "That's just what would have to be done. So onions would be the *pièce de résistance* of every meal. Heavy penances would be imposed for indulging in anything so alien to the spirit of the Order as jesting or laughing. Sheer inability to weep for protracted periods, or a studied neglect of the means the Institute provides for keeping up the flow of tears, would of course result in the aspirant's final dismissal.

"The houses of this new Order, it may be of interest to hear, will be called, not monasteries or convents, but lacrymaries. They will be erected, as a rule, in gloomy vales, by "dank tarns," or, better still, in the neighborhood of desolate meres. Skilled architects are to submit designs for these lacrymaries, and artists have promised me sketches for interior decorations. A row of weeping caryatids, for instance, will support the architrave, while around the frieze will run a row of alternate urns and onions in high relief. Within, all the walls will be hung with rustling tapestries depicting scenes like Niobe's punishment. Dido's death, or the Pleiades' sorrows. The lacrymary garden will likewise be wholly in keeping with the purpose of our Institute. No trees will be planted there but weeping willows, or somber fir-trees, and no flowers will be cultivated, save those that 'sad embroidery wear.' Nor would any sound be heard within the lacrymary close, except the moaning of doves, the wailing of the whip-poor-will, the tolling of the convent bell, the sighing of the wind through the pines, or the soft plash of fountains. No jarring note must meet the ears of Niobites."

"Those nuns will be well safeguarded from distractions and temptations," assented the Prioress, "if you give them a garden like that. But are they to have no occupation but weeping?"

"O yes. But nothing foreign to the spirit of the Congregation. All must be in keeping. She prayeth best who weepeth best. The more gifted nuns, of course, will be chiefly occupied in writing letters of desolation."

"Letters of desolation? What can they be?"

"You know what letters of consolation are, I hope? Well, letters of desolation are just the contrary. A prudent virgin will be deputed to scan the paper every morning and whatever joyful events she finds announced, she will report to the superior. who in her motherly care will command one of her subjects to write a letter that will plunge the recipient in gloom. A newmade bride, for instance, would get a note reminding her that though she is happy now, she is not likely to be so for long. If a christening has just taken place, a letter is at once despatched to the fond parents saying: 'Your lambkin is free from sin now, to be sure, but how long will he remain so?'"

"Such occupations are rather conducive to promoting melancholy," assented the Prioress. "Are your Weepers to have an appropriate habit?"

"O yes," cried the Chaplain, with enthusiasm. "The habit is a masterpiece. Robes of sable black hanging in ample folds; a long train, a veil that sweeps the ground; a wide scapular of bright yellow reaching to the feet; coif and gamp also of yellow: hanging at the girdle a large saffron-hued handkerchief edged with black; and finally a bag made of yellow silk, which is always to be worn at the girdle and kept constantly filled with tiny onions. Won't that be striking?"

"No question," said the Prioress. "Rather pretty and graceful besides, I fancy. Perhaps the novelty of the habit would secure you some vocations."

"No doubt. Why, any young lady who has once entered the Order would find all our customs and practices so unique that she would never have the heart to leave us for a more conventional Congregation. For example, our Sisters, resolutely discarding all such worldly and profane salutations as 'Good morning' and 'How do you do,' will say dolefully on meeting one another, 'Die we must' and those thus greeted will answer as sorrowfully, 'And the hour we know not.'"

"Why you have foreseen the smallest details, Father!" exclaimed the Prioress, admiringly. "But do you really think you can get any postulants to come—and stay?"

"I must confess that I am sometimes troubled with misgivings about that," admitted the Chaplain, a little despondently. "However, all founders met with difficulty at first. And who am I," he added piously, "to hope to be exempt? I realize how hard it will be to get, and especially to keep, suitable subjects. But I mean to be very exacting, nevertheless, for it is better far," he continued, his cheek kindling with enthusiasm, "to have but two or three staunch and fervent Niobites, who will weep perpetually, than a whole lacrymary of faint-hearted, ungenerous souls who will shed tears only now and then. We owe it, moreover, to those who come after us, that they may ever find in the earliest Weepers of the Order, such perfect models of fidelity to our rule and such stainless mirrors of our Institute, that even the most fervent Niobite of ages to come, when studying the history of the Order's infancy, will be forced to exclaim amid a gush of tears, 'Ah, there were giants indeed in those days! How far alas, have we fallen away from the spirit of our mothers!'"

"Your weeping posterity will certainly need all the encouragement they can get," the Prioress observed. "Do you expect no trouble in securing the approbation of Rome for your new Order, Father?"

"Well, yes," admitted the Chaplain. "I am aware that the Holy See is more disposed now-a-days to lessen than to increase the number of Orders and Congregations. But you see, Lady Prioress, there is nothing in the Church like the Niobites. The aim and object of this Institute is thoroughly original and new. Reflect, too," the Chaplain went on glowing again, "how lofty and noble is the life of a true Niobite. Keeping ever in mind how peaceful, joyous and smiling nuns with few exceptions always are, she undertakes to right the balance by incessantly weeping, and to atone for all the sunshine that innumerable glad-souled religious bring into the lives of others, she pledges herself to diffuse around her nothing but gloom."

"A sublime calling indeed!" assented the Prioress. "Nevertheless, I have misgivings about your success in developing such superhuman vocations. However, if your Reverence were to visit all the convents of the country, you might find half-a-dozen postulants to start with."

"Who knows!" said the Chaplain hopefully. "Any single young lady who is eligible, I would, of course, be glad to see entering the Order, though widows, I fear, will hardly do, as the motives for which Niobites weep must be wholly supernatural, and their tears free from all suspicion of being prompted by any sorrow that is in the slightest degree of the earth, earthy. Then ere I say my *Nunc Dimittis,*" went on the Chaplain, while his countenance was that of one rapt in a heavenly vision, "I may one day see beside a malarial mere in some desolate valley, the rising walls of a lacrymary. I look again and behold gathered within its somber chapel a hundred sacred virgins, garbed in the varied habits of their Congregations, solemnly approaching the altar to take from a sable-suited bishop, the striking vesture of the Niobites. Two years have passed and again I see these holy maidens, clad now in trailing robes of black and yellow, solemnly sweeping in long procession to the altar, there to pledge themselves to unceasing lamentation till the end of their days."

"That would be an impressive sight, no question," agreed the Prioress. "Well, Father, I mean to do all I can to help you secure subjects. I shall not fail to tell my Sisters all about your new Order this evening during recreation and I will then receive applications, provided you confer on me all the necessary canonical powers."

"Good!" exclaimed the Chaplain. "I appoint you forthwith *vicaria ad hoc.* Let me know the result. Well, Lady Prioress, I must be going, as I have some sick to visit. Good morn—that is, 'Die we must.'"

"'And the hour we know not!'" answered the Prioress, trying to look very melancholy.

A week later the Chaplain and the Prioress chanced to meet again. "Well, Mother," he inquired, "did you find any vocations for the Niobites among your Sisters?"

"Not a single one" answered the Prioress, with a laugh. "I thought I had one or two suitable candidates, but would you believe it," she continued more seriously, "since I told the Sisters about the new Order, my sad-eyed nuns have changed completely. If one of them appears in recreation wearing a long face, she is promptly greeted with 'Die we must' and before she has answered 'And the hour we know not,' she is laughing merrily. Really, Father, all that nonsense about the Niobites has done our community a world of good. I fear I can send you no novices now, but I am very grateful to you for telling me about your Holy Weepers."

"It's all very well to be grateful, Lady Prioress," rejoined the Chaplain gloomily, "but if this goes on, where shall I find postulants?"

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Catholic Graveyards

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The publicly expressed wish of ecclesiastical authority is that the parish, in which the graveyard is, should take care of it. As it belongs to the parish the parish should take care of its property. Failure to do this in some cases, as the writer knows, is the cause of some prominent Catholics burying their dead in Protestant cemeteries, for these are certainly well cared for. Even in Catholic Ireland the writer has seen cemeteries in which the graves were burrowed into by rabbits. In a Catholic cemetery, some miles from New York State, the bones of the dead were dug up and left unburied; the children used them as things to play with. Possibly they do so still in that particular cemetery.

FACTS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You may note in passing that the care of graves and graveyards had become such a scandal in one State that in 1909 (March 18) the Legislature (Pamphlet Laws, p. 41) provided that:

> No charter shall be granted to any burial or cemetery company, unless the proposed charter shall set forth that a sum equal to at least one-tenth of the gross amount of the funds arising from the sale of lots in said burial-ground or cemetery shall be set apart for the perpetual care and preservation of the grounds, and the repair and renewal of the buildings and property, of said burial or cemetery company. The fund, so set apart, shall be invested in trust, and the income arising therefrom shall be applied to the purposes aforesaid. The directors or managers shall, within one year after the incorporation of any cemetery or burial ground, and annually thereafter, file with the clerk of the courts of the county, a bond with sufficient sureties, to be approved by the court of quarter sessions, for the faithful performance of the trust herein imposed, for the perpetual care of grounds and property. Such bond shall be in the full

amount of the trust investment at the time said bond is approved.

Our Catholic graveyards are rarely in the hands of trustees, however, and I fear that busy, rural pastors often fail to see that the superintendent takes proper care of the cemetery. A small proportion of the purchase price of each lot, if deposited in a savings fund only, and not put out at higher interest, would in a very short time provide for the annual wage of competent gardeners. I commend this method to those in authority, and for the especial reason that in this, and many other dioceses, lots in Catholic cemeteries are leased, not purchased, hence we frequently lack power to preserve fittingly our family lots.

Philadelphia, Pa. JAMES M. DOHAN.

Work for Catholic Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If instead of calling attention to "another view" from that taken in my article "Work for Women," Dr. D. J. McMahon (AMERICA, January 2, 1915) had set forth his strictures upon *other grounds* I should be in entire accord with the opinions expressed. I understand work for women as Catholics is a subject quite distinct from that of work for women as American citizens who profess the Catholic Faith. There are four grand divisions of human society: the civil, the political, the economic, the social and religious, fields of effort which are seen to be quite distinct. Upon religious grounds we must surely work as Catholics; so too where there is question of moral effort, for that is but an extension of our Catholicism. Hence we are one body as Catholics and as Americans quite another body. As mere civilians, as members of the body politic, we must work with those of various other religious convictions and with a vast number of persons who exercise their power, though of course without right, in propagating doctrines subversive of all forms of religion. As members of the State we have numberless duties, privileges and opportunities in common with all sorts and conditions of men who are more or less opposed to our Faith. This being so, as Catholics we could not, even if we would, keep aloof from cooperating with others for our own personal advantage, for the benefit of our own groups, and for the good of the commonweal.

Upon economic grounds, which can not be divorced from moral obligations, because man deals with man, there is an advantage to the Catholic wage-earner in joining the union of his craft. Though the trade unions are largely composed of men, thousands of women are enrolled in their membership. Here then is the opportunity, one may say necessity, for the cooperation of Catholics with their fellow craftsmen in maintaining an adequate standard of living, and for advancing the American wage in keeping with the progressive development of the production of merchandise. Yet there are many signs of the times which indicate that in order to retain their proportional influence within their organizations, Catholics must sooner or later band together, as a wheel within a wheel, in order to determine what acts are and what acts are not legitimate for men of their Faith. A notable occasion for the desperate need of the knowledge of things Catholic were the recent "felicitations" sent by the Executive Board of the American Federation of Labor to the "Carranza-Villa" revolutionists. This document claims that next in power to the Government of the United States was the A. F. of L. in "creating a public opinion" which drove Huerta from the field and so left Mexico in the hands of these patriots to institute "a more humanitarian policy" than has heretofore prevailed in Mexico. Of course neither the one nor the other extreme is in accord with Catholic policy. Examples of both are before the eyes of the world. In Germany the Pope was invoked that justice might be done to non-Catholic union men, but in France an edict was forthcoming from the Pope for the suppression of a workmen's association for the reason that the majority of Catholic members were being dominated by leaders who followed the principle of "No God, no Master." I have no fancy for the "over zealous" Catholic side, though I have a very positive conviction that in altogether too many instances Catholics have conceded more than they should.

At a time of public disaster it is greatly to the advantage of all for those of our Faith to cooperate in the distribution of loaves and fishes. By the cooperation of the various Massachusetts charities, the relief of the sufferers at the recent Salem fire was admirably conducted. A Catholic priest was chairman of the executive committee, but it is certain that not once was the distinction between the diocesan charities and the others which made up the temporary organization lost sight of. From the immense sum collected in our churches only our due part was given over into the public fund, while the rest was expended through strictly Catholic channels. So it was that although no aloofness characterized Catholic action, the obligations of the faithful were not blended with their merely philanthropic efforts as citizens. It was an occasion for saying on religious grounds: "See how these Christians love one another; on civic grounds, what splendid patriotism!"

It is worth while also to keep clear the distinction between God and Cæsar in the educational field. The parochial schools are truly monuments to the love of Christ. Yet even though every Catholic child were safe within a Catholic environment, as citizens Catholics would still be under the law of Cæsar. The public schools are our schools as much as they are anybody's schools. If, then, equal-handed justice prevails, we shall see to it that our influence upon the public schools is in relative proportion to our numbers. It is as clear as the mid-day sun that if we love our country we shall not permit, only in so far as under Cæsar we are blameless, public monies to be expended in teaching defenceless children false history, false philosophy and false reasoning. Certainly a calm review of this field shows that we have some ground to recover as well as some rights to make good. I have no reason to believe that the Catholic members of the National Educational Association have rendered any considerable service to their Faith or to the much-abused public upon this score.

Not being under the natural law alone, as our civil associates assume to be the case, it is but common prudence to hold our supernatural obligations clearly before our minds that we may see what we should do to prove that we are the light of the world. I do not know of a single woman who has gained a clearer vision of things Catholic as the result of her cooperation with any one of the numerous movements ostensibly for the "uplift" of this or that division of our populace. It is too bad. But I could name many who give no outward sign of their Catholicism while in association with women who are more or less advocates of the paganism of the day. A great ecclesiastic has said: "Every time we join with them we lose and they gain."

MARTHA MOORE AVERY,
Director, The Boston School of Political Economy.

Leadership and the Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to add a word to the question, "Do We Lack Leadership?" propounded by Mr. S. B. Duffy in your issue of December 19. It has always seemed to me that the Catholics who are elected or appointed to public positions take it for granted that they must support the policies of "the Powers that be," and so they never display any independent leadership. Anti-Catholic papers continually call attention to the Catholic representation on governing boards, but when the facts are learned they prove that Catholics are not benefited thereby, *e. g.* there has been a Catholic on the Board of Education for twelve years

past in the leading city of this State and yet there are fewer than sixty Catholic teachers out of twelve hundred teachers. Other instances might be noted in all parts of the country.

Puyallup, Wash. W. G. MCCARTHY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Granting that there is much to be said in favor of Mr. Feeney's comments on Mr. Duffy's letter as to Catholic leaders, the fact remains that Mr. Feeney has made no mention of the problem of the schools. As compared to the School Question, the other issues are comparatively unimportant. The problem has presented itself at one time in every country, as it will some day do in ours. Perhaps Mr. Feeney and Mr. Duffy have some ideas as to how to meet it. If so, it is hoped they will give the many interested readers of this correspondence, the benefit of them.

Philadelphia, Pa. J. C. K.

The President's Ornithological Agent

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA of January 9, 1915, I notice, with much interest, your letter to Hon. John Lind, "our sometime special agent to Mexico," in which letter you refer to, and ask him to give proof of his recent assertion in the *Bellman* of Minneapolis, with reference to Mexico, that:

"Popular education, except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal bull for two hundred years," etc.

In the New York *Sun* of December 10, 1914, under the heading "A Bit of Mexican Ornithology," appeared the following:

> *To the Editor of The Sun:*—"Bostonian" approaches a grave subject in an irreverent attitude when he flippantly asks: "Who the deuce is Hale?" William Bayard Hale is the author of several highly eulogistic articles about President Wilson and for this reason was sent to Mexico to sit in judgment on the respective merits of Huerta and of the Constitutionalists. I had the honor of meeting William Hale in Mexico City rather more than a year ago. As becomes a truly great man, he maintained a grave and reserved demeanor; at times, however, he would condescend to favor fortunate mortals with a confidential remark, generally the fruit of his observations of the conditions in Mexico as seen from the windows of the American Club. He invariably instructed his hearers: "Don't quote me; say a little bird told you this," thus gaining the appellation of the "Little Bird with the Big Feet," and as such he is still fondly remembered in the capital of the Aztecs.
>
> New York, December 9. G. W. KNOBLAUCH.

If the Honorable, late "special agent to Mexico" should deign to answer your letter, I apprehend that the best answer he could possibly make would be to say that "a little bird" told him so.

Certainly, those who really know Mexico and its history, or who have read such books on Mexico as Lummis' "The Awakening of a Nation," written by men who have lived in Mexico for years, and who really understand the character of the people, their history and their language, will, I believe, be found not to agree with our late "special agent to Mexico." Such persons will be inclined to laugh at his Mexican Bull, attributing it, perhaps, to his observations of Mexico from the windows of hotels or clubs in Mexico City or in Vera Cruz. Such persons as I have described will probably agree that the gentleman in question got the story of this alleged Bull from some "bird"—the kind of "bird" who, in Naples, Paris and other places on the continent of Europe, is wont to stuff the new traveler, especially the average American, with all kinds of "tommy-rot."

Those who really know the history of Mexico are aware of the fact that, especially since about the end of the eighteenth century, the Catholic Church in Mexico and in many South American countries has suffered much from injustice and persecution, and on that account has been severely crippled in its good work, especially in the work of educating and uplifting the people. But in the book on Mexico to which I have above referred, written by Chas. F. Lummis, published in 1899 by the Harpers, something of what the Catholic Church has done for civilization and education in Mexico is found. By the way of illustration and in sharp contrast with the statements of Mr. Lind, found in your open letter in AMERICA of January 9, 1915. I here quote from Chapter V, pp. 49-51 of Mr. Lummis' book:

> Civilization is measured by its fruits of hand and head and heart. Just yonder was the reeking *teocalli,* upon whose pyramid five hundred captives in a day had their still contracting hearts flung before Huitzilopochtli, and their carcasses kicked down the staircase to be ceremonially devoured by the multitude—where stands now the largest Christian church in America, and one of the noblest. To the left, on the ground where dwelt the war-chief—head of a government whose principal politics was to massacre, enslave, and rob the neighbor tribes—is to-day the venerable Mount of Pity, one of the most beneficent charities in any land.

The passage is commented upon in an extended review of the book that appeared in AMERICA for May 25, 1912.

St. Louis, Mo. PAUL BAKEWELL.

Chinese Students in America

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The *Field Afar,* in one of its recent issues, called upon its missionary readers in the Far East to throw some light on the indemnity fund, under which many Chinese young men and women are being educated in this country. An answer received from a well-known and keenly observant priest in Japan will, we believe, interest readers of AMERICA and we offer it to your valuable columns. JAMES A. WALSH.

[After the Boxer troubles in 1900, China was condemned to pay an indemnity to each of the nations whose citizens had suffered and who had sent troops to deliver the Europeans besieged in Pekin. Thus the United States received its indemnity.

But in 1907 or 1908, after having verified the costs, the United States told China that it had been given more than its due and that it would return the surplus, *i.e.,* thirteen million dollars. By an agreement between the two countries, it was decided that this sum should remain intact and that the interest should be employed in educating Chinese students in the United States. For the first five years China would send a hundred students a year and after that for thirty years the annual contingent would be about fifty. The length of their sojourn in America varies from five to nine years.

This system began to work in 1909. The candidates, chosen by competitive examination, were prepared in a special college at Pekin, that they might the better profit by their studies in America. In 1911 there were altogether about eight hundred Chinese students either already in the United States or making ready to go, and of this number fifty or sixty were young girls. The universities which received the largest number were Cornell (50), Columbia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Harvard, Chicago, Yale and Pennsylvania. Most of the girls are at Wellesley, Wells and Radcliffe.

As regards the fact that these students are sent by the Government and supported by the indemnity fund returned by America—since they are selected by examination, Catholics, if they wish, have only to go to Pekin and pass the test successfully. I believe they need not fear injustice because of their religion, nor, in my opinion, would anything prevent them from entering one of the great Catholic colleges in the United States.

But there is another fact to be considered. Protestants have an organization which we have not. With them, everything is systematized, while we, in spite of our unity in faith and government, are like scattered grains of sand. You will understand my meaning when I quote some extracts from a report on this subject, made by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai.

"The Y. M. C. A. believes so thoroughly in the strategic im-

portance of these men (the students sent to the United States) to the future of China, that by means of a special department organized and operating in China, Japan, America and Europe, it cares for them and seeks to surround them with the best possible influences from the time they leave their homes until they get back to China. This work includes a bureau of information on higher education, located in Shanghai, cooperation in obtaining passports, tickets and wardrobe necessary for the journey abroad, a reception of the students *along the way*, and particularly at the port of entry, and introduction into helpful relationship upon the threshold of college life. The cooperation of college presidents, faculty and students, as well as secretaries of the city and college Y. M. C. A., has made this service possible. There was a time when the Chinese student could not feel that he was welcome in America. This is not true to-day and there is a deep appreciation and a difference of attitude on his part as a result."

Here is light on the matter. Evidently the Y. M. C. A. renders the same service to all the Chinese students who apply to it, or indeed to all on whom it can put its hand and whom it desires to attract. When this organization is once recognized in the student world, it is clear that the majority of young people will seek to profit by the advantages which it offers. On its part, the Y. M. C. A. will naturally endeavor to direct these students to the colleges and universities where Protestant influence is strongest. This is the key to the situation.]

More about the Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may be that I am a visionary, but Edison was dignified by that title in the time of the horse-cars. Suppose that the present agitation for a Catholic daily newspaper bears fruit and such a paper is established in a city with a large Catholic population, New York for example; what good will that do to the residents of the Pittsburg district or to those who live where the Chicago papers are circulated? I venture to say that the number of New York or even Philadelphia papers circulated in and around Pittsburg is very small. Why not go after big things? Make an agitation for a syndicate, in the same way that the Federal League was established, with hopes for better success. Let some man of national prominence take the lead, and interest some of the big Catholic men in six or eight principal cities of the country, giving them the franchise or the right to a name already preempted. When that is once done then everything unfolds in a natural order. The leaders would go after the journalistic "stars," have their own representative in the big centers of Europe and America, not to speak of Asia, Africa and Australia. One representative would represent the syndicate, all cables would be sent to a head office in New York, which would furnish the news to the different city offices, and we should have an Associated Press of our own. Now, dear reader, before you say anything, remember Edison.

Finleyville, Pa. M. J. M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When a manufacturer wishes to introduce a new product he commences by what is technically known as "creating a demand." Within a short time he makes known his product in every place. Magazines, newspapers, sign-boards announce it and make every one curious. In nine out of ten cases attractive, well-written advertisements will make an advertiser rich, although his product be mediocre and unnecessary. Occasionally a new magazine is started. For months before the actual publication little is seen or read but advance notices of the first issue. All the prominent contributors, all the well-known illustrators, all popular features are announced, so as to show the necessity for such a magazine, and to insure a rapid and large sale for at least the first edition. Well for the magazine if it comes up to or exceeds expectations aroused by the announcements.

It seems to me, that a like method ought to bring about the successful establishment of a Catholic daily. This ought to be more simple than the introduction of a new product or a new magazine; for in this case a crying necessity and a widespread, though latent, demand exist. Educator, clergyman, judge, any one in any way interested in the moral welfare of the people, has long recognized this and has taken up the fight for a reform of the press. I need cite but one or two instances in proof of this. Every one has read the utterances of our late Holy Father on the Catholic Press. The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, at their convention held in Toronto last June, took up the cry for press reform. I have before me copies of sermons by prominent clergymen, both Catholic and Protestant, condemning the press of to-day, and demanding a much-needed reform. Arraignments of the present conditions of the press, and demands for an improvement could be multiplied *ad nauseam*, but the few given will suffice to show the existence of a necessity and a demand for the Catholic daily at the present time.

The many objections against the establishment of a Catholic daily have been brought up and refuted so often that it is scarcely necessary to give them any attention here. The chief reason why one has not been established long ago is that there was no one to initiate the movement. True, Mr. Preuss, in his *Catholic Fortnightly Review*, has long advocated such a measure, as have the Gonner brothers of the Dubuque *Catholic Tribune*, but neither of these papers seems to have a wide enough influence to bring about the desired end. It is with pleasure that the advocates of the Catholic daily see AMERICA take up the crusade, and it is our prayer that the task, once undertaken, be brought to a successful close.

To come back to the manner of establishing the Catholic daily. The necessity exists; the demand, thought latent, exists. What needs to be done is to stir up this demand, to bring the question squarely before the public. For this purpose I should suggest that some one collect and publish in book form the various comments on the "Apostolate of the Press," "The Catholic Daily," "Press Reform," which can be found in all Catholic journals. Enough has been said about these matters to fill several books, but it has never been presented to the public in a concise and attractive form, and has hence gone by unnoticed or unread. Disseminate these books in various parts of the country, and I am certain that within a short time companies for the furthering of this project will be formed in all the larger cities of this country. In our ranks we have the talent, the capital, and the subscribers: there is therefore no reason why we should not have the paper as well.

St. Paul, Minn. ARTHUR F. TERLECKE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why do we waste our time on useless discussions about the possibility of a Catholic daily? Is there a single daily, Catholic, lay or of any sort, that has national circulation? Of course there isn't. How then could any Catholic daily have a chance of success? Catholics are curious folk, but not curious enough to prefer stale news and that is what nine-tenths of the subscribers to a Catholic daily would get.

It would be very much more to the point if we would turn our attention to our Catholic weekly press, for, present company always excepted, there is not a single Catholic weekly in America worth the trouble of reading. When our weeklies learn to give us something better than the present "sit-on-the-fence"-views on every and any subject and lose their extraordinary timidity, it may then be time to talk about a Catholic daily. Let us strive to raise our weekly press from the Laodicean slough in which it is now sunk.

New York. A PERFECT FOOL.

AMERICA

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Mr. Lind's Fate

IT is sad as Europa's. Mr. Lind, too, dared to caress the "Bull" and he did even leap upon it and sit athwart its glossy back. Whereupon the ungracious creature bounded toward the deep, and gained the strand, and forward sped like a dolphin, faring with unwetted hooves over the wide waves. And the waves, as he came, grew smooth and the sea-monsters gambolled, and the "Bull" rejoiced, and rising from the deeps he tumbled on the swell of the sea. The Nereïds arose out of the salt water and came in orderly array, riding on the backs of the sea-beasts, and around about were gathered Tritons, those hoarse trumpeters of the deep, blowing from their long conchs a funeral melody. On sped the "Bull": the silent, thoughtful man athwart its back. Alas, of a sudden, a great wave uprose and "Bull" and man were buried in the deep, the heavens weeping the while.

Silence reigns: naturalists are at work classifying that wanton "Bull." Its name will be *Bos Imaginarius Mexicanus Lindaeus Ludens.*

Moschus and Andrew Lang will forgive our theft. The temptation was exceeding great.

Comforting the Gunman

SOCIAL legislation, if based on truth and justice, may be of considerable value in making the world a better place in which to live. When founded on sentimentality or false ethical theories, it constitutes a serious danger to sane and stable government. AMERICA has been asked to lend its influence to further a society recently founded in New York, which proposes to abolish the death penalty. AMERICA will do nothing of the sort. With this wild scheme it has no sympathy whatever. Some day, society, with the help of supernatural religion, and only with that help, may attain a degree of perfection which will justify the removal of the death penalty from the statute books. That day, it would seem, is still far distant. It is true, maybe, that the fear of death does not inevitably deter a man, with murder in his heart, from accomplishing his purpose, but death itself undoubtedly prevents the man of this type from repeating his offence. The society has been founded in a moment which is not "psychological." Within a few months at least five bombs have been thrown in New York city. Two were exploded in Catholic churches, one wrecked the front of a court-house, another was discovered and hastily extinguished in a court-room, and the fifth was dropped in a crowded square. If any arrests followed these dastardly acts, the people have not been informed of them. Nearly two months ago, a business man was murdered in broad daylight. The murderers escaped in a waiting automobile and, up to the present, no one has been indicted. In the face of New York's record, the South and the West, traditional scenes of violence, may well hang their diminished heads. It is admitted by the more responsible New York papers, the New York *Sun,* for instance, that the city "is engaged in a desperate struggle to put down commercialized murder." Thoughtful men will share the *Sun's* opinion that this proposed "reform," in the name of an overstrained humanitarianism, means that the peaceful members of the community are to be deprived of their only protection "against men that are always ready to kill." Such men are a perpetual menace, and the "uplifters" propose to protect and perpetuate the menace. This is reckless sentimentality. The professional thug or gunman who has "gotten his man" is as dangerous as an unleashed tiger. It does no good to send him to prison. He goes there, as the *Sun* says, with the virtual certainty of release within a few years, and he returns, in most instances, even lower in the grade of morality. Let us have more thought for the protection of peaceable citizens, and less gushing, poisonous sentimentality, which in effect plans for the greater ease and comfort of men who make a trade of murder.

A Desire of Pope Benedict XV

THE problem of the castaway infants in China, we are told in the *Annals* of the Holy Childhood Association, is becoming ever more acute. It is an old problem which has seriously engaged the attention of Chinese missionaries since the reestablishment of their work under Father Ricci in 1583. Once it was estimated that from twenty to thirty thousand infants were exposed each year in the capital city alone, to be devoured by dogs or swine or to perish miserably in other ways. Similar abominations exist elsewhere in pagan countries. It is stated that in many of the South Sea Islands seventy per cent. of all the children born are put to death. Such figures are truly startling. These abandoned children of

heathen nations can receive the inestimable blessing of Holy Baptism by our help. In fact, hundreds of thousands of them are thus favored every year through the magnificent work of the Holy Childhood. For the nature and conditions of this we need only refer to the article on "The Children's Crusade" (AMERICA, Dec. 26, 1914).

The situation, as it now exists, is graphically brought home to us in accounts like the following from the Sisters of Charity at Ning-Po City, China. Speaking of their excursions in search of dying infants, the writer says:

> The last time we were out baptizing, we found three infants tied up in trees, the crows feasting upon them. Sad to say we were only in time to baptize one. The others were already dead. Some of the children brought in ill from neglect, after a little care, revive; and then we have to keep them. We have now 450 in the house, of all ages and sizes, and 250 babies out to nurse. It is a large family to provide for and we are very poor and can give our children rice only to eat. (*Annals.*)

Similar tales of glorious work and altogether inadequate means pour in from many sides and from all our mission lands. It is the task of the Holy Childhood to be God's almoner to His heroic workers. During the hot seasons, "when children die like flies," the Sisters, going up and down the country in their boats, dispensing medicine to the sick and baptizing the children that evidently can not survive, will each administer Baptism to from twenty to thirty infants in a single afternoon. Yet this work, too, calls for help. We who abide at home must likewise extend God's kingdom abroad.

Surely it were a pity if there remained one school, or even one Catholic home, in which the children are not enrolled in this splendid apostolate, so urgently recommended by the Holy Father, by the Apostolic Delegate, by all our Cardinals, and made of obligation in all the schools, academies and colleges of at least one American diocese. It is fitting that the desire of Pope Benedict XV be speedily fulfilled, and every Catholic child enrolled in the ranks of the Association of the Holy Childhood.

Abreast of the Times

ONE of the stock expressions stowed away in the files of the non-Catholic press, conveniently, however, and ready to hand, is the "medieval character" of the Church. With wearisome repetition and on the slightest provocation we are informed that she is reactionary and out of date. The phrase is serviceable and safe, because it is vague enough to evade specific challenge. And yet its inference is irresistibly clear; Catholicism stands for ignorance and is opposed to progress. Protestants fall an easy prey to its bold iteration; and many Catholics, too, are caught by it, especially those who are not well informed. Of course it is as false now as it has ever been, but in the secrecy of their own thoughts people are inclined to believe it true, and in their words they give it this much at least of utterance, that they insist, speaking with apparent broad-mindedness, on the need of keeping in touch with modern life.

Their contention is not altogether false. One should keep abreast of science and all that, but while doing so, it is well to watch for a taint in the faith. To take all the world has to offer of good and meanwhile to hold aloof from its evil is commendable but not easy. Unbelief enters the mind in so many subtle ways, darkness so often makes a show of light, that only too frequently one has gone far with the current before realizing that drifting has even begun. We need a test by which to know whether the brightness of our faith is growing dim. Faith is an intellectual assent and we should expect, therefore, to find the test in the mind. The surest test, no doubt, is in the mind but, strange to say, the easiest is found in the heart. So at least it would seem from Our Lord's words. The Centurion said: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; but say only the word, and my servant shall be healed." Two things are to be noted in these words: an admission of divine attributes in Jesus Christ, and also a realization and confession of sinfulness and a feeling of unworthiness to stand in the presence of the "Holy one of God." And Our Lord answered: "I have not found such faith in Israel."

No doubt the admission of the power of Jesus Christ over life and death was the prime reason for Our Lord's commendation, but preceding and permeating the Centurion's profession of faith was his sense of sin. Indeed his feeling of unworthiness to be visited by Christ was in some ways a more striking act of faith than his acknowledgment of the Saviour's command over the forces of nature. The sense of sin, the appreciation of its defilement, the consciousness of every creature's unfitness to be under the same roof with God and to take God within the shelter of the heart, is a sure touchstone on which to try the strength of personal faith. A glimmer of faith may still remain in a soul that has lost sanctifying grace; souls, too, that are strong in faith may be tried by darkness, hence faith is not always an easy test of itself. The practical test is the attitude toward sin. A soul that is beginning to look with toleration on sin, either in itself or others, that no longer blushes for shame at the consciousness of guilt, is drifting from its faith. Vivid faith excludes the possibility of acquiescence for any length of time in sin. It does not, it can not, dwell with love of sin. Here, then, is a test for those who are anxious to be abreast of the times: Have I ceased to be disturbed by moral guilt? If so, I have come to a danger signal. It is time to stop.

Desecrating Childhood

FOR the Vestal Virgins, the best type, possibly, of pagan womanhood, a special section was reserved in the amphitheatre. Quietly ensconced therein, they might view, unabashed, the licentious plays and brutal games of a

corrupt city. This does not surprise us. The community was pagan, festeringly pagan. What is surprising in this year of Christian civilization is that a musical society, hitherto rightly praised for artistry, allies itself with a movement which is an insult to all fathers and mothers, and to all lovers of children who look upon childhood as sweet, holy and inviolable. For the promoters of this "entertainment" exploit, for a price, the tender beauty of half-clad children.

There was something like this in ancient Sparta. Justice, however, prompts the modifying statement that in pagan Sparta the commercial element was not predominant. There is something like it, too, among certain coteries, sickeningly and unnaturally corrupt. Yet these operate behind barred doors, with sentinels to announce the approach of the police. But we know of no modern instance, in which the iniquity was previously advertised in the "respectable press," supported by "society" and staged with doors thrown open, that for a price the public might be entertained by the shocking sight of little children despoiled of their modesty. God help us, if in quest of "entertainment," we must fall so low.

Of course, one may find nice words for this nastiness. So, too, one may read in books on morbid psychology flowing, rhythmical terms for unspeakable forms of human depravity. Carrion is still carrion, even though we call it perfume. We are told that this child-exploitation is "art." So vilely has this word been misused that, to many, art connotes impropriety, whereas in reality it is an attempt to interpret to human minds, through human symbols, some little gleam of that eternal, unchanging beauty which is God Himself. We may talk as we like of "the immense expressive power of the human figure," of "the varied eloquence of lovely motion," of "the sweet modulation of rhythmic little limbs," but the gabble deceives none, not even the very perpetrators of this outrage against childhood and public decency. We know, all the while, that we are talking of an exhibition as vulgar, objectively, as any performance ever staged in the purlieus of a decadent capital. It is worse. For the actors are little children, who disport half-nude, for the sensuous gratification of a crowd quite as coarse at heart as any unwashed rabble that displays its pleasure by catcalls and boisterous guffaws.

We shall be met by the venerable bromide, that nastiness is not in the object, but in the mind of the beholder. Brushing aside an argument which no one, not even a decent pagan, ever seriously advanced, our plea is for the children. The spectators who can take pleasure in a sight so sorrowful are hardly worth saving. There are societies in New York, founded and supported for the protection of children. These, if they endeavored, failed to protect these unfortunate children. In some States, the child-labor law can be invoked to prevent this desecration of childhood. Not so, apparently, in New York. This vile movement will probably spread to other American cities. If it threatens your community, cooperate with the Catholic Federation and the police. Vigorous effort may keep from your city the shame that has fallen on New York. There, it would seem, both the law and public opinion freely sanction the public exploitation, for a price, of half-nude little children.

"The Public Failed to Respond"

WITH the blare of trumpet and the bang of drum, M. Eugene Brieux recently came to these shores M. Brieux writes plays, dramatic compositions. We have his word for it. Others call them "Notes from My Clinic." They aver, barbarians these, that if M. Brieux is a dramatist, Austin Flint must rank with Corneille, Racine. Arriving at the metropolis, M. Brieux was embraced, saluted, in more than Gallic fashion, by the social "uplifters." Society, ah! it is deplorable! It grovels in the mire! What shall uplift it but a play, a dramatic composition, of the good M. Brieux! The campaign for the higher life was forthwith inaugurated. The missionaries of the New Gospel, zealous, untiring, were chosen from the ranks of the New York theatrical press agents. These whispered of unspeakable iniquities, laid bare by the revealing scalpel of M. Brieux. With bated breath, they told of the horrors of the underworld. With this lure set for the vulgar, they tuned their lyres (fit word) to higher strains. Eloquently they pleaded for light, for the right to live one's life unshackled by deadening convention, for the overthrow of the conspiracy of silence. But alas, for M. Brieux and his Gospel of Enlightenment! The voice of the barker has long been heard in our streets. No new message is borne in upon our souls by his raucous notes. A few of the curious felt the tan bark of M. Brieux's tent beneath their feet. But they were bored. They yawned, widely, often. All was as dull as a farmyard on a wet afternoon. Hence, after two weeks, the playhouse is closed. In despair, the managers incorporated a society for the furtherance of these plays throughout the country, hoping that "it would be assailed by the prudes." But, as Newman once said, "there was nothing doing." The prudes, as well as the public, were quite indifferent to M. Brieux and his "plays." To quote the headlines of a daily paper, "The Public Failed to Respond," and so the mission came to an end. M. Brieux, of course, is not preaching for gold. But without gold, there is no preaching from the pulpit of this French evangelist.

Prohibition at Work

THE conditions threatened in Arizona by the prohibition enactment have already come to pass. Dealers who formerly supplied altar wine to Catholic churches for the Sacrifice of the Mass, the central and indispensable act of Catholic worship, are no longer able to fill orders sent them. Conclusive evidence is afforded by the following letter to Rev. George Marx, of Winslow, Arizona, from a San Francisco firm:

REV. FATHER:

We regret to state that your order reached us too late. The drastic prohibition law in your State goes into effect on the first of January and railroad companies since the last few days are refusing to accept liquor shipments to Arizona, on the ground that it is impossible to have the goods delivered to consignees by the first of the year.

Yours very respectfully,

BRUN AND CHAIX, INC.

Local railroad officials have corroborated this statement, "there being no exception whatever in favor of sacramental wines for Catholic churches." Until, therefore, a remedy can be found in the courts or by the vote of the people religious liberty has been suspended in Arizona. The manufacture or introduction of wine for purely sacramental purposes has become a penal offence. We will not believe it possible that the people of any State would knowingly make themselves guilty of such an extreme violation of the constitutional liberty of worship guaranteed to all American citizens in every State of the Union. The primary reason for Catholic churches is the Sacrifice of the Mass. They have been erected and are now sustained that Christ's command: "Do this in commemoration of me," given at the Last Supper, might be fulfilled. Whatever, therefore, interferes with the perfect performance of this supreme act of worship, enacted in accordance with the ritual of the Church, touches religious liberty in the very apple of the eye. Neither the constitution of the country nor the Enabling Act of the State of Arizona should be interpreted in support of such an intolerable abuse. Prohibitionists themselves who advocate these drastic and unjust laws are a menace to the peace of the community.

"The 'Menace' and the Mails"

UNDER the above title the current number of the *Catholic Mind* prints the "Open Letter" recently addressed to the Attorney-General of the United States by Mr. Paul Bakewell. That well-known St. Louis lawyer there proves to admiration that our postal laws as now worded are clear and drastic enough to exclude from the use of the second-class privilege in the mails such scurrilous papers as the *Menace*. Last August, it will be remembered, Mr. Bakewell addressed a similar letter to the Postmaster-General, who answered that the laws as at present drawn up do not cover the case of the *Menace* and referred the petitioner to the Attorney-General. Space forbids our summarizing here Mr. Bakewell's learned exposition of the law. Let it suffice to say that on consulting Section 211 of the United States Penal Code he finds that a paper that is dirty, vile or filthy "is hereby declared to be non-mailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post-office or by any letter carrier," and he shows that the law declares equally "non-mailable" the advertisement of every obscene and filthy book. Mr. Bakewell then cites passages from the *Menace* that clearly violate these laws, and quotes that paper's frank admission that it is "dirty and vile and filthy," together with the slanderous "excuse," "because it publishes the news and chronicles the current events about a dirty, vile and filthy organization."

If Mr. Bakewell's interpretation of the law in question should differ, however, from that favored by the Attorney-General, the bill, introduced into the House of Representatives, on January 7, by Congressman Fitzgerald, of New York, would seem to "cover the case" of the *Menace* perfectly. The proposed measure reads:

A Bill to amend the postal laws. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever it shall be established to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General that any person is engaged, or represents himself as engaged, in the business of publishing any obscene or immoral books, pamphlets, pictures, prints, engravings, lithographs, photographs, or other publications, matter, or thing of an indecent, immoral, scurrilous, or libelous character, and if such person shall, in the opinion of the Postmaster-General, endeavor to use the post-office for the promotion of such business, it is hereby declared that no letter, packet, parcel, newspaper, book, or other thing sent or sought to be sent through the post-office by or on behalf of or to or on behalf of such person shall be deemed mailable matter, and the Postmaster-General shall make the necessary rules and regulations to exclude such non-mailable matter from the mails.

As Mr. Fitzgerald's amendment, however, is likely to meet with vigorous opposition in Congress, and at best can not become a law very soon, and, as the *Menace*, meanwhile, continues to enjoy second-class privileges in the mails, let us hope that the Attorney-General of the United States may find in Mr. Bakewell's "Open Letter" an interpretation of the law that will keep the *Menace* out of the mails. Certainly it is high time an end were put to the wrongs the 16,000,000 Catholics of this country are suffering. We are forced by the Government to pay for the distribution through the mails of a scurrilous paper that slanders and reviles in its every issue persons, tenets and practices that Catholics consider holy, sacred and venerable. Let us stop paying the *Menace's* mailing bills.

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

VI. THE COMING VOICES*

THE heavens and the earth are full of triplicities. Most of us have accepted that mysterious fact, and from time to time have made our own little meditations upon the persistence and completeness of the mighty *three*. Not, at this inopportune moment, to venture into fields metaphysical—nor yet into the tragic fields of warring alliances—we have but to look across our own peaceful literary landscape. The present series, fragmentary and humble as its critiques have been, has already borne witness. Considering three of the foremost women poets of to-day, we faced immediately the triple nationalities of England, "John Bull's Other Island," and our own States. Indeed, we had no sooner dared to use the word contemporary than we stood committed to another

*The sixth in a series of literary papers by the author of the "Poets' Chantry."

trilogy. For our contemporaries are at once older and younger than ourselves. It would not be very hopeful for poetry, nor yet for Catholicism, if the voices which prevail to-day could be separated by any harsh line from the voices which endure from yesterday—or from the newer voices of to-morrow's songsters.

Our last article was occupied with a few of "The Voices Which Endure." They, in truth, are our contemporaries; we have known them always; in no small measure they have made us what we are. But other forces, too, have entered into our making. And now there is newer music springing up: young voices soon to speak with their own authority in Catholic poetry. If we are wise, we shall meet them with ears tuned to hear and hearts to welcome understandingly.

There is a daring and audacious beauty in their songs. Gloriously young they are, with the proud candor and the prouder exoticism of youth. They are done with Tennyson, done with Swinburne, done even with the scintillating school of Wilde. But they have held to the elementalism, while rejecting the anarchy, of Whitman; and, thank God! they have held fast to the mysticism of Francis Thompson. They are for the most part purposely direct of speech and purposely elusive of thought. They sing the paradox of modernity.

It would be hard to find any single volume more perfectly and more significantly illustrating these qualities than a little book called "Eyes of Youth," published in London during 1911. It was a slender anthology gathering together some of the best work of some of the youngest English and Irish poets. Most of them were Catholics: four of them—Monica, Olivia, Viola and Francis—proclaimed their tradition by the charmed and "prevailing name" of Meynell. Beyond this, the pages bear no evidence of a "school" of poetry. Their radical dissimilarities are greater than their resemblances. Indeed their chief resemblance, as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton points out in his happy foreword, is that all the writers "Seem unconsciously to have sought to make a poem as large as a revelation, while it was nearly as short as a riddle."

For instance, there is Mr. Shane Leslie, a young poet somewhat romantically known to Americans through his recent marriage, and certain to be honorably known one day when his dream of life is more perfectly worked into artistic reality. His is a unique fancy and a real power of words. To the pages of this little volume he contributed several arresting poems: "A Dead Friend," the "Pater of the Cannon," with its burning verisimilitude only endurable in time of peace, and that curious little poem, "Fleet Street," which has the trick of catching and holding the memory:

I never see the newsboys run
  Amid the whirling street,
  With swift untiring feet
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
  Them cry the crack of doom
  And risings from the tomb,
With great Archangel Michael near;
And see them running from the Fleet
  As messengers of God,
  With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave unwearied feet.

What more in contrast to that abrupt and rushing music could be cited than the dreamful, impassioned, somewhat esoteric strains of young Francis Meynell; or this cloud-like and delicate fragment from his sister, Viola:

All night my thoughts have rested in God's fold;
  They lay beside me here upon the bed.
At dawn I woke: the air beat sad and cold.
  I told them o'er—Ah, God, one thought had fled!
Into what dark, deep chasm this wayward one
  Has sunk, I scarcely know; I will not chide.
O Shepherd, leave me! Seek this lamb alone.
  The ninety-nine are here. They will abide.

Perhaps we shall not go far amiss in saying that from the beginning there have been just two dominant strains in English devotional poetry: the strain of tragic personal poignancy, and the strain of playful and familiar simplicity. And the young voices, the coming voices, do but vary these old strains. Ruth Temple Lindsay is as heart-shaking at moments as Francis Thompson, or Blake, or Crashaw, or "Everyman." Mrs. Eden, whose first volume was published last year, under the deliciously baffling title, "Bread and Circuses," is as sweetly whimsical as Katharine Tynan, or Crashaw, or the smiling medieval minstrels born to frolic through the "nurseries of Heaven." This is not to say that the art of these new poets has yet flowered into maturity. It is not to compare them in any strict sense to the greater ones with whom they have an evident kinship. None the less, we owe them homage: above all, we owe them a hearing. Forget for a moment "The Hound of Heaven"—nay, even remember it!—and then consider the palpitating music, the intense emotional and pictorial energy of the Honorable Mrs. Lindsay's "Hunters":

The Lion, he prowleth far and near,
  Nor swerves for pain or rue;
He heedeth nought of sloth nor fear,
  He prowleth—prowleth through
The silent glade and the weary street
  In the empty dark and the full noon heat:
And a little Lamb with aching Feet—
  He prowleth too.

The Lion croucheth alert, apart—
  With patience doth he woo;
He waiteth long by the shuttered heart,
  And the Lamb—He waiteth too.
* * * * * * * * *
The Lion, he strayeth near and far;
  What heights hath he left untrod?
He crawleth nigh to the purest star,
  On the trail of the saints of God.
And throughout the darkness of things unclean,
  In the depths where sin-ghouls brood,
There prowleth ever with yearning mien—
  A Lamb as white as Blood!

Joy-bells, Christmas bells, are more to the tune of Helen Parry Eden's singing. It is buoyantly youthful; perhaps because so much of it is for and about childhood. It was "Betsy Jane," so the poet assures us, who taught her mother these ways of gracious speech, along with "the mode of plucking pansies," and sundry winning ways with pups, kittens and cresses! Now Mrs. Eden was doubtless brought up upon the "Bab Ballads"; she has been herself a more or less regular contributor to London *Punch,* and her lively fancy still slips easily into the serio-comic vein. Whether this will add to or minimize her poetic worth the future must determine. Meanwhile, she has achieved two really fresh poems upon sacramental confession—the already popular "broom" verses, and the "seedling" poem, "A Purpose of Amendment." There is nothing but delight in her ingenuous "Child Before the Crib" or "The Petals." And there are still other poems—the best—in which it seems that the young mother-poet is not far from fulfilling her own gentle prayer:

Lord, when to Thine embrace I run
Gathered like waters to the Sun,
Shape me to such celestial mirth
As may go back and glad the earth.
Let Thy rays compass me, and crowd
Into the semblance of a cloud
Mine idle and dispersed powers
* * * * * * * *
And when Thou loosest me to go
Diffused into Thy world below,
May I, till drip of words shall cease,
Sing of Refreshment, Light and Peace.

KATHERINE BRÉGY

REVIEWS

Grace Actual and Habitual. A Dogmatic Treatise. By the Reverend JOSEPH POHLE, Ph.D,, D.D. Authorized English Version, Based on the Fifth German Edition, With some Abridgment and Additional References. By ARTHUR PREUSS. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00.

The seventh volume of the Pohle-Preuss "Series of Dogmatic Text-Books" has just appeared, and in form and general make-up is uniform with the preceding volumes. To those who have made the acquaintance of the learned author in the former numbers of the series, commendation of Dr. Pohle's theological ability and attainments is superfluous. They already know that he is both profound and logical, that he has read widely and writes clearly. His treatise on grace gives evidence of long and independent thought, and yet it is traditional in treatment. The fact that he follows the beaten path in matter and in the order and arrangement of the material gives the book a real value quite apart from its contents. One can turn at once to the part he wishes even without consulting the fairly complete index; a thing which can not always be done with German text-books. Most of our priests and theological students, it is to be presumed, are already familiar with Dr. Pohle's treatment of the various divisions of the subject of grace as they have appeared in the "Catholic Encyclopedia"; but they will be glad to find the same material gathered together in a single volume. Whether or not it is advisable to use English text-books in the class-rooms of our seminaries is, of course, seriously open to question. Were they to be adopted, however, the present treatise would serve very well, provided it were supplemented during the lectures by the discussion of the many difficulties, especially philosophical, with which the whole subject is surrounded. The omission of the difficulties seems to be wise, because it gives a less severe character to what of its very nature must always be a fearsome subject, and brings it within the reach of those who although not professionally interested in the treatise on grace, are anxious to acquire something more than a catechism knowledge of the principle of the supernatural life. Preachers too will find Dr. Pohle's book useful for sermons on grace, which unfortunately are altogether too rare. If the faithful knew more of grace's nature, its qualities, its privileges and its high destiny, and an elementary knowledge of these points is by no means beyond the grasp of the ordinary parishioner, they would prize grace more highly, and be much more eager to preserve and to increase it. The translator has turned the original into very readable English. J. H. F.

Essays on Milton. By ELBERT N. S. THOMPSON, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35.

These essays will make dry reading for the novice in Miltonic study. For the more advanced student, besides conveniently summing up much that has already been said, they will, doubtless, open new lines of thought. The chapter on Miltonic sources is particularly valuable. Nothing in the study of these sources, as indeed nothing in the study of the sources of the other great Elizabethans reveals any logical basis for the oft-repeated assertion that the golden age of English literature owed its birth in a large measure to the stimulating effect of the Protestant Revolution. The Elizabethan era was in name and appearance Protestant, but a careful historical study of the period reveals the fact, that from Spenser to Milton, the shape, mould and inspiration of its literary activity was above all else due to the renewed study of the classics, to the Italian Renaissance and to the influences summed up in Geoffrey Chaucer. Protestantism being a religion of negatives added little to sixteenth century thought, and could scarcely inspire a great artistic creation.

If the contrary were true, Germany, the first child of the Reformation, should have been the first to produce a great literature. If Protestantism, moreover, was the inspiration of Elizabethan literature, how is it that at the same time Catholic France and Spain were producing a great national literature? The truth is Elizabethan literature was the result of an organic growth and of causes long at work before the dawn of English Protestantism. In this connection a remark made by Frederick Schlegel in his "History of Literature" is illuminating: "As among the Protestant countries, the one which retained most of the old system, both in regard to the condition of the clergy and the external forms of worship, was England, so here also was poetry first cultivated in a rich and beautiful manner, and, it may be added, in a manner resembling in every important particular, the poetry of the Catholic truth; this is sufficiently manifest in Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton." I. W. C.

The Listener. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: Donald C. Vaughan. $1.35.

If the experiencing of sensation be the criterion of a successful writer, then Mr. Blackwood may be said to be numbered among that blessed class; for all his books are sensational in a marked degree. The theme in "The Listener," as in all the stories by this author, is the occult and mysterious; though not necessarily the supernatural, so-called. Mr. Blackwood may be called an explorer into the realm of possibility rather than that of probability. His psychological analysis is penetrating, and his summoning up of mental processes is, in most instances, true to life. There is the story of "Max Hensig," which is an elaborate study of the effects of intense fear combined with the stimulating influence of alcohol. "Miss Slumbubble—and Claustrophobia" is a story of mental processes that actually happen: but the element of weirdness is such that the book were better left alone by young people and persons of nervous apprehensions. Mr. Blackwood is a writer of exceedingly fertile imagination and considerable literary skill, and those to whom psychic phenomena offer attractions will find "The Listener" interesting, and, in its degree, entertaining: though the reader is not always bound to accept the causes which the author assigns to certain effects. H. C. W.

Spiritual Instructions for Religious. By CHARLES COPPENS, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

The versatile pen of Father Coppens has added one more work to his long list of valuable writings. The schoolroom and the lecture hall had in the main engrossed his activities thus far; but now he seeks an audience within the precincts of the cloister. While busily engaged during his long life in the work of teaching and lecturing, he found time to deliver conferences, now and then, to religious communities. It is a selection from these that constitutes the present work. The ground covered is not extensive, nor could it well be so within the compass of 269 pages; but the subjects handled are treated in the simple, clear, strong manner one would expect from such an experienced teacher as is the author. The book closes with an excellent paper originally contributed to *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* It is called "The Pearl beyond Price," and explains the nature and value of a religious vocation. One must not look for "fine writing" in the book. Father Coppens is too intensely practical, too eager to crowd into his conferences as much information and instruction as possible to run the risk of distracting the mind of his reader or hearer from the thought to the style.

P. J. D.

Poems. By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

This is the fourth edition of the collected poems of Mr. Johnson. Those who have read the earlier collections are familiar with the delightful simplicity of the author's style. He has no theory of poetry to expound, no experiments in

"free verse" to try. He seems to be content to belong to the good old school of our forbears, and one sometimes feels the masculine rhythm and the plain-spoken sentiment of one so removed from us as Thomas Campbell.

In this volume two poems make their first appearance in his collected works, the "Ode to Saint-Gaudens" and the "Vision of Gettysburg." Both are commemorative odes, written for and read on public occasions. Both are keyed in a tone of finely exalted diction, as the following lines from the former poem testify:

> Uplands of Cornish! Ye that yesterday
> Were only beauteous, now are consecrate.
> Exalted are your humble slopes, to mate
> Proud Settignano and Fiesole.

But both odes have that point-blank directness which, being rhetorical, tends to nullify true poetic inspiration. Rhetoric is in one sense the antithesis of poetry. They are mutually destructive. By his position as a public speaker of his poems, Mr. Johnson was called upon to reconcile these warring elements, and indeed he has succeeded, as well as could be expected, in preventing either one from utterly exterminating the other. F. M. C.

Civilization and Health. By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

This interesting volume contains so much that is really excellent that its few imperfections may almost be ignored. The composition is not recommended as an example of high literary style; but the author is apparently content in this, as in his several other books, to present merely a plain, practical narrative of generally misunderstood facts which will be helpful to the ordinary Philistine. Readers of this book, who were wont to speak depreciatingly of the racial degeneration of modern times, will be apt to acquire altogether new impressions of the "hardy" men of the good, old days. Certainly the chapter, "Lo! the Poor Indian," upsets all previously accepted ideas about the vigor of the red man. The danger of patent medicines is set forth without exaggeration, and should be the means of saving many a deluded hypochondriac from dosing himself with useless or harmful decoctions. "Bringing the Outdoors Indoors" is a very illuminating chapter, and if its suggestions were commonly adopted, the health of whole communities would undoubtedly be vastly improved. In fact so many things in the book go directly counter to widely acknowledged conditions that it may be a case of "caviar to the general." But the author's exposition is so clear and his array of statistics so convincing that they should convert all but "the hopelessly sane." It is a pity that Dr. Hutchinson's evolutionary tendencies along biological lines should have led him here and there into pure materialism. F. J. D.

Our Failings. By the REV. SEBASTIAN VAN OER, O.S.B. Translated from the Tenth Edition by the Countess ALFRED VON BOTHMAR. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

We hope this charming little book will be widely circulated. It is full of the spirit of peace and kindliness which the world has rightly associated with the great Benedictine Order. In his preface to the fifth edition, Dom van Oer writes that "We should always be lenient in our judgment of the failings of our neighbors," and to the prevalence of leniency he attributes the appearance of so many new editions. "From what source did you obtain the materials for your book?" he is asked; and the venerable author ingenuously admits that he came upon most of them while engaged in examining his own conscience. This confession shows the practical character of Dom van Oer's instructions. Embarrassment, inattention, loquacity, curiosity, want of tact, and forgetfulness, are discussed by the author in that kindly spirit which, while it does not forget that to err is human, does not fail to suggest that we can purify ourselves from much human dross, if we will but cooperate with the grace which God gives us in abundance. P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The gratifying announcement comes that a life of the late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is in preparation. Documentary sources for the biography are being collected by the Editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review,* 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, who will be glad to see any of the prelate's letters that AMERICA's readers may have in their possession. A biography of the late Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson is also in preparation, and those who have letters from that author are requested to lend them to Mr. A. C. Benson at the Old Lodge, Magdalene College, Cambridge, England; or to his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, at Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W. London, or to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London E. C. None of the Archbishop's or the novelist's letters will be used without the consent of the sender and all will be returned at once. Meanwhile Olive Katherine Parr is writing a memoir of Mgr. Benson's career as a Catholic.

The best article in the January *Month* is "Into the Ways of Peace," another of Father Keating's fearless and well-seasoned indictments of jingoism and militarism. He writes:

> We may hope, then, in regenerate and confederate Europe, if Christian principles are allowed to preside over its re-birth, for a code of international law which recognizes the final and absolute character of Christian morality, for a sense that the prosperity of each nation redounds to the advantage of the rest, for a close federation of the Christian powers, for a deepened reverence for the sanctity of international treaties, for a general acceptance of the principle of arbitration, and for a limitation of armaments to the size required for the policing of the globe.

He considers the fact that many private persons in England and elsewhere "are financially interested in the prolongation of this ghastly struggle, that their incomes depend on the continued employment of death-dealing cannon and maxim, and the destruction of arms and accoutrement in battle," to be a particularly "repulsive" characteristic of the present war. In an excellent editorial on "Justice to Mexico," the *Month* expresses its amazement, as well it may, at the little attention paid by the secular press in this country to the "unspeakable villainies" of the Mexican revolutionists. John Ayscough contributes to this number some "Sketches from the Battlefield" where he is serving as chaplain, and there are beautiful verses by F. Reynolds and Mary Samuel Daniel.

The December number of *Studies* (St. Louis: Herder. $3.00 a year), the Irish National University quarterly, is a remarkable issue. Its 206 pages treat of every subject of the day: religion, ethics, education, history, socialism, topography and books—especially in their relation to the present war, and with a clearness and comprehensiveness we have witnessed in no other publication. The ethics that govern the making and waging of war are lucidly defined by Father Masterson, S.J., and though he mentions no names it is evident that every great power in the present conflict has violated them. Mr. Boland, M.P., points out the commercial advantages that Ireland can reap from the European crisis, and the Chronicle recounts Ireland's associations with the battlefields of France and Belgium and the striking effects of the war upon religion in France. The actual and prospective relations of socialism to the war form the subject of an acute analysis by Henry Somerville; but perhaps the most valuable articles on this subject are "The Gospel of the Superman" by Professor Rahilly and "National Purpose in German Education" by Dr. Corcoran, S.J. Mr. Rahilly expounds bril-

liantly the doctrines of Nietzsche, now better known in English than they ever were in German, and Father Corcoran shows that, not these nor the then little known theories of Treitschke and Bernhardi had formed the Germanic spirit, but the educational system in the secondary schools, which since 1889 was methodically and elaborately devised to form the German mind on religious and national lines. For nine years, along with Philosophy and German literature, "Religion was taught at the expense of the State by trained teachers, Catholic, or Lutheran, or Calvinist, or Hebrew, as each scholar required"; and it was the leading subject in the official time-table. Other articles on social, historical and educational subjects and fifty instructive pages of book reviews make *Studies* almost a necessity for advanced students, teachers and educational institutions.

"First Year Science," by William H. Snyder (Allyn and Bacon, $1.25) conducts immature students through the realms of astronomy, meteorology, physics, biology, physiography and kindred sciences so imperceptibly that without reflection the reader does not notice that he has passed from one branch of natural science to another. The treatment of each is necessarily brief and presupposes fuller development later in the course. The book itself is intended for use in the upper grades of intermediate schools and in the first year of high schools and has met with the approval of teachers of these classes in the Los Angeles schools. An abundance of simple experiments are provided, where practical, to overcome the monotony of mere descriptive reading. The author speaks of "intelligence" in animals. Would it not have been more in accord with scientific principles to have used the word "instinct" instead of "intelligence"?

"A Woman's Career" (Putnam, $0.75), by the late Myrtle Reed, and "Meditations on Votes for Women" (Houghton, $1.00), by Samuel McChord Crothers, are two little books on the feminist movement. The author of the first maintains that if woman had only had in the past the opportunities that were her right, the world would now have its feminine Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael and Beethoven. She speaks sensibly of woman's dress and pleads for more simplicity and permanence in gowns. Old-fashioned folk would say that making a home and rearing a family is a sufficiently exalted "career" for any woman. Dr. Crothers' meditation book is not likely to drive the old standard works out of the market. His "points" are rather lean and unpractical. Both books are attractively made up.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
Chemistry of Common Things. $1.50.

Edward E. Babb & Co., Boston:
A First Book for Italians. By Bernard H. Burke.

Catholic Publication Society of America:
The History of England. By John Lingard and Hilaire Belloc. Vol. XI. 1689-1910.

Catholic University of America:
Report of the Third Annual Conference of Catholic Charities. 1914.

Gilbert Music Co., Chicago:
A Song for the Pope. By Lewis J. Browne. $0.20; O Salutaris. By D. F. E. Auber. $0.10; Tantum Ergo. Harmonized by Charles Burney. $0.10; Ave Maris Stella. By A. Goring Thomas. $0.15; Panis Angelicus. By César Franck. $0.10.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
An Eight Days' Retreat. By Henry A. Gabriel, S.J. $1.50; The Holy Week Book from the Roman Missal and Breviary Reformed by Pope Pius X. Latin and English. $0.30.

McBride, Nast & Co., New York:
The Political Shame of Mexico. By Edward I. Bell. $2.00.

O'Connell Press, Chicago:
On the Eve of Home Rule. By Anna Louise Strong. $0.50.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
Biblical Libraries. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. $1.25.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.
The Falconer of God. By William Rose Benét. $1.00.

EDUCATION

The Reign of the March Hare

"I TOLD you, butter wouldn't suit the works," cried the Hatter, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare replied, meekly.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

Conceivably, butter may be a panacea for watches, but crumbs, sharp-edged, brittle substances, may readily cause too much friction. Perhaps that is why the March Hare, as a remedy, dipped the watch into the tea, which, as you will recall, was getting cold.

MR. CHESTERTON'S THEORY

Is it the March Hare who presides over the present era of "sob and uplift" legislation? One need not question the purity of his intentions, nor decry the value of sane social legislation. The wheels of society were, and are, moving slowly, harshly. The March Hare, more keen-eyed than some of us, noted the need of a lubricant. He hastened to use the best butter he knew of, but, it would appear, he inserted it with the bread-knife. Now the watch is two days wrong, by calculation of the Hatter.

The initial error was the Hatter's. He is the historical "I told you so," the prophet after the fact. He was at fault in entrusting the precious mechanism to a person so notoriously unstable as the March Hare. Mr. Chesterton reminds us that anything may happen behind our backs. Our backs have been turned for some time. We had no leisure to attend to such trifles as social legislation, school laws, and the like. In the meanwhile, the March Hare has somehow gotten hold of our watch, and is operating on it industriously, with the bread-knife and a pat of the best butter.

LET THE STATE DO IT

Let us consider what some are pleased to term the very hair-spring of our social mechanism, our never-sufficiently-to-be-praised system of public education. Surely, the March Hare has been tinkering with it. It is more than two days wrong. We downtrodden Catholics not only admit but hold, that the State has the right and the duty to promote education. We allow that, for the benefit both of the individual and of the community of which he is part, the State is warranted in insisting that a certain degree of education be reached by all. But the March Hare goes far beyond us. He insists that the education of the child is the primary, immediate and, in a sense, the exclusive right of the State. The consequences of this principle are far-reaching. Unfortunately they are expanding beyond measure, because of the general disposition, which comes with the loss of the sense of responsibility, to throw all onerous duties, even though they be personal, upon the State. A doleful picture of these consequences is furnished by what is taking place to-day in an old, once conservative city in the Middle West.

THE CINCINNATI EXPERIMENT

Ohio is fast becoming the chosen lair of social pirates, the home, sweet home, of all social cranks. In Cincinnati, the superintendent of public instruction, so we are informed by the Rev. F. J. Finn, S.J., has boldly announced that "the school authorities should exercise control over boys and girls until they are twenty-one years of age." Why stop at twenty-one? If at the age of twenty years, eleven months and twenty-nine days, the youth has not acquired that educational polish held requisite in Cincinnati, it is sheer cruelty not to keep him in the educational mill until he acquires it. For more than a year, piano lessons have been offered by the high schools of that musical city. To-morrow, comments Father Finn, it will be the violin,

then all the musical instruments, including the drum, with voice-culture by special artists. Why not? inquires the March Hare. Has the indignant Father Finn never heard of the cultural value of music, and its practical power in taming the wild beasts of the jungles adjacent to Cincinnati?

There is no satire in these remarks. If the "Welfare of the State" requires that children be kept in school until they are twenty-one, and offers to all, training in the cultural courses, there is no reason why the same plea will not permit the State to "exercise control" over the student throughout his collegiate and professional studies. Indeed, it may be argued on the same grounds, that the State ought to support him in the opening years of his professional career, or even during the term of his natural life. For impecunious lawyers, physicians, and engineers are notoriously harmful to the welfare of the State, inasmuch, so sociologists inform us, as hunger and poverty are often direct incitements to violence.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S DAY

Where is this paternalism to end? Some day, little Johnny will be awakened from his innocent slumbers by a uniformed member of the school board. This gentleman in waiting will administer the municipal soap and water at Johnny's matutinal ablutions, and array Johnny's small limbs in a uniform supplied by the community. Our young friend will then breakfast as the city's guest, and proceed to the public school in a car owned by the municipality. On his arrival, a city psychopathist, with a wild gleam in his eye, will ask Johnny what he dreamed about last night, and put him through the Binet-Simon scale exercises. Next, a city oculist will fit him with a pair of glasses, manufactured by the city optician. A city dentist will then extract the few remaining milk teeth, left by defective dentition in Johnny's jaw. It is now well known that the root of all evil is adenoids. Hence a city specialist in nose, throat and ear diseases will examine Johnny daily, until he either finds them, or Johnny develops them. Johnny will then submit to an ear-massage, while a city official, perennially camped on the trail of the tubercular microbe, applies the stethoscope, and makes a blood test. A quondam old-fashioned family doctor, now wearing the badge of the city's servitude, will close the case for the city, by putting such questions in hygiene, pathology and anatomy, as may be thought to lie beyond the scope of specialists. As in every well-regulated school, the life history of Johnny's parents, grandparents and, in case of doubt, even of persons unsteadily perched on remote branches of the family tree, has been previously examined, classified, and filed.

Our young scholar is now allowed to proceed to an air-water-washed classroom. His books, supplied by the city, are examined by the city bacteriologist. Pens, paper, pencils, ink, the gift of an obliging community, are put into his hands, wrapped in sterilized folders. At noon, Johnny partakes of an excellent luncheon, small-boy size, supplied at cost, or donated by the city. If, in course of the afternoon, Johnny's stomach behaves as if it had been freighted with green apples, a city nurse will gently lave Johnny's brow, administer the paregoric, and supply whatever treatment the nature of the malady may seem to require. What the correct procedure would be should Johnny succumb, I am at a loss to say. So far as I know, however, no public school sustains the funeral expenses of pupils dying on the premises. But they are often borne by the school's Patrons' Association.

CONSIDER THE HATTER

With the exception that Johnny's mother is still allowed the rather dubious pleasure of getting her boy out of bed every morning, almost every detail noted in the preceding paragraph, either actually exists, or is strongly urged, in many American communities, owing allegiance to the March Hare. Father Finn, quoted above, is a Jesuit. His testimony, therefore, is rightly suspect. But Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, Director of the Division of Public Affairs in the New York University, is, we believe, a good honest heretic. In a recent number of the New York *Tribune,* he thus outlines what the March Hare is doing for the schools:

> But besides furnishing all kinds of education under Government management, we even compel children to take an education. Still further, the public, at its own expense, if need be, carries them to the schoolhouse in order to give them the required training, willy-nilly. In 1913 greater New York expended $106,429.29 to pay for transportation of children. For 1914, New York City made provision in its budget to expend $119,000 for carrying children by street cars, omnibuses—whatever means best meets the need—from their homes to the school in places where the schoolhouses are too distant for them to walk. In the most "advanced" school systems of the day all children are examined free of charge to detect defective eyesight, adenoids, dental needs, mental capacity. In needy cases adenoids are removed without charge and spectacles fitted, to be paid for by charitable societies. Luncheons are furnished at cost, while many principals recommend that they be supplied free, and that more than one meal be given. Playgrounds, recreation piers and dances are supplied free now. Shall we go further? I am not now objecting to those things. I merely inquire, is there danger of carrying this too far?

For the benefit of the literal-minded, let it be added that Professor Jenks is not a humorist. He suspects in all seriousness, that it may be possible that we have gone too far. His question is of the oratorical type, calling for no answer.

HOW TO COOK A HARE

The old Virginia Cook Book reminds us that to cook our hare, we must first catch him. How are we going to catch our March Hare? So dear is he to many that successful revolution seems hopeless. He attained the throne when we had our backs turned, and he has been putting butter into the watch (with the bread-knife too) ever since. Perhaps the only power that can hurl him from his high estate is the reign of common sense which, we trust, may some day return. Until that era, perhaps all we can do is to assume the rôle of the indignant Hatter. History records that the March Hare became very meek when the Hatter shouted at him. True, he thereupon dipped the watch in the tea, but that merely indicated his repentance, and did the wrecked time-piece no manner of harm. Possibly a little indignant shouting might shorten the reign of the March Hare.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Child Labor and Legislation

THE most objectionable forms of child labor took their rise with the modern factory system, especially with the application of steam in the mechanical and manufacturing industries. It was soon found that children between the age of seven to twelve could be employed in cotton factories and mills to take the place of man labor in feeding the machines. It quickly became apparent, however, in countries like England, France, Germany and Italy, that death was exacting a very heavy toll in many of the industries. Indeed the workmen began to believe that steam and speed had not improved their lot in life, and spoke of their condition as one of slavery, and of their factories and workshops as slaughter houses. This was not an unreasonable conclusion, when it is recalled that in 1833, in factory towns like Manchester and elsewhere in England, the youthful population was physically worn out before manhood, and that the average age of the wage earners was only twenty-two years, or just one-half that of the general population.

EARLY CHILD LABOR LAWS

As early as 1802, Sir Robert Peel had caused the enactment of a law for the protection of the health and morals of apprentices

and others employed in cotton and other mills and factories. This legal provision limited the hours of work to twelve a day, and made provisions for the establishment of improved sanitary conditions. That the law might not become a dead letter, it was further enacted that all establishments coming under its provisions, were to be inspected periodically by a Board, on which the local Justice of the Peace, then an officer of some dignity in England, and the local clergyman were to sit. In spite of many obstacles proposed by interested parties, the operation of the law was fairly successful. This was due largely, if not wholly, to the inspectors who, as a rule, discharged their duties with much care and faithfulness. Then, as now, a great clamor was raised against what was termed an unwarranted interference by the State with the individual's right to contract for his labor. But those who use the argument to-day, forget that the fourteen-year-old boy and girl, who, either forced by necessity, or compelled by careless guardians, apply at the mine or the cotton mill for work, scarcely find themselves in those conditions which guarantee a free bilateral contract. The advantage is almost wholly on the side of the employer.

Changing conditions, however, soon indicated the need of new legislation. In 1844 the employment of children under eight years of age was forbidden, and in 1847 the time of female and child labor was restricted to ten hours a day. An act of 1878 raised the age limit of children to be employed, to ten years of age, and excluded them from work in certain processes of the white lead industry. The act of 1891 raised the age limit to eleven. This limit has since been raised to thirteen, and in certain occupations to fourteen years.

CHILD LABOR IN NEW ENGLAND

As in England, so in this country, the application of machinery resulted in the exploitation of child labor. It can not be said that we followed the example of England to the extent of trafficking with the poor law officials who, according to Dr. Price, sold the children of paupers, in a form not different from the methods of ancient and modern slave dealers. It is reported, however, by the same author that the first cotton mill was established in 1790 in Rhode Island "and began to work with four spinners and carders; but five children were soon added, whose ages ranged from seven to twelve years." The number of children in the industry rapidly increased. In a letter written by Samuel Slater of England, the founder of the American Cotton Industry in 1827, he says: "Wool business requires more man-labor, and this we study to avoid." So successfully did Slater and his fellow employers avoid man-labor that in 1831 the number of children working in the cotton mills in Rhode Island was almost half of the total number of employees. (*George M. Price. The Modern Factory, p.* 439.) According to Miss I. S. Whittelsey's "Essay on Massachusetts Labor Legislation," the subject of Child Labor first received attention in 1836. The act provided for at least three months' schooling during the working year for every child employed under the age of fifteen. This act was amended in 1842 by fixing a ten-hour working day for children under fourteen years. Similar legislation was enacted in Connecticut in 1842, in Maine in 1847, and, after twenty years' agitation, also in Pennsylvania in 1848. Since that time, largely through the efforts of the National Child Labor Committee, some form of protective legislation has been enacted in nearly every State and Territory, but much remains to be done as many of the laws are defective and frequently evaded.

Here, precisely, is the weak point of all legislation, particularly social legislation. A law confined to the pages of the statute book is worse than useless, for it may be and frequently is, an incitement to lawlessness. This fact, however, does not militate against the enactment of suitable legislation, when this is found necessary, for the control of those social and commercial activities which rightly fall within the purview of the civil government. It is only another stimulus, urging all of us, to see that in our community, laws are enforced as well as enacted.

CHILD HEALTH AND LABOR

When it is remembered that the average boy at the age of fourteen, possesses about one-half the muscular strength of an average adult, and that the muscular fibers contain a larger percentage of water and in consequence are very tender and immature, it is not surprising that a large number of youthful employees in workshops, factories or even at the writing desk or merchant's counter, develop lateral curvature of the spine, "in-knee," "knock knee," "flat-foot" and other deformities, not to mention the general weakness, and predisposition to rickets, tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases. All of the bad effects are naturally intensified by insanitary environments, especially when the occupations are attended by the inhalation of dust, injurious gases or polluted air.

Nearly one-half of the 143,000 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States, are contributed by the industrial workers, who constitute only about one-third of the total population. From this fact we can see that it becomes our duty to conserve the health of our youthful army of workers, upon whom the future welfare and prosperity of the nation to a great extent depends.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Have we done all that is just and reasonable for the physical welfare of the children of this class, the too large class of working children, who are to constitute the bone and sinew of the country? This is a question which calls for serious consideration. It is true that the aid of law should not be invoked except as a last resource. But it seems plain that when capital, using the term in the sense of capital unrestrained by conscience, can hire children to do work at a lower rate than it can hire men, nothing but the force of law can stop its inroad upon the army of children. Does the factory child, stunted physically, stunted, for lack of proper schooling, in mental development, exposed, often to dangers that are a menace to his moral growth, get a fair chance of growing up into useful manhood? If there is no other way, let us not hesitate to call upon the help of legislation, to conserve one of the most vital assets that a nation can possess, human health and efficiency.

GEORGE M. KOBER, M.D., LL.D., F.A.A.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A national employment bureau, with branches in every part of the United States, has been put in operation by the Department of Labor. Instructions have been sent to the thousands of postmasters and rural mail carriers throughout the country, and nearly two hundred thousand field agents of the Department of Agriculture will cooperate with the Department of Labor, to bring together "the jobless man and the manless job." Application either for work or workers, may be filed with any postmaster. The Department of Agriculture will report sections where help is needed for harvesting or other farm work, and similar reports from factories and shops will be issued by the Department of Labor. These files will be sent to all postmasters to be consulted by applicants for work. The plan has been tried in a small way, and has given satisfaction. Only actual experiment can show whether or not it will prove equally satisfactory, when applied to the whole country. But at all events, in view of the number of the unemployed and the apparent failure of many private and city bureaus to provide for them, the scheme of the Government is well worth trying.

For some weeks the New York State Industrial Commission has been investigating the question of the minimum wage. As the Commission is still in session, any judgment on its findings

would be premature. It is interesting to note, however, that the workers themselves are by no means agreed as to the advisability of making the law regulate their income, and that the testimony thus far recorded by the Commission, throws into an unusually strong light, the almost insuperable difficulties which attend the framing of a just scale of wages. The difficulty of enforcing the law would be considerably greater. As a rule, trade unionists do not incline favorably toward wage legislation. The first result of a law fixing the minimum wage at eight or ten dollars would undoubtedly be a large increase in the army of the unemployed. Whether or not economic conditions would right themselves after a temporary period of hardship, is a question that is difficult to answer. In the opinion of the ex-Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, "Legislation is not the remedy for low wages." This is true. Something else is needed. Leo XIII indicated it when he said that the reform of social conditions lay in a return to the teachings of Christ.

Last August, the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus authorized the appointment of a Commission on Religious Prejudice. The Commission has an appropriation of $50,000.00, and is charged with the duty of investigating the reasons and sources of the bigoted movement against the Church and her members, as evidenced by the issue of alleged indecent and slanderous publications, and the organization of societies pledged to drive Catholics out of public life. On January 11, after much preliminary work, the Commission sat in New York. It announces that it is learning the identity of the persons responsible for these movements. The report of the Postmaster-General, published in December, containing a statement of the position of the Department regarding the use of the mails, will be vigorously opposed. An answer to the report by Mr. Paul Bakewell is in the current *Catholic Mind*. In addition to the Supreme Knight, James A. Flaherty, and W. J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary, the following gentlemen compose the Commission: Mr. P. H. Callahan, Louisville; Joseph Scott, president of the Board of Education and the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles; Joseph C. Pelletier, District Attorney, Boston; Albert G. Bagley, president of the Board of Trade, Vancouver, B. C.; and Thomas A. Lawler, former Assistant Attorney-General of Michigan. The next session of the Commission will be held in Chicago on March 6.

On January 14, the Menace Publishing Co., with its officers, Marvin Brown, W. F. Phelps, and the "Rev." T. C. Walker, was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, sitting at Joplin, Missouri. The indictment charges that the persons named have been guilty of sending improper matter through the mails. Indictment is not conviction, but this belated action of the Federal authorities will give the people of Missouri a chance to put an end to a campaign of lying and indecency, which is a disgrace not only to Missouri, but to the entire country. It is a matter of wonderment that the Federal authorities did not act sooner. Even when a clear statement of the law and precedents applying to the case was presented some months ago by Mr. Paul Bakewell, of St. Louis, the postal authorities seemed loath to move an indictment. However, something has been done at last. It now remains to suppress this spread of pornography, by punishing those who choose it as a means of livelihood.

Catholic charities are not given to the publication of self-laudatory reports and statistics. In some respects, this reticence is a matter for regret. Their publications need not be filled with self-praise, but a clear, simple outline of the excellent constructive social work which is being done under Catholic auspices, would be very helpful to Catholic students of sociology. Such an outline would, moreover, attract the attention of the charitably-inclined wealthy members of the flock, and move them to give of their goods to further the work of Catholic charity. Under the caption, "The Clearing House of Catholic Charity" in the New York *Freeman's Journal*, Teresa Brayton writes interestingly of "what the Catholics in New York are doing in charitable work." It is only sober truth to say, that many a New Yorker will hear for the first time of the Clearing House at 375 Lafayette Street when he reads this article. How many know that, in one year, the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul expended nearly one hundred and thirty thousand dollars in social and charitable work? On Christmas Day, the Clearing House, without any brass band newspaper accounts, prior or subsequent to the fact, served dinner to thirteen hundred people and, every day of the year, serves lunch to a hundred men. This of course, is merely emergency work. But here is a brief record of stable constructive work accomplished by the supervisiors of the Catholic Home Bureau. To this Bureau, the care of orphaned or neglected children, is assigned.

> Two of the young women entered religious communities; three are teaching school; four are in training schools; eight are completing high school courses; one is a stenographer; one is in business college. Of the boys, one is in the seminary; one has graduated from college; two are attending college; two are teaching school; one is a civil engineer; more than a dozen are in high school; one is superintendent of a model dairy farm. All the others when released from supervision, were sensible God-fearing young men, in receipt of wages which enabled them to live a normal life.

This is but one out of a dozen similar items. Modesty is all very well; but it is also very well to let our light shine before all men, at least occasionally.

At a recent meeting of the English Church Union, Mr. T. H. Bischoff undertook to discuss "the present position of the English Catholic Movement in relation to the English Church Union." A coherent policy and efficient means of carrying it out, are in Mr. Bischoff's opinion, very much needed at the present time if the Catholic religion is to flourish in England. It may be added that a definite creed would also be helpful. The *Guardian* thus outlines Mr. Bischoff's program:

> 1. Reservation and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. 2. Restoration of devotions to Our Lady in public worship which will require dogmatic teaching of the truths of Our Lady and will engender an individual personal devotion to her without which no man can become a Catholic. 3. The right to substitute the Latin for the vernacular Mass . . . or the liberty . . . to render it (the Book of Common Prayer) more tolerable for Catholic use and more comformable to the Western Liturgy. 4. Restoration of the Contemplative Orders. 5. A celibate priesthood. (Cries of "No!") 6. To the sixth point these five are all prefatory and introductory; it is a frank and fearless re-statement of our relation to the Apostolic See.

Mr. Bischoff is quite correct in saying that the gist of the matter is contained in his sixth point. Lord Halifax was equally correct when, in his discussion of Mr. Bischoff's paper, he held that unity with the Holy See was highly desirable, but that in the desire for unity, principle must not be sacrificed. It is a matter of wonderment, however, that Lord Halifax, after all his striving for reunion, does not seem to realize that the price of unity, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, is absolute and unconditional submission to the See of Rome. Until the members of the Anglican Church who seek reunion grasp this point, discussion of terms is futile. Meanwhile it would be interesting, though not particularly profitable, to know what Dr. McKim, whose anti-Catholic screed miscalled a book was recently recommended by the self-styled "Catholic" *Living Church*, thinks of these "Romanizing" tendencies in the English Establishment.

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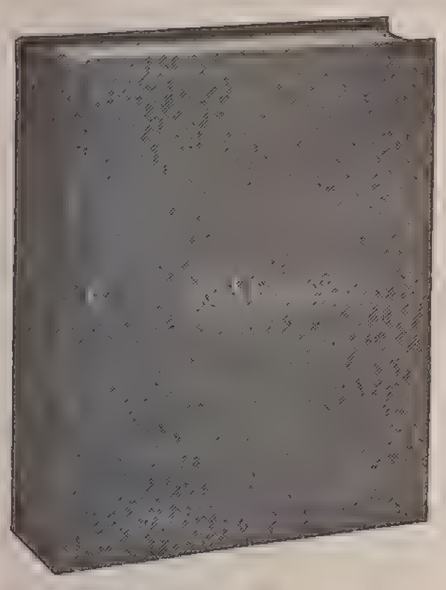
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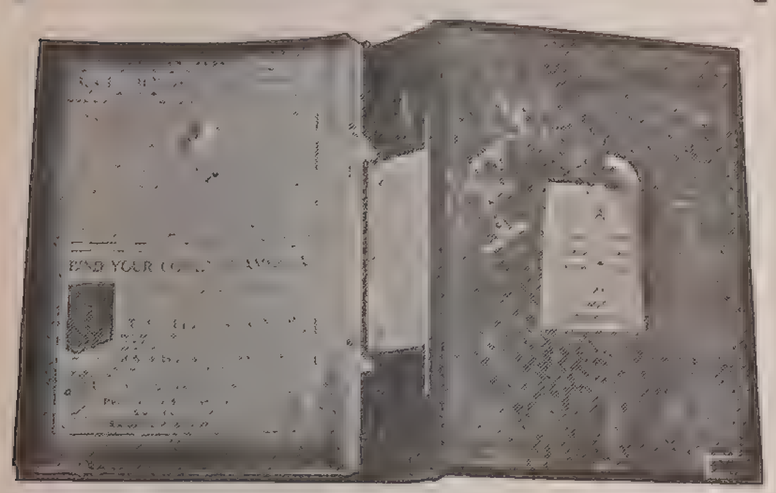
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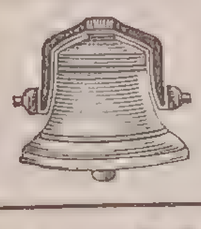
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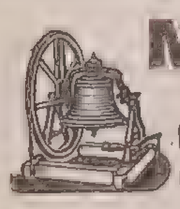
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THE "MENACE" AND THE MAILS

is the leading paper in the current CATHOLIC MIND. In an open letter to the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Paul Bakewell, the eminent St. Louis lawyer, proves that the law is already clear and drastic enough to exclude the "Menace" from the mails. The law, however, is not enforced. In this number is also printed the greater portion of the letter on the same subject Mr. Bakewell wrote last summer to the Postmaster-General. "Your Money and the Mails," a strong appeal from the "Queen's Work," precedes a copy of the resolutions drawn up by the Brooklyn branch of the Federation of the Catholic Societies, and the issue closes with a list of the anti-Catholic papers and periodicals now published in the United States. This pamphlet should be given the widest publicity possible. The 16,000,000 Catholics in this country should stop paying the "Menace's" mailing bills.

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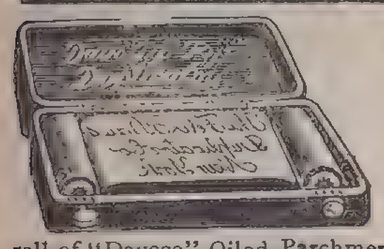
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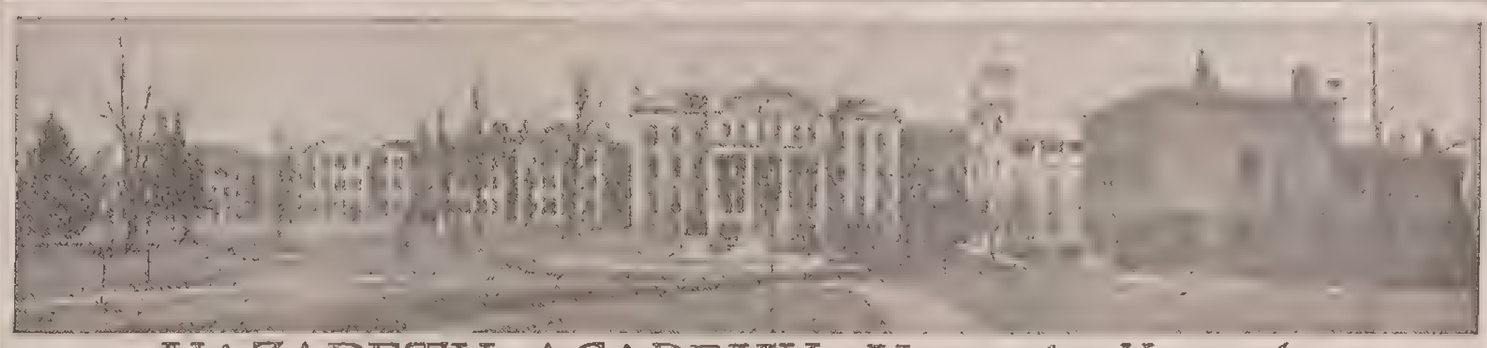
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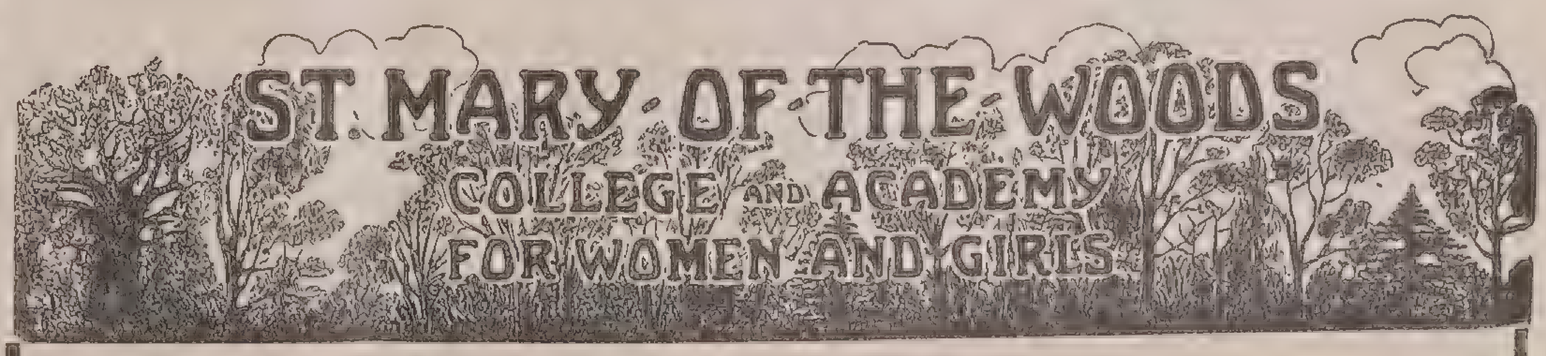
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In the west, in spite of almost continuous fighting, there is little to record. The conflict in Alsace has been resumed with much vigor, but there is no definite news as to the result, except that the French state that they have pushed forward as far as Hartmansweiler, to the northwest of Mülhausen, and that they are now about fifteen miles from the Rhine. In the vicinity of St. Mihiel the German line of communications is still secure, but here, too, the French claim some slight advance. In the Argonne the Germans continue their desperate efforts to regain the ground they lost in September. At Soissons there has been comparative quiet. The same may be said of the rest of France and Flanders, except from Arras to Lille, where repeated attacks by both sides have gained but little permanent advantage. In Flanders only artillery attacks have taken place, the activity of the British warships being sufficient to check any movement near the coast on the part of the Germans.

Bulletin, Jan. 19, p. m.-Jan. 26, a. m.

France and Flanders

The first raid by German airships on England took place on the evening of January 19, at 8.39 p. m. Six towns were bombarded for the space of about ten minutes, with rather meager results. The flashlights and the whirring of the engines overhead, while the ships themselves remained in complete darkness, added to the terrific detonations caused by the explosion of the bombs in the streets, threw the people into panic, and for a time it was feared that great damage to life and property had been inflicted. It turns out that only four persons were killed and ten injured; the loss to property does not exceed the sum of $15,000. All of the airships succeeded in making their escape. England is indignant and clamoring for reprisals. Germany is exultant and prophesying repetitions of the raid.

Raid by Airships

January 24, a German fleet of three battle cruisers, one armored cruiser, several light cruisers and destroyers were met in the North Sea by a British fleet of five battle cruisers, a number of light cruisers and destroyers. The Germans steered for home, according to the British report, and an engagement between the battle cruisers ensued, the ships running at high speed. After about three hours and a half of fighting the Germans reached the mine fields of their naval base, and so escaped; but shortly before, the Blücher, the slowest ship engaged, was overtaken, outranged and sunk. The casualties on the other German ships are said to have been large, but of the Blücher's crew only 123 have escaped. The Germans report that the British retired after a three hours' engagement off Heligoland.

Important Naval Battle

West of Warsaw the violence of the fighting has notably diminished, and no further advance has been made by either side. Further north, however, there have been a whole series of engagements in which the Germans have been trying to stop the Russian drive towards Thorn. In spite of minor successes they seem to have failed. Official dispatches from Petrograd state that the Russians have pushed forward to a line that stretches from Rypin to Kikol, and runs almost parallel to the southern border of East Prussia, and at a distance from it in one place of less than fifteen miles. The left wing of this Russian army is said to have approached to within twenty-five miles of the great fortress at Thorn. The German resistance has stiffened, and desperate efforts will probably be made to block any further advance. In

Russians Advance on Thorn

southern Poland the Austrians have advanced from the river Nida, and are fighting for the possession of Kielce. In Galicia, the Austrian offensive at Tarnow has had no marked success. Both sides seem to have transferred their main attention from Galicia to Hungary and Transylvania. Military experts seem to think that Austria and Germany look on the mobilization of Rumania as a real menace, and have determined to stop the Russian advance over the Carpathians, even at the sacrifice for the present of their vigorous offensive at Warsaw. The Russians are still in possession of a number of the principal passes, according to Petrograd, but to all appearances their invasion of Hungary and Transylvania is not making much progress. On the contrary, they are falling back in Bukowina, especially at Kirlibaba.

The Case of the Dacia

The case of the Dacia is attracting a good deal of attention. The ship originally belonged to the Hamburg-American line, and at the outbreak of hostilities was interned at Galveston. Unable to sail, it was sold to Mr. Edward M. Breitung, thus becoming the property of an American. As the ship was transferred to American registry, it was thought by its owner to be immune from liability to seizure, provided its cargo consisted of non-contraband articles. Accordingly, it was laden with cotton. Our Government then asked the British Government, through Ambassador Page, that it be allowed to proceed with its cargo and land at Bremen or Rotterdam. Great Britain refused to accede to the request, declaring in an official note to Mr. Bryan, that it was "impossible to agree that the transfer in the circumstances in which it has been effected is valid in accordance with the accepted principles of international law."

Nevertheless, Mr. Breitung insists on sailing. Great Britain has made it clear that she will seize the ship, bring it before a prize court, and make her own investigations as to whether the transfer can be regarded as having been made *bona fide*. There is every probability that the Dacia will be captured, because four British cruisers are said to be in waiting outside the three-mile neutral zone of the Galveston harbor, and there is little or no likelihood of her release. As to the cargo, Great Britain has declared her readiness to allow it to be transferred to another ship, and so proceed to its destination, or even to reimburse completely its owner for its value. The case of the Dacia is particularly involved, owing to the fact that it is one of the ships of the Hamburg-American line, and is subject to use by the German Government in the case of war. The precise issue, however, is whether a German ship transferred to American registry has a legal right to carry a cargo to a German port. Ships that were under the American registry before the outbreak of the war are at the present moment allowed to carry cotton to German ports without molestation, Great Britain having conceded the point in order not to injure American cotton interests. What attitude the Government of the United States will adopt in the event of the Dacia's capture is not certain, but both nations are anxious to prevent anything like a straining of relations. The Ship Purchase bill at Washington has received a considerable setback by the incident.

Austria-Hungary.—The following are the regulations made by the Russian authorities in Lemberg for the religious conquest of Galicia. They are summarized by the *Revnitel Pravoslavia,* the personal organ of the Russian Bishop in New York. In the first place religious toleration is announced and forcible "conversions" are forbidden. The meaning of this toleration is gradually made plain. Fugitive Uniate priests (*i. e.* in union with Rome) are not permitted to return to their flocks, because they have shown their unworthiness by deserting their people. New Catholic priests are not to be admitted without the permission, in every instance, of the Russian Governor-General. When three-fourths of the inhabitants of a village desire an Orthodox priest, one is to be sent. Orthodox priests in Uniate villages are to practise the Uniate rites—evidently to win over the Catholic population more readily. Only three Orthodox characteristics are preserved in such cases. The Uniate priest of a village may retain his church, even if three-fourths of the inhabitants desire an Orthodox priest, but a place of worship must be secured for the latter. All Uniates are to be welcomed with outstretched arms into the Orthodox Church. What the above regulations will mean in practice is sufficiently clear. They are illuminated by the "definite program adopted for the activities of the Orthodox clergy in Galicia," drawn up at a council of bishops held in Kieff:

Russian Religious Regulations

> The council adopted a resolution that the forcible conversion of the Uniates pursuant to the general ukase, as was done in 1875, must not take place; but set forth that wandering sheep ought themselves to return to the sheep-fold of their ancestors. As regards Uniate churches, they in the opinion of the council ought to be turned into Orthodox churches, where many of them had once been Orthodox, if any Orthodox people were found in the parish. If the churches, however, even from their foundation, had been consecrated as Uniate churches, they too should be turned into Orthodox churches, if a simple majority of the parishioners wished it. (*Revnitel Pravoslavia,* November 15, 1914.)

Every Catholic church in Galicia should therefore be made Orthodox if a simple majority of the parishioners desire it. How this might be brought about under the supervision of Russian authorities we may surmise. The Metropolitan of Kieff and Galicia, Flavian, and the Archbishops Anthony of Kharkoff and Eulogius of Volhynia took part in the council.

Belgium.—The famous pastoral of Cardinal Mercier is now accessible in an authorized translation published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Inspired by the ardent patriotism of a great citizen and the fervent piety of a great priest, the document may rightly be called a

Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral: a Summary

masterpiece. In passages of pathetic sublimity, the Cardinal bids his stricken people look to the Figure of the Crucified. Only on Calvary can they learn why God allows the innocent to suffer. Taught by sorrow, men are returning to God. His hand is heavy upon the land, but in the end He will save Belgium, never more glorious than in the day of her desolation. Discussing the military situation, His Eminence lays down the principle that "the religion of Christ makes patriotism a positive law. There is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot." "War," continues the Cardinal, "when waged for war's sake, is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is a necessary means for securing peace." Applying these principles, the Cardinal then points out that, by the terms of the Treaty of April 10, 1839,

> Belgium was bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other Powers were bound to respect and protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath. England kept hers. These are the facts in the case.

Replying to the objection that Belgium would have fulfilled her obligation by a verbal resistance, the Cardinal replies:

> The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance.

Belgium does not regret what she has done, His Eminence proceeds to say. She exults in it. It is the most glorious page in her history, and "as long as we are required to give proof of endurance, so long shall we endure." In the frankest terms, the Cardinal insists that Belgium is not a conquered territory, but an independent State. Consequently:

> The authority of that Power (Germany) is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience, you owe it neither respect, nor attachment nor obedience. The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. . . . The invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but the legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interest, and this ratification, and this only, gives them jurist value.

Those towns, however, which have surrendered are bound to abide by the terms of surrender. His Eminence urges the civilian population to abstain from all hostile acts, and, where the German authorities are in possession, to observe their orders, "so long as these rules do not violate our personal liberty, our consciences as Christians, and our duty to our country." The Cardinal then expresses his confidence in the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother, and announces pilgrimages, Masses of thanksgiving, and the erection of a National Church of the Sacred Heart, upon the conclusion of peace.

In conclusion he gives the names of forty-three priests and ecclesiastics, not with the army, who were put to death in his own and neighboring dioceses.

Germany.—The Catholic episcopate has issued an impressive pastoral. It is signed by the two German cardinals, three archbishops and twenty bishops. "We have celebrated Christmas as never before, Christmas in the world war, solemn and woeful, but likewise rich in graces, blessings and supernatural joys." The war, they admit, has been a severe Advent school, but it has brought the people nearer to their Saviour. The storm has clarified the atmosphere, religion has come into her own again, the call to arms has been a call to Confession and Communion, the Lord has become the bond between the men in the field and the dear ones at home, the splendid example of the soldiers has reacted upon the entire civilization. "Lord, stay with us," is the call of the troops, "because it is toward evening!" The entire pastoral is written in the most profound spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The war is a judgment of God upon all the nations involved in it. The main duty, therefore, at this moment is penance and reparation. It is not the purpose of the prelates to examine the consciences of other nations. Before, however, enumerating the sins of their own people, they deem it necessary "to proclaim that Germany is innocent of the present war and that it was thrust upon their country from without." All misunderstanding thus avoided, they can freely call to mind the sins which Germany has committed in common with other nations: the sins of irreligion, the desecration of marriage and of its blessings of childbirth, the coarse passion for wealth and pleasure, the sins of modern literature, art and dress. They therefore set aside three days for acts of public reparation to implore forgiveness of the Sacred Heart and through this of the Triune God. Recalling to mind the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus made in 1899, they ask all Catholics to consecrate anew their own hearts, their families, their parishes, their dioceses to this Divine Heart, that so the time of distress may be turned into a time of grace and they may obtain strength to bear themselves in a Christian manner amid defeats and victories, and "that they may give to God alone the glory of that final victory" which they hope to gain. The pastoral closes with a petition for speedy peace.

The Bishops' Pastoral: a Synopsis

Ireland.—The *Irish Catholic* of January 16 again denounces the insufficiency of Catholic chaplains for Irish sailors, who form the vast majority of Catholics in the Royal Navy. Noting the statement of the London *Tablet* that a Catholic chaplain has been recently appointed for each squadron of Admiral Jellicoe's fleet, it shows that this was a consequence of its own agitation, but in no way satisfies requirements. Apart from the fact that one chaplain is insufficient for a squadron of eight battleships and a cruiser with a total of 6,700 men, England has a number of other fleets and patrol flotillas all over the seas of the world, in which there is absolutely no spiritual provision for Catholic sailors. They must await arrival at port to attend to their duties; and even here

Catholic Chaplains in the Navy

much is left to chance. If the Admiralty, it adds, wants Irish sailors and marines, it must show that respect for their religious feelings which is paid so scrupulously to Sikhs and other pagan soldiers. It should take counsel of Cardinal Logue in the matter, as has been done, after much agitation, by the War Office.

The United Irish League in annual meeting reelected its officers, endorsed Mr. Redmond's attitude on the war, and declared that the convention system of electing Members of Parliament must be more rigidly enforced than ever, until Home Rule is in operation and firmly established. This was in reference to the Kings County election, in which a Nationalist constituency rejected the Convention's nominee. The present methods in Parliamentary nominations and the Party's purpose to maintain them at and after the inception of Home Rule have been vigorously protested in the *Independent* newspapers, the most widely circulated in Ireland. The Secretary of the League reported that there were 200,000 Irishmen in the British armies, and Lord Crewe officially announced that every Irish regiment was at the front, excepting apparently the Ulsterite regiments, which are stated to have been stationed elsewhere. False reports of Professor Kuno Meyer's statements in America caused the Cork Corporation to delete his name from their roll of freemen, but a restatement of his services to Gaelic literature prevented a like action in Dublin. The closing of all Irish ports, and the suppression, exclusion and rigorous censorship of newspapers have left the Irish public in ignorance of many matters of common knowledge in the United States. The Dublin *Catholic Bulletin* magazine protests against this, and also against the order, rigidly executed, prohibiting the buying, selling or manufacturing of arms, and the dismissal, arrest or deportation, without trial, of officials and others, although "the Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book."

The Party and the Country

Mexico.—During the past week battles occurred at many places in distracted Mexico. The scenes of the greatest conflicts were Monterey, Saltillo, Puebla, and near Tampico. Dispatches of January 23 announced that Villa had taken Puebla; this was denied by Carranzistas. The fighting at the last-named place has been particularly ferocious; on this account the Carranzista forces have postponed their attacks on Mexico City, where 10,000 Zapatistas and 3,000 Villistas await their coming. Gutierrez, the ex-President, has been heard from at Monclova, where he has taken the field. He is supported by General Robles, Benarides, Blanco, Natera, Chao, Zuazua and Sanchez. This is an anti-Villa faction; it is not clear, however, that Gutierrez intends to support Carranza. Another uprising has taken place at Meridan, in Yucatan. Some State troops revolted and attacked the city, but were repulsed after strenuous fighting. Further news of the new revolution is not reported.

A Week of Blood

The New York *Sun* of January 22 published some letters written by a correspondent who was in Mexico City during the incumbency of Gutierrez. He says in substance that the Carranzistas are robbers, "bent on getting together as much portable property of other people as possible."

Atrocities

> To say that they sacked the town before they left it, would not be an exaggeration. Then fifty-odd long trains were loaded with every conceivable kind of spoil, huge mirrors, pianos, automobiles, coaches, tapestries, clothes, everything, in fact. I imagine a retreat of the Huns or the Vandals would be the same.

The writer further says, (1) that the Villistas "shoot up" the capital at night and execute many people on political grounds; (2) that the number of "rounders" and others killed by Villista officers in drunken fights is legion.

> The Villistas, usually generals, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and other officers, go about in droves of from six to a dozen. They are all drunk and all begin to shoot at once without any preliminary, as a rule. Sometimes the fight is the result of a clash between two "bunches" of these "bad men," but more often the Villistas all stand together, and it is a question of shooting out the lights, shooting at a man's feet to see him dance, or probably filling him full of holes because he doesn't look as though he liked the performance.

Rome.—A consistory was held on January 22, at which the Pope delivered a splendid allocution. As usual, His Holiness, while deprecating the awful ravages of the war, proclaimed the absolute neutrality of the Holy See. As Father of all the Faithful, he gave thought not to the special interests which divided nations in this conflict, but rather to the common bonds which made men brothers in the Faith. The Pope appealed to the warring nations in the following memorable words:

The Pope's Allocution

> We make appeal to the sentiment of humanity of those who cross the frontiers of hostile nations, conjuring them not to devastate the invaded regions more than is absolutely necessary from the standpoint of military occupation, and, above all, not to wound without actual necessity the feelings of the inhabitants in their dearest possessions, their sacred temples, their ministers of God, their rights, their religion and their faith.

The allocution is distinguished by its lofty tone and sincere, unaffected piety. It should put an end to all the false rumors concerning the attitude of His Holiness toward the war. The world now knows officially that Benedict XV deplores the strife, but is absolutely neutral. The Associated Press reports that the Pope has ordered a day of prayer and penance, on which all Catholics are to beseech God to send peace to the distracted world. February 7 has been appointed for Europe and March 21 for the rest of the world. The devotions to be practised are set down, an indulgence is granted, and a special appeal is made that children receive Holy Communion. Catholics will learn details concerning "Peace Day" from their pastors in good time.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and Pharmacy*

THE profession of pharmacy offers to the worker an unusually wide and productive field of endeavor. Indeed, it is so many-sided that it presents a sphere of usefulness to men having scientific inclinations as well as to those who are commercially inclined. Its fruits are within the reach both of the self-made man and the college graduate. Some of the most prominent men in this country to-day are pharmacists or have been pharmacists.

The educational requirements which the prospective pharmacist must possess are becoming more stringent each year. This is as it should be, for it is but right that the men who are charged with responsibilities as grave as those of the pharmacist, should possess good academic training as well as good vocational training. The day when a grammar school education sufficed for the professional man has passed into history, and unless the lad who has been unable to obtain more than a grammar school training further educates himself by constant private study he is most likely to fall far short of success in a profession. Unhappily the word pharmacist signifies to the greater portion of the laity merely a drug-store proprietor or a drug clerk. And drug store in these days, at least in the big cities, means to the public a modified form of department store, in which the sale of drugs and the compounding of prescriptions play only a minor part. This conception of pharmacy may hold good to a great extent in the larger cities, but if the average drug store in the United States is taken as a criterion, the ethical side of pharmacy, if it does not overshadow the commercial side, is at least as prominent.

Pharmacy is one of the very few professions which offers to the student an opportunity to earn a living while he is attending college. The drug-store boy, who later becomes the clerk and proprietor, may acquire his practical experience even while he is attending the grammar and high school. In fact, many proprietors prefer school boys who can give their services during the "time off" after school hours. Pharmaceutical college courses are usually so arranged that the student attends classes only on alternate days of the week, and is thus enabled to continue his drug store work, both for experience and financial remuneration.

There is no other calling which offers greater opportunity for advancement than the profession of pharmacy. The man who "clerks" to-day may own a pharmacy tomorrow. As soon as he is legally qualified as a pharmacist he can become his own "boss," and that is one of the greatest advantages which pharmacy possesses over other callings. Most other professional men are dependent upon the people "higher up" for their positions and advancement. Few can start in business on their own account because of the great amount of capital necessary, whereas the average drug clerk who lives economically can save sufficient money to start himself in business in a comparatively short time. Pharmacy offers a field to the man who, after leaving college, decides to make the professional side of the calling his chief stock in trade, and at the same time it offers a field to the druggist whose tendencies are commercial. The former becomes the right-hand man to the physician, performing clinical analyses and acquiring a reputation as a prescriptionist, while the latter caters more to the whims of the public and acquires a reputation as a business man. Both classes of men have promising fields in which to make their influence felt.

A pharmaceutical course in our modern colleges of pharmacy usually requires two years for completion. If at the end of this course the graduate decides that pharmacy is not the calling for him to follow, his time has not been wasted, for he has an excellent foundation for further study. For instance, he is very well prepared to study medicine or dentistry. He can, with a little more training, take up manufacturing pharmacy and become the head of a department, a superintendent or a manager in one of the large pharmaceutical manufacturing plants. The colleges have nearly all made preparations to give further courses to graduates in pharmacy, covering many lines of chemical, botanical and pharmaceutical work. Such courses fit the post-graduate student for positions in research and commercial laboratories. Thus a pharmaceutical education, coupled with good practical experience, becomes an invaluable asset to any man, whether he intends to follow the practice of pharmacy itself or whether he later intends to broaden his field of usefulness in allied lines.

Of course pharmacy holds out no inducements to the man who, in the very beginning, demands twenty-five dollars a day, and wishes to work four hours a day, with an hour free for lunch. But for the man who is satisfied to net twenty or twenty-five dollars a day, once a week, and is willing to work with a vim, pharmacy becomes a calling rich in opportunities, just waiting to be seized and made the most of.

The services of the pharmacist to the community in which he lives are of such a nature as to place even the most commercially inclined in a position where he is looked up to by the people at large. Every educated man can command the respect of his fellow-citizens, and the pharmacist is no exception to this rule. In the larger communities it is of course more difficult for the druggist to become as important a personage as he can become in rural districts, but that is true for all professions. There is hardly a city or town in which pharmacy is not represented by some members of the profession when questions of the public health are under discussion.

The activities of pharmacists in the Government

*The twenty-sixth of a series of vocational articles.

service, in hospitals, with manufacturing concerns, in analytical and research laboratories and in the retail store, offer so great a variety of interesting, useful and remunerative work that the reports of yearly increases in the number of students in attendance at colleges of pharmacy excite little wonder.

The worker will succeed in any line of endeavor that he may select, and pharmacy offers not only a great deal of work to the worker, but a great variety as well, of which the true professional man never tires.

CHARLES M. MUNSCH,
Munsch, Protzmann Co.

Lilliputians at Work

A PETTY host, filled with malice, has long been busy striving to overturn the pillars of our national Constitution and to shake its foundations. Small in spirit, cowardly in method, little in all that goes to make a man, nevertheless they have often been potent for evil by their united efforts. For the liberty of our native land they would substitute the tyranny of bigotry; for fraternity, civic hatred; for justice, religious persecution. Though the Church which they assail is raised above their Lilliputian efforts, and the white radiance of its beauty can never be soiled by them, yet its members and institutions may be made to suffer from their fanaticism. Like Middleton's witches, they frequently bring about their immediate object: to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes and heart-burning disagreements, like a thick scurf o'er life." There are besides greater dangers than these to be apprehended. A glance at the past may be a warning for the future.

When the war of the Revolution had been fought, and Catholics and Protestants in common had cemented with their blood the foundations of the new republic, it might reasonably have been hoped that bigotry would be forgotten and Catholic patriotism receive from all the just meed of recognition which the Father of his Country so unreservedly bestowed upon it. The same might have been looked for even more assuredly after the war of 1812. Yet a renewal of the spirit of intolerance was to be witnessed before a score of years had passed, and in 1831 an organized press propaganda of slander was begun against the Church, after the first severe outbreaks of fanaticism had already taken place.

The bigotry incited by pulpit and press, and stimulated by public placards, found its complete expression in the destruction of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1834. Not only was the Blessed Sacrament dishonored, but everything within the building was destroyed before the torch was set to it. The engines that arrived at the scene of conflagration stood idly by and the firemen watched the drunken rabble dancing in glee about the burning pile and then retired. The magistrates did not move a finger. Such are some of the details given by John Gilmary Shea. "The mob," he writes, "did not even spare the graves of the dead. The coffins were torn open and the bodies exposed." A farcical trial, with the set purpose of acquitting the rioters, completed the incident. The charges made against the Sisters were disproved by a Protestant committee, but the harm had been done. Such was the first result of the campaign of slanderous accusations carried on against Catholic institutions. The churches in Boston were threatened and could rely for their protection only on the strong arm of Catholics themselves. The Pope was shot in effigy by the Washington Artillery.

The work of the father of lies now continued. The spirit of Benedict Arnold was abroad in the land. Men were to be found then, as now, willing to betray the peace and welfare of their country in order to satisfy their bigotry or promote their own private interests. Associations having such purposes in view arose and passed away and were supplanted by new organizations with the same scope and nature. Each worked in turn upon the ignorance or prejudice of the men whom it deceived. Unscrupulous politicians were not unwilling to use them as political tools.

The Angel of darkness is a gentleman, Shakespeare tells us; he is a patriot, he can even be the purest of pure evangelicals. All these forms he must assume, singly or together, if he would succeed in deceiving a people who, though they desire fair play, yet can readily enough be deluded for a time and betrayed into acts of injustice and tyranny against the victims of calumny. The Native American Party arose in 1844, when the American Protestant Association, founded in 1831, had been repudiated as an organized falsehood by American Protestants.

It was the Bible which was now in danger at the hands of the foreign papists. They had preserved it to the world for all these centuries, they had guarded it as one of their greatest treasures, they were willing to lay down their lives for the least of the truths it contained. For this very reason they insisted so strongly upon the exclusive use of an approved Catholic version for the children of the Church. But reason obtains scant hearing from fanatic bigotry. It were easier to argue with poor, distraught and raving Lear, bidding the cataracts and hurricanes spout, and heaven's lightning singe his white head, than to convince blind prejudice. Worse than all is the wilful malice or base political intrigue that underlies such movements. The noble work accomplished by the Native American Party during the first five months of its existence was thus summarized by the Rev. M. Fithian, a Protestant minister:

> Two Catholic churches burned, one thrice fired and desecrated; a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob; two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed; forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed and sixty of our fellow citizens wounded; riot and rebellion and treason rampant; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence.

To picture in detail the scenes of bigotry and fanaticism, of anarchy and treason which now followed with the appearance of the American Protective Association, founded in 1852, were a long, revolting, dismal task. In "Loyalty of Catholics," from which the above extract is quoted, a brief enumeration may be found. The protective act of the fanatics was an attack upon a convent of helpless and inoffensive nuns in Providence, R. I. Next followed outbreaks of civic hatred from press and platform in the cities of Boston, Baltimore, Wheeling, Pittsburg, and many other places. The agitation reached a climax in the mob attack upon the Cathedral of Cincinnati, resulting in the loss of several lives. The patriotic work now continued with the bloody riots of St. Louis; with the tarring and feathering of a Jesuit priest at Ellsworth, Maine; with the attempted destruction of churches in Newark, N. J; Williamsburg, N. Y., and Manchester, N. H., and with the successful burning or wrecking by gunpowder of Catholic churches in Bath, Maine; Dorchester, Mass., and Sidney and Massilon, Ohio. The supreme triumph of the movement was the murder of a hundred poor Irish and Germans on "Bloody Monday" in Louisville, Ky. Here, surely, is an honorable record of achievements in the service of the powers of darkness, for a period extending only from 1852 to August 6, 1855. The latter is the date of the massacre referred to of which Bishop Spalding wrote:

> We have just passed through a reign of terror, surpassed only by the Philadelphia riots. Nearly a hundred poor Irish and Germans have been butchered or burned and some twenty houses have been fired and burned to the ground. The city authorities, all Know-Nothings, looked calmly on, and they are now endeavoring to lay the blame on Catholics. ("The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," Hon. Ben. J. Webb, p. 484.)

This last incident, indeed, was a refinement worthy of Nero himself. There is no need of continuing the sickening recital. Every rope and wheel and pulley of political intrigue was now set in motion to destroy the religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution. Petty, spiteful Lilliputian efforts; but dangerous because of their very persistence.

The lesson is plain. Let our great "puissant," American Catholic Church be alert in defence of its rights. It can never be over-watchful against its ever-wakeful foes. True, their weapons of calumny and slander may appear no better than children's toys; but a giant once fell asleep, so the story goes, and awoke to find himself helplessly bound by a thousand and one cords, fastened by despicable little creatures. There is a lesson for us in the Gulliver of fiction.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

How Our Young Folk Are Entertained

WE wanted to celebrate Twelfth Night—the real gift time, by the way, for it was then that the Kings of the East came bringing their gifts to the newborn King—and so a party of us arranged to go to a theater that presents so-called vaudeville. There was a presumably serious playlet to be given by a well-known actress at the end of the bill, hence we could come as late as we liked and yet see the main portion of the evening's entertainment. I am sorry to say that I for one was rather shocked at what that very popular form of entertainment, vaudeville, has become in recent years. It is some time now since I attended one of these performances, but as this was a house of a well-known circuit that rather prides itself on its "high class" and advertises its absolute freedom from anything that can possibly shock even the most delicate susceptibilities of even youth or mother, there seemed to be every assurance that we should have a good, *clean* evening's fun.

There was not a single feature on the program which we saw that was without some vicious element, and three of them turned entirely on viciousness and suggestion of evil, or at least on irreverence for some of the things that count most in life. Some of the features were manifestly arranged with a deliberate idea of attracting children, or at least young folk of from twelve to sixteen, for there are no more children except those in arms or just out of them, and evidently there must be a good attendance of such young folk, at least at the matinees. I have been wondering whether our modern parents, themselves busy about many things and not always intent on the *unum necessarium,* know quite what their children are having presented, but, above all, suggested, to them in present-day vaudeville. If this performance the other night is to be taken as a criterion, I know nothing that, to my mind as psychologist and physician, would be so likely to do harm by furnishing evil suggestion to susceptible minds.

Here is some of what we saw and heard: We missed some trained animals and some freak musical performers, but then Twelfth Night dinner with friends was more interesting than these. When we arrived at the theater they were just in the midst of a sketch in which a young man and a young woman who have been at a picnic on an island not far from New York with a crowd of others, find that the steamer has gone without them and that they are probably to be left alone there together for the night. The situation is not pleasant at best, but it is treated very broadly, so as to make it still more unpleasant, and the couple dance and sing with interludes of suggestive remarks. Perhaps young folk miss all their significance but most of the audience did not.

Then we were treated to a scene in a distant country whose picturesque costumes lend themselves to theatric effect. The granddaughter has come back to her grandfather, sent by her mother, who had run away to be married years before. The granddaughter is a cute little girl, played by an expert on the stage, however, dressed evidently to attract the attention of young folk who might come to the theater, and with a special appeal because of her girlish ways and her doll—which serves the purpose of some rather broad jokes. She proved to be

a very sophisticated granddaughter, however. She is quite willing to agree to anything that grandfather says, because he has the "chinks," as Juliet's nurse says, but whenever he suggests anything that is at all contrary to her own inclinations her external agreement and submission are accompanied by side remarks derogatory to the old man for the benefit of the audience. These make the vulgar laugh, but they can not but make the judicious grieve. There is a half hour's lesson in irreverence for the old that will not soon be forgotten by the young person who sees it. I know nothing that is more lamentable in present-day life than the lack of reverence for the old and the lack of respect for the authority of parents and others who have a right to give directions. After seeing this sketch I knew another factor making for this disrespect of authority of which I had not been directly aware before.

We were next treated to some scenes from a wondrous dreamland arranged so as to make a strong appeal to the ever-susceptible curiosity of the young, to try the effect of opium in securing wonderful dream happiness. For the best part of a half hour the fairyland of the opium dreamer was exhibited. A typical "dope fiend," in the language of the day, that is, one of those pale, haggard, thin individuals, with a drawn face and a far-away look in the eyes and a somewhat uncertain, shuffling gait that has now become the familiar type of the young man who is the victim of a drug habit, comes on the stage and is greeted by a hard worker, just out of a job, who finds life very hard and the outlook very discouraging. The opium taker—let us call him frankly what every one present knew that he was meant to represent—proceeds to tell the worker how he smokes himself into dreams in which he is wealthy beyond the desires of the most avaricious, and in which he lives the most luxurious of lives, with diamonds of immense size all around him and pearls and gold and beautiful women and soft music that banish all care and keep him from worrying about anything and everything. The worker wants a try at it and is given a few puffs of a cigarette, and then the scene changes to a cave of Aladdin, where diamonds sparkle and gold glitters, and where beautiful, almost nude women come and dance for them and sit on their knees and smother them with kisses, and where they hang diamonds on themselves and have "just oodles and oodles" of wealth and oceans and oceans of happiness. The cave breaks up with a crash and the actors are sitting in the cold, on the corner of the Bowery (for the scene is presented in New York, to make it more realistic and to give it a surer personal appeal), when a policeman wakes them up by rapping with his night stick.

I have to do with drug habitues to some extent, and I know how the habit begins. More doctors and nurses suffer from it in proportion to their number than any other classes, because they have the drug near them and because of the constant suggestion that they can relieve tiredness or ill feeling of any kind by recourse to it. Suggestion and facility help more than anything else to the acquisition of the habit. Many a young man has told me that he began the use of opium or cocaine because of curiosity as to the wonderfully pleasant dreams that are said to come in that way. Poor Francis Thompson seems to have had his habit greatly emphasized, if not initiated, by his mother's unfortunate gift to him of De Quincy's "Opium Eater," which perhaps she thought would prove a deterrent. As to the pleasures of the "dope fiend" I may say, as a physician who knows something about it, that, as I have written in my book on psychotherapy, it is not that to have opium is heaven, so much as to be without the next dose of it is hell, that causes the persistence in the habit. The craving for it becomes intolerable. It is almost maddening to be without it, but the pleasure produced by it is slight compared to the painful discomfort and awful depression of the intervals.

The closing piece of this delectable program was the crowning event of the evening, so far as regards the suggestiveness of the material. A lady! whose husband is under a charge of murder resolves to consort with a set of vile women in order to secure the evidence for his acquittal, for she is sure that he is innocent. For three months she has lived with them, joined them in drinking, associated with them in nearly every way, and has achieved the unenviable reputation of being more fickle and heartless and of having more lovers than any of the others. Finally, on the evening before the trial, in desperation because her evidence is as yet incomplete, an arrangement is made for an especially hilarious evening, and this is the scene given in this high-class and thoroughly respectable vaudeville.

The women drink until the companion of the "virtuous" wife is thoroughly inebriated, that dear lady herself only pretending to be drunk, but doing that to the queen's taste by swearing and admitting soft impeachments as to her coquetry and all the rest, until finally in the midst of the drunken orgy, a confession is obtained from the drunken creature that the death in the case was not a murder but a suicide. Detectives in an adjoining room hear this and of course all is then supposed to be well. Just what any exclamations of such a besotted woman could possibly be made to mean in any serious court of criminal law is hard to understand.

That was the end of the evening's entertainment, or rather it was not quite the end, there was still the aerial performances of a lady in a colored union suit, with nothing else on, and then the audience was dismissed to its virtuous slumbers.

If that is an example of vaudeville as it is now given and if the theaters continue to be crowded with young folk, as they are, it is rather easy to understand why there should be so much complaint of lack of reverence for nearly everything in life worth while. Teach what we will in schools, here is a post-graduate course in vicious suggestion that will far outweigh years of in-

struction, because its appeal is to that lower set of instincts in man which are so powerful if given any opportunity for special development.

If there is anything that would make it quite clear that the greatest of care must be exercised as regards performances which young folk attend, it is the consideration of a sample program of this kind. We have heard much of the evil influence of ugly sex problem plays at the theater, but usually the better class vaudeville has been supposed at least to be reasonably free from vile and vicious suggestion. Manifestly it is not. Yet its degeneration might have been expected. When people are constantly looking for entertainment and have lost the faculty to entertain themselves, ordinary modes of amusement soon fail and excitants of various kinds must be presented to them, or, as habitual vaudevillians themselves say, "ginger and pep must be put into the acts."

What the burlesques which represent the lower order of vaudeville can possibly give that is worse than this, though they must be worse because they are bitterly condemned on all sides, I find it hard to imagine. Anything much worse than this would surely be deterring by its vulgarity. Even this high-class performance approached that limit rather too nearly to be quite comfortable, I should imagine, for a good many people. It is manifest that the work of the Catholic Theater Movement is sadly needed for much more than the regular theaters with their problems, for now the more popular play-houses are being invaded by the same vicious elements.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

The Cheat*

A DISHONEST business man is as despicable as an impure woman, and for the same reason. He has betrayed his greatest trust in life. His sin is deliberate perversion. He has turned the enormous powers given him into instruments of hell.

Nor is it always the size of his crime that makes him despicable. The greater a man's trust in life, the more we look to him not only for fulfillment of that particular trust but for sterling example in all his acts. Here as nowhere else is the falseness of over-specialization bared to our eyes. You can not specialize in one form of goodness. If you fulfil one trust nobly, the world expects nobility from you in other things as well. And the world is only just. If you have managed a railroad honestly, and then cheat a widow in the management of her tiny estate, you are as despicable as if you had filched thousands from every stockholder in your gigantic company.

A certain American consular agent in Europe this summer gave a distracted refugee three hundred francs in exchange for a thousand-franc draft. That he was accepting somewhat over two hundred per cent. commission for this little transaction mattered little. He actually boasted of the ease with which he could make money on this plan. The man had offered him these terms; he accepted them. Why not? He had acted as a private individual, not as consular agent. What he forgot was this: the refugee came to him only because he was an agent of our Government. He trusted him. And this consular agent betrayed his trust—openly and shamelessly, to be sure, but none the less basely.

A large employer often betrays his trust in exactly the same way. Laborers, generally in more or less distress, come to him and offer certain terms. They come to him because his reputation and position are good. He takes advantage of their offer and employs them at starvation wages. His conscience is clear. To all outward appearances, he has made a simple contract to which the other party acquiesced. What more could one ask?

What such employers forget is the economic pressure on the other party. Our consular agent forgot this. Thousands of men who make unfair contracts forget this every day. They think that because a man watches you rob him and makes no protest (no effective protest at least) you can not really be robbing him. They forget (or pretend to) that he is bound hand and foot, and gagged as well.

Nearly all the dishonesty that poisons our economic system is of this sort. The dishonest contract which the law allows and equity condemns is actually a Bible for some men. They guard it as a sort of *Vade Mecum*. Of course, they run a risk. At rare times Equity is applied; and then the scoundrel shrieks his protests at what he delights to call an infringement of personal liberty. The liberty to steal the gold of a sick man is always strangely prized. Every vague, well-meant clause of the national Constitution is given a new and sinister meaning. Coaches and four are driven gaily through libel suits, police power is invoked, and commissions are set at work on lengthy reports; all that the personal liberty of the dishonest man may be kept sacred.

In this chaos of activity, the liberty of the other man is lost. It may very well be that labor unions have sinned: but at least one of their principles is sound. No contract is equitable unless both parties are free; and that means free economically as well as legally. Labor has sought freedom in union. Perhaps that is the wrong way; or perhaps only certain methods of union are wrong. But in any case the motive for union is equitable. The demand to be economically free before making a contract is just; and if more of our courts could exercise equity jurisdiction and annul unfair contracts half the necessity for strikes and social war could be cut away.

But equity still has a little vogue in this country. In many places, there is a general tendency to make more of its doctrines available. But this tendency is feeble. It will be some years before its strength will force definite action. In the meantime what can we do? The Church's message of love is also a message of equity. Love in-

*The eighth of a series of special articles.

spires and guides equity. Love is the source of God's eternal justice. Where and how can we apply this justice to the chaotic business life of to-day?

A little conscience cleaning must be our very first act. The insidious perversions of personal liberty on every side have not failed to touch us. When we have to grope about in a gray mist for so long, we sometimes forget what pure light is. Our own judgments get warped, and our own consciences get smeared with a dirty deposit. The disguise of the dishonest contract is so clever that it often gaily deceives us. Before we pose as evangelists of equity and justice, we had better examine a few of our own contracts. We had better see just how often we have stroked our own uneasy souls with the phrase: "I merely gave what was demanded. Surely it's not my fault if the demand was too small!"

Real public opinion is often ineffectual because the specialist despises it. But public opinion in the narrower sense, that is, the collected opinion of specialists in the same field, is the greatest force, for good and bad, of to-day. Sometimes it condones the most contemptible crimes; again it works a transformation for good. The opinion of laborers will not reform the society drunkard, but the opinion of other society men will. In exactly the same way, once we have cleaned our own consciences, we, as Catholic business men, can create an opinion right in our own field that will brand the dishonest contract with the mark of the devil.

Do you remain on good terms with the man who cheats at cards? Do you continue to welcome him to your house, to introduce him to your wife and children, and to show him every sign of respect? Of course not. Then why do you keep on showing respect for the man who makes notoriously dishonest contracts? Is it simply because our imperfect law has not yet reached him? If so, you are only a hypocrite. You want the forms of respectability and nothing else. Or is it simply because society in general is not yet awake to his crime and you are afraid to be called scrupulous and a cad? If so, you are a coward as well as a hypocrite.

Ask yourself this question: Just why do I want to keep the friendship of a man who cheats a poor laborer, or an humble shopkeeper, when I would loathe the very sight of a man who cheated at cards? If you are not a hypocrite or a coward, if you are not afraid to be one of the formers of opinion instead of being its slave, then there is but one answer. You are not awake. You are in a torpor. The gray mists have both blinded you and made you dull. Then awake; be strong; be just, and force others to be the same!

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

A February Festival

THE Purification, or as the old English called it, Candlemas, is one of the homely, democratic gatherings of the Catholic family. There are solemn and stately days like Corpus Christi; days when heaven and earth re-echo with riotous joy as at Easter; terrible days of pleading when the barren trees drop sad tears on a shuddering earth, like All Souls. But the striking thing about Candlemas is that it is a festival of the obvious, almost of the commonplace. For in the passing drama of the liturgical year the Church sets out on the stage just a workingman's family, an aged priest who had kept the faith, and an elderly widow who was conspicuous for nothing more remarkable than attending to her own concerns and saying her prayers. And because on a certain day in the temple at Jerusalem this little group of persons met—the carpenter and his wife and the Child, the aged Simeon and Anna the widow—nearly two thousand years after the event a considerable portion of two hundred million or more Catholics gather together in different parts of the world, to enact a little drama in commemoration. *O admirabile commercium!* "O wonderful exchange! The Creator of mankind taketh unto Himself a human form, and vouchsafes to be born of a Virgin; and proceeding forth as man without seed, hath bestowed upon us His own divinity." The secret of the Candlemas play is this: the Child is the Light to lighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; and by a divine paradox we see in the helpless Babe the Creator of the universe, and behold the Man-God offered to God in His own temple.

Before the Mass is sung there is the blessing of the candles; and although the ceremony is shorn of many of its former glories, it is still a little pageant. There is the general in command, the priest, who, with his assistants all vested in penitential violet, stands at the place where the Epistle is wont to be sung; for it is a drama that precedes the preaching of Christ's Gospel. On the table before him lie the candles of pure wax, the offensive weapons of this little army of the little Prince of Peace. Five times the priest cries aloud to the great Father of Lights, for it is the blessing of arms. He cries aloud the first time that they who bear the waxen spears may, by the intercession of Blessed Mary and of all the saints, obtain health of body and soul, whether they be on land or on sea. At the second cry he asks that they may abound in sweet charity, and merit to be presented in the temple of God's glory. The third time, that in this Christian warfare their hearts may be inflamed with the brightness of the Spirit, and that the dark foe of vice may be scattered and put to flight. Again he cries that the light of the Holy Spirit may never fail in His soldiers. And at the fifth prayer he prays that as the Son of God was on this day presented in the temple in the likeness of man and was acknowledged by the aged Simeon; so by the Spirit men too, may acknowledge, love and serve Him. And having made the saving Sign, the priest sprinkles the blessed water, and waves the smoking censer about the peaceful weapons of this peaceful army.

Now they press forward, each to receive the waxen spear, hallowed and sanctified in the Name of the great Captain of the Church Militant; and the while holy Simeon chants his song: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy Salvation. . . . a light to the revelation of the Gentiles." Now the battle array is formed, and the standard-bearer clad in shining dalmatic stands forth at the head of the little company; each spear-head is tipped with a flickering light, and they wait, young men and maidens, old men with bowed backs and quivering hands, aged women with high piping voices, wait for the order to advance. From the altar there echoes the word of command: *Procedamus in pace:* "Let us go forth in peace." Immediately there comes the answer. With one voice arises the cry "In the Name of Christ. Amen."

The company has set out. The cross glitters amid the smoking clouds arising from the censers, two by two the

flame-tipped spears pass along, in honor of a carpenter's family, an old man and a widow. And as they pass on their way East and West foregather, and the Latins sing in their tongue the words of John of the Golden Mouth: *Adorna thalamum tuum, Sion;* "Make ready thy bridal chamber, O Sion, and receive Christ the King, borne in the arms of Mary, who is the gateway of heaven: for she indeed beareth the glory of the new light. She, a Virgin, carrieth in her arms the Son begotten ere the light was: Whom Simeon declareth to all the people as the Lord of life and death, and the Saviour of the world."

The little army turns; it has gone forth from the Church to the world, has shed its light abroad. Now it returns to the citadel whence it set out, and entering the church the singers continue the humble tale of Joseph and Mary and the Child Jesus. "They offered for Him unto the Lord a pair of doves or two young pigeons. . . ." This is all the simple tale of Candlemas, a tale of contrasts, wherein He Who gave the law made Himself subject to it; of Him Who being all powerful made himself very small, and being possessed of all things chose to possess nothing. So there is much propriety that the poor and the aged and widows should have their *festa;* and there is much propriety also that those of us who are not poor nor aged should be permitted to bear our light in their little company, humbly take our place, and sing with them; *Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.* For the simple ones of God are the guests of honor of Him Who hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree. H. C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Is Mr. Lind a Moral Coward?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Lind stated categorically that in Mexico "Popular education, except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal Bull." Challenged repeatedly for proof Mr. Lind has maintained a sphinx-like silence. One does not like to think Mr. Lind a moral coward. Yet it is not easy to draw any other inference from his action. He strikes in the dark and runs; stabs in the back and takes to his heels. He does not seem to be man enough to stand up and defend or retract his assertion. The supposed "Bull" guaranteed the Mexicans an education in politeness which Mr. Lind evidently has not succeeded in acquiring. Common politeness, ordinary decency, every-day courtesy require, and the conventions which govern the action of a gentleman demand, that a false statement made is to be retracted or proved, when called in question by the party affected. Mr. Lind has made a statement that affects very seriously the feelings of millions of Catholics. Challenged for proofs, Mr. Lind has for weeks preserved what can only be called a cowardly silence. It is not easy to resist the suspicion of a lurking bigotry in Mr. Lind. Yet this is the man selected by President Wilson to look after our interests in Mexico at a time of peculiar difficulty.

New York. CHARLES CLEWES.

An Appeal to Young Girls

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We have been asked by our Association in Belgium (*Association Catholique Internationale des œuvres de Protection de la Jeune Fille*) to do something in favor of the unfortunate girls in their country.

We thought that an appeal to all the young girls in every country would be efficacious; we enclose the following appeal in our letter and we ask you to be so kind as to publish it in your paper, and if you could by your influence have it published in other papers in the United States we would be ever so grateful to you.

The appeal has already been published in the Swiss papers, and funds have begun to be collected, so we really hope to be able to help our poor sisters in Belgium. The text of the appeal is as follows:

Everywhere one is moved to pity by the misery of the poor Belgians whom the war has driven out of their country. All hearts and homes have been enlarged to receive the unfortunate refugees. But there are still, even in Belgium itself, many miserable people who must be relieved. Think, for example, of the towns in which all industries have ceased and from which many families have emigrated. In these there are large numbers of young girls, formerly factory girls or domestic servants, actually without daily bread or even a shelter. The Houses of Reception, founded for female youth, have thrown open their doors to these exiles; but they are not sufficient and, in certain towns, they no longer exist. It is for this reason that an urgent appeal has come from Belgium to the Central International Catholic Association for the Protection of Young Girls (16, rue St. Pierre, Fribourg, Switzerland), begging that aid may be sent to allow of hospitality being given to the unfortunate women without shelter.

When, some time ago, it was necessary to take care of the little Belgian orphans, children everywhere competed for them and implored their parents to make room among them for a little Belgian brother or sister. They emptied their money-boxes where their modest little savings were waiting to be exchanged for a toy or some delicacy, and poured the contents into the great charity purse. They employed their leisure hours in making garments for Belgian children who were in need. To-day it is for the young girls, victims of the war, that an effort must be made; above all it is the young girls who must respond to the appeal.

The International Catholic Association for the Protection of Young Girls offers to centralize the gifts by means of its National Committees. In each town it must be the young girls who will solicit and collect them. The evils of the times must awaken Christian solidarity; it would be a shame for them to think of allowing themselves the superfluous satisfactions and pleasures which ordinarily fill certain youthful lives. There are too many evils in the world at this moment. Trifling gifts can be converted into a generous aid and given to the poor victims of the war. Besides the young girl's heart will find secrets of frank simplicity, which we have not inspired her with, in order to come to the practical aid of the misery which she will discover. To her we leave the choice of the particular form her charity will take, for we feel sure she will not allow herself to be surpassed by the little children who have shown their generosity in such a touching manner. Groups of people no doubt in every town will take up the task of gathering the gifts together and of working to multiply them as much as possible. Needless to say it will be gifts in money which will be the most acceptable because the dispatch of gifts in kind would just now be difficult. To work, then, girls, to work without delay! Your Belgian sisters rely upon you.

BARONESS DE MONTENACH,
General President.

MARIE LOUISE DE WECK,
Assistant Secretary.

Fribourg, January 3, 1915.

"The Blackest of Lies"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An English paper commenting on your statement that "there is only one official Catholic chaplain for the British navy," remarks that "half a truth is ever the blackest of lies" and complains that you have omitted to state that the former navy system "has been discontinued some time," that there is a Catholic chaplain for each squadron of the Grand Fleet, that several additional chaplains have been appointed for the war, that there are nineteen other Catholic paid chaplains for service afloat and ashore and besides, that 130 priests receive capitation grants from the Admiralty as shown in the Catholic Directory. What are the facts in the case?

New York. S. BLAKE.

[The statement appeared in AMERICA's Chronicle for December 19. It narrated the agitation carried on for an increase of *official* chaplains in the navy. *Official* chaplains *alone* were under discussion. The statements set forth in the complaint were omitted because some of them were not true at the time of writing, some are not true at this writing (January 17) and the rest are not pertinent. Last year's English "Catholic Directory," to which AMERICA is referred, gives the name of one active chaplain entitled to a pension and the names of five "on fixed allowances," two of whom are "for service with squadrons afloat." It adds that "fourteen others are on fixed allowances" and "about 130 priests receive capitation grants." Now all these unnamed priests, and those named with the exception of the first, are not really navy chaplains at all, nor recognized as such by the British Admiralty which sets down on its official list one Catholic chaplain only and 223 Protestant chaplains. (This last point was the subject of the chronicle.) The rest are named by the bishops from the local clergy for services at naval stations in their parishes or for visiting squadrons, which they are free to visit when they can, and sometimes they receive allowances for such services; but they do not sail with the squadrons, which is the point at issue, and in war time their services are practically unavailable. If this system was "discontinued some time ago," the time goes no further back than December 24, 1914, for on that date the Admiralty wrote to the *Irish Catholic* that "inquiry is being made as to the difficulties" of remedying the disproportion of one Catholic to 223 Protestant chaplains for services afloat, which they had previously admitted to exist, but they made no announcement of a change.

The facts are that several months ago the united Irish Episcopacy demanded that the dearth of Catholic chaplains in army and navy should be supplied. The *Irish Catholic* and Catholic societies took up the case, and after a lengthy agitation, and much circumlocution from the War Office, secured a tolerable sufficiency of army chaplains at the front. This object gained, the editor of the *Irish Catholic* on November 17 addressed himself to the Admiralty, setting out the facts as we have given them, and the Lords Commissioners replied after the manner of the complaint made against AMERICA, except that they admitted the 1 to 223 proportion for chaplains afloat, and so far from announcing a discontinuance of this system, established in 1878, relied on it for their vindication. The *Irish Catholic*, dissatisfied with "the appointment of a few posts scattered all over the globe of what they style permanently employed priests," insisted that the system which permitted thousands of Catholic sailors to die without a priest, as happened in case of every ship so far sunk or engaged in battle, should be changed, and that every warship, or at least squadron, should have a Catholic chaplain, so that Irish Catholic sailors and recruits should not continue to be subject religiously "to intolerable injustice and oppression." But their Lordships could not change the 1878 system, or provide accommodation for Catholic chaplains or risk the discord their appointment would create; and when the editor exposed these pretexts they kept silence for over a month, finally resorting to the "Circumlocution Office" device of ordering an inquiry.

Meanwhile it appears that, subsequent to the date of AMERICA'S statement, they have appointed three Catholic chaplains to warships in service afloat, and they may since have made additional appointments; but no official announcements of such have reached us at this writing. In this as in other matters AMERICA gives the news as officially communicated. The paper which complains against our chronicle knew all this before the central fact was published here, for the Admiralty communications were given *verbatim* in the *Irish Catholic*, which evidently believes that the interest of the British navy are best served when the religious rights of all are equally respected. In its latest issue the Dublin paper asserts and proves that AMERICA's statement was the whole truth of the matter.—THE CHRONICLER, January 17.]

What Are We Teaching?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Is the Catholic press reluctant to grant publicity to a great cause? Perish the thought! A more probable reason for the discreet reserve of Catholic editors on the subject of actualities in Catholic colleges for women is regard for the spiritual welfare of the good Sisters. True, the good Sisters conscientiously subscribe for the newspapers and periodicals to which, as AMERICA noted January 2, Bishop McFaul has given honorable mention. The good Sisters also perseveringly exhort, entreat, nay, even command their pupils to read these newspapers and periodicals. Reciprocity, however, might have disastrous results. If the Catholic press should boldly take the place of the discredited catalogue as a vehicle of information, the good Sisters, to borrow language from AMERICA's comments on Bishop McFaul's circular letter, "would soon become, in all probability, a haughty, purse-proud class, and that, of course, would never do." The secular press is unquestionably generous in its notices not only of the social activities of our convent schools, but of what is presumably more important, their regular work in classroom, laboratory, and lecture hall. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Theories of education are interesting to theorists. A merely human reading public has a wholesome desire for facts, an eagerness to learn not what Catholic colleges should teach, but what they are teaching in this year of Our Lord, 1915.

Convent Station, N. J. M. V. H.

Old-Time Catholic Editors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One is apt to question the competency of Mr. Thomas F. Meehan, of New York City, to write concerning the Catholic Press, when from his list of "Old-Time Editors of National Repute," printed in AMERICA of current date, he omits the Titanic names of John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffrey Roche.

Boston. HUGH P. MCNALLY.

[In the brief contribution on "Catholic Papers—Old and New" there was no possibility, or intention even, of making a complete list of "old-time editors." Reference was merely to a few of the contemporaries of the late John Mullaly. Among these neither O'Reilly nor Roche can be included. They are of the later generation. The Boston *Pilot* was a paper of national influence and international repute many

years before either O'Reilly or Roche emigrated to the United States. In the list of "old-time editors" cited are the names of five men—Darcy McGee, Roddan, Boyce, Finotti, Donahoe—most actively associated with that journalistic progress and fortune. My "competency" as a writer, and the "Titanic" qualifications of the two more recent *Pilot* editors Mr. McNally mentions are other stories neither pertinent nor of consequence.—THOMAS F. MEEHAN.]

The Question of a Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One of the letter-writers in your issue of January 23, signs himself "A Perfect Fool," but that hardly gives him the right to make such wild statements about our Catholic weeklies. "Present company always excepted," he says, "there is not a single Catholic weekly in America worth the trouble of reading." I do not pretend to know all the Catholic weeklies of the country, but I shall mention off-hand six weeklies that furnish excellent matter every week and do honor to their editors. They are the *Catholic Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, Pa.; the *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, Mass.; the *Monitor*, of San Francisco, Cal.; the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, O.; the *Tablet*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the *Catholic Transcript*, of Hartford, Conn. Catholic laymen in the dioceses where these papers are published are much to blame if these papers are not properly supported.

New York. JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As to "The Catholic Press" in your issue of January 15, I would remark that more pulpit urging is what is needed. It is not within my memory to have heard the cause of the Catholic Press urged there in the past fifteen years! Truly appalling. I am at a loss to explain this awful and most significant ignoring of its claims. Too busy with parochial work? Penny wise; pound foolish. Persevering pulpit advocacy is the alpha and omega of the problem. Why not push it and urge it?

Scranton, Pa. D. A. WEBB.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If a Catholic daily were started in New York City the professional Catholic political sinecurists would use it for selfish motives. I notice that almost every officer in a Catholic society holds, or aspires to, a political job. Men of this type are not prominent in the spread of Catholicism, but use the prestige of the Catholic Church to make an easy living in politics. They would plot to control a Catholic daily and would succeed in plunging it into bankruptcy. This element would not control it if a religious order conducted such a paper. There is not enough public spirit among Irish Catholics to put up a million dollars for a daily paper. Could it be started for less? In my judgment the Guardians of Liberty note with fear the activity of the professional Catholic politicians and think they want to interfere with their religion. The clergy are too timid to try and stop this selfishness.

New York. BUSINESS MAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your remark in "Note and Comment" (January 16, 1915) relative to the formation of a Society for the Instruction of the Daily Press suggests a plan which seems less hazardous than the establishment of a Catholic daily. If it were possible, arrangements might be made with a reputable secular paper in each diocese or archdiocese by which one sheet (two pages) of an evening issue might be edited under Catholic direction. Then Catholic news and what is of more importance the Catholic point of view would be daily presented to the public. Calumnies could be refuted while still stinging, and a good idea of what we mean by "a square deal" officially stated. A Catholic daily is the ideal, but experience with diocesan weeklies does not augur much success in a daily venture. They usually feature some person or event that is really not diocesan; they are notorious for the use of the scissors and are generally three days too late in refuting calumny. They lack sensationalism, an essential of newspaper success. The matter need not be sensational, but there are many occasions when things could be presented sensationally but sensibly to the public.

McMaster knew the reading public when he wrote of the necessity of catering to that peculiarity of human nature which never "likes to miss seeing a paper which presents among other dishes, one or two roasts." Among the other dishes we might have some nourishing Catholic "vegetables" and less of these sentimental "dainties." It would be a pleasure to sit down and assimilate such a Catholic dinner. To attempt such a banquet daily would be dangerous: better begin with a light "lunch" after the plan suggested above, and if this be voted a success, then we should be more confident of success in the preparation and digestion of a daily Catholic feast.

New York. A VEGETARIAN

Fair After All

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Noticing letters from certain subscribers in recent issues of AMERICA prompts me to say that your magazine is accurate and just in its war news, favors neither one side nor the other, and is the most concise and one of the most valuable war news summaries that comes to my library table. The excellence of AMERICA as a Catholic magazine and the high character and ability of its editors ought to be sufficient guarantee to every subscriber that earnest and persistent efforts are used to get at the truth. That the war news a subscriber reads in his Catholic magazine may not agree with what he would like the war news to be, is a poor excuse for discontinuing his subscription.

Providence, R. I. THOMAS ZANSLAUER LEE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When Mr. "B. F.," of Covington, Kentucky, and Mr. M. A. Schenck, of Osceola, Wisconsin, went on record, in the edition of the 9th inst., and imputed unfairness and bias to AMERICA in your treatment of the war news, they made it very apparent that they were incapable of reading with any degree of intelligence. They are projecting their own mental states and short-comings into that of the editor of AMERICA. Unwittingly, they have confessed their own weakness. Persons who indulged in maniacal ravings and howlings in this respect, are fit inmates for an insane asylum.

That AMERICA is absolutely reliable and fair, is conceded by both the intelligent Catholic and non-Catholic readers. It stands for what is right and just in its treatment of all subjects. Because it is not filled with "blood and thunder" news, and news that is not conducive to good morals, it may not be acceptable to some people; but AMERICA has a high and noble mission to fulfil, hence it has not and will not cater to certain classes. The writer has been a reader of this excellent review, since its inception, and he has been a subscriber for some time. He has nothing but the highest praise for this splendid publication. He would feel lost without its friendly and wholesome visits weekly.

Iowa City, Iowa. J. W. M.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Praise of Crime

CRIME is always contemptible, both from a natural and a supernatural point of view. There is nothing in it to praise, nothing to defend. It is simply a base act of cowards who are too weak to observe the law of God. But people do praise it. At times, the more revolting it is, the greater are the encomiums of it.

There was such an incident in New York recently. A sickening tale it is, a story of a man beneath the contempt of every rational creature, a history of revolting sin culminating in the heartless murder of two innocent children. Decent people were shocked into silence and hung their heads in shame that a man devoid of the elementary instinct of common decency should be free to spread the corruption of his unspeakable heart through the body politic. All people were not silent, however; some uplifted their voices. And why? To praise the self-sacrifice of those women who condoned the male monster's offences and allowed him to swing through life, a lustful prig, leaving blighted hearts and damned souls in his wake. The shame of it that any person should cast aside, not reticence, that were bad enough, but the natural law and the positive divine law, to hold up to public admiration false standards of morality!

This is a growing evil, tremendous in its capacity for ill. The sinful act is bad enough: the attempt to condone it or to justify it, to defend it in the name of virtue, is to enshroud the demon in a halo of sanctity, to dress the wolf in sheep's clothing and send him prowling among the lambs. Sad to say, people who act thus are generally women. If one of their sex be caught in crime, a hundred mouths are opened and as many tongues are loosed to chatter incontinently about self-sacrifice, and what not. There is no self-sacrifice in sin, no heroism in breaking down norms of morality, no virtue in cooperating in any way with a vile creature whose life is lust. To say otherwise is to blaspheme God. Those willowy, scantily clad creatures with empty heads, glib tongues, and rouged faces, who are talking about the "beauty" of a marriage contract (sic.) which releases a man at will, are degenerates, not better but worse than the despicable cad who demands such an arrangement. Such women are more dangerous than the men. They sweep away safeguards which most men instinctively respect, assist in the formation of false consciences, and speed people along the path of vice, already attractive and alluring enough without artificial adornments by female philosophers and sociologists—God save the mark!—but put an inviolable seal over open mouths.

There is too much mawkish sentimentality, too much downright paganism in smart ladies' souls. They need toning up; they lack the spirit of Christ; they are ignorant; they need instruction in elementary ethics and Christian doctrine. The person who excogitates a way of performing this useful act will confer a boon upon women and the State. May the instructors not forget to impress upon the ladies that women are not above God's law; that sin is never praiseworthy, even though it take the form of releasing a husband from the bonds of matrimony, that he may ruin another home.

The Passions of Plants

RECENTLY there came all the way from India to America, a professor who has made a profound study of the joys and sorrows of flowers and fruits and vegetables. By means of delicate instruments he can register every heart-throb of a lonely pumpkin, indicate on a chart the mingled emotions of an April crocus, explain the joyous dancing of the columbine and account for the chronic thirst of orchids. "Every plant," asserts the Professor, "and every organ of every plant, is excitable." Any soft part, when pricked with a pin, will jump.

A dash of cold water on the root of a growing plant stiffens it up like a fly on a frosty morning. But hot water, not too hot, may jump the growth rate to twenty times the normal amount. Drugs have also their effects. Whiskey poured on the roots stops the growing. Light beer causes two or three violent beats to alternate spasmodically with about as many weak ones. Ether puts the plant to sleep and stops all growth movement.

These remarkable facts, however, which the Calcutta Professor now proves scientifically, our inspired poets knew all along. Time out of mind they have persistently maintained that the rose blushes, the lily meditates, the primrose weeps, the daffodil dances, the violet hides, the marigold laughs, the daisy sleeps, and that nearly all the flowers are scandalously bibulous. Moralists assure us, moreover, that cabbages are ill-bred, potatoes inquisitive, grapes ambitious, quinces proud, nettles spiteful and catnip frivolous. Hitherto we thought the bards and sages in using terms like the foregoing were merely indulging,

as is their ancient privilege, in picturesque metaphors. But Oriental science has now proved to admiration that when flowers and vegetables are the poet's theme, a ruthlessly literal meaning should be taken from his words.

Needless to say the "ethical value" of the Professor's discovery is quite incalcuable. Hereafter a tender-hearted housewife will speak gently to her geraniums, feed languishing fuchsias with sterilized milk, applaud loudly the courageous snow-drop, and let no fair lily die without the tribute of a tear. The promoters of total abstinence can now so disgracefully inebriate with a few drops of alcohol an unsophisticated sunflower, that thousands of horrified on-lookers will forthwith take a life-long pledge. A delicate question here comes up, however, as to whether the temperance lecturer, to gain his worthy object, is justified in ruining the morals of the sunflower. But that we leave to casuists.

In the light, moreover, of the new knowledge we have regarding the joys and sorrows of buds and blossoms, what can be said in defence of the heartless race of florists and horticulturists? Every year—nay, every month!—they deliberately snip off from the parent plant thousands and thousands of unoffending blossoms and innocent buds, who are thus brought to an untimely end. And for what? Merely to heighten, perhaps, the beauty of a ball-room! When the general public is brought to a thorough realization of the grievous wrongs flowers and plants have been suffering at the hands of men all these ages, let us hope that mass meetings will be held for the organization of a world-wide S. P. C. P. F.: the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Plants and Flowers. Such an association, after all, would not be much more ridiculous than are some of the movements being promoted nowadays by our "uplifters."

The Gospel of Revolt

REVOLT in any form is odious: revolt against common decency is doubly so. A woman has come to our shores of late to preach the latter. Unhappy fate, a polite expression for the evil spirit, has sent her and is now obtaining an audience for her. She is a suffragist. If this were all, there would be no need of protest. Unfortunately she belongs to the radical species, whose aim is notoriety, even though that be had by sitting astride a horse and pacing the avenue, playing a flute or beating a drum. Her gospel is the usual claptrap, beginning in a minor key with the economic independence of women and ending in a shriek with the economic independence of women. And for what? What advantage is such a condition to bring to women? Trial marriages, a "marriage novitiate." Thus the gospel preached in the drawing-room ends, as usual, in something that real men and women instinctively associate with quadrupeds or the more degraded savages of the Philippine Islands. The more enlightened suffragists may well exclaim: *Non tali auxilio!*

Censorship and the Index

THE war has brought to light a strange inconsistency. The general public, that has so long protested against the censorship of Rome, has passively and without a protest submitted to the censorship of Berlin and London and Paris. For prudential reasons the Governments of Europe have deemed it well to exercise a strict supervision over the press. And their action is both wise and justified. To allow all the details of the fighting to be read might jeopardize the chances of success and do harm not only to the country at large, but also to the individual. The necessity of such action has been recognized; only against what has seemed to be an occasional excess has indignation been felt. England and France and Germany do well to determine what their people may or may not read about the progress of the war. No one dreams of denying them this incontestable right. It interferes somewhat with the liberty of their citizens and the liberty of the neutral nations, but it has its justification in the necessity of preserving public spirit and of securing their national welfare and perhaps even existence.

The position of the Church with regard to the Index is quite the same. The Church has a wisdom that is superior to that of her children, her outlook is broader and more far-reaching, she knows the vagaries of human hearts and the partial views of human minds. She is not a novice in her supernatural statecraft. She is wise with the experience of many centuries. Her commission is to guard Christ's interests both in the individual soul and in the universal Church. Now, those interests are best secured by watching over the integrity of the faith. She will not, therefore, allow the seeds of unbelief and immorality to be sown in the garden of the Lord, for she knows, as no one else knows, how difficult it is to eradicate them once they have taken root. Now the sowers of bad seed are the writers of evil books. Is it a wonder that she closes their pages to the eyes of her children? Who could call her action unwarranted? No one calls the Governments of Europe tyrannous because they excise certain passages from dispatches and letters, or because they put a ban on the publishing of certain articles, or even because they forbid the entrance into their confines of certain newspapers and books. Why, then, should men clamor against the Church on account of the "Index"? The right governments claim for the safety of the nation, she claims for the safety of souls. The practice they have just adopted, she has followed for centuries. If it is right and lawful for the State to control the reading of its citizens, it can not be wrong for the Catholic Church to control the reading of Catholics. The two cases are parallel. Will the new censorship of the press make the world less intolerant of the Index of the Church? Probably this is altogether too much to be hoped for. Men seem to be hopelessly illogical when there is question of the prerogatives of the Church.

Sisters and Sociologists

THE New York *Evening Post* reprints the following paragraph from the London *Chronicle:*

Will they expel them again? The Sisters of Charity were disbanded, unfrocked, and expelled from a certain French town, among many, just before the war. When that town, as time went on, was well-stocked with wounded, it became absolutely necessary to recall the Sisters, and they came. But when peace comes again, what will happen? The law is against the Sisters of Charity; and they are enjoying the privilege of serving (unpaid) in the hospitals, quite irregularly.

This is all very well, and the noble spirit which the *Post* displays in republishing this eulogy of the Sisters is quite touching. But it all happened in France. Here at home a campaign of villainy against the Catholic Sisterhoods has been in swing for the last few years. The *Post,* and similar "uplift" publications, seem never to have heard of it. A pornographic sheet, which has made capital of this campaign, was recently indicted by a Federal Grand Jury for misusing the mails. The *Post,* together with the leading New York newspapers, does not seem to have heard of that, either. Possibly they are not to blame. This news apparently escaped even the lynx-eyed young men of the Associated Press, although the United Press promptly informed its subscribers of this first step in a war against public indecency. Incidentally, one may doubt that "it became absolutely necessary to recall the Sisters." It is more than likely that they came back of their own accord. Catholic Sisters have an almost uncanny way of claiming the "privilege of serving (unpaid)" the poor and sick. Herein they differ from a good many modern sociologists whose hearts are all on fire to uplift the masses, at a suitable salary. This is not finding fault with the sociologists. They must live, and some of them have families to support. It is merely pointing out a difference. Here in New York it seems necessary to insist upon the difference. It may also be necessary in other communities where the exercise of Christian charity is fast becoming a profitable profession.

Aggressive Modesty

"AND in particular for Christian modesty," is the conclusion of the Leaguers' morning offering for February. The intention is as timely as it is important. For the month opens, we may say, with a feast that commemorates the hunger for purity felt by a maiden who already possessed that virtue in its perfection; and no one who closely studies the world of to-day can well maintain that Christian modesty is its most striking characteristic. It was to lay for our sakes a new emphasis on the necessity of purity that Mary, a stainless virgin, humbly submitted to a law from which she was really exempt, and the abiding sorrow that became hers when Simeon uttered his prophecy would appear to symbolize the constant self-denial Mary's children must practise, if they would imitate her purity.

Keenly alive to the fact that even with children modesty is fast becoming an obsolete virtue, non-Catholic educators and sociologists are seeking to remedy the evil by prescribing for boys and girls classroom courses in sex hygiene. The worthlessness, folly and danger of these so-called preservers of purity have been so often proved in our columns that there is no need of taking up the subject here. Suffice it to say that in this matter, "knowledge" is so far from being "power" for good, that it makes worse the evil it aims to cure.

The Church of the Ages is wiser. Guided by her thorough familiarity with the human heart, the means she prescribes for safeguarding her children's purity is as simple as it is effective. "Just be modest," she bids them. "But to get the strength to practise that virtue, always keep close to Our Lady and go often to Holy Communion. You will then be successful, as a rule, in avoiding the occasions of danger to purity." The girl who is modest is generally safe, and the boy who has been trained to realize fully that his body is a sacred temple will not profane it by entertaining even an unclean thought.

Owing to the fact that nowadays, however, the virtue of reticence is considered by many so ridiculously "Victorian," it is necessary that a Catholic's modesty should be of a more robust and aggressive character than formerly. When songs are being sung, plays presented, movements danced, books read, films shown, and "news" published that twenty years ago would have aroused the active interest of the police authorities, modesty should not be of too shrinking a nature. It is the duty of good Catholics to be conspicuous in shunning these menaces to purity. They will thus be doing much to protect the weak from contamination. Let it never be said, for instance: "Mrs. Bullion is a pillar of the Church, yet I saw her last night sitting through a play that is commonly thought objectionable. But it can't be so bad, if she enjoyed it." "That 'best-seller' you would ban is not a salacious novel at all, for the President of our Holy Name Society praises the book highly." "The new dance movement that shocks you so is not really indecent, for Miss Debutante, who graduated last year from the convent school, dances it." "You misunderstand this song altogether. If it meant what you think, do you suppose Miss Nightingale, who is a daily communicant, would sing it?" "That story is not suggestive. Why, I heard it from a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus!" "The gown you criticize so severely is not immodest. Otherwise Miss Fashionable, whose uncle is a bishop, would hardly wear it." Thus many "prominent Catholics" promote by their evil example the spread of practices that are incompatible with the preservation of Christian modesty. "But what those who move in the best society tolerate and do can not be very wrong!" Perhaps not. But the "best society" is often very worthless society, and to correct the bad ex-

ample its votaries give, consistent Catholics should display what may be termed aggressive modesty.

The White Robe of Mockery

ASCETICAL writers paint with faithful art the close resemblance between Herod and the modern world. Herod was very desirous to see Christ. So is the world. Witness the many articles on religion in the daily press and the popular magazines. With Herod, the modern world is not, primarily, irreligious. It is simply indifferent to all that is supernatural, like modern education and modern art. As a matter of which every educated man should know something, Herod was willing to listen to our Lord's teaching, but he had no thought of accepting it as true. This is likewise the attitude of modern culture, pseudo-science, self-sufficient scholarship. A miracle would have jarred Herod's jaded feelings pleasantly into a new emotion. Of course, there would be a natural explanation for it. The modern world gives it: suggestion, hypnotism, multiple personality, and what not. It was Herod's plan that the Son of God should interrupt the Divine Tragedy, to amuse him and his loose followers with tricks out of the ordinary. When he saw before him a weary, bloody man, a clown from Galilee, his interest died. Christ awakened no emotion in that vile soul. He was not even amusing.

The world writes beautifully of Christ, the man among men, Christ, the social reformer, Christ among the children. Its fervor glows like a seraph. But it sees no divinity in the broken Figure on the Cross. That is coarse, almost commonplace. A Princeton professor of theology, writing in a recent issue of the New York *Sun,* is good enough to say that some kinship of Christ with God may yet be proved by the researches of modern science. Christ's own words in the matter are the error or forgeries of transcribers. The professor's argument runs flowingly to the necessary conclusion that this wonderful man is not, can not be, God. Christ may form an excellent topic for half an hour's debate in theology. But accept Him as God? Herod yawns, and a servant brings forth the white robe.

LITERATURE

Balthasar Gracian

APART from the mighty dreadnaughts which patrol, with unchallenged sway, the broad reaches of the sea of literature, there is a wonderful variety of fighting and sailing craft, each unit with its special build and mission. There is the steel-belted battleship, thunderclad; the burly merchantman freighted to the very hatches with precious cargoes, the sooty, lumbering, but useful collier. What these represent in the great navy list of the ever increasing fleet of books, it may not be too difficult for the reader to surmise. But slipping away from the main squadron, darting hither and thither to wave their brief but pithy messages and quickly vanishing again, are the scout-boats and the dispatch bearers of the fleet. These are the writers of briefer essays and aphorisms like Montaigne, Bacon and Mill, the composers of "Thoughts" like Pascal and Joubert, the journal and maxim writers like Amiel, La Rochefoucauld, Penn and Balthasar Gracian. They can often creep into shallow waters where the ships of the line can not ride. They can run the blockade or launch a torpedo where the great leviathans might fail.

Balthasar Gracian, the Jesuit author of "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," is little known to the busy folk of our day. Yet this shrewd padre of the first half of the seventeenth century (1601-1658), makes a decided appeal to the modern man. Viscount Morley does not entertain a very high opinion of him, and dispatches him with brief, though not discourteous, verdict. Other competent judges have found in Gracian a guide, philosopher and friend. Gracian is pithy and epigrammatic. He surprises and startles you by his clever combinations. He does not juggle with words, but he knows how to marshal them in order to catch the eye, the fancy and the ear. Though spending most of his life in the simple duties of the classroom, the confessional and the pulpit, he knew the world thoroughly. A keen observer of life, he had a kindly feeling for its shortcomings. He is at times caustic, but cynical, never. He makes a decided appeal to our modern sense of compression and brevity. Adolph Coster realized this spirit of the Jesuit and he has given one of the last issues of the *Revue Hispanique* to an interesting monograph of the author of the "Heroe," the "Agudezd," the "Criticon" and the "Oraculo Manual." And surely an author whom Menendez Pelayo highly prized, one whose "Oraculo Manual" Schopenhauer translated and whom he affectionately referred to as "my dear Gracian," one whom such an authority on certain aspects of Spanish literature as Sir M. E. Grant Duff describes as, "unapproached in his own line," is not to be neglected.

Gracian has been, of course, severely criticized. He was a Jesuit. For some that is a millstone of oblivion around his neck. Then he is the author of the "Oraculo Manual." We know this book in English as the "Art of Worldly Wisdom." A Jesuit teaching worldly wisdom! With such a mentor we should get along famously. A real live Jesuit, a friend of Philip of Spain, a man versed in courtly speech and ways, is to show us how to tread cautiously and successfully through the labyrinthine paths that lead to fame, honor and success. Gracian may do this, but if we study him aright, we shall find that he accomplishes much more.

A century before Gracian, Balthasar Castiglione had written "Il Cortegiano." His purpose was to describe the perfect gentleman. The lessons given are, in general, of a high standard, on a higher level than the rather commonplace and occasionally coarse maxims of our English Chesterfield. Gracian, too, in the "Oraculo Manual," which is the compendium of his other works, and where his wit and wisdom seem to be condensed and crystallized, tried a similar task. The author frankly teaches us the art of getting along in the world, a lesson which all wish to learn. Prophets and inspired writers, moralists and philosophers from Solomon to Solon, Ecclesiastes and Epictetus, from Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis to Drummond, Smiles, Roux and William James, have been trying to enforce it. Some teach the art of worldly wisdom, and their wisdom is of the earth, earthy. It ever looks down. It never wings its flight to the spiring pinnacles and unclouded vistas of heaven. Others teach that wisdom, but to lift their readers to a higher plane and to instill a purer worldly wisdom as a stepping stone to the nobler knowledge of things unseen. Gracian tells us, "Avoid victory over superiors," "Cultivate those who can teach you." He startles us by the apparently heartless maxims, "Find out each man's thumb-screw." . . . Knowing any man's mainspring of motive, you have as it were the key to his will."

"Get yourself missed." "Display yourself." "If you can not clothe yourself in the lion's skin, use fox-pelt," Lysander's policy approvingly referred to by Lytton's Richelieu. "What marble-hearted Jesuitry," some one will say. "What cynicism." But the heartlessness and cynicism are not real. The friend of the king and the grandees of Spain, adapts himself to the great world for which he wrote. These maxims are rather embodiments of the conduct he had witnessed than its approval. Gracian was not a worldling, though he taught the art of worldly wisdom. He was a model religious, zealous, unselfish and self-sacrificing. When military chaplain to the Spanish squadrons, which drove the greatest captain of the age, the Prince de Condé from the ramparts of Lerida, he displayed the zeal of a priest and the bravery of a Spanish hidalgo. But he did not believe that men living in the world should be unacquainted with its artifices and wiles. A little of the cunning of the serpent, he thought, might well be mated with the simplicity of the dove.

Vauvenargues wrote the memorable words "Great thoughts come from the heart." The Jesuit writes this splendid maxim, "Noble qualities make noble men," and to the advice, "Do not be a black list," he adds, "That is to be an abominable thing, a man that lives without a heart." He rounds off the "Oraculo Manual" with a truth which is the sum-total of his shrewd and benignant wisdom. "In a word, be a saint. Virtue is the link of all perfections, the center of all felicities. Virtue alone is serious, all else is but jest." That maxim projects a white and serene light on the whole philosophy of Gracian. He knew men and saw their weaknesses. He did not, like Pascal, stagger under the burden of the riddle of life, tremble under the tragic glooms, enfolding man's existence between two eternities. Like Schopenhauer and La Rochefoucauld he is not tinged by a deep-seated pessimism. He is too sane and Christian for that. For him evil is not irremediable. The wounds of humanity are deep, but not immedicable. Evil can be overthrown. Virtue, clad in the white armor of prudence and wisdom, will finally win the day.

Gracian is a safe and clear-sighted guide. To relish him a man must have felt the cowardice of friends, the hypocrisy of worldlings. He must have smarted under the wounds of betrayal. He must have felt the pangs of disappointed hopes, the heart-spring of shattered ideals, the wounded pride of scorned merit and despised virtue. The perusal of his pages, powdered with ink-horn terms but glistening with gems, will show the world to-day that the passions surging in the heart of the Spanish courtier and soldier of the days of the Armada and the Lepanto Escorial still tingle in the breast of humanity. They need to be guided and controlled. The Jesuit of Calatayud will teach a wisdom which can swing open the gates of worldly success and can also be reconciled with the noblest ideas of the Gospel and the laws of God.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Book of Red and Yellow. Being a Story of Blood and a Yellow Streak. By FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY. Chicago: The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America. $0.15.

In this pamphlet Father Kelley has compiled a document which will appeal to the justice and sense of decency of every right-thinking American citizen. It is a plea for the liberty of conscience that is so dear to all who enjoy the freedom to worship God as they wish, that is accorded to every one who lives under our Government. Fearless in setting forth the wrongs that Mexico has been made to suffer, clear and cogent in its exposition of the root of the difficulty and the only possible means of restoring anything like a permanent peace, courteous and fair toward the Administration, and careful to avoid the least semblance of political bias, this pamphlet takes its stand on the high grounds of motives that "are purely charitable and humanitarian." The little book could scarcely be more calm or judicial, and, if given an impartial and unprejudiced reading ought to go far toward correcting the false impressions regarding the revolution in Mexico that have gained currency, largely through the silence of our American newspapers. The title has been selected, not as a concession to the present vogue, but of set purpose as symbolical both of the trail of blood that marks the course of recent events, and of the betrayal on the part of Mr. Lind of the trust reposed in him by the President of the United States. With the state of affairs in Mexico, most Catholics, we take it, have been already informed, though not in such detail as Father Kelley has provided. With the value of the statement made by the President's official agent they are less familiar. They will be surprised that any one, much less a man who had in his keeping both the honor of our own republic and the welfare of a sister State, should have shown himself so incompetent, so little at pains to ascertain the actual state of matters, and so deliberate in his misrepresentations. A deadly parallel shows at a glance how slavishly Mr. Lind, for the historical part of his statement, was content to copy the article on Mexico in the misleading "Encyclopedia Britannica" of the year 1888. This "official agent's" personal investigations according to Father Kelley were worth no more. "No wonder we are in trouble with our Mexican policy!" Along with "Mexican Liberalism" the *Catholic Mind* pamphlet, "The Book of Red and Yellow" should be widely circulated. Ten copies of the latter can be bought for $1.00, and one hundred for $6.00. J. H. F.

Round About Home. By REV. P. J. CARROLL, C.S.C. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press. $1.00.

The twenty-six tales of Irish life that fill the 234 pages of this interesting book have all the marks of transcriptions from life, by a transcriber exceptionally skilled in his art. There are several classes of Irish story-writers. There is the alien, born in or out of Ireland, who knows the people only from the outside, if at all, and flavors his note-book gleanings according to the audience he caters for; the inventive anti-clerical native who serves up horrors for a price or notoriety, and the pious and patriotic schools of varied types whose knowledge and intentions are usually better than their power to express them; and there are the few who having lived the people's lives, and loved them have the literary gift of discrimination and description that set them forth in true perspective. Father Carroll belongs to the latter class. He has been at wake and fair and meeting, in field and home, at school and fireside, not as an onlooker, but an actor, and as some of his characters would say, "he has the gift." In every one of these tales art and heart are finely interwoven.

M. K.

The Fellowship of the Mystery. By JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60.

The main portion of this book consists of six lectures delivered at the General Theological Seminary, New York, by an Anglican minister of much experience and wide reading in modern literature. The lectures deal with such fundamental problems as the nature of churchmanship, the place of churchmanship, the tradition enshrined in the church, the Gospel as an agent of self development, the democracy of Christianity, and church authority. A Catholic, though sympathizing with the author's evident intention of vindicating some fundamental Christian notions, will find himself in frequent dis-

agreement with the views expressed. The book is peculiarly expressive of the Anglican mind. This is nowhere more evident than in the first chapter, wherein the author plays with the thought, touching it lightly now, darting away from it again, thus creating the impression that he is not quite sure of his audience and would prefer to have direct and vigorous pronouncements wait on more intimate acquaintance. Dr. Figgis shows a gentle temper now and then, and like all men read but not trained in theology, he fails to grasp those finer distinctions by which he might have avoided pitfalls. He considers the papacy an incubus and reckons the Jesuit doctrine of the individual's relation to the community false enough to be un-Christian. It would be interesting to know what the author's concept of that Jesuit notion is.

The pronouncement on the papacy makes a serious difficulty for the lecturer, when he treats of the seat of authority. He can not admit infallibility and yet vindicate the "branch theory." Infallibility is tossed aside in a light sentence or two and thus the compelling force of all the fine-spun doctrine in the book is reduced to a minimum. The volume loses its magisterial power and becomes interesting owing to the personality of the author, a refined gentleman apparently. R. H. T.

The Wisdom of Father Brown. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: John Lane Co. $1.30.

It is to be presumed that most of AMERICA'S readers are familiar with "The Innocence of Father Brown," and that an ample introduction to the continuation of the series will be found in the statement that Father Brown has not changed. He is the same shabby, whimsical old gentleman, and as preternaturally shrewd as ever. Studied carefully, most of the stories appear to be simply Mr. Chesterton's stylistic predilection applied to events. Their last page, like the last part of Mr. Chesterton's phrase, forces the reader to an unexpected readjustment of his ideas, and the whole development leads up to something in the nature of an intellectual somersault. To bring this about is Father Brown's task. A crime is committed; apparently logical deductions are made either by the reader or by some self-opinionated expert, from certain bits of evidence; and then when everything seems clear, the modest little priest reverses the whole process, and from the same evidence and by the same logical process arrives at totally different conclusions. The book by no means follows the conventional methods employed in detective stories. In fact there is little insistence on the mysterious, though this element is generally present, while the dangerous and baffling pursuit of elusive clues is almost wholly wanting. Thus it appears that the author in this as in most other things has refused to conform to established types. Vivid characterizations, expressive similes, terse phrases make reading "The Wisdom of Father Brown" a pleasure for all lovers of good English. Catholics are not concerned to claim Father Brown as their own, but Mr. Chesterton has put it out of the power of reviewers again to call his hero anything but a Catholic priest. J. H. F.

Short Sermons on the Gospels. By Rev. F. PEPPERT. $1.00.

Sermons for the Children's Mass. By Rev. FRED. REUTER. $1.00.

The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children. By Rev. M. PARKS. $1.50.

Conferences for Boys. By Rev. REYNOLD KUEHNEL. $1.50. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

The newly-ordained priest entering on his ministerial duties with a theoretic knowledge of his stock but wanting in the experience of the daily difficulties that entangle his flock; the pastor overburdened with parish duties, who finds little time to prepare his Sunday talk, and even the pastor whose years of labor in the same sheepfold find his development of the Sunday Gospel savoring of repetition, will all get help from these volumes. Father Peppert's work is especially to be commended for its quotations from the Fathers. The two volumes for children, though on kindred lines, are distinctively different. Father Reuter's discourses are couched in language that is simple, direct and well fitted to the understanding of Christ's little ones. Each talk is enlivened by two or more well-chosen examples and anecdotes taken from standard authors. The child who has heard one of the sermons will certainly want to listen to another. In the other volume Father Parks has rather outlined his sermons than really written them. Indeed, to judge from the title-page, the book is intended for either pulpit or classroom, and has a decided pedagogical advantage in its "Questions for Repetition" and "Application," combining "Points for Instruction" and "Significance of this Gospel in the Ecclesiastical Year." Father Kuehnel's "Conferences for Boys" consist of thirty-six outlines for direct practical talks bearing on the religious training and character-formation so necessary for our boys these days. Moreover these fourteen interesting sermonettes make modern saints and Old Testament characters something real to youthful listeners.

F. P. LE B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Bookman's* list of the six novels that sold best in this country during December is as follows: "The Eyes of the World," "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," "The Wall of Partition," "Kent Knowles, 'Quahaug,'" "The Prince of Graustark," and "The Pastor's Wife." They have all been noticed in AMERICA and, with the exception of the first and last, without censure. The continued "popularity" of "The Eyes of the World" seems chiefly due to persistent advertising and "The Pastor's Wife" doubtless owes its place on the list to an earlier success of the anonymous author.

To stimulate recruiting in England, Florence L. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary" and other widely read novels, has now written a short war story called "My Heart's Right There" (Putnam, $0.75), a rather reminiscent title. In the opinion of Jim who returns wounded to his wife and baby, the Allies are "fighting the devil" and if Polly doesn't believe it she can "ask the Archbishop of Canterbury." Similar stories are probably being published in Germany and then, of course, the devil is someone else. The story gives a good idea of what this war means to wives and children who are safe at home in England. The reader, after finishing the book, should try to imagine what the war means to those who once had homes in Belgium and Poland.

"On the Eve of Home Rule" (O'Connell Press, Austin, Chicago, $0.50) is a handsome and finely illustrated booklet by Anna Louise Strong, describing in sixty-five pages and fifteen snapshots her pleasant experiences in all parts of Ireland while Home Rule was raging in Westminster and Belfast, and two sets of volunteers were marching, and gunrunning was a thriving industry. The impressions she received are much the same as those of that other Protestant alien, Harold Begbie, that the Catholic Irish are a kindly, pleasant and very tolerant people, and that unreasoning bigotry finds a home only in Protestant Ulster. She tries dialect extensively and succeeds better than the average outsider, but she would have been wiser not to "kape" at it so much. The fact that the articles were originally written for the *Westminster Gazette* gives them rather more of a pro-

British complexion than conditions warrant, but it remains an interesting and commendable production.

The new "Oxford Edition" (Oxford University Press) of Matthew Arnold's "Essays" need knock at no heedless door for welcome, for his well-known essays are here reprinted, along with F. W. Newman's reply to the paper "On Translating Homer" and five other essays, now for the first time collected, viz.: "Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church," "Dante and Beatrice," "On the Modern Element of Literature," "Obermann," and "Sainte-Beuve." The stamp of genius Arnold left imprinted on our critical literature is here, and if the five less familiar essays are not quite equal to the others, their interest and content are characteristically Arnold's.

Algot Lange's book on "The Lower Amazon" (Putnam's, $2.50), contains valuable information about the regions through which he traveled, but the matter is not presented invitingly enough. The author uses the diary method, the present tense and scanty literary embellishment in chronicling his adventures. The work suffers by comparison with Colonel Roosevelt's book. Mr. Lange describes in detail how rubber is collected and prepared, tells us how the Brazilian Indians live, records the archeological investigations he made on Marajó Island at the mouth of the Amazon and tries to open the eyes of our capitalists to the undeveloped resources of Amazonia. The climate is so hard on Northerners, however, that expensive sanitation work would have to be done before Americans could force the Brazilian forest to yield its wealth to them generously. The book is fully illustrated.

The statutes contained in "Acta Synodi Roffensis Tertiae." (Rochester, N. Y.: Smith Printing Co.) were promulgated in the Third Diocesan Synod of Rochester, held in June, 1914, after having been carefully and judiciously prepared. Many of them are drawn from the Decrees of the Plenary Councils of Baltimore and from Pontifical Decrees and Constitutions. In keeping with their object, these statutes will offer to the priests of the Diocese of Rochester efficient direction in the faithful discharge of their priestly functions. Well, then, does the Right Reverend Bishop conclude his enactments with a paternal admonition to his clergy, both to understand these statutes thoroughly and observe them faithfully. Another important document issued by order of Bishop Hickey is the "Outline Course of Study of the Diocesan Parochial Schools of the Diocese of Rochester." (Smith Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.) This book recommends itself by the very fact, that its contents are the result of much experience and serious thought, as they have been prepared by several committees of experienced pastors, principals and teachers, each committee consisting of several members who represent the teaching force in the Rochester diocese.

"Elsass-Lothringen und Einsiedeln in ihren gegenseitigen Beziehungen," prepared for the press by Dr. Odilo Ringholz, O.S.B., (Benziger. $0.35) is a booklet of some 100 pages, relating the history of the famous shrine of Einsiedeln in Switzerland as far as it was connected with Alsace-Lorraine. The author, archivist and historian of the monastery, has published a long series of historical treatises bearing on the *Stift*. In this book he has gathered all the documents touching on the long and varied intercourse, political, religious, social and economic, which has ever existed between Einsiedeln and Alsace-Lorraine. It is careful and painstaking and will be appreciated by all who know and love Einsiedeln.——The young are like the books they read. They are immoral if their books are immoral. If they are not supplied with solid mind-food, they will stretch out their hands after the poison-bread of bad books. Knowing this, Father Ambrose Zurcher, O.S.B., set to work to do his share in providing good reading matter for the young. In "Jugendbrot. Sonn-und Festtagslesungen fur die reifere Jugend" (Benziger. $0.80), he takes the Church's calendar with its feast-day Epistles and Gospels, drawing from them healthful lessons and bringing them home by a pleasant chatty talk. The matter for any day hardly requires more than a quarter of an hour's reading. Yet it may be confidently asserted that this short time will not only be well spent, but that the young will draw profit from it for days and weeks to come. The book makes an appropriate gift.

"My Examen" (Examen Publishing Co., East Williston, N. Y., $1.00), is a leather-bound note-book containing detachable slips for every day of 1915. On each leaflet is printed a pious thought, the name of the day's saint, and a few soul-searching questions about the virtues, while a blank space is considerately left for the recording of visions or naps as the case may be. Suitable prayers are added and also a little book for the particular examen.——"How to Help the Dead" (Burns and Oates, one shilling), is an attractive reprinting of Mary H. Allies' translation of "De Cura Gerenda pro Mortuis," St. Augustine's famous answer to some questions put by St. Paulus of Nola.——"The Office of Holy Week and of the Paschal Triduum according to the Roman Rite as revised by the New Rubrics" has been gotten out both by H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia ($0.25), and by B. Herder of St. Louis ($0.30).——Mrs. Richard Leckmer, of 106 N. Thirty-fourth Street, Philadelphia, has compiled a useful little manual of devotions entitled "Abide with Me," which she offers as an "aid to mental prayer."——The Rev. H. F. Flock, St. Patrick's Church, Sparta, Wisconsin, has prepared a "Little Catechism for Children and Converts, with an Appendix of Practical Instruction on Baptism, Sick Calls and Funerals." ($0.05.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part II (*First Part*). First Number. (QQ. I-XLVIII.) $2.00.

William S. Braithwaite, Cambridge, Mass.:
An Anthology of Magazine Verse. 1914.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopedia. Vols. 7 and 8. Didymus-Foraker. $5.00 each.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Police Practice and Procedure. By Cornelius F. Cahalane. $1.50.

Ginn & Co., New York
Early New England Schools. By Walter Herbert Small. $2.00.

Lawrence J. Gomme, New York:
Dilemmas. By Ernest Dowson. $1.00; Ernest Dowson. By Victor Plarr. $1.00.

Hansen & Sons, Chicago:
Our Palace Wonderful. By Frederick A. Houck. $1.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Unfolding of the Little Flower. By the Very Rev. W. M. Cunningham. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet. $1.25.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Wisdom of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.30.

Macmillan Co., New York:
Satires of Circumstance. By Thomas Hardy. $1.50; Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. By Amy Lowell. $1.25; Mrs. Martin's Man. By St. John G. Ervine. $1.35; Introduction to the Science of Ethics. By Theodore de Laguna. $1.75.

Phoenix Ltd., Washington, D. C.:
The Glories of Ireland. Edited by Joseph Dunn and P. J. Lennox. $1.25.

Pustet, New York:
Institutiones Theologiæ Fundamentalis Quas in Usum Auditorum Suorum Accomodavit. Aemil. Dorsch. $3.50; Examen Conscientiæ seu Methodus Excipiendi Confessiones in Variis Linguis, $0.20; Barfüssele und andere Schwarzwälder. Von Berthold Auerbach. $0.30; Seltsame Leut. Von Anton Schoff, $0.30; Der Loder. Von Hermann Schmid. $0.30; Frühlingsstürme. Von Hans Eschelbach. $0.30.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
My Heart's Right There. By Florence Barclay. $0.75; The Lower Amazon. By Algot Lange. $2.50; Christianity as Mystical Fact. By Rudolf Steiner. $1.25; The Orchard Pavillion. By Arthur Christopher Benson. $1.00.

Student Volunteer Movement, New York:
The Present World Situation. By John R. Mott. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Protestant Arguments for Religious Education

IN an article, "Religious Education and Religious Liberty," in the December *Constructive Quarterly*, Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts pleads for "clearer thinking" on this important matter. Are we thinking clearly, he asks, when we suggest the appropriation of public funds for denominational schools, or the use of public school hours for religious teaching by denominational teachers? Either of these grants, the bishop holds, would be not merely unconstitutional, but hurtful to the best interests of religious education. As necessitating a religious test in the selection of teachers, they would be in violation of the Constitution of the United States: furthermore, true religious teaching is possible only when given by the Church or the home. If these are faithful to duty, is the bishop's conclusion, there is no need for religious instruction in the schools, other than that unconsciously imparted by the daily example of clean-living, high-minded teachers.

DIVERGENT BISHOPS

After a study of the bishop's argument, one can not help feeling that the prelate as a churchman is not wholly satisfied with a scheme of things, which the prelate as a citizen approves. The constitutional aspect of the question need not now engage our attention. Even were it admitted that, *rebus sic stantibus,* formal and direct religious instruction in schools wholly supported by the State would be in contravention of the nation's organic law, yet it may be remarked that no constitution is immutable. Our own noble instrument has from time to time embodied in amendments, certain rights and privileges, which, it may be well thought, were never contemplated by its framers. What has thus been done to extend the scope or meaning of the Constitution, may likewise be done in the matter of public religious instruction, should this be demanded by reasons of public welfare.

But Bishop Lawrence is not in harmony with many religious leaders, in his own communion, and without it. It was Bishop Williams, of Michigan, if we mistake not, who found some connection between the dwindling attendance at Church services and the Sunday school, and the "unreligious" system of public school training. The views of the Methodist Bishop Candler, on purely secular instruction, are well known, and the Episcopalian *Living Church* has published on more than one occasion letters from members of that Church, asking for more religion in the schools, or, preferably, a well-organized system of parochial schools.

JESUITS IN DISGUISE

Our Lutheran brethren of the old stock, still cling to the parochial system, and one of the best arguments ever evolved in favor of the religious school was published, a few years ago, by a professor in a Lutheran seminary. The trustees of Boston University, an institution under the control of the Methodist Church, announce that "the Protestant Church is now losing over fifty per cent. of her young people, because she has not yet developed an adequate system of religious instruction." Even Dr. Washington Gladden, who prefers to leave the public schools as they are, admits that all religious teaching has been completely excluded from the system. "We all admit the failure of the public schools in the moral training of children," said the Reverend Dr. J. W. Cochran, at the Council of Church Boards of Education held last week in Chicago. Bishop Lawrence argues that religious instruction merits no place in the schools, because such work lies entirely within the sphere of the Church and the home. As theory, this may stand, but in point of fact, many non-Catholic churches and non-Catholic homes, do not take their undoubted duty with any degree of serious purpose. "The failure of our schools to provide proper moral instruction," continues Dr. Cochran,

> must not be laid at the door of popular prejudice, or legislative neglect, but at the doors of the churches. We all admit the failure of the public schools in the moral training of children. Parallel with this is the fact that we are a people who are giving up the home for the club. We are not living up to the morality we applaud from the pulpit.

The failure of the home to provide proper moral training is fast becoming the common theme of modern satirists. Nor is the influence of the churches, according to some of their prominent spokesmen, strong enough to counteract the baneful effects of the irreligious home and the "unreligious" school.

INEFFICIENT SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The situation can not be met adequately by the reformed Sunday School. As a rule, children find the old-fashioned Sunday School a burden. The new Sunday School is often little more than a social settlement or a rallying-place for the boy scouts and the girl campers. If the old Sunday School was dull because of too much religion, its successor has assuredly removed one cause of tedium. But at best, it has but one session weekly, and that for but an hour. In this brief period, it is expected to supplement the shortcomings, and correct the errors, of five four-hour sessions in the "unreligious" school. The conditions are not equal.

With little religion, then, in the home, none at all in the school, and the Protestant churches, as a body, apprehending no danger in a very grave situation, how can the conclusion be avoided, that we are training up a generation which will believe that all religions are equally good, and none of sufficient importance to wield a dominant influence in the conduct of private or public life? Small wonder, that religious-minded men outside the Catholic Church, are asking if this absolute divorce between education and religion is profitable either to Church or State. "The separation of Church from State in America," declared the Presbyterian, Dr. H. H Sweet, at the Chicago Council, "was never intended to go so far as to leave the children of our public schools without moral instruction." And Dr. Sweet then proceeds to recommend a staff of religious teachers to aid the local pastor, and the use of the public school buildings with their many facilities, for religious instruction.

TIME'S CHANGES

Surely, the times are changing. It was not so long ago that the American plan of absolute exclusion of religion from the public schools was generally thought to be, if not the ideal, at least the most practicable method within human devising. The great majority of non-Catholic educators accepted it as final and, on the whole, as satisfactory. To criticize the public school or any of its works, marked the critic as a Romanist, a Jesuit in disguise, a malcontent, meditating spoils, stratagems, and treason. The intrinsic connection between the little red schoolhouse and good citizenship was thought as obvious as the simpler forms of short division. Children were to be made into defenders of Church and State (or was it State and Church?) by receiving a purely secular education. The churches, doubtless, were wont to insist upon a weekly hour of Sunday School, but "unreligious education," as modern apologists prefer to term it, was accepted even by the churches, not as inevitable, but as preferable. For religious education, mark you, smacked of Popery, the Pretender and all things unholy. It recalled memories of

de Montfort, Alva, thumbscrews, the Spanish Inquisition, and the slaughtered saints of Piedmont. It menaced the overthrow of our hard-won liberties. It was identified with Romanism, and that was enough to justify its rejection by godly folk, following, unwittingly, the example of Julian the Apostate, the legitimate father of "unreligious" schools. Even Renan admitted that since Christ has become the corner-stone of humanity, the attempt to tear His name from the world would rend the world to its foundation. But we thought it an easy and a necessary task to tear His name from our schools, and we did it blithely. We even tried to beguile ourselves into the belief that the moral law did not need God's sanction, that we could teach a fairly satisfactory, an eminently respectable religion, without implying the existence of a revelation imparted by a Supreme Being.

NOT WISE BUT HASTY

We are beginning to discover that the plan was hasty rather than wise. We succeeded, as Dr. Gladden affirms, in banishing all religious instruction from the schools. Now we suspect that the results in private and public life are not satisfactory. Having sent religion to Siberia, we are seeking some means of recalling her, or of finding a suitable substitute. Some school authorities have taken refuge in "ethical culture." It is a poor alternative. Ethical culture might have met the immediate needs of a purely pagan population, from whose minds the very idea of God had well-nigh faded, but it by no means reaches the high levels attained by such pagans as Plato, Aristotle or Cicero. In the twentieth century, the kindest judgment that can be passed on it, is that it is an anachronism.

An *Atlantic Monthly* essayist assures us that the question of the restoration of religion to the schools, one of the most important of our day, clamors for an immediate solution. What will the answer be? Shall we live to see the day in which religious schools shall be supported wholly or in part by public funds? Whatever the answer, the fact that the question is moved furnishes another justification for the once-despised parochial school. PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd

"POOH!" said a society lady, who dabbles in politics and sociology. "Out at the Good Shepherd, they only teach a girl to wash clothes and peel potatoes."

It is among thoughtless people of this class, or sociologists who blink in amazement at mention of the supernatural in social work, that criticism of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd is usually found. Sometimes the criticism is based upon total ignorance, or prompted by an anti-religious prejudice. As attending physician at the Chicago House of the Good Shepherd, I have come in contact with the work of the Sisters in many phases. I feel, therefore, that I am competent to speak of the difficult problem which confronts them, and of the admirable manner in which they endeavor to solve it.

THE PROBLEM

In reclaiming the young girls entrusted to them, the Sisters know that something more is needed beyond clean sheets, sunny gardens, fragrant flowers, gentle zephyrs and sweet milk. They know, to begin with, that the value of religion in rehabilitating lost children can not be overestimated. Next, the child or young woman must be isolated from her previous unhappy environment. Her childhood, which many never had save in name, must be remade. Her neglected school training must be supplied. She must be drilled in habits of industry. She must be given a motive in life, and fitted to begin life anew. It is usually impossible to think of these girls as afterwards occupying positions of trust or importance, or in the professions, even those requiring but a limited preparation. This statement is true generally, although from time to time exceptions occur and are provided for. But as most of them must be self-supporting, the question of a suitable trade or occupation becomes of vital importance. To the solution of this individual problem, the Sisters devote much careful attention.

GENERAL AND VOCATIONAL TRAINING

In the Chicago House, with which I am best acquainted, every girl is required to attend school, held on the premises, until she is sixteen years old. After that, while attendance is not compulsory, the girl is encouraged to continue her schooling. It is thought that unwilling attendance does the girl little good, and wastes the time more profitably devoted to willing pupils. Girls who evince any talent for music are given an opportunity to develop it. The different classes have very creditable orchestras and choruses, and dramatic and musical entertainments are frequently given by the girls to appreciative audiences of their own number.

In vocational training, the Sisters' idea of an acceptable trade is one in which a girl, of probably less than average intelligence, can readily find continuous employment in surroundings not dangerous to health or morals, at a wage sufficient for decent support. The seasonal trades are barred because of the prolonged periods of idleness each year. Cleaning and dyeing, the "dusty" and poisonous trades are obviously undesirable, while hotel and similar work is objected to on moral grounds. Of the acceptable trades or occupations, domestic service, despite what has been said of it by certain sociologists, appears to meet the requirements most fully. Unfortunately, however, the girls themselves do not care for it, and few take it up.

SEWING AND MILLINERY

In the sewing trades, workers are always in demand, although in sweat-shops and many factories the wages are low. Yet there is always a need, especially in smaller communities, for dressmakers and seamstresses, and the woman who can, and will, do plain sewing, is always in demand.

The Sisters begin by teaching the girl the plainest kind of plain sewing, both hand and machine. At first she runs seams, sews on buttons, makes button-holes, and works on the cheaper grades of clothing. As her skill increases she is given finer work, and becomes a finisher. Then she is taught to cut and fit, and if she shows an aptitude for the work, she may even become a designer. If she shows a taste for fine hand-work she learns to make lingerie, layettes and embroidered fabrics. Millinery is likewise a subject of instruction, and pennant-making has recently been added. It is, of course, impossible to develop every girl into a first-class dressmaker or milliner, but when she has finished the Sisters' instruction, she is quite able to earn an honest living with her needle.

LAUNDRY WORK

Laundry work also offers an opportunity for these girls. In the newer laundries sanitary conditions, while not ideal, are improving, and wages show an upward tendency. The Sisters endeavor to give every girl who works in the laundry, a thorough training in all branches of the work, in which women can be employed in commercial laundries. The girls are shifted from one machine to another, and from machine to hand-work, until they have a practical knowledge of the whole trade. Only a small percentage of the girls have the

ability to complete the entire course satisfactorily, but those who do are qualified to fill any position in the ordinary commercial laundry. Most of the girls, however, can do really good work in one or two lines. Those who may be able to do excellent hand-work, are often quite incompetent to use the machines, while others who are capable at machine work fail utterly in everything else. It must be remembered that the majority of these girls have had little or no home training, some have never been inside a school, and not a small number are mentally subnormal. This, of course, makes their training far more difficult, and precludes, as a rule, showy, remarkable results.

A CRITICISM

In the "Report" of the Pittsburg Survey, the Sisters' laundries are criticized as being conducted for profit rather than for the welfare of the girls, and it is held a matter of reproach that the high-grade work, which is well paid in commercial laundries, is done by the Sisters themselves or by paid employees. To say that these laundries are run for the personal profit of the Sisters sounds like a joke. The Sisters are willing to admit that their laundries bring in a small revenue, which is devoted entirely to their very frugal support, and for the benefit of the girls. Had they the liberal appropriations granted to certain State institutions, they would be enabled to extend their usefulness; but even in this case, they believe that it is a physical good for girls of this class to be obliged to work systematically, and that it is a training in self-respect to let them know that their own work contributes to their own support.

The author of the Pittsburg "Report" does not seem to know that the primary object of the Sisters is the moral reformation of the children committed to their care. Vocational training may well be subordinated to moral regeneration, and labor is but one indirect means to that end. But the author forgets that all trades are not open to these children. Circumstances limit them to a small circle, and even in these, with the most careful training, many will never be capable of doing more than the commonest routine work.

RESULTS

Statistics of actual results are always hard to get, and when obtained are usually fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Some State institutions can show a splendid record of restored health, and apparently increased economic value, in the children. But as to the real moral improvement of their patients, nothing is said. In this, they differ from the Catholic institutions.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd show an equally good record of physical rehabilitation, but they have little use for statistics. When a girl enters the home, she is given a name by which she is known to every one during her stay. Her identity is thus concealed from the other girls. Many of the girls who "make good" do not keep the Sisters advised of their progress, or even care to admit that they were once trained by the Sisters. This is only natural and, in a measure, is as the Sisters wish. Their object is not the compilation of statistics for a sociological board, but the rehabilitation of the girl. However, others do keep in touch with the Sisters, or with the local clergy, and records show that approximately eighteen per cent. have completely reestablished themselves in society. Of those who fail to make good, and go in for ex-nun literature and the lecture platform, we also hear from time to time. The notorious Maria Monk was one of the first.

ALFRED DE ROULET, M.S., M.D.

Loyola University, Chicago.

NOTE AND COMMENT

According to the Boston *Transcript*, the Gospel was first preached to the poor in France on January 17, 1872. The preacher was an Englishman, the Rev. Dr. Robert McAll. Comment upon this statement seems utterly superfluous. The *Transcript* also announces that Dr. Slattery, who has positive proof that the war was started by the Pope and the Jesuits, is to preach upon a proposed amendment to the Constitution, "with a prelude on the earthquake." If the *Transcript* must print nonsense, why not label it "Adv."?

Some years ago, a man was indicted for murder. Conviction followed a long trial, and life-sentence was imposed. After a few years, he was pardoned. It is now established that the accused man's friends and relatives expended $162,-687.16 in defending him. The costs to the State in this bitterly-fought trial were probably equally great. No one claims that either the prosecution or defence used the money improperly. But the facts seem to bear out the statement, recently made by a prominent jurist, that justice is largely a matter of dollars and cents.

The "Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies" is fortunate in having secured the genial and eloquent Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, for its annual lecture, which takes place this year on February 1, at Carnegie Hall. The subject chosen is "Humanitarianism in Government," a topic on which the Governor is qualified to speak both by knowledge and achievement. Called to fill a difficult position, he has proved himself a man of courage tempered by a keen sense of justice that has never failed him under any circumstance. The patrons of the "League" are to be congratulated on getting for their lecture so capable an advocate of humanitarianism and good government.

Mother Suzanne Josephine Deplanck, head of the Sisters of Christian Education in the United States, died recently at St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore. Mother Deplanck was born of a wealthy and distinguished family at Lille in France, May 21, 1857. Her early experience in following her vocation was not unlike that of the saints. While excellent Catholics, her family did not incline favorably toward Suzanne's religious aspirations, and exacted a promise that she would wait four years before entering a convent. During these years the young girl was introduced to the brilliant society of Europe's capitals, but her intentions remained unchanged, and in 1879, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Christian Education. As superior during eighteen years of the Hillside Convent, Farnsborough, England, Mother Deplanck exercised a wide influence as an educator. She came to the United States in 1908, and opened the little school in Asheville, North Carolina, which has since become St. Genevieve's College. A woman of rare intelligence and personal charm, and a religious of deep piety, Mother Deplanck took an active interest in everything tending to promote the cause of education and religion.

Priests have become "a thwart and disnatured torment" to the *Menace* in more ways than one. Some time ago the unspeakable paper made serious and entirely unfounded charges against the worthy Father Francis P. Rossmann, of the diocese of Wheeling. He brought suit and the case has just been decided in the Federal court at Joplin, Missouri. As in the other cases where action was taken, the court decided for the plaintiff and returned $1,500 damages against the Menace Publishing Company. Furthermore the *Sunday Visitor* for January 24 is authority for the statement that

three prominent members of the *Menace* staff have been arrested on seven distinct counts of violating the postal laws, and the *Visitor* proceeds to say that the postmaster of Aurora and two mail clerks were convicted of assisting the *Menace* to violate postal regulations. All this is a distinct gain for justice and decency.

Bishop Thomas M. A. Burke of Albany died suddenly of heart disease at his episcopal residence on January 20. He had been for more than twenty years a faithful administrator of the office committed to him. Warned by his physician on the previous Sunday that in his overtaxed condition it would not be advisable to attend the functions of the Holy Name celebration he answered insistently: "I want to be with the men on this big day." On June 30, 1914, he had been granted the happiness of celebrating the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Again it was characteristic of the man that the thousands of dollars donated to him on that occasion were all turned over to the poor of his diocese. He was born in Ireland, January 10, 1840, and received his early education under the direction of his father, Dr. Peter Ulric Burke, a Trinity College man. He studied at the Assumption Academy, Utica; St. Michael's College, Toronto, and St. Charles College, Maryland. His ecclesiastical course was made at St. Mary's Seminary and he was ordained June 30, 1864. First appointed assistant in St. John's Church, Albany, he was later made rector of St. Joseph's, and on July 1, 1894, was consecrated the fourth Bishop of Albany. He will long be remembered as a man of apostolic zeal.

It is hard to resist the conclusion that Dr. Burt, the Methodist bishop, is insane. According to press dispatches, he recently went to Detroit to organize in secret a nameless society for the purpose of "fighting the evil influences of the Roman Church upon the political life of our nation." Bishop Burt is obsessed with the idea that "Our courts and our civic officers are largely under the control of the Catholic priesthood." According to the Detroit *Journal,* the meeting in that city was attended exclusively by Protestant ministers. Certain prominent Protestant clergymen, however, look with no favor upon Bishop Burt and his wild theories, for which he does not, and can not, offer a shred of evidence. "It is incomprehensible to me," said Bishop Williams of the Protestant Episcopal Church to a *Journal* reporter, "how such an organization as you describe can be projected. I can hardly believe that it exists. I would like to know really what Bishop Burt wants to do":

> Bishop Williams discussed the matter as if he had a bitter taste in his mouth. "We don't like the idea at all. I detest the *Menace* and kindred activities against one church or another. I know of no glaring dominance in politics by Roman Catholics. Of course, when a man gets into office he may allow his religious convictions to influence him; but that is true of Methodists as well as Roman Catholics. It is true of all religions. With regard to the parochial schools, I am only sorry that we can not all get along on such an important matter as education.

The Rev. George H. Wald, formerly editor of the *Michigan Christian Herald,* now financial secretary of the Baptist Ministers' Aid Association of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin, disclaims all knowledge of Bishop Burt's secret society, and gives it as his opinion that "the Baptist ministers ignore this movement altogether." Other Detroit clergymen had been invited, but refused to hear Bishop Burt. It is only kind to believe that the bitter hatred displayed by Bishop Burt toward everything Catholic, is the result of a mind deranged. It is to be regretted, however, that those who might exercise some influence over him, allow him to go about the country, doing his best to stir up a similar hatred in the minds of Protestants living in peace with their Catholic fellow-citizens.

The second annual report has been published of the Archbishop Ryan Memorial Institute for Deaf Mutes, which is conducted at 1803 Vine Street, Philadelphia, by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The twenty-nine little boys and girls in their care are being trained after a method which combines the sign and the oral system, and the children's religious education is of course most thorough. There are no tuition fees, both day pupils and boarders are received, and the school is supported by the voluntary contributions of the charitable. Institutes like that in Philadelphia ought to be multiplied throughout the country. There are now more than 89,000 deaf mutes in the United States and fully 18,000 of these are Catholics. We have 148 schools for the deaf but only thirteen are Catholic, and eleven of these are in the East and Middle West. Consequently a large proportion of our little deaf mutes are brought up in non-Catholic institutions. Even if the children have Mass and catechism on Sunday, as they sometimes do in State institutions, the environment of such places is perilous to faith. "If it is so necessary that a religious atmosphere should permeate the education of a normal child, how much more so is it in the case of a defective one."

The recent death at Innsbruck, of Father Hugo von Hurter, S.J., will recall cherished memories in the minds of thousands of priests now scattered over all the earth. Active to the last in his vocation as a teacher, he died with the extraordinary record of fifty-six and one-half years of service as professor of theology. He was born at Schaffhausen in Switzerland in 1832. His father was the famous historian, Frederick Emmanuel von Hurter, a Protestant minister noted for his defence of Christianity, who was later received into the Church. His two sons, Henry and Hugo, were both to become priests and authors of note. Hugo completed a brilliant course of philosophy and theology at the Gregorian University and was ordained to the priesthood in 1855. Two years later he entered the Jesuit novitiate of the Austro-Hungarian province. On November 4, 1857, the theological faculty of the University of Innsbruck was established by imperial decree and the following year saw the young novice-priest installed as a professor of theology. Though in 1903 the national law obliged him to retire as *professor ordinarius,* he continued his lectures without interruption under the changed title of *professor honorarius.* In 1912 the Emperor bestowed upon him one of the highest honors at his disposal: the *Komtur Kreuz des Franz Josef Ordens.* As an author Father Hugo Hurter attained to an international reputation. His compendium of dogmatic theology in three volumes, published in 1882, became the text-book in countless Catholic theological seminaries. The constant demand for new editions was the best index to its continued popularity. Father Hurter was likewise the author of the "Medulla Theologiæ Dogmaticæ," in one volume, and editor of the handy edition of the Fathers of the Church, consisting of forty-eight volumes in the first series, and six volumes in the second. His *monumentum aere perennius,* it is thought, will be his "Nomenclator Literarius Theologiæ Catholicæ.' In it the great theologian set himself the stupendous task of offering the world a complete register of the development of Catholic theological science from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day. Harnack and other Protestant writers have freely acknowledged that this work is indispensable to the student of theological science. Father Hurter was likewise an eloquent preacher and a zealous retreat master. He has left us several volumes of sermon sketches and two volumes of valuable retreat matter. The great man will be most dearly remembered in the prayers of his former pupils.

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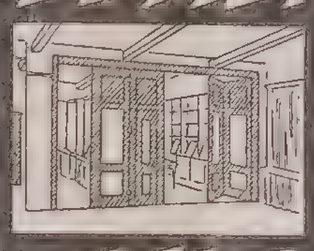
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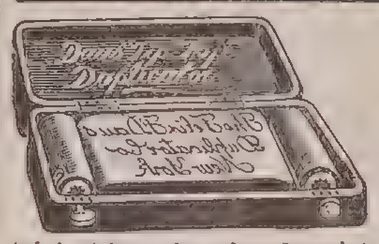
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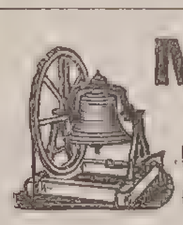
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THE "MENACE" AND THE MAILS

is the leading paper in the current CATHOLIC MIND. In an open letter to the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Paul Bakewell, the eminent St. Louis lawyer, proves that the law is already clear and drastic enough to exclude the "Menace" from the mails. The law, however, is not enforced. In this number is also printed the greater portion of the letter on the same subject Mr. Bakewell wrote last summer to the Postmaster-General. "Your Money and the Mails," a strong appeal from the "Queen's Work," precedes a copy of the resolutions drawn up by the Brooklyn branch of the Federation of the Catholic Societies, and the issue closes with a list of the anti-Catholic papers and periodicals now published in the United States. This pamphlet should be given the widest publicity possible. The 16,000,000 Catholics in this country should stop paying the "Menace's" mailing bills.

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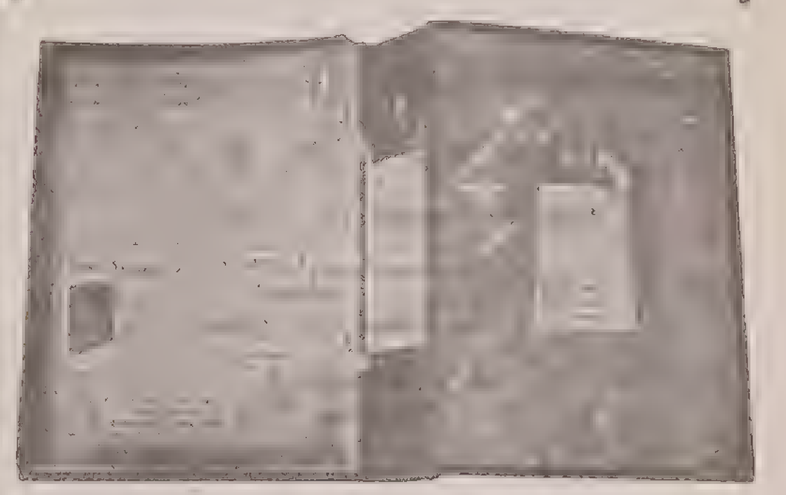
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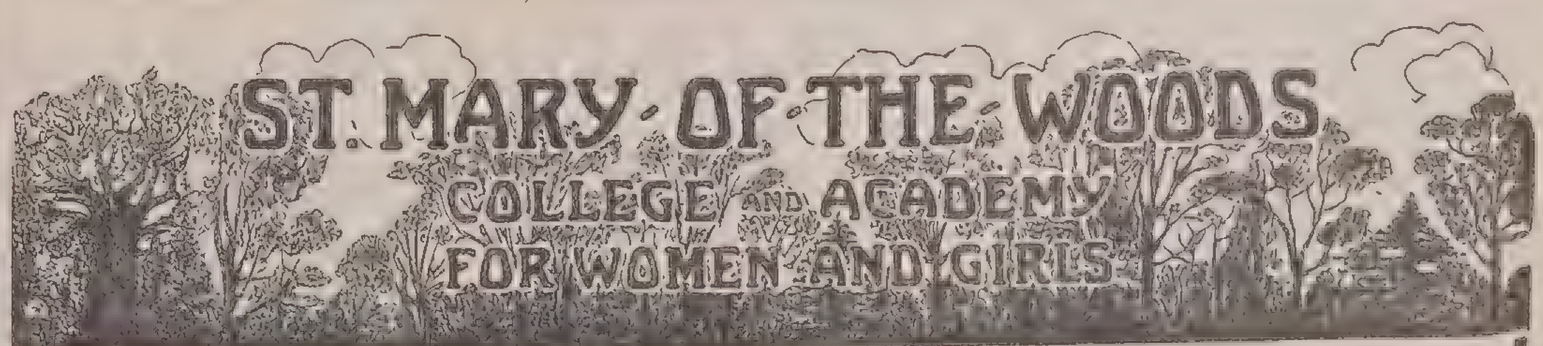
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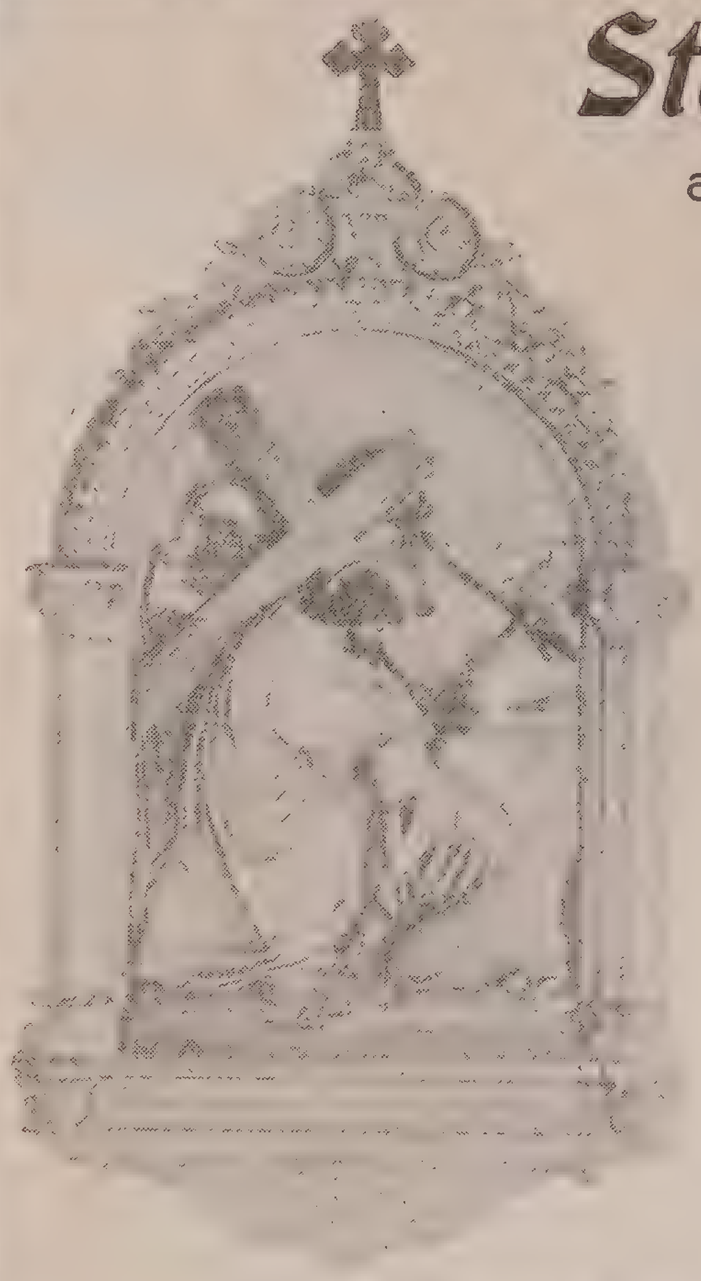
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CHRONICLE

The War.—The past week has been marked by more continuous and more bloody fighting in the west than has been the case for some time. Near Nieuport, east of Ypres, and especially at La Bassée and Craonne there have been repeated, determined charges and counter-charges, with very heavy losses on both sides. At all of these points the Germans took the offensive. As to results, official reports are so divergent that it is impossible to estimate the actual gains. In the Argonne, however, the Germans seem to have gained a decided victory. Near Perthes, and St. Hubert, and at St. Mihiel the French claim to have repulsed all German attacks. In the Vosges and in Upper Alsace the French have endeavored to press forward, but according to German dispatches without success. There are persistent rumors that the Germans are massing troops at La Bassée, at Soissons and in Alsace.

Bulletin, Jan. 26, p. m.-Feb. 2, a. m.

Campaign in the West

Russia is showing remarkable activity. She has begun a new advance in East Prussia. While holding her lines at Gumbinnen and to the east of the Mazurian lakes, she has pushed two armies forward further north. One of them, after having captured Pillkallen, is marching along the south bank of the river Inster, and is promising a speedy investment of Insterburg. Another army is operating on a front of many miles that extends north from the river Inster to a point beyond Tilsit, with Königsberg as its objective. A third army is in northwestern Poland in the vicinity of Thorn, but is not reported to have made any progress during the week. In the Caucasus, Russia has defeated the Turks in a battle that took place south of Batum, and claims to have again repulsed the reinforced and reorganized Turkish army that she defeated at Sari-Kamish. In Persia also she has checked the Turkish invasion, and after a victory has forced the Turks to retire toward Tabriz.

Russia

The Austrians have resumed a very strong offensive, are still holding Kielce, and at the same time are making vigorous efforts to drive the Russians out of the Carpathians. Both sides claim victories at different points along the line that stretches from Dukla to Wyszkow, but the advantage seems to be mainly with the Austrians. They have succeeded in capturing the important Uzsok Pass with others of less value, and are striving to retake the Dukla Pass, so far, however, without success. They have blocked another drive on Cracow, and have retaliated by a new offensive at Tarnow. In Bukowina they have maintained their positions at Kirlibaba. They have not, however, as yet been able to force the Russians altogether from Hungary, as fighting is reported from the Ung, Latorcza and Szamos valleys.

Austria

The Germans are said to be cooperating with the Austrians in all their movements, and to have joined them in stationing large forces along the border of Transylvania, presumably as a check to the extensive warlike preparations that are constantly reported from Rumania. West of Warsaw the Germans have continued their attacks on the Russian lines, and severe engagements are said to have taken place, especially at Borjimow and Goumine, but apparently they have not resulted in any marked advantage.

Germany

Under the date of January 21, our State Department made a formal reply to the German note relative to Germany's claim that the exequaturs of the consuls accredited

Our Consuls in Belgium

to the Belgian Government should be regarded as having "expired." While refraining from anything that could imply the admission of legal right to "suspend" the exequaturs on the part of Germany, the American Government recognizes the actual situation, and in so far acquiesces in Germany's demand as to express the hope that if "the United States consular officers" now stationed at Antwerp, Brussels and Liège are objectionable "on personal grounds," our Government "will be notified of such objection." Our reply concedes nothing more than the *de facto* control, and avoids the question of sovereignty.

The case of the Wilhelmina has given rise to a good deal of speculation. On January 23, it sailed from New York laden with foodstuffs. It was hoped that she would

The Case of the Wilhelmina

be allowed to proceed to Hamburg unmolested, because her cargo is consigned to the representative of an American firm. From the very first much doubt has been entertained as to the likelihood of her reaching her destination, since many unofficial protests have been made in England against the advisability of permitting American trade to nourish and support the enemies of the Allies. The difficulty has been increased by the recent announcement made by the Federal Council in Berlin of "regulations for the conservation of the food supply." On February 1, the German Government confiscated all foodstuffs, and will hereafter take charge of their distribution. This order, unless an exception were made, would practically nullify the contention that the Wilhelmina's cargo is destined for Americans, since it would inevitably fall into the hands of the German Government. The exception, however, has actually been made, as the German Government through its Ambassador has assured Washington that there is no intention of appropriating foodstuffs imported from the United States. "The German Government," he says in a note to the State Department, "guarantees that it will not interfere with the distribution of such foodstuffs by the American importers to the civilian population exclusively." Great Britain has not yet made known what attitude she will adopt. Whether she will act solely on the expropriation order, or take into account the assurances give to Mr. Bryan, is at present a matter of conjecture.

The efforts to pass the Shipping Bill at Washington have called forth very decided expressions of opinion on the part of England and France. While these countries

The Purchase of German Ships

are not disposed to question the "good will" of our Government, they do question the legality of the sale, on the ground that the vendors are not in good faith, as their object is to avoid the consequences of the war, according to which all their ships are liable to capture. France and England object strenuously to any action which shall deprive them of the advantages they are at present deriving from their control of the sea. They point out that the only ships likely to be purchased are the Austrian and especially the German ships which are at present interned in American ports, for the freight rates now being charged by neutral ships are so high that they would command a prohibitive price of sale. The Allies therefore seem to be disposed absolutely to prohibit the continuance of the trade of the German ships, even if they be transferred to American registry.

The attitude of France and England on the matter is unmistakable. France officially made her position clear at the beginning of hostilities. She refuses to admit any change in a vessel's status during the war. If a vessel was registered under an enemy's flag when war was declared, it is liable to seizure as long as the war continues, and this in spite of its transfer to a neutral country's registry. Great Britain's position, though taken more recently, is said to have been communicated to the State Department in a note which is equally clear. Great Britain, it is reported, while carefully avoiding any reference to the bill, has signified her intention of regarding the purchase and use of German and Austrian ships for trade as an unneutral act. The text of the note has not been made known, and its existence has been even denied, though not officially, at Washington. The opponents of the bill therefore claim that its passage opens the way to serious disagreement with the Allies should it be followed up in the face of the Allies' protests by actual purchase, and by the attempt to enforce the right we claim to use the ships as we wish. The European Governments, it has been pointed out, are not inclined to make concessions, and interference with our merchantmen is apt to inflame American indignation. The problem our legislators are facing is a serious one.

The Dacia sailed for Rotterdam on January 31. The Turks are reported to have begun the invasion of Egypt on a large scale. Measures are being taken to insure the safety of ships which are still allowed to pass through the Canal, although this is the objective of the Turkish efforts. British naval ships have been stationed in the Canal and in its vicinity. The German submarines have begun to attack merchant ships. Three British merchant ships were sunk in the Irish Sea and two off Havre. One of these ships, the Tokomaru, was carrying food and clothing from New Zealand for the Belgians.

Other Items

Austria-Hungary.—In a speech delivered before the National Labor Party by the President of the Hungarian Ministry, Count Tisza, a detailed account is offered of

The Terms of Peace

the results of his famous visit to the German army headquarters. It contains many clear and important statements. In opposition to rumors current in our press he vouches for the fact that perfect unanimity exists among the political leaders of Germany and Austria-Hungary, both in regard to present and to future political issues. Berlin, Vienna and Budapest, he says, are perfectly agreed upon their political program for war and for

peace. The three common conclusions arrived at by this alliance, according to Count Tisza, are thus summarized in *Die Information:*

1. The hope is entertained that within the course of the present year, 1915, all the blessings of an honorable peace will be secured.

2. One of the essentials of the peace agreement will be the creation of a non-political situation which will make the repetition of a world war impossible for a long time to come.

3. We entertain and have no wish whatsoever for foreign conquests, no ambitious plans of reconstruction. We desire the peace of Europe and the independence of the small and great States of Europe.

These three points, therefore, embody the results of the Count's diplomatic visit. They contain a definite program, which does not differ from that put forward by Germany, in as far as it has always strongly repudiated any desire whatsoever of foreign conquest. While decisive, they are at the same time conciliatory, and show that peace is not out of the question. It is evident that there has been no rupture in the cordial agreement between Germany, Austria and Hungary. That Hungary is weary of war and is seeking for terms of peace independently of Germany has been denied very recently by Count Andrassy, and many similar rumors regarding Austria are declared to be false. All three countries have taken or resolved upon elaborate measures to assure a sufficiency of provisions for the emergency of a protracted war.

France.—Although, as is inevitable, there is much suffering in certain sections of the country because of the closing down of particular industries, it would seem that the financial condition of the country as a whole is good. In Paris, according to reports, commercial and banking operations have reached nearly a normal state. On January 28 the Chamber of Deputies adopted a bill increasing the former loan limitation from seven hundred to nine hundred millions of dollars. In his speech, urging the adoption of this change, M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, called attention to the fact, that after six months of war, the expenditures totaled "only" seven hundred and eighty millions of dollars. The magnitude of the conflict, and the great stake at issue, are probably responsible for the Minister's "only." The internal improvements of the country contemplated a year ago, have, of necessity, been largely abandoned, and the school authorities have been cautioned to use the limited funds at their disposal with the utmost economy. "We have confidence in the unlimited resources of the country," said M. Ribot, in the House of Deputies, "and in its will to continue the struggle to the bitter end." Possibly as an offset to the recent ugly rumors of misappropriation of funds by certain public officials, M. Ribot thought it well to remark, that the debt incurred by the country is below the estimate which was made early in August.

The Country's Finances

Germany.—The seventieth birthday of King Ludwig III was recently celebrated throughout Bavaria, simply but religiously, as he had desired. Catholic Bavaria, like Catholic Belgium, has won the admiration of the world for its bravery and loyalty. King Ludwig III is in every sense worthy to rule a people noted alike for their faith, their artistic spirit and their heroism. He has shown himself remarkable, no less for keen intelligence than for strength of will and personal bravery. Holding to high ideals, he is at the same time practical in their execution. His Catholicity is deep and sound, and is manifested on all suitable occasions. He ascended his throne "with eyes fixed in faith upon God." His summons to his people at the outbreak of the war was sent forth by him, to quote his own words, "in quiet earnestness, filled with trust in God and confidence, that we may help to protect that realm which our arms have helped to establish." His letter, written on the present occasion, while tenderly condoling with those in sorrow and suffering, speaks of the satisfaction he feels at beholding "the brave Bavarian army," and of the "assurance of a triumph which will win for us a lasting peace and will make it possible for me again to conduct my land and people onward to still greater economic strength and cultural development. May God protect my dearly loved Bavaria!" His generosity was displayed by an alms of 100,000 marks for those who are suffering from the effects of the war. The example of Belgium and Bavaria must convince all who are not wilfully blind that Catholicity makes for the best citizenship in war and in peace.

A Catholic King and People

Great Britain.—Sir Felix Shuster, a prominent London banker, in a public statement, termed it a "paradox of finance," that at the very time when the world's capital was being squandered in war, "the value of the loanable capital in Lombard Street actually depreciated." According to Sir Felix, the money now at the disposal of the Government is ample. Fresh loan operations in the coming months seemed improbable, but the market would be only too glad to welcome further issues of Treasury bills. The abundance of money in the market, the eagerness with which approved bills were taken up, and the large amount of banking deposits throughout the country, afforded ample proof of the confidence of Great Britain's traders both in the Government and in their own ability to continue the nation's commerce freely. But there was no doubt, that in case of emergency, which seemed improbable in the highest degree, the whole resources of the nation would be gladly put at the Government's disposal, to bring the war to a successful conclusion, and prevent its recurrence for generations to come.

Financial Prosperity

Reports indicate the shortage of labor throughout the country, but particularly in the North. At a recent meeting of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce it was stated that the situation is fast becoming acute. It is tempered to some extent by the presence of Belgian

Scarcity of Labor

workmen in the country, but apart from the fact that the majority of the refugees do not possess the technical knowledge required in many of the trades and manufacturing establishments, the Belgians are too few to relieve the strain.

Ireland.—The country's contribution to the army still continues to be a topic of debate. Up to November 4 of the present crisis the north of Ireland, including the maritime counties of Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare and Carlow, contributed 127 out of every 10,000 of the population; the south and west, 32 out of every 10,000. With this as a basis, it has been reckoned that 54,000 recruits have gone to the war. Carson asserts that the Ulster Volunteers number between 16,000 and 17,000; allowing 6,000 Unionists from other sources, the Nationalists contributed some 32,000. Another estimate says that 115,000 Irishmen have joined the colors from England, Scotland and Wales, and it is claimed that all told there are 200,000 in the ranks. Lord MacDonnell, replying to some critics of these statistics, reminded them that Ireland was doing more than her share, and asserted that if she contributed but 9 per cent. to the army, no fault could be found. In the course of the debate on this matter, the aforesaid gentleman said that in 1883 the contribution made by Ireland was 25 per cent.; in 1893, 15 per cent.; in 1903, 20 per cent.; in 1913, 9 per cent. This last he considered normal and beyond blame.

Recruits

Despite the country's many burdens substantial aid has been given to the Belgians. Refugees have been received and distributed throughout the country; $150,000 were collected at the church doors, and a second call for funds met with a ready and generous response. On January 29 the Lord Mayor of Dublin, John Joseph Clancy, died suddenly. At the time of his election to the office he was a Nationalist member of Parliament. At one period of his long and active life he was editor of the *Nation*, and later a member of the editorial staff of the *Irish Daily Independent*. In a recent session of the House of Lords Mr. Asquith's Dublin speech on the Nationalist Volunteers came under debate. The Prime Minister had been reported by an opponent as insinuating that these Volunteers would constitute the Irish army of the future. Lord Crewe pointed out that Asquith's words were to the effect "that the veto which had been placed on the general existence of an Irish Volunteer Force in the past would undoubtedly not survive the changed state of things which would be found to exist at the close of the war." Evidently the answer did not fully satisfy the opposition, for Viscount Middleton is to raise the question later.

Other Items of Interest

Mexico.—Warfare is still rife in Mexico; as usual, battles are fought, men are slaughtered, cities are taken and then deserted, apparently for little or no reason.

Another Stormy Week

The following letter, written from Mexico City during the Villista occupation of the capital, just now ended by Obregon's army, gives some faint idea of conditions.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is no difference, either in theory or practice, between Carranzistas and Villistas. Both occupy and abandon towns and make impossible demands. They send out paper money in fabulous quantities: they occupy the houses of the wealthy; they seize property dedicated to charitable purposes. The convention in session here is discussing divorce, the prohibition of priestly celibacy, bequests by will. It contemplates denying the right of inheritance, so that all property will pass to the State. Radical, atheistic socialism seems to be the end in view. Landed properties are seized and the landlords are persecuted, sometimes even unto death. The greatest danger of all is to religion. Ecclesiastical authority is usurped and there is persistent war on religion. An attempt was made to bring priests (of these there are very few indeed) and Catholic layfolk to Villa's views. Freedom for the Church was promised: and now priests and people are secretly put to death. There can not be a greater infamy! This religious persecution is aided by the fact that Catholic papers and schools are suppressed and Catholic doctrines are attacked in school, in papers and even by loose sheets scattered broadcast.

Mexico City, January 10, 1915. J. R.

Carranza, the great lover of constitutional government, is still regulating all things on earth by proclamation. Just recently he has "proclaimed" against the marriage bond in language that bespeaks a strange heart. After a long and "serio-comic" preamble, he says:

Carranza's New Decrees

THAT the experience of civilized countries such as England. France and the United States of North America, has proved beyond all doubt, that divorce is a powerful factor to morality, because, facilitating the forming of new legitimate unions, decreases concubinage and consequently the pernicious influence which it exercises over public morals—it gives more stability to affections and conjugal relations, insures the happiness of a greater number of families and does away with the grievous drawback of obliging those who through error or thoughtlessness made an unsatisfactory marriage to expiate their error by a life-long subjection.

After this, and much more that is worse, there comes this proclamation:

The bond of matrimony can be dissolved by the free and mutual consent of the consorts, when the marriage has been celebrated longer than three years, or at any time, if there exist causes which make the realization of the aim of matrimony impossible, or improper, or due to serious offences on the part of either of the consorts, which make the breach irreparable. Once matrimony dissolved, the consorts may contract new unions, legitimately. Until Constitutional order has been re-established in the Republic, the Governors of the States are hereby authorized to make, in the Civil Codes, the necessary modifications to put this law in effect:

Temporary: This law shall be published by edict and proclamation and shall commence to be effective from this day on.

This is Queen's English, Carranzista morality and Carranzista "constitutional government."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

What Our Young Folk Read

AS a sequel to the article on "What Our Young Folk See in Vaudeville," the editor of AMERICA has suggested that I should say something about "What Our Young Folk Read," especially what they read from our public libraries. I have suggested more than once that there are three post-graduate courses in our modern life that have much more influence on the minds and the hearts, and, I might almost say, the characters of the young folk to-day than all of our teaching. Certainly these three post-graduate courses are constantly at work after the ordinary school education, suggesting, at least, informing, stimulating, hinting and, by more than innuendo, often occupying most of the attention of young minds. These three post-graduate courses are the theater, the library and the newspaper. All three of them, as every one must confess, may be great powers for good when properly regulated. Like everything else that possesses great force for good, even religion, and the great moral influences of life, they may be correspondingly great sources of evil when they are the subject of abuse. *Corruptio optimi pessima,* the Roman poet said—the corruption of what is best turns to what is worst.

I fear that in our time very few people who really know the conditions are likely to think of these three agencies—which, whether we recognize them as such or not, are really educational—to be forces for good. The theater is frankly evil in all its influences at the present time. It is almost impossible to point out a play given in one of our large cities at the present time in which the suggestion of evil does not overweigh any possible influence for good. There are a few good plays. They usually run a very short course. They exert practically no influence. Our young folk frankly confess that they do not go to plays any more. They call them "shows." They are not "holy shows" either, except in a certain Pickwickian sense. The more vicious plays are the more successful they are. The newspaper has come now to be mainly the record of the crimes of mankind. A newspaper editor of long experience was asked some time ago to define news briefly, and he said: "News is sin." "Rub out," he added, "on the first page of your newspaper—the news part of the paper *par excellence*—all that represents a violation of the Ten Commandments, and there will be almost nothing left. The page will have much less reading matter than an anarchist sheet after it has passed through the hands of the Russian censor." The definition is very striking. Literally reading the newspaper is in the old-fashioned expression "handling sin," and the thought lies very close to that other expression of the old time, "He who handles pitch will surely be defiled."

There is another element in news, however, that is worth while noting. News is suffering. Why the men and women of our time want to read at the breakfast table every morning all the suffering of the day before is one of the mysteries of human nature. That is the feature, however, of all our news. To put it that way is, without more ado, to raise still more seriously the question as to the influence for ill of this intimate contact day after day with the miseries of mankind.

There remains, then, out of these three post-graduate institutions in modern life the library, and whatever conviction people may have as to the evil of the theater or the dubiousness of the newspaper, most of them are quite sure that at least the library is doing unmixed good. Nothing to my mind could be farther from the truth. There is some excellent influence due to the library. There are places on the lower East Side of New York particularly, where the libraries are literally the ever-ready providers of continuation courses for our immigrants, our school and high school graduates. Many a poor foreigner is finely educated and intellectually developed through the stimulus of books obtained from the public library. This is the good side of the library. There is an evil side that has a much more persuasive influence and that affects, I should say, at least a hundred times as many people for ill as it does for good. I know how strong that expression is, and I have deliberately used it and, I think, that far from being an exaggeration, it is rather conservative.

There are two ways in which the reading from our public libraries does harm. One is direct and the other is indirect. Let us take the indirect first. The great mass of reading done from our public libraries is quite trivial. All the modern novels and the so-called best sellers find their way to the shelves of the public libraries in every branch, and sometimes, because there is so much demand for them, in multiple copies. Everybody wants to read them this year, almost nobody wants to read them next. Readers have to be limited to a single week because so many are applying for the books. As a rule a month or two after they have read them their readers can not tell anything about them, or if they try to tell the stories they jumble two or three of them together, and it is evident that they read only with the most superficial attention. The books themselves have nothing of any value in them. Scarcely a novel a year is now appearing that any one will want to hear anything about two years from now. They are just pastimes. To read the publishers' announcements about them you would think a classic was issuing from the press every week; nay, every day. Reviewers, who are themselves very often writers of novels, and who know that the review department must stimulate advertising and that the paper lives by advertising, say things that can be quoted in the advertisements. The dear people swallow the novels then just as they swallow patent medicines and in the modern expressive phrase are "done good." The United States Government has just announced that the American public buys ten times as

much patent medicine as it did in 1880, though the population has not quite doubled in the interval. The American public reads much more than ten times as many worthless novels as it did in 1880, and is done just as much good by them.

The one purpose of education is to train concentration of attention. The reading of novels, as of newspapers and light magazines, or of anything else that we do not care to remember, is a training in dissipation of attention. We make sieves of our minds. We actually train them to let things go through them. We pass time pleasantly, but the old Yankee habit of whittling is a much better mode of passing time, for it gives some chance for thought. This trivial reading keeps people from thinking, and as a consequence very few people do any thinking any more. They read and swallow, but they do not digest, and it is no wonder that they are so easily led by advertisements to buy foolish medicine or trashy novels, or other useless things.

This is the indirect evil. It is much more serious than it looks, and almost greater than anything else that I know. It is effectively neutralizing the influence of whatever education we are giving. The direct evil of the library is much easier to recognize. There are many positively vicious books that are finding their way to the open shelves of our public libraries. I think that I am not a prude. Medical studies in Paris, Vienna and Berlin are not likely to leave one with a prudish mind. I have had novels from public libraries, usually having taken them from the shelves of new books, where they were placed for the public to select, that older people interested in the morbid side of human nature for some good reason might be expected to read, but that, I could not think, would be anything but harmful, and seriously so for all young folk. Some of the worst of these books were written by very clever writers. Not long ago I picked up a volume that attracted my attention because it is by a well-known member of the French academy, probably one of the cleverest writers of our day, whose name and works are well known outside of France. I do not care to name it for obvious reasons, but in it an angel guardian having resolved to rebel against the Most High, succeeds in making himself visible upon earth to the young man whose guardianship he has been given, just at a moment when that young man is entertaining a friend's wife in his rooms. The angelic visitant is quite *de trop*, above all because, unused to the usages of polite life, he seats himself on a chair and happens to sit on the lady's stockings. She wants them just then because she is preparing to go home. The worst of the book is its cleverness and its cynicism. That such a book, with an attractive title, should be on open shelves for young folk to read seems not only eminently unsuitable, but I should say that its presence there is an index either of utter disregard of its effect on young minds, or of culpable ignorance.

Some time ago I picked up one of the volumes of perhaps one of the best-known English living novelists. It is the autobiography of a young man. It contains, among other things, the story of some sexual wanderings in his life described with absolute fidelity to detail, and with that precision of the naturalistic school that makes the pictures very complete. Some of his experiences are with married women and the series of incidents must make it very clear to young men that they are really not expected to be what is called virtuous, that that indeed is a little absurd for a man, and as for a woman, that there are certain physical dangers that must be avoided, because they involve disgrace in the present state of public opinion, but that apart from that the following of nature's promptings can not be considered very wrong, and that indeed, for any normal physical individual it is almost impossible not to obey those promptings. True, the book does not say this in so many words, but it tells the story of these incidents frankly, and then leaves the reader to judge whether, after all, such things must not be forgiven to poor human nature.

I am not much of a novel reader, and if in the course of a few months these novels have come to me, those who read their novel every week or oftener must find a great many evil suggestions. Of course, it is not for the purpose of supplying the public with such vicious mental pabulum that our public libraries were meant, nor are they supported for this at millions of expense to the taxpayers. They were intended for instruction. They are now being used almost exclusively as a means of mere pastime and most of that pastime is useless and intellectually deteriorating, or else it is literally vicious and mentally degrading. The public will read more of these trivial and vicious books than of others, but circulation should not be the standard of the library or the newspaper. The library, above all, should lead and form public taste, not follow it. JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

The Omnipotent Snub*

DANTE had a most excellent reason for putting traitors in the lowest pit of hell. No sin so completely disrupts all the love and fellowship of the world as the sin of the traitor. So true is this that if you were to ask me what one crime could be blamed beyond all others for the gnawing hate of to-day, I should say it was the one crime of betrayal of trust, the crime of the devil.

If we examine one by one the types of men who poison our whole national life, we shall find in every single case that their poison is generated by some great trust betrayed. Take the dishonest business man. Why is his crime unforgivable? Should we loathe him so completely if he had given a dishonest opinion on let us say, a work of art? I think not. People do not place confidence in him as an art connoisseur. They trust him as

*The ninth of a series of special articles.

a merchant or as a producer. If he sells his wares on false pretences, then we despise him. We feel a certain disgust at the mere sight of him. And we feel this because he has turned traitor to the ideals he stands for, to the trust he has led us to place in him.

If this is true of private business men, how vastly more true is it of public men, those who have won the trust of the whole State. A traitor politician is the most contemptible man of to-day. Yet how many politicians are traitors! Is it for nothing that politics has come to be a by-word and a jest for all that is mean and cringing and corrupt?

A business man, if he is dishonest, is an outlaw. He has sinned against the laws of God and the State. But a dishonest politician betrays the very State itself, betrays the very authority of God. Our political representatives are the army we send against outlaws. If they fail us, their sin is the sin of the deserter. They have gone over to the enemy. But that is not the worst; for in nine cases out of ten they are not satisfied with turning against us. They stab us in our hearts, they pretend to remain in our ranks and to be fighting with us when they are actually spies. They add cowardice and lies to treason.

The indictment of the traitor politician is the most stupendous task we face to-day. We have to overcome inertia, blindness and criminal tolerance. We are as much to blame as the traitors themselves. What would you think of a country that blandly allowed spies to remain in its armies? If that country came to regard spies as a necessary evil, allowed them to remain in the army year after year, daily giving away the blood of their fellow-countrymen and laying innocent homes open to heinous plundering, would you say that country shared no part of the blame?

We elect representatives to our city, State and national legislatures for a purpose. We make them our army of defence against the dishonest business forces. We entrust them with constructive work also, just as we entrust our army engineers with such great tasks as the Panama Canal. But above all, we expect them to apply a legislative antidote for all forms of commercial dishonesty. Their first duty is to maintain so complete an independence of commercial gluttony that they stand as a bulwark beween us and the social disease such gluttony brings. Yet is this not the very first duty they betray? What is our first instinctive thought when some one speaks of politics? Is it not the thought of a close understanding and cooperation between our official representatives and the inflated commercial powers on whom they depend for their personal advertisement and success?

It is a very poor and a very miserable excuse to say that one must fight the devil with his own weapons. This excuse is especially poor and miserable when offered by Catholics. Catholics are quite active in this country's politics, and when they turn traitors to their trust their crime comes nearer to that of Judas than the crime of any other public man. They not only betray their constituents; they betray their God and their religion as well. It is no mere gentlemanly code of morals they spurn, it is the lifelong teachings and guidance of their Church.

A Catholic politician has every chance in his favor, every human opportunity to be a man and not a whelp. People have instinctive confidence in him from the start for no other reason than his Catholicity. They know the strict moral code of the Church, its means of enforcing that code through the confessional, and they naturally trust the man who has this powerful moral assistance. What is their contempt and their scorn, then, and what their disappointment in the Church when a Catholic turns traitor!

The very fact that so much is expected of a Catholic politician gives him an unequaled influence. If sound and equitable legislation is to be the hall-mark of this country, the influence of Catholic public men should be foremost in assuring us this reputation. And their influence can be put to use in a hundred ways. But of these hundred ways, I should select one as being supremely effective. The way is known by the homely but terse phrase, snubbing.

To speak about high civic ideals and political honor to a man in the grip of power-lust is almost as futile as trying to cool the sun with an iceberg. I have often thought that, if the sun were human, he would soon get discouraged at the sight of houses and parasols. To find human beings so deliberately shutting him out of their lives would be a cruel blow. Both you and I know how much pleasanter it is to be fought than ignored. Half our pleasure in attaining power springs from the increasing notice we receive. Some great men actually enjoy being fought; some even take a melancholy delight in being ridiculed. One prominent man has the walls of an entire room in his house decorated with cartoons of himself. The quickest way to cool the power-lust of a politician is to ignore him.

The German soldiers are said to have suffered intensely after the occupation of Brussels merely from the snubs of the natives. Many of those poor, home-loving and mild-eyed Germans found no hard campaign so bitter as the complete indifference of the Brussels populace. The Germans had no one to talk to, no one to tell of their hopes and trials, no one, even an enemy, to whom they could pour out their hearts' anxieties. Now, what was hard for the German soldiers would certainly be torture for an American politician. It is not the business of legislation he finds fascinating; it is the flattery of attention. If his lust for power and attention makes him turn traitor, the quickest way to cure his treason is to snub him.

I am told that Swiss politics really merits the name of politics, and I have certainly had frequent occasion to see the results of the excellent Swiss administration. Yet one never hears the name of the Chairman of the Swiss Federal Council, the President of the Con-

federation. Swiss politicians are taken as a matter of course; they are not flattered squarely into treason. Power is not extolled out of all proportion to its usefulness. Might we not learn from Switzerland? When our Catholic politicians have all learned to be true to their Faith and their clients, can they not practise a little snubbing in their own official circles? And can not the entire Catholic population, and all those unprejudiced enough to work with the Catholics, support their politicians in this new attitude? Instead of tempting weak politicians with silver flattery, it is time we ruled them with the iron rod of the snub.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

The Young Man and Foreign Missions*

CHRIST Himself established the missionary calling and chose it for His life-work. He was the first missionary sent by the Father to save the world. This fact above all else reveals the sublimity and excellence of the missionary career. Its dignity becomes apparent likewise from a consideration of its distinctive nature: missionary labor is divine labor; it is zeal for souls the most forsaken and neglected. Akin to the priesthood and the religious calling, the missionary vocation generally presupposes one or both of the former as a preparation and condition for its labors.

Missionary endeavor has always been regarded by the Church as one of her characteristic and most important tasks; it pertains to her very nature as the divinely constituted medium of salvation among men. By encouraging and supporting the propagation of the true faith through her missionaries she executes the command of her Founder: "Go, teach all nations and baptize them," a command given on the Mount of Olives immediately before His Ascension.

Although the fruits of this missionary force which has been active these nineteen hundred years are certainly very consoling, the statistics of the present conditions sound nevertheless discouraging, showing, as they do, that two-thirds of the human race are not even baptized and so must forego the blessings of Christianity. Of these, eight hundred millions are still heathens, while the rest are made up of Mohammedans and Jews. This fact must surely display before the eyes of every aspirant to the missionary career the immense field of God's kingdom yet to be tilled.

One thousand million souls! A vast number indeed! This harvest of souls, however, is ripe, yes, over-ripe for the Church of God. Now, as never before, the conditions for Christianizing the world are unusually favorable. The various means of communication, by sea and by rail, by telegraph and by telephone; the opening up of hitherto unknown countries; and, what is of greater importance, the religious and mental transformation that many heathen countries are undergoing, together with the amazing susceptibility of entire nations for the doctrine of Christ—all this is a pressing invitation to our ambitious and enterprising young men to labor for the execution of Our Lord's command and for the fulfilment of His most ardent desire: *ut omnes unum sint*, that all may be one, that there be but "one Fold and one Shepherd."

We American Catholics have in the past been very apathetic and slow, indeed, in seizing so promising an opportunity. The care and provision for the spiritual needs of Catholic immigrants and the organization of our own parishes and dioceses have kept us busy for a whole century. Now, however, as they are fairly well established and organized, we, too, must begin to take an active part in the noble work of converting the world. The time has arrived when the Church must expect many a young American lad to present himself as a candidate for the sublime career of a missionary. The necessity of such vocations among our Catholic youths has become imperative, because the call for English-speaking missionaries is now incessant and the number of Protestant mission workers is increasing daily. The fact that the Protestant denominations of the United States have thousands of representatives working in the mission fields should remind us at last of our duty toward the poorest of mankind.

The entire number of Catholic missionaries in the foreign mission field is 42,000, of whom 12,500 are priests, 6,000 lay brothers and 18,000 Sisters. How can these few thousands suffice to supply the spiritual needs of hundreds of millions? Yet in that personnel of foreign missionaries the sixteen millions of American Catholics are practically not represented at all. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few."

Thanks to God, the mission movement is spreading. The last century gave to the Church no less than nineteen religious communities that devote themselves chiefly to the heathen missions. France and Belgium have led in this great movement until recently, but are now closely followed by Germany and Austria. These latter countries can boast at present of twenty-eight colleges and seminaries for the education and training of missionaries, although forty years ago they had not even one. According to the signs of the times, the twentieth century promises to develop into a mission century, so that the American with his restless ambition to be at the fore in all undertakings, can no longer keep aloof from so noble an enterprise as the evangelization of the heathen.

The credit for having erected the first mission house on American soil is due to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, a religious community already spread over the entire world. Founded in 1875 by the Rev. Arnold Janssen, it numbers 700 priests, 800 lay brothers and about 1,200 candidates. Its first home in the United States was erected in 1909, in the Archdiocese of Chicago, and is known as St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill. A second foundation followed in 1912, the Sacred Heart

*The twenty-seventh of a series of vocational articles.

Mission House, at Girard, Pa., in the diocese of Erie. Although erected as mission colleges with a course of seven years, the house at Techny offers now also the opportunity for completing the novitiate and philosophical and theological studies leading to the sacred priesthood. The first vows are taken for one year at the end of the novitiate and are renewed the two following years. Perpetual vows are taken immediately before receiving Holy Orders. After his ordination to the priesthood the candidate is assigned to the missions.

The first mission society of purely American origin is the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society," founded in 1911, by Reverend James A. Walsh and Reverend Thomas A. Price. Its seminary is located at Maryknoll, P. O. Ossining, N. Y.; its mission college was erected in 1913, at Scranton, Pa.

Individual opportunity for laboring in the foreign mission field is offered also by other, mostly older, orders and congregations, by the Benedictines, Capuchins, Holy Cross Fathers, Lazarists, Marists, Holy Ghost Fathers, and especially by the Franciscans and Jesuits.

What are the demands made of a young man wishing to devote himself to the foreign missions? He must above all be firm in his vocation, that is, show a decided predilection for the work in foreign missions. He must have the determined will to become a *whole* man, to avoid sin and to endure patiently the many hardships that his future life might bring. With this firmness of character he must furthermore combine a cheerful disposition; sullen and capricious characters are wholly unfit for the mission service. Candidates must embrace the mission career out of higher motives and be resolved to serve God and to labor faithfully and exclusively for the welfare of souls. They must, of course, possess the ordinary talents that make a satisfactory completion of their studies possible, be without bodily defects, and enjoy good health. Whoever is so constituted may and must be convinced that God is calling him to His sacred mission service. Let him bravely follow the Master's call. Young men who have not the required endowments for study may find admission into any of the above-mentioned orders or congregations as lay brothers.

For the sake of obtaining a better acquaintance with the labors exacted in heathen lands the writer would advise the perusal of the following literature to all young men who are considering the mission career: "The Workers are Few," by Rev. P. Manna and Rev. Jos. McGlinchey; "God Wills It," by Rev. F. X. Brors, S.J.; "Our Lord's Last Will," by Rev. H. Fischer, S.V.D.; "The Most Vital Mission Problem of the Present Day," by Rev. Fred. Schwager, S.V.D.; "A Modern Martyr," by Rev. J. A. Walsh. As further references, the undersigned will cheerfully send gratis upon request a complete list of Catholic mission literature with an assortment of pamphlets treating of the foreign mission work.

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.,
St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill.

Sinners and Saints

CONVERTS in the enthusiastic idealism of their first fervor are sometimes shocked at finding sinners in the Church. Theoretically they were prepared to meet them, but practically they had looked to find Christ's spouse without spot or wrinkle, even as Christ Himself. The awakening is sometimes a rude one. Social workers, in and out of the Church, discover that a fair, if not a large proportion, of the "black sheep" of humanity are Catholics. They are apt to be scandalized. Occasionally an evil deed done by a person who was thought a pillar of strength makes its way into the newspapers. Then our modern pharisees fold their hands, lift their eyes in horror, point the finger of scorn, and say with a whisper of sanctimonious righteousness, "Is this the Church that claims to be holy?" And all the while our bishops and priests and laity go on as before, blushing it may be for the shame of their brother; and yet not intolerant but humble, knowing that they themselves are but flesh and blood, and that they, too, may easily, what with temptation and frailty, fall even lower.

Holiness characterizes the Church as a body, and is the mark of the majority of her children; to each of them she gives the white robe of innocence at baptism, and on all she lays the injunction that they preserve it unsullied till death. Sinlessness of life is the ideal she sets before all as soon as they have been ransomed from the curse of Eden; and for the safeguarding of their souls she puts at their disposal no less holy a means than the Blood of the Saviour, crying out through the Sacraments, as of old in the Cenacle, that of those whom the Father has given Him, He may not lose one. Christ, too, tells them that they should be holy as His heavenly Father is holy; and He knows that many will strive loyally after the ideal, and in spite of lesser sins will never offend Him mortally. And what of the rest? They carry their treasure in earthen vessels. What wonder if they should stumble with it on the slippery path that leads to life! Nothing is more natural. Indeed, it is only by the most wonderful miracles of grace that any one is preserved.

Sin must be reckoned with in the Church. Sinners there will always be within her holy circle. Only in the most exceptional cases does she cast them out utterly from her midst. And her reason is clear. Her mission is the continuation of Christ's mission, and Christ came to save sinners, a thing which He did by consorting with them. Sin does not in every instance cut a man off wholly from the mystical body of Christ. Sin, mortal sin, kills grace in the soul, but not necessarily faith and hope; it makes him a withered, half-dead branch, but it does not separate him completely from the Vine that is Christ. He may still be restored to health, although he is in constant danger of falling away and being gathered up and cast into the fire. The Church hopes that charity, the life of the spirit, will always flow in the veins of all her children; but she knows that her hope is vain. She

is only too well satisfied if she can give them the last Sacraments and reconcile them in the end, and stand at their death-beds and plead for mercy on their souls, not because they have never sinned, but because, in spite of all, they have never failed in faith or, at least, have got it or regained it at the last. The denial of the Faith is the only thing that cuts one off, root and branch, from the Church, and even this not irrevocably. Over the apostate's return, no less than over the other prodigal's, God the Father rejoices. For him, as for the rest, there is waiting the robe and the ring and the fatted calf.

Heretics were the first to say that the Church is made up exclusively of saints. They made it out to be an invisible thing, composed only of those whose souls are filled with grace. At once the Fathers of the Church, with Saint Augustine, rose up against them. Such a doctrine was unheard of, against the constant practice of the ages, and contrary to the clear meaning of the Scripture. Had not Our Lord Himself declared that the Kingdom of Heaven, that is His Church on earth, was like to a field in which both wheat and tares were to be allowed to grow until the time of the harvest (Matt. xiii, 39); had He not compared it to the ten virgins, of whom five were wise and five were foolish (Matt. xxv, 1)? For whom did Jesus Christ institute the Sacrament of Penance, if not for the sinners who He knew would always be found in the Church? And St. Paul, surely he knew the mind of Him whom he loved so passionately! And yet there are many passages in his letters which refer to sinners within the Church.

The Gospel of St. Matthew xiii, 47, has the following clear teaching on the subject, in the words of Christ Himself: "Again the kingdom of heaven is like to a net cast into the sea and gathering together of all kinds of fishes, which when it was filled they drew out: and sitting by the shore, they chose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast forth. So shall it be at the end of the world. The angels shall go out and shall separate the wicked from among the just." The "net" here means the Church, the "fishes" signify men, gathered as members into the one Church, and allowed to remain together, good and bad, until the separation at the end of the world. The parable is too clear to need comment, and has always been interpreted by the Fathers to refer to the good and bad in the Church.

If Christ allowed a Judas to belong to the ancient Church, why should we be surprised that great sinners have been found in her fold? If the Son of God made the very foundation-stone of His Church out of a man who was so weak and so frail that he denied his Lord, and this not once but thrice; who are we that we should be shocked at strayed and straying sheep? One has no need of deep knowledge of the Church to realize that she is never so pleased as when she sees her children stand afar off and strike their breasts and cry aloud their sinfulness and beg only for mercy. The chaff will surely be separated from the wheat, the goats shall be set apart from the sheep, in the heavenly Jerusalem there will be no place for sin; but the winnowing is not yet, the sorting is still to come, and for the present saints and sinners may kneel side by side. It is true that sinners do not belong to the Church in the same perfect sense in which the just are its members, for they are not united by the bond of grace to Christ, the head, and to the members. There is, nevertheless, a wider sense of the term, according to which the Church includes both good and bad.

The scandal, therefore, that is taken at the fall from grace of those who are members of the Church, even though they should fall as Lucifer like stars from heaven, is a foolish and unreasoning scandal. As long as men are members of the Church (and, as far as its members are concerned, the Church is, after all, only human), there will always be in their free will the fatal power to commit sin. Some will not resist evil. Christ Himself has warned us that there must be scandals. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Happy we if the scandal comes not from ourselves.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, the city founded by Penn in 1682 on broad principles of toleration, has many Catholic landmarks that stand up like beacon lights of the Faith, in her churches, schools, asylums, convents and cemeteries.

Though Catholics were few in number in the early days, yet they were not neglected. Missionary priests from Maryland visited Pennsylvania at intervals and, as early as 1708, we hear of the celebration of Mass and of the conversion to Catholicity of a prominent resident, Lionel Brittin.

The first priest of whom we have detailed account was Rev. Joseph Greaton, S.J., and to him is due the erection of St. Joseph's, the first Catholic church in Pennsylvania.

Owing to the dispute concerning the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, it was not until the contention was settled in favor of Pennsylvania, that Father Greaton felt justified in building his church. In 1730, therefore, he bought ground adjoining the Quaker Almshouse on Walnut Street near Third, and on it, in 1732, erected a tiny chapel, which, small as it was, sufficed for the needs of the congregation which in 1733 numbered but thirty-seven. Father Greaton was the first pastor and continued his faithful watch over his flock until his death in 1752. He was succeeded by Rev. Robert Harding, an eminent and zealous priest. At the end of twenty-five years the chapel was enlarged, though still small, and the congregation continuing to increase, Father Harding decided to build another Church. When St. Joseph's was enlarged its grave-yard was encroached upon, and in consequence ground on Fourth Street near Locust was bought for burial purposes. The lot was large, extending to Fifth Street and, on a portion of it, St. Mary's, the new church, was built in 1763. St. Joseph's was not abandoned, however. Mass was still celebrated in it on week days.

The able and learned Rev. Ferdinand (Farmer) Steinmeyer, S.J., came to Philadelphia about this time, and for more than a quarter of a century labored unremittingly in the interests of the Catholic community, winning the esteem of all denominations for his piety, zeal and scholarly attainments. He was a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and when he died, in 1786, the professors and trustees, members of the

Philosophical Society and almost every Protestant clergyman in Philadelphia attended his funeral.

St. Joseph's and St. Mary's continued under one pastor until 1821, when a separation took place. At that time St. Joseph's was enlarged again, and in 1838 a new church was built. In later years additions and improvements have been made, and it is now one of the most attractive churches in the city, from its historical associations and its unique position in the old business section of Philadelphia. Its friendly neighbor, the Quaker Almshouse, has disappeared, tall office buildings surround it, instead of the green, open space of yore; and its entrance is from a little thoroughfare extending from Third Street to Fourth, called after Thomas Willing who once lived nearby. Yet "old St. Joseph's" is one of the most cherished landmarks of Philadelphia.

St. Joseph's has had eminent pastors, one of them Rev. Michael Egan who, when the diocese of Philadelphia was established in 1810, was consecrated its first bishop. He made St. Mary's his cathedral church. St. Mary's has had an eventful history. In 1781 a solemn Thanksgiving service was held in it, for the American victory at Yorktown. This service was attended by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and other noted men. In 1784 the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered for the first time in Philadelphia by the Superior of the Missions in the United States, the Rev. John Carroll, in St. Mary's. The church annals were disfigured by the contest waged by the recalcitrant trustee against the bishop and the proper spiritual authorities. The troubles lasted for some years, but were finally adjusted about 1831, with the result that trusteeships were eventually abolished. Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, one of the later pastors, became Bishop of Cleveland.

In 1788 a third Catholic church was built, Holy Trinity, at Sixth and Spruce streets, for the needs of the numerous German Catholics of the community. The church was semi-hexagonal, had a hipped roof and was built of alternate red and black glazed bricks. This was the last public building in Philadelphia in which such bricks were used. Holy Trinity has suffered from two disastrous fires, which destroyed the interior, but left the walls intact, so its outward aspect has undergone but little change.

Its old graveyard is an interesting spot, many of the ancient tombstones being inscribed with the names of early German and French residents. A legend that is hard to dislodge is that Longfellow's Evangeline found a resting place in this little cemetery, and many a sentimental pilgrim asks to see her grave, and though the good Fathers willingly accord permission to wander through the ground, needless to say the grave is not found. Stephen Girard's body, however, did lie in it for a few years, until removed by the executors of his will, despite the protests of the heirs. In 1834 a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in Holy Trinity for the repose of the soul of the Marquis de Lafayette.

Still another church was erected in the eighteenth century, that of St. Augustine on Fourth Street near Vine, then the northern limit of the old city, for those who lived at a distance from the other churches, there being no convenient trolleys in 1796 to carry worshipers to their doors. The building of St. Augustine's was due to Rev. Matthew Carr, O.S.A., who came to Philadelphia in 1793; before commencing its erection, he collected money for the work, and among the contributors were Washington, Barry, Fitzsimmons and Girard. The corner-stone was laid in 1796, and Father Carr was the first pastor, being succeeded by Rev. Michael Hurley, said to have been the first native-born Philadelphian to enter the priesthood. Father Hurley labored with much fervor among the yellow fever victims during the visitations of that scourge, turning his rectory into a hospital. The church met with disaster in 1844, when a wave of religious bigotry swept over Philadelphia, and St. Augustine's and St. Michael's, Kensington, were burned by the so-called "Native Americans," who, despite the name, were in the main ignorant and intolerant Irish Protestants. The church was rebuilt and opened for divine worship Christmas Day, 1847. St. Augustine's has a small graveyard attached, in which in 1903 a tablet was placed in honor of Thomas Lloyd, the "Father of American Short-Hand Reporting."

One of the later historic churches is that of St. John the Evangelist on Thirteenth Street near Chestnut, erected in 1831 by Rev. John Hughes, later Archbishop of New York. In 1837 Bishop Kenrick made St. John's the cathedral church and so it remained until the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul was built. In 1899 St. John's was damaged by fire, but was immediately repaired. In its early days the church was in a quiet, residential quarter of the city, but is now in the midst of a busy mercantile community.

The construction of a regular cathedral was first projected by Bishop Kenrick in 1845. By degrees the project took shape and in 1846 the first stone was laid. When Bishop Kenrick in 1851 became Archbishop of Baltimore, he was succeeded in Philadelphia by the saintly Bishop Neumann, who was deeply interested in the progress of the building, but as his cardinal principle was the sound one of keeping out of debt, work proceeded slowly, but he had the happiness of seeing the exterior finished before he died. Bishop Wood was also an ardent promoter of its erection and in 1864 it was opened for divine service. Bishop Wood was the first Archbishop of Philadelphia, the city becoming an archbishopric in 1869.

The old churchyard's burying grounds as well as the modern great cemeteries are true landmarks. In St. Mary's, for instance, lies buried Commodore Barry, "Father of the American Navy," and Thomas Fitzsimmons, one of the framers of the Constitution and one of the founders of our American tariff system.

Philadelphia has also such landmarks as the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo at Overbrook, founded by Bishop Kenrick, who started it in 1832 with three students; St. Joseph's College under the Jesuits; the Augustinian Monastery and College of Villanova; the Seminary of the Congregation of the Mission in Germantown; the American Catholic Historical Society, owing its inception to the late John H. Campbell Esq.; the Roman Catholic High School for Boys, established in 1890 through the generosity of Thomas F. Cahill, who left a large bequest for its foundation; St. Joseph's House for Industrious Boys, and the Protectory at Flatland, instituted through the efforts of the late Archbishop Ryan.

The first orphan asylum in the country perhaps, St. Joseph's, was founded in Philadelphia to care for the orphan children of yellow fever victims. After some eight years the Sisters of Charity took charge in 1814. In 1829 boys and girls were separated and St. John's Orphan Asylum for Boys came into existence.

Among other charitable institutions to be specially noted are St. Vincent's Home, for babies; Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor for the Aged and Infirm Poor; St. Ann's Widow Asylum; St. Joseph's and other Catholic Hospitals. and the House of the Good Shepherd, which cares for wayward girls.

Philadelphia has a number of well-known convents, and in every section of the city may be seen beautiful churches, old and new, each of which is a veritable landmark in its own locality. Thus the lively faith of the Catholics of the city has found expression in monuments of piety and zeal.

JANE CAMPBELL.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Persecuted Mexican Jesuits

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You have been publishing in AMERICA some of the innumerable outrages inflicted on the religious and priests of Mexico in the present revolution, and your vigorous advocacy has put our people forever in your debt, but about the actual condition of the 160 priests, and 205 scholastics and brothers of the Society of Jesus, expelled from Mexico, relatively little has been said. I have just come from Havana, Cuba, where the Mexican Jesuits have their largest house of refuge.

There are nearly sixty-three now, and when I arrived I found that though cheerful and uncomplaining, they were in almost absolute destitution. Thank God I was able to relieve them for a time with the donations I received in New York. Their cassocks were for the most part patched and worn out, and few had more than one change of underwear. The Father Provincial's clothing would be scorned by a tramp, and he as well as many others had been suffering for weeks from painful diseases and ailments, some contracted in Mexican prisons, because they had no money to procure medicine or pay a physician. He had traveled third-class with the rest from Vera Cruz on a Spanish boat that provided them only benches to sleep on. They had been robbed of everything they possessed, even of their breviaries and other necessary articles. For instance, all who wore glasses were deprived of them, when expelled or imprisoned. Fathers and scholastics are in like plight, having since August but one old cassock each for their entire outer clothing, and on Christmas day the thermometer stood at 94°. The twenty philosophers had but two text-books, till Father Otting sent them six from St. Louis, and for spiritual reading but a few copies of Rodriguez and La Puente. They could doubtless have got relief if they published their needs, but the many Mexican refugees in equal distress have drawn so much on the charity of priests and people, that they prefer to suffer in silence, and offer their sufferings to God for the peace and freedom of Mexico.

It is not only in Havana that Jesuits are in want. I have a letter from the Novitiate, where there are 45 priests and scholastics, begging for clothing and money, as on Christmas day they had but six dollars left. We have no words to thank the American Fathers of Colorado and Louisiana for their charity, and particularly of California, where there are 65 Jesuit refugees; but it is impossible for them to provide all that a novitiate and scholasticate require and, as in Cuba, the poor refugees, seeing the help extended to numerous other destitute exiles, are loath to ask for assistance.

There are other Fathers in El Salvador and Colombia, and more than fifty still in Mexico, who can not get out and are in constant danger of death. Everywhere there is need, more than I am able to set down in writing; but there is also much gratitude for the many favors received in this hospitable land, and the Mexican Fathers and Brothers will long remember in their prayers the generous Americans who shall have helped them in their day of distress.

30 W. 16th St., New York City. C. M. DE HEREDIA, S.J.

State Support for Parochial Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to the communication of "J. C. K." in your issue of January 23, I should like to call attention to the fact that my friend Mr. Duffy did not write of the "problem of the schools." He talked about Catholic leaders. But as "J. C. K." has injected the subject of schools, by which I assume that he means parochial schools, with your permission I will say a word on that subject. The American Federation of Catholic Societies has persistently advocated State support for the secular education furnished by our parochial schools. We do not seek pay for religious instruction, which we regard as a separate proposition, incidental to the fact that our parochial school is Catholic. The necessity for the Catholic school in America grows greater every year as an offset to the lack of religion in the public school and to the danger to our nation from schools of the type of the Ferrer anarchistic school. The total enrollment in the parochial schools of the United States is about 1,370,000 pupils. The annual saving to all the States through Catholic support of these schools is estimated at the stupendous sum of $56,000,000. The cost for maintenance of the pupils in the public school system of Greater New York, numbering 700,000, is $50 per capita. One-half that cost, or $25 per capita, would provide for the maintenance of a parochial school. We should regard a contract with the State for the support of our parochial schools as a purely business transaction, we to furnish the secular education, and the State to pay the money stipulated. Our only obligation to the State would be that our children should submit to the Regents' examination, to demonstrate that we are performing our part of the contract. Should the necessity arise, it would be almost impossible for the City of New York, in its present financial condition, to provide the $20,000,000 necessary for buildings and the $7,000,000 needed annually for maintenance, in order to care for the 150,000 children now in our parochial schools. The rapidity with which our parochial schools are multiplying is a forcible reminder to the broad-minded American that sooner or later the imposing number of Christian schools will command recognition from the State.

Enemies of the Church say that we propose to overturn the public schools and take possession of the educational system of the State. This is absolutely false. It is the privilege of the American citizen to send his child to any school that he may choose. What little education that I absorbed as a boy I got from the public school. I am not opposed to the public school as such. I thank God that in America every child may receive an education. But I insist that in recent years a wave of atheism and socialism has been sweeping over our land, and that it has even invaded some of our public schools through non-Christian teachers and professors imported from godless colleges. The great system really seems to have become sensitive to atheistic criticism, and our school managers are nervous when the Christian father boldly stands up and protests against the exclusion of the Christian atmosphere from the public school. The system needs mending. Catholics are not alone in their criticism of the "Little Red School House." Many Protestants are severe critics of a school system in which they realize that there is something out of joint, but for which they seem unable to find a remedy. Catholics years ago solved the problem by establishing schools in which God is recognized as a part of the lives of the pupils.

A Constitutional Convention will be held in New York State this year. No pecuniary relief can come to our parochial schools without amendment of the State Constitution. Federation hopes to see the Constitution so amended that provision may be made, to some extent at least, for the maintenance of denominational schools. This would apply to Catholic, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Jewish, or other denominational schools, provided that they furnish to the child a secular education equal to the standard set up by the Regents of the State University. We do not consider this request unreasonable or unjust. It would seem to be good public policy for the State to encourage denominational schools by providing at least part maintenance for schools which are erected through the generosity or sacrifice of any reputable group of law-abiding Americans, thus saving to the State many millions of dollars. The State would be the gainer, for this nation needs in the future citizens who are loyal to the flag, who have respect for authority, and a love for morality.

Brooklyn. EDWARD FEENEY.

The Catholic Daily Not Necessary

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Were the existence of a Catholic daily newspaper in any large city of the country an assured fact, its chief claim to support by the Catholic body would rest presumably on the ground that it was instituted to convey to the non-Catholic public a correct knowledge of the teachings of the Catholic Church, to present to them her proper features as opposed to Protestant caricatures, to defend her promptly against sudden attacks, and to accomplish these results more speedily than is effected by weekly publications. The present writer offers for consideration the suggestion that no real necessity for a Catholic daily publication exists, since there is no conceivably swifter and no more certain means of reaching the non-Catholic mind than availing ourselves of the daily press, as at present constituted, and utilizing its columns to convey the information and impart the instruction desired.

As all newspapers are in business for commercial ends, in all probability space would have to be purchased, and Catholic money would have to be forthcoming. It is admitted that an Educational Fund would have to be created to finance such a project. The project is undoubtedly feasible. Throughout the year many very instructive articles appear in our Catholic weeklies and monthlies, but the non-Catholic never sees them; they serve to edify the Catholic rather than to enlighten the Protestant. If the Catholic position is to be presented through the press to the non-Catholic millions, it must be presented in the columns of the papers these millions read. Is anything more true?

Philadelphia. K. OF C.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The communications that have appeared in AMERICA I have found interesting, especially those advocating a daily Catholic paper. The project, while gallant, is scarcely feasible. Such a paper, in my opinion, would be a financial failure before it started and that too regardless of how efficiently and economically the affair would be managed. I am not questioning the desirability of the Catholic Church in America having an organ to speak authoritatively on all religious questions, but that is not exactly what is wanted, as I read the communications referred to, but a daily paper in its news columns and editorials to compare with the New York *Sun*. That would mean at least a twenty year apprenticeship and millions in annual deficits, before a self-supporting state could even be hoped for. Now if there is one thing the average human being will tire of quicker than another it is to give annually the money to make good a deficit.

Aside from a very few of the metropolitan dailies, the sphere of the average daily newspaper is within the radius of fifty miles. It is true that Catholic daily papers have succeeded in Belgium; they would succeed here also, were the population equally dense. To my knowledge, many of the daily papers throughout the country are not only controlled but are owned by Catholics. This, as a rule, you would never suspect from their news columns or comments. I take it these editors and proprietors hate to let their lights shine out even through the chinks of their bushels, lest it might react in a business way on their subscription lists and advertisement columns. A mistaken idea, I think from fifty years' experience.

A robust example of the opposite was Patrick Walsh of the Augusta *Chronicle*, who from the day he returned from the war between the States in the middle sixties, till the day of his death in 1899, was not only at the front of every good movement for his city and State, but strong in his declaration of Catholicity in a time and place of rife bigotry, with the result that his individuality was stamped upon every issue of the *Chronicle*. No citizen of Georgia more thoroughly possessed the confidence and esteem of the citizens of the State, and this statewide appreciation and admiration culminated in the erection of a bronze statue, to his memory, in Barret Plaza, Augusta, in June, 1913. At the dedication ceremonies, all creeds vied with one another in doing honor to a man "Dear to the hearts of all Augustans," a man who never hedged on any public question, who always made known his Faith.

Milwaukee, Wis. T. J. NEALY.

Catholic Initiative

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recent issues of AMERICA clearly indicate that, somewhere in Catholic circles, there is a serious want of initiative. We boast of our numbers but bewail our lack of influence to obtain even a "square deal." We make a splendid showing whenever called upon to do so, though the occasion be only a dedication, a fair or some such church celebration and, until there comes a call to action in more pressing matters, all talk about the Masons, the *Menace* and Mexico can safely be ignored. Let Church authorities publicly protest and they will be supported. If they can be interviewed *ad nauseam* on the "Turkey Trot" and its derivatives, and be enthusiastically supported in their condemnations, why not on other questions of far greater importance? Occasionally we hear of one authority protesting, but he soon finds himself severely isolated by others in authority—freezing, they say, is a painless death.

In New York we are about to have a Constitutional Convention. Are Church authorities prepared to encourage beneficial and oppose dangerous legislation at that Convention? In Arizona they depended too confidently on liquor interests to defeat prohibition and now must appeal to the courts in order to have Mass celebrated legally. Of course they will succeed, but how was such a law passed without making an exception of sacred purposes? Has any concerted action on the part of the authorities ever been made for a just consideration of things Catholic? It is not a question of opposing the Administration: they act on facts presented to them and would gladly hear the facts from a Catholic standpoint if presented authoritatively. The editor of a newspaper, or the heads of some organizations, have protested and were given merely "a careful consideration" from which resulted a final "Amen"; and we again assume the attitude of "watchful waiters."

New York. FEDERATIONIST.

Organized Catholic Artists

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Absolutely timely is the warning of Mr. William Laurel Harris, in your issue of January 2, as to the danger to the faith of Catholic art students. A quarter century's experience among artists brings to the writer's mind a long list of weaklings that have thus lost their most precious birthright. And still, an artist is either a Catholic, or without faith. The sects do not appeal to his sense of harmony or perspective.

Mr. Harris also suggests the remedy: "A club of Catholic artists is very much needed here in New York as a guide and restraining force among our students." Mr. Harris would seem to be specially ordained by nature and training to organize such a club. Though it might be well to include writers and others who are accomplishing great things in this country in the graphic arts. Go to it, Mr. Harris, and you will easily inaugurate a movement that will benefit not only those of our day but posterity.

Orange, N. J. S. H. HORGAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"The Failure of Christianity"

A VAST deal of loose thinking and hasty writing is done just now about the "failure of Christianity." The magnitude and fierceness of the present European conflict are brought forward as incontestible proofs that the religion which Our Saviour taught is no longer vital. The pacificists and unbelievers who reason thus are not deep students of history. They talk as if this were the first great war the world has seen, and that to-day's "atrocities," real or alleged, are absolute novelties. "So Christianity, you see," they conclude with a sad shake of the head, "has broken down completely."

Yet divers nations have met in battle prior to 1914, and cruelties were actually perpetrated in war some years before last fall's campaigns began. From 1790 to 1815, for instance, Europe was overrun with hostile armies and during that period some 5,000,000 people, it is estimated, came to violent deaths. The Thirty Years' War robbed Germany of more than half its population, and as for "atrocities," the most harrowing deeds with which the modern "war correspondent" favors us are quite clement and merciful compared with those committed by the soldiers of the French Revolution. In 1797 Christianity was nearer "breaking down" than in 1915. Yet the Church, strange to say, managed to survive.

In our age the world is less warlike than formerly. Since 1450, periods of peace were never so long and numerous as during the century that closed last year. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that just as the progress of science has varied, multiplied and made more deadly the instruments of destruction, so, too, science has increased and perfected no less all kinds of organized relief. A hundred years ago could, or would, a neutral nation like ours have undertaken to support a starving people? Or was there on the battlefield anything like the modern Red Cross system, or the commissariat of to-day? Those who are now loudly bewailing the "breakdown of Christianity" are doubtless the very men who, a few months ago, were applauding the "advanced" movement in English, French and German religious thought.

Instead of Christianity's "failure," however, the call to arms, as our readers are aware, has awakened faith in the hearts of nearly all the combatants of the present war. Moreover, it was not to the "religion of to-day," so-called, that the soldier went for strength and consolation, be it noted: rather he turned to "old-fashioned, outworn creeds" like Catholicism, Lutheranism and Calvinism.

Bats

"THE artist," says Mr. Robert Henri, who is by way of being an artist himself, "must be a seer. He must be able to read further than the face he paints. He must look deep inside, and see the soul." A most delicious example this, of how to utter truism in a solemn way. The listener is now prepared for the "mysterious soul of a child," "the fullest expression of the individual," and similar familiar echoes. Our artist, it would seem, does not believe that the conventional home is a good place for children. They should be sent to Miss Isadora Duncan. The "free lines" of this lady, very free indeed, "are one of the most hopeful manifestations of this age." The great men of our day, Whitman, Ibsen, Tolstoy, were all working toward the same ideal. All this was spoken by Mr. Robert Henri, "in the twilight of his big studio." The *mise en scène* bespeaks the artist's eye for environment. There is nothing of the bright, fresh vigor of the sunlight about his theories. They come out like bats and similar noisome things, as the twilight deepens into night.

No Escape!

NOW that the Federal Grand Jury of Missouri has indicted the publishers of the *Menace* for sending improper matter through the mails, that delectable paper and its zealous promoters will of course struggle fiercely to escape conviction. The fear has been expressed that the Menace Publishing Company, by dissolving as a corporation, can abate the indictment brought against it. Others are afraid that even if we succeed in keeping the *Menace* from the mails nothing can prevent it from being scattered through the country by means of express companies and common carriers. But one of our most eminent lawyers, a man to whose unwearied efforts during the past six months the cause of decency owes much, finds in the United States Penal Code no loophole of escape for our mendacious contemporary. He writes:

> Under Sec. 245 of the U. S. Penal Code it is an offence for any person to deposit knowingly with any express company or common carrier, for carriage from one State to another, any obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print or other matter of indecent character. That statute, except that it applies to express companies and common carriers, is substantially identical with Sec. 211 of

the U. S. Penal Code. . . . That statute is found in the Act of March 4, 1909, c. 321; 35 Stat. at Large, 1138; U. S. Comp. St. Supp. 1911, p. 1664. Moreover, that statute was construed and sustained by the unanimous opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for this (the Eighth) Circuit rendered March 2, 1914, in the case of Clark *et al.* v. United States, 211 Fed. 916. Therefore, if the *Menace* be filthy in itself or in containing advertisements of a filthy book or in publishing a filthy book, and were to use an express company or any common carrier for distributing its filth from one State to another, instead of using the mails, it would come under said Section 245 of the United States Penal Code, which section is also found at page 474 of Federal Statute Annual Supplement for the year 1909.

Moreover the Courts have expressly held that a corporation can be indicted under Sec. 211 of the U. S. Penal Code. If after such indictment the corporation indicted could dissolve, then the statute would be nugatory as against a corporation. Moreover, in this particular case the indictment is not only against the *Menace* company but against certain of its officers, including its Reverend Editor. But it is clear under the Missouri Statutes that the *Menace* company could not dissolve for the purpose of escaping, even as to the company, the indictment. The only way a corporation can be dissolved under the Missouri statutes (and the *Menace* company is a Missouri corporation) is by proceedings in Court, after due notice to all concerned, including creditors and those having claims of any kind against the company; and it is clear that under the statutes the Court would not permit the dissolution where there is any claim, whether criminal or civil, which might involve a money recovery against the corporation. Under Sec. 211 of the U. S. Penal Code (which is the section under which the *Menace* company *et al.* have been indicted), should the trial result in a conviction, the penalty is a fine of not more than $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years or both. Therefore, it is perfectly clear to me that there is no danger of the *Menace* company being able to escape this indictment by any attempt to dissolve.

Excellent! Now that the *Menace* has been at last indicted by a Federal Court the case should be pushed with vigor by the best legal talent obtainable. Let the foul and lying character of the *Menace* be so clearly and ruthlessly exposed that the paper will be forced to pay a heavy fine for some of its past misdeeds, and that the continuation of the weekly, as now conducted, will be made impossible.

Pecksniff on South America

IN a western city, which need not be designated, a Protestant clergyman finds himself in the toils of the law. No Catholic paper, so far as is known, has commented upon the unhappy incident. Certainly, no Catholic will say that this clergyman has become a castaway, because of his *faithfulness* to the precepts of his religion.

In Philadelphia, a *Quarterly*, reeking with self-imputed righteousness, is published by the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Turning from our own fair land, the paradise of divorce, the *Quarterly* draws a harrowing picture of domestic life in Mexico, South America and the Philippines:

> We need only turn to Mexico, the South American States, and the Philippines to judge what sort of a domestic situation Romanism produces. Infidelity and Romanism, where both are unrestrained, break up the family life.

With the exploits of the Protestant clergyman in our western city as his text, will Pecksniff kindly draw a similar conclusion? Catholics will not.

The Theater, the Press, the Devil

MISERY likes company: so does sin. Sin has it, these days: the theater, the press and the devil are locked arm in arm. They are not sober either: they are drunk, bestially drunk, with the wine of lust. Worst of all, they are proud of their orgies: they gloat over them, praise them, hold them up for imitation. The satyrs have altars and a worship, and disciples are devout, ecstatic in fact.

The stage leads in the revelry; the press, especially the "uplift" section of it, stands by to applaud and to tell people how delightfully "sweet and innocent and uplifting" harlotry is; the devil hurries the souls of our boys and girls off to hell; and—coarse, raucous, half-clad mesdames, wives and mistresses of "producers" adopt lofty airs, purse-proud through money coined from animal passions. Nothing is sacred; not even God. Sisters are pictured things of shame before the footlights; Christianity is satirized; womanly modesty is outraged, just as it was in pagan days. The theaters are thronged; the papers are enthusiastic; the devils are jumping with joy, and the State refuses to protect itself from the creature gnawing at its vitals. Some one has said that Flaubert had the soul of an angel and the appetite of a hog. There is nothing angelic in the boon companions.

And is it not wonderful, in a great city called New York, Sisters are pictured things of shame; Christianity is satirized; decency is outraged, the theaters are thronged—and yet here and there at least, a cross peeps from among the high buildings! Perhaps the Christians are at the seashore. Or are they in the theaters?

The Gored Ox

THERE is a hoary apothegm which affirms that much in one's final conclusions depends upon one's initial point of view. The same truth is restated in bucolic terms, by observing that it matters much whose ox is gored.

A cartoonist in the Chicago *Tribune* sketches the historians of 2015 in the act of compiling the story of the war. They have thumbed "England Responsible for the War: by an Eminent German Historian," "Germany Responsible for the War: by an Eminent British Historian," and similar works of unimpeachable impartiality. As to State Papers, Volume MMDCCCL has long since been consulted, and replaced upon the dusty shelf.

The cartoonist's advice is good, but the "man in the street" will never take it. The situation calls for immediate judgment. He can not wait for documents as yet

unedited. Wrath films his eyes as he gazes upon his gored ox. "Prussian militarism!" exclaims John Smith. "Perfidious Albion!" cries Johann Schmidt. John and Johann rush into print. Perhaps they write to AMERICA. AMERICA must be enlightened. Johann is certain that AMERICA is subsidized by English gold. John has proof that AMERICA is edited from Berlin.

AMERICA does not publish cartoons. If it did, the first should represent John and Johann writing about the gored ox.

Are You Doing It Yourself?

"IS the doctor in?" asked the patient who was taking a treatment guaranteed to cure him of hay-fever. "No," replied the office-boy, "he has gone to the mountains to get over his annual attack of hay-fever." Profession and practice are poles apart, this disappointed patient might have muttered, and he would not be giving forth a profoundly original remark. It is to be hoped, however, that his sad experience may not set him on the road to cynicism, which believes all to be hypocrites except cynics. "Are you doing it yourself?" says the cynic in the classroom when his professor recommends highly a course in Plato and Aristotle, or wide reading in Shakespeare and Milton. "Are you doing it yourself?" thinks the cynic in the pew when the preacher points out certain paths not graced with primroses. Cynicism it is which equips every family-closet with a skeleton and loves either to catch glimpses of its bare bones beneath the finery of the Easter parade or to detect its hideous grin lurking behind the lavish smiles worn by husband and wife at their public receptions. It was a cynic who wagered to prove his skeleton-theory true in the case of the most respectable man in town, and won his wager when the respectable man decamped for parts unknown upon receiving from the cynic a forged telegram: "All is discovered," signed, "A Friend."

It is probable that the cynic himself is not living in an impenetrable and impregnable fortress. Very often his own cheap goods are on public view in the front-window, behind very transparent and very fragile glass, when, for the benefit of others, he adds an extra wrinkle to his nose and puts a sharper edge on his sneering laugh. Every reader of Newman's "Apologia" was mightily pleased when his critic was shown to be guilty of the very fault of which he had falsely accused Newman. Hypocrisy is a sad defect and perhaps all too common, but cynicism has not its cure. The cynic's lancet is not sterilized.

Much of what the cynic carps at is not real hypocrisy; in most cases it is self-deception. Advertising always takes the most roseate view of things, and a man wonders why the makers of patent medicines should ever get sick or lose their hearing or hair or ever die. How many instances of discrepancy between practice and profession are due to deception, arising from the enthusiasm of the advertising a man deals out to himself? We have here another case of psychological falsehood. It has been argued that he who says that he understands but can not explain a certain point has a consciousness which lies to his personality. In the same way consciousness has so subtle a way of advertising to a person his own perfections and of failing to note shortcomings that the unhappy personality does not behold the yawning chasm between what it professes for others and practises for itself. This whole truth, which we have been discussing so elaborately, might be briefly stated thus: The mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask is exemplified daily in the case of many mortals, who have never scanned the features of their own souls. How can they be expected to see a mote in their soul's eye, when they can not see any eye at all? "Are you doing it yourself?" you inquire. "We don't need to," they answer. "What a funny name, Oh-hah-rah!" said a man. "And what's your own?" inquired O'Hara. "Bunghorst," was the complacent reply.

There is a school of historians which has been printing what they call the "True Lives" of various celebrities of the past. They take particular delight in brushing aside the reticence of earlier biographies. They burrow down and ferret out their subjects in their grub state, not in their freedom when they had lifted themselves on resplendent wings into light and sunshine. These cynics of history think that "dead selves" upon which men and women have arisen to higher things are the only true selves. The Sinner Magdalen, the Sinner Augustine, replace the former titles of Saint in their biographies. Long, long ago the Roman satirist proclaimed that the laugh of cynicism came easy. Cynicism never sets a mirror up for the soul to see itself; the mocking laugh blinds instead of purging the sight. While waiting for the day of General Judgment, when Infinite Justice will lift the mask of hypocrisy from the world, a little humility may prompt each to say: "Perhaps I am not doing it myself, and so I must be patient with every one else."

LITERATURE

Literature's Debt to Pius X

TO say that the literature of a period reflects its spirit and its ideals is to harp on a truism. Unconsciously, but unerringly, it reveals la *vie intime*. Given the story of an event, heart-shaking and soul-stirring, and it is interesting. Thoroughly to understand the event it is sometimes necessary to trace its influence on the literature that it inspired, or informed, whether strong prose or flower-like verse.

Nine years ago Pius X invited all men to the daily banquet of the Holy Eucharist, invited them in words as tender as those that fell of old from Our Lord's lips, of which, in truth, they were but an echo. It was a great thing Pius X did; epoch-making, consequently, certain to influence strongly a literature which truthfully repeats all, including the vagaries of Bergson, the childish philosophic theories of novelists who know no philosophy, and the skepticism of many, more sinned against than sinning. It was a great thing Pius X did: as sweet and holy, loving and trustful, as is the literature to which it has already

given birth. We can not gage it. Its greatest conquests lay in realms beyond our ken.

We know that daily heart-to-heart contact of thousands of Catholics with God Incarnate has tremendous influence on the world. Would it not be wonderful to know how much of the truth, beauty and purity of the literature, even of the non-Catholic literature, of the past decade we owe to this frequent presence of Christ in the hearts and souls of laymen who, in business, social and family life, elbow their fellows? A tremendous force is at work; tremendous must be the results; and unquestionably, in unexpected places, Catholic truth and Catholic ideals are manifesting themselves. Bird Coler fearlessly trod what Protestants considered very dangerous ground. It is fast becoming safe even for their feet. Gilbert K. Chesterton says what he thinks, and generally he thinks like a Catholic. A dearly loved Scotchman, not always Catholic-minded, published in 1908 the most beautiful of all lives of "The Maid of France." In "The Wolf of Gubbio" the gifted Mrs. Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) gives a sympathetic study of St. Francis. Not so long ago, caricatures of the saints passed for portraits among those not of the Faith. Is not the leaven working?

Besides this influence, impossible to estimate, the Decree of 1905 has affected literature in ways more tangible. The Holy Eucharist has quickly become, to a far greater degree than before, a theme tenderly and reverently handled by our novelists, deeply loved by our poets.

Long ago Calderon won for himself the glorious title, "Poet of the Blessed Sacrament." To-day, there are many such, not less loving, if less magnificently endowed. It would be beside the point to include the recent work of priests, as they have always had the privilege of daily Communion as part of their awesome privilege of offering the Divine Sacrifice, and have ever spoken and sung rapturously from the depths of their loyal hearts. It is to the work of laymen we must look, among whom, but a few years ago, the grace was exceptional. Already the fruit is abundant and beautiful.

Loveliest of all, perhaps, are poems which, since 1905, have come from the pen of Alice Meynell, and loveliest among these, "Christ in Portugal." Who that has read it can forget the haunting line, "Lonely, unconsecrated Host"? The delicate reticence which characterizes her verse singularly adapts it to the expression of what at best can never be more than half said.

In a recent number the *Catholic World* was published a poem by Emily Hickey on Holy Communion, which many must have admired, many more have loved. Among others Katherine Tynan Hinkson has voiced the joy and gratitude of ever-faithful Ireland. "Holy Communion," she called her poem of eight stanzas which are as sweet as they are simple. It is the song of a soul at the great hour when,

> Envied of angels she doth cherish
> The Darling of the earth and skies,

after

> She sweeps her room and makes it festal,
> Throws a white cloth upon the board,
> And with a bridal heart and vestal,
> Awaits the coming of her Lord.

Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" had been incomplete without some praise of that which makes the beauty of our century greater than that of its predecessors: the close, close nearness and the greater dearness of the Blessed Eucharist. What he says is of a piece with all his simple, whole-hearted song:

> No longer of Him be it said
> He has no place to lay His head.
> There is no strange and distant place
> That is not gladdened by His face.

It is not easy to stop quoting, so rich is the early harvest. Beautiful are three little stanzas, of which the following is the last, written by Mary Mannix and inspired by the words of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, "O Love not Loved! O Love not known!"

> O Love not loved! O Love not known,
> Waiting upon that humble throne!
> If men would bring their woes to Thee,
> How bright and blest the world would be!
> O Love not loved!

Even children have shown gratitude for their double privilege, and in a way Pius X would surely have approved. An English child, eight years of age, has written a tiny book "About the Blessed Sacrament," meant for other children. In the illustrations, which she drew, only the outlines are given; her readers are invited to finish them with their paints. Could anything be more childlike? But could anything be more fitting than a book on this greatest of mysteries from the lily hand and heart of a child?

Years ago a novelist, however devout a Catholic, had hardly written of Holy Communion as did René Bazin in "The Coming Harvest." In fact, the Holy Communion of poor, broken-hearted old Gilbert Cloquet, his "November Easter," is the climax of the story. All leads up to it, all his years of struggle through darkness, failures and many sorrows, years when he works alone, sick at heart, hungry for he knows not what. Then comes the retreat; and then the day of joy when, after years of absence, his Friend comes to his heart. Henceforth he is at peace, so nothing matters much; sorrow and poverty have lost their terrors. Bravely does he take up the burden of his old life which before had seemed insupportable. Time was when a layman had probably not written such a book; if he had, surely it would not have gained the popularity of "The Coming Harvest."

Much that we have reason to be ashamed of, much that will do harm, is to be part of our literary legacy to succeeding generations. In atonement, thanks to Pius X, we are able to sound the note of the untold beauties that will come. For Christ to rest daily in the hearts of men must mean such literature as the world has never known: and heaven over-crowded.

FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

Catholic Moral Teaching and Its Antagonists Viewed in the Light of Principle and Contemporaneous History. By JOSEPH MAUSBACH, D.D., Professor at the University of Munster, Translated by A. M. BUCHANAN, M.A. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $2.50.

An excellent translation has here been made of the sixth and augmented edition of Dr. Mausbach's valuable work. The book is mainly apologetic in nature and deals with the objections against Catholic moral teaching urged by the learned world of to-day. The views of Protestant and agnostic antagonists, no less than the positive exposition of the Church's doctrines, are fully given with exceptional clearness and thoroughness. Although the opponents directly considered are German philosophers and evangelicals, yet their arguments and objections do not differ from those in our own corresponding literature. Much of this matter has likewise been sufficiently popularized to have found its way into papers, magazines and periodicals of this country. The author treats of such topics as the casuistry of the Church, the supposed deterioration of Catholicism through probabilism, the distinction between venial and mortal sin held by Protestants to be subversive of morality, their difficulties regarding commandments and counsels, law and conscience, law and freedom, the attitude of the Church toward the State and toward the individual, and similar moral issues. It is valuable for Catholics clearly to understand the point of view of their antagonism by whom Catholicism is presented as a mere formalism of law and rites without soul or spiritual freedom, where externals are said to count for everything while motive and

conscience are thought to be disregarded. In refuting such assumptions Dr. Mausbach incidentally carries the war into the enemy's country. Thus the essential doctrines of Luther have seldom been submitted to a more searching and just analysis; yet there is never any want of courtesy or consideration. So, too, in his thorough explanation of casuistry he shows that the need of this has not arisen among Protestants because their theological and ethical teaching does not in reality touch upon individual life.

A few passages in this extensive work could have been amplified with profit to the general reader. Thus an extra sentence or two concerning *Lex dubia non obligat* (p. 191) would forestall a hasty judgment. Further on in the book, however, the author is quite clear and convincing. Perhaps, too, it would have been better to explain that the reasons which gave rise to the existence of the Index also obtain in the case of bad newspapers and such like matter. They may fall under the general laws of the Index: *De libris obscenis*, and *De diariis, foliis et libellis periodicis*. The reference to "the worship of Mary," though only quoted, should have been explained, since in the general context it might mislead non-Catholic readers. There is evidently some confusion in the statement that the habit of sin is cured only by forgiveness (p. 152). What is said, moreover, regarding the requirements of faith *necessitate medii* (p. 100), limiting it to "faith in God as our Creator and Saviour," does not seem to embrace the necessary idea of God as a Rewarder of the good and consequently a Punisher of the wicked. It is not, of course, absolutely certain that more is not required, though it greatly stimulates our hope regarding the salvation of those who may actually not have attained to a wider range of explicit faith. The entire work produced by Dr. Mausbach is, without doubt, a monument of erudition and of intensely Catholic thought and feeling. J. H.

A Set of Six. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

The "set" in question consists of short stories which are thus enumerated and described: "'Gaspar Ruiz,' a romantic tale; 'The Informer,' an ironic tale; 'The Brute,' an indignant tale; 'An Anarchist,' a desperate tale; 'The Duel,' a military tale; 'Il Conde,' a pathetic tale." The first, which is told in that indirect style of narrative of which the author is so fond, has for its central figure a huge South American soldier. His adventures are too extraordinary, however, to be convincing, particularly when we find him becoming a gun-carriage for a field-piece. "The Informer" is a somewhat illusive tale about nihilists; "The Brute," an admirably told story of the sea; "An Anarchist" has the victim of a penal colony for its hero; "The Duel," formerly published as "A Point of Honor," and the longest story in the book, brings back vividly the Napoleonic era, and "Il Conde," which is perhaps the most artistic tale of the six, tells us the excellent reason the Count had for leaving Naples. Readers of AMERICA who wish to expose themselves to a severe attack of the Conrad fever, now so widely raging, would do well to begin with "A Set of Six," for the tales display the author's remarkable gifts to good advantage. Born in Southern Poland in 1857, Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzenlowski could not speak a word of English when he landed at Lowestoft in 1878. He has now written in his adopted language eight novels and five volumes of short stories that place him among to-day's authors of the first rank. W. D.

Religious Development Between the Old and New Testaments. By R. H. CHARLES. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $0.50.

Dr. Charles, Canon of Westminster, has contributed this as the eighty-eighth volume of the "Home University Library." He is an authority on the extra-canonical Jewish literature which appeared between the close of the Old Testament canon and the opening of the New. Much philological erudition has been displayed by the learned doctor in his two recent volumes on the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament, in other less pretentious works and in the present volume. Unfortunately, however, the gifted Canon does not keep to his philology. He puts on Protestant spectacles. Worse than that, he dips his quill into Protestant venom. The result is some unscientific dogmatism that we can not at all recommend. For instance, he throws over the decree of Trent which canonizes the books Protestants call apocryphal: Judith, Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, I and II Machabees. And for what? Because of the Fathers of Trent "none came from Germany or Switzerland or from any of the northern countries, none knew Hebrew, only a few had some knowledge of Greek, and there were even some whose knowledge of Latin was of a doubtful character."

Note the reasons. There was no German at Trent; therefore the council was not ecumenical! The Fathers did not all understand Hebrew, Greek and Latin; therefore the council was not infallible. Why, there was no German among the Apostles. Did that body, on this account, fail to represent the universal Church of Christ? And as to the languages of the text and versions of the Bible, what have they to do with handing down the faith of Christ? The instruction to the teaching Church is, "Go, teach all nations." There is no record of any instruction of Christ to His teaching Church whereby their infallibility depends upon a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The Bishop of Augsburg, together with his theologian, Blessed Peter Canisius, a Dutchman and the Apostle of Germany, were very conspicuous at Trent. As to Latin, it was used of course at all the meetings of committees and subcommittees. To say that the Tridentine Fathers had a doubtful knowledge of Latin is equivalent to the odd bit of information that the members of the British Parliament can not understand English. W. F. D.

Hernando De Soto. By WALTER MALONE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

In these days of modern page and pen when the short story and the ten-line poem hold the field, it is with a shock that we are brought face to face with an epic. Yet such is the present volume with its twenty-eight books in 592 pages with an average of thirty-two lines to the page. There are fine passages in this long poem, and some very prosaic ones too. The marvel is that considering its length, it is not more prosaic. The descriptive passages show the author at his best, but on account of his fondness for minute details his narrative parts lag at times. The same may be said for the dialogue portions and for the very same reason. *Quandoque dormitat bonus Homerus!* In the sixth book is contained the prediction of the greatness of the American nation, whose chariots

> Shall speed through subterranean galleries with beds of mighty rivers overhead—
> . . . . Their cars
> Shall rumble like tornadoes underground.
> . . . . . .
> In those days shall the traveler bid the groom
> Bring forth his flying steed, as in these days
> A lady for her gentle palfrey calls.

The author is not blind to the fact that the present era is not over kind to verse in any form; nor does he shrink from acknowledging that at the bar of popular opinion his attempt in epic strain will be pronounced rash. He holds that a form of literary expression that has been esteemed for over three thousand years can not be outlawed by the taste of the moment. "That which has been in favor heretofore will be in favor hereafter." If his effort will meet with the approbation of the few,

no matter what the many may say, he will be satisfied. After such a plea, surely the literary critics will not be cruel to his *magnum opus*. G. C. T.

The Changing Drama. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

In this volume of 321 pages the author discusses the evolution, tendencies and destiny of the modern drama in a fashion more learned than convincing. The casual reader may not identify the Mr. Henderson as a well-known professor of the University of North Carolina; yet one may slyly suspect the professorial character of the writer after a glance through the table of contents, where terms like "cosmic solidarity," "the transvaluation of all values," "individual social consciousness" and "the biologic analogy" abound. The author soon shows himself to be an ardent worshiper of "Superman," an unabashed pragmatist and a creative evolutionist. His thesis, if summarized, would run something like this: The old ethics, *i. e.* the ethics that safeguarded wives and homes, has all been changed with the changing years; there has been a transvaluation of all values, evolution has begun in morals as in nature; even esthetics and literature have felt these dynamic upheavals, and they are particularly manifest in the drama. Therefore let drama be bold; let it imitate the new social ethics and adopt the new esthetic ideal which would achieve the regeneration of the race by keeping its attention perpetually fixed upon social evils and social tragedies, on the horrors of heredity, the stigma of degeneracy, the decadence of morals, the sad injustices and the hideous inconsistencies of the social order. Let the modern dramatist, therefore, catch up and courageously carry on the torch kindled by Tolstoi, Ibsen, Zola, Gorky, Nietzsche, Brieux, Maeterlinck and G. B. Shaw, for "Error is imperfect knowledge." "Indeed crime may be defined as the product of imperfect social knowledge."

Mr. Henderson and his school would therefore reform erring man by feeding his intellect with selected bits of unsavory information gathered chiefly from the purlieus of Montmartre, London, Vienna, Berlin and New York; hence they would make the stage a dissecting-room wherein shall be exposed the corruption and ugly sores of the underworld, hoping thus to shock, frighten or cajole the nerve-racked audience into—what? Love of virtue? No! but "Pity and revolt" answers Prof. Henderson, discarding as outworn the classical "Pity and fear" of Aristotle. It is only a step, however, from "Pity and revolt" to pity for the revolting. Not all the sex-knowledge crowded into Brieux and Gorky will ever heal one moral sore if the heart be not right, and the will responsive. Such intellectual enlightenment without that strengthening of character derived from higher spiritual motives, is a poor equipment for life's battle. E. A. W.

Poetry. By ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.50.

A dainty little volume this, in blue and gold, that captures the eye, and yet puzzles the mind. For what does the Cambridge Professor mean? Is he making game of his readers, or is this the approved fashion of literary criticism in our parlous times? At all events we have here a brochure of some sixty pages on "Poetry." For twenty-five pages the author discourses airily on the harmony of the spheres, on the macrocosm and the microcosm, on the Bible, on the twofold *logos*, on music and mathematics—and he fans the breeziness of his discourse by a fling at Professor Skeat and by administering a salutary admonition to the composer of the Holy Scriptures. Through such flights of fancy does Professor Quiller-Couch arrive at his first conclusion that the function of poetry is "to reconcile the inner harmony of man with the outer harmony of the Universe." This appears to be his ultimate definition of poetry, and in the following pages it turns out to be exactly what Aristotle meant to say when he called poetry "imitation." Why, of course! No doubt all writers on poetry discover themselves in Aristotle. But when he remarks in conclusion that "to those who have followed his argument, poetic inspiration will be intelligible enough," then one feels some misgivings. This remark is strictly true in several senses; and one begins to think that the author of this booklet is shrewdly discerning in the way he treats his theme. This is, after all, the appropriate stuffing for a dainty little volume in blue and gold. F. M. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Catholic Mind* for February 8 reprints from *Studies* Father Masterson's excellent paper on "The Ethics of War," the perusal of which will enable our readers to grasp correct principles regarding this timely subject. "What Makes War Just?"—Father Woods, in this same number, gives a satisfactory answer. The issue concludes with recent utterances of the Holy Father which bear on the present conflict in Europe. The fact that more than 100,000 copies of the *Catholic Mind* have been sold and distributed since last June shows how much the Catholic reading public values this useful armory of apologetic literature.

The English Dominicans' translation of the Angelical's "Summa" (Benziger, $2.00) goes on apace, the first part of Part II, embracing QQ.I—XLVII, having recently made its appearance. In this volume is the "Treatise on the Last End" which fills sixty-nine pages, and the "Treatise on Human Acts," which takes up the 461 pages that remain. Those who need to clarify their ideas regarding the nature, causes and effects of the human heart's passions will here find in good English abundant information.

The February *Catholic World* opens with a seasonable paper by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., on Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." Writes the author:

> Conceive the persons about whom Mr. Shaw plays his lightning and flourishes his bladder and slapstick; men and women on the brink of eternity; men and women who are sacrificing home, friends, love, fortune, all that the human heart clings to, for the sake of a principle that embraces the basic facts of time and eternity, of earth and the unfathomable beyond; men and women who are brave in the face of torture, strong in their sense of truth, heroes, martyrs, saints. . . . To see Christian martyrs, in very truth our blood brothers in the Faith, serving as comedians in a farce, strikes no reechoing chord of humor in a soul tinctured ever so slightly with the creed of Christ. It is impossible to conceive of a comedy based on the execution of Mary Stuart or of Marie Antoinette. . . . Mr. Shaw was never more original than when he chose to make Christian martyrs his comedians.

Then comes Joyce Kilmer with an excellent article on "The Catholic Poets of Belgium," while Dr. James J. Walsh finds in the letters and journals of Samuel F. B. Morse deeper religious feeling and also more bigotry than in the Protestants of to-day. Helen Haines continues her story of "Women and the Socialistic State," John Daly McCarthy contributes a good sketch of "Jean Henri Fabre, a Great Catholic Scientist," and well-chosen stories and verses complete the number.

The scene of "Mrs. Martin's Man" (Macmillan, $1.35), a novel by St. John E. Ervine, is laid in and near Belfast, Ireland. No Catholic enters, nor any bigotry. The "hero" is a hopelessly brutal, unfaithful, cowardly husband. The wife, Martha, is stoically patient and firm-willed; but even in her the author grants us no trace of noble motive, no faintest glimpse of the spiritual. The plot, such as it is, hinges on the illicit relations

which for a time existed between "Mrs. Martin's Man" and his sister-in-law. This unsatisfactory material is treated somewhat coarsely and in needless detail. The book's "jacket" announces that the story is a "picture of home life in Ireland," but such a home must be the rare exception even in the locality and class depicted. The characters are sharply defined, with minute accuracy of detail, the conversation is often very true to life, the idioms of Ulster are used effectively. With the limitations noted, the reader will agree that Mr. Ervine "writes of plain people with power."

Three valuable little books of piety have lately been published by Herder. "The Daily Life of a Religious" ($0.45) is a second edition of ten conferences Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. (A. T. Drane), the gifted author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," used to give her novices. The author's practical talks on such subjects as "Work," "Recollection," "Study and Teaching," "The Office," etc., will stimulate the fervor of religious and give laymen edification. In "New Testament Stories" ($1.00) the Rev. C. C. Martindale, who has been appointed, by the by, Mgr. Benson's biographer, has written a companion volume for his "Old Testament Stories," which were favorably noticed in AMERICA last February. The most striking words and deeds of Our Blessed Lord's life are here retold for children in graphic, simple language and the volume is beautifully illustrated with ten pictures in color. Why does Father Martindale still take proper names from the Protestant Bible? "Bypaths to the Presence of God" ($0.45) by S. M. Benvenuta, O.S.D., is a little work superior in conception and style to most books of its kind. The author tells with literary grace how to model the common actions of every day on those of Our Lord. Sister Benvenuta must make very practical meditations.

Arthur Christopher Benson's semi-annual book, which is smaller than usual, is entitled "The Orchard Pavilion" (Putnam, $1.00). After some good reflections on the war, he introduces three Oxford students who are passing the "Long" in the country, discussing with one another the philosophy of life. Thirty years later, when the first has become a widely read author, the second a successful lawyer and the third a zealous minister, they meet again in "The Orchard Pavilion," and each tells how his theory of life worked out in practice. It then transpired that the man whose passion was beauty, found life a disappointment, the one who made order his ideal, turned out a pessimist, but the parson, who lived, according to his lights, a life of faith, was by far the happiest of the three, and ends the book with a sermon on the text: "That which I see not, teach thou me."

There has accumulated on the reviewer's desk a quantity of pamphlets and little books which deserve to be brought to the attention of the Catholic reader and should also be placed in the church book-rack. From the Paulist Press come Dr. Duffy's "What Do the Methodists Intend to Do?" "America's Tribute to Pope Pius X," edited by Father Burke; "Methods for Life's Big Business," some cleverly developed little meditations by R. Rush Rankin, S.J.; a doctrinal paper on "Purgatory," by Henry Grey Graham, M.A.; H. P. Russell's inquiry into "The Advanced Anglican Assumption"; Father Joseph Keating's reflections on "Catholicism and Peace"; Dr. Richard F. Keeffe's defence of "The Virtue of Bigotry"; Father Hugh Pope's exposition of "The Doctrine of Indulgences," and Sir Bertram Windle's excellent review of "A Centenary of Scientific Thought." Another bundle of pamphlets which came from the *Irish Messenger,* Dublin, contained: Father Peter Finlay's admirable paper on "The Church and Anti-Clericalism" the Countess de Courson's story of "The Jesuits and Their Centenary Celebration"; a compilation of the "Thoughts of Many Minds on the Temperance Question"; two collections of stories by Father Martin Corbett, S.J., and a teacher's recipe for promoting "The Apostleship of Prayer in Schools." Father William Doyle's very useful pamphlet on "Vocations" is in its fiftieth thousand, and large new editions are also out of Father Joseph McDonnell's devotional papers on "Frequent Communion," "Our Lady of Dolors" and "Daily Mass." The Catholic Truth Society has sent us Father Thurston's erudite pamphlet about "Excommunications and Anathemas," the Hon. A. Wilmot's account of "The Church in South Africa," and J. R. McKee's useful little manual for "The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament" ($0.18). Mention should here be made of Dr. Coakley's amusing satire on "The Guardians of Liberty and Roman Catholics" (Catholic Truth Society, Pittsburgh), of Father Schwager's "Woman's Misery and Woman's Aid," an appeal for the foreign missions (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.10), of "A Catechism of the Third Order of St. Francis," by Father Bernard, O.F.M. (Franciscan Herald, Tentopolis, Ill.), and "Pebbles and Brambles," a brochure of little apothegms and counsels by the Rev. Bernard M. O'Boylan (Catholic Supply Store, Pearl St., Newark, Ohio). The price of the foregoing pamphlets is five cents each, unless otherwise stated, special rates being offered when quantities are bought. The Catholic Truth Society of 407 Bergen street, Brooklyn, can doubtless supply them all.

From the London Catholic Truth Society come three useful thirty-five-cent books entitled "The Church at Home and Abroad," "The God of Philosophy" and "The Principles of Christianity." The first, which is the opening volume of a series, is edited by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., who also writes a preface. Father Graham's sketch of "The Church in Scotland (1560-1913)" is followed by Lady Acton's account of "The Church in the Netherlands." The condition of "The Church in Portugal" is described by the Rev. C. Torrend, S.J., that of "The Church in South Africa" by the Hon. A. Wilmot, and Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge's two papers on "The Missions of India" and "The Missions of China" end the book. The second of the above volumes is a new edition of Dr. Francis Aveling's excellent little work on "The God of Philosophy." The author has altered and lengthened the chapter treating of evolution. "The Principles of Christianity" is a revised edition of Rev. A. B. Sharpe's well-known book. There are some fresh pages on mysticism added.

Though Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson informs us in her preface to "The Cruise of the Janet Nichol" (Scribner, $1.75) that this diary was not originally intended for publication, admirers of her husband and his work will welcome the book as throwing some little additional light on the character of a favorite author, besides recording many more or less thrilling incidents that served, during a period of three or four months, to distract his mind from a fatal illness. One must not, of course, expect to find in all diaries the personal and stylistic charms that attach to the work of a Eugènie de Guerin, or the sensational revelations of a Marie Bashkirtseff; still less may we look for those qualities in a book written in the midst of unabated noise and conversation on board a rolling cargo boat. But the patient reader of Mrs. Stevenson's book, if he can bear with the recital of minute details plainly told, and even with a few disarrayed pictures, will be rewarded occasionally with presumably hitherto unpublished snatches from the wizard pen of the great Robert Louis Stevenson himself.

One need not necessarily be a tramp in order to feel interest in Harry H. Knibb's "Songs of the Outlands" (Hough-

ton, $1.25). Not only those who have "nothing to do but go," but those too who love the old trails will find themselves carried back to the foothills by many a rollicking line. There are some strong, clear-cut pictures of hill and plain life, but the songs are hardly poetry and to the ordinary reader many will seem vulgar.——D. J. Donohoe's "Songs of the Country-Side" (Donohoe Pub. Co., Middletown, Conn., $1.00) is a closely printed volume of one hundred and twenty pages, containing some good sonnets and lyrics. The beauty of nature, the charms of the seasons, the "Everlasting Music of the Stars," the joys and pains of love are the themes of this little volume, and it also has in it some neat descriptions of Irish scenery.——"Songs, Sonnets and Essays" (Rosary Press, New York) is a new and attractive edition of the late Rev. Dr. D. O. Crowley's verses. Patriotism and the love of home are the subjects of his lyrics. The beauty of California's mountains has not made the author forget the fair hills of Erin. "Hurrah for the Sword and the Rifle!" however, and one or two other songs, are perhaps a little too vigorous in their sentiment just at present when the dove of peace has not whereon to rest her foot. In the same volume Father Crowley's nephew, Rev. T. L. Crowley, O.P., has a number of good verses, among them some sonnets. Two appreciative little essays by the elder Father Crowley, one on the poet-priest, Father Tabb, the other on James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," complete the contents of the book.——"At the Gate of the Temple" (William Briggs, Toronto) is a little volume of verse by Rev. D. A. Casey, associate editor of the *Catholic Record*. The religious poems have to a certain extent the defects of their kind. The author's verses on Ireland are better.

Some recent octavo publications of the Gilbert Music Co. (Chicago) include the following: "Panis Angelicus" for two-part chorus, by César Franck ($0.10), a dignified and pleasing piece of writing, such as one might expect from this composer; a rather operatic "Ave Maris Stella" for two voices, by A. Goring Thomas ($0.15); an "O Salutaris" in slow movement for full chorus, by D. F. E. Auber ($0.10); "Tantum Ergo" for four-part chorus, written by Charles Burney in an ancient melody ($0.10); the beautiful Solesmes hymn "Salve Mater Misericordiae," harmonized by J. Lewis Browne, for choirs who may not prefer the simple air unadorned ($0.12), and "A Song for the Pope" ($0.20), a traditional anthem among the clergy in Ireland, the present edition being revised by J. Lewis Browne, is typically Irish in words, music and whole-hearted loyalty. Of late several collections of old and favorite songs have been published as an antidote to the too great fondness of the age for syncopated music. One such collection is "Fireside Melodies," edited from the Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill., by Frederick M. Lynk. ($0.15.) Here are to be found songs we recognize as old friends, as also many German songs with English words, unfamiliar to the general public in this country, but for which the compiler bespeaks a kindly welcome. A nautical operetta, "The Bo'sn's Bride," has lately been issued from the press of J. Fischer & Bro. (vocal score $1.00). The book is by Maude Elizabeth Inch and the music by W. Rhys Herbert, the well-known song writer. Both librettist and composer have collaborated before on the operettas "Silvia," "A Nautical Knot," "Bulbul." In the present work there are certain details that remind one of "Pinafore," but no doubt all nautical operettas must suffer from this inconvenience for some time to come. The book and lyrics are sufficiently good, the musical selections throughout are very effective, varied in character and always interesting, and the whole work ought to afford an evening of very good entertainment.

EDUCATION

Academic Freedom on Halstead Street

DO you like headlines, great flaming circus headlines? Here, then, is a set from the first page of the Chicago *Tribune:*

JOBLESS BATTLE POLICE; BULLETS FLY!

Women Help Slug Reserves at Hull House—Haymarket Widow and 21 Others Locked Up—Pastor Put in a Cell

Though one misses the ancient alluring alliteration, this picture-phrasing is strongly reminiscent of the circus-poster. But there is nothing of the circus about the incident itself. It is a deplorable but necessary adjunct of our latest fetich-worship, academic freedom.

How It Happened

It came about after this manner. Miss Jane Addams, Head Resident of Hull House, was attending a meeting at Powers' Theater, for the pacification of Europe. Meanwhile, the meeting at Hull House was preparing for a war on Halstead Street. Miss Addams loves, above all else, freedom of speech and its cousin, academic freedom. She is a friend of the uplift, and the frank expression of one's deepest self. Hence, a year or so ago, she welcomed to Hull House a crowd of Italian apostates who there staged an "entertainment," which was a public insult to more than six hundred thousand Catholics in Chicago. Hence, again, she could make no difficulty when J. Eads Howe, the "millionaire tramp," engaged Bowen Hall in Hull House, for a meeting of the "League of the Unemployed."

The principal speaker at this gathering was Lucy Parsons, the widow of a man who was hanged nearly thirty years ago, for complicity in the Haymarket Riot. This lady's tongue has lost none of its edge with age. According to the police, rude persons totally lacking the "social view," she exhorted a half-desperate crowd of nine hundred unemployed, "to go out, break the windows and take all the food they wanted, if they had no money to pay for it." The ignorant police took this to mean an incipient riot, and hastily sent in a call for the reserves who came up, almost too late. But Miss Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, Doctor of Philosophy, officer of Hull House, and Assistant Dean of Women at Chicago University, testifies that "she sat throughout the speech, and heard nothing of an incendiary nature." This, no doubt, is true. Miss Breckinridge was considering the matter from an academic viewpoint. It is quite impossible to visualize Miss Breckinridge in the act of "slugging a policeman," or hurling a brick through a bakery window. Not so with the literal crowd. They did exactly what the dull-witted police, none of whom, probably, read the *Survey,* suspected that they would do. In their simple and direct way, they promptly reduced Mrs. Parsons' calm, philosophic theories to practice. Mobs have very little use for sterile theory: even mobs that have sat in the shadow of Hull House.

Freedom and License

Thus did academic freedom, personified by Mrs. Parsons, and tolerated by Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, Ph.D., bear a black and hasty fruit at Hull House. But what does academic freedom mean? It is a reality, but like the "social uplift" and kindred bromides, it has become a loosely-mouthed shibboleth. In a recent number of the *British Review,* Dr. John G. Vance sketches its Catholic acceptation. He reminds us, that the principles and laws which govern judgment and

reasoning, are the same whether one is a Christian or an atheist. No Catholic is withheld from them, simply by his profession of faith. Like any serious-minded student, he is free to follow, indeed, must follow, both the canons of evidence and the laws of reasoning. Only, it may be added, he must remember that, as wisdom did not begin with him, so in all probability, it will not end with him. His court of last appeal is not within, but without him. God has an intellect as well as he. As the finite mind can communicate knowledge, so can the Infinite; and has.

Now this does not mean, as the President-Emeritus of Harvard, who spends much of his valuable time in formulating senile attacks on Christianity, would have it, that the professor of chemistry, for instance, must base both lectures and laboratory problems on the Baltimore Catechism, Number 1. It does not mean that the student of biology, however closely and long his eye be glued to the microscope, can never see aught on his slide but what Holy Mother Church has put on it. It only means that he will not find a New Revelation on it. This unwarranted interference with academic freedom readily explains why Pasteur ranks so low among the scientists.

LIMITS AND ABUSES

It is, of course, quite true that, with Catholics, academic freedom is limited by the laws of propriety and prudence. Some very true things may be used, for instance, of *occulta compensatio,* and the rights of men *in extrema necessitate,* that are better left unsaid, when one's audience will certainly misunderstand or stretch a perfectly legitimate principle. Academic freedom, like freedom of speech, has limitations quite as definite as the wall around a penitentiary. To men of sense, these limitations are fairly plain: to fanatics, they do not exist. Catholic teachers do not think it wise to submit complex, abstruse questions for discussion by untrained college students, scarcely capable of comprehending the very terms of the controversy. One might as fitly give a toothless, mewling infant, a haunch of venison for his dinner. Academic freedom is further limited by the acknowledgment, quite common among Catholic students, that, should the revelation of the test-tube certainly contradict the definite revelation of an Infinite God, the experiment had better be re-examined.

But in the non-Catholic college, academic freedom, in the sense that a man is free to hold and teach whatever to his mind, without reference to any standard outside himself, is the truth, is a long-accepted rule. Occasionally, public opinion or a ruffled board of trustees may make a martyr of him, if he offends public decency, or asks the institution's financial nurses, "Gentlemen, how did you get it?" Ordinarily, however, he may teach whatever heresy he chooses, provided he does it in the name of academic freedom. Thus, for instance, if the professor of geology holds that some new folds in the earth's crust prove that Genesis is a joke, he may receive an honorary degree from a sister university. But something else in all probability will happen to him, if he tries to prove that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller, or some similar financial genius, is a joke. One may speak of God with academic freedom, but not of Mr. Carnegie.

DR. PERRY'S REMEDY

It is not a mere coincidence that the rise of academic freedom has marked the ebb of religion in the colleges. One need only read the serious addresses given at the Brown University celebration last October, to understand the deep concern of certain educators outside the Church, that this should be so. The speakers included men of such widely-differing views as the Episcopalian Bishop Burgess of Long Island, Dr. Mullins of the Southern Baptist Seminary, President Sharpless of Haverford College, Dr. Thomas of Middlebury College and Bishop Perry of Rhode Island. Almost all unconsciously witnessed the fact, that their own most earnest religious workers seem powerless to deal with this deplorable condition. In comparison with the irreligion of the classroom, their scattered efforts are puerile. Addressing the Springfield Synod some days later, Dr. Perry said:

> The undenominational religious tendency that prevails in most colleges has served to sweep away the foundations of creed and doctrine. Zeal for social service, even high ethical ideals, are a very inadequate substitute for religious feeling. The colleges and universities have been under a strong temptation to exploit the intellect for the suppression of faith, and they have not strongly resisted this temptation. The acquisition of facts has been made the prime aim. Religion has been relegated to the realm of the feelings. Chapel services take the place of all other church attendance. Many of these services are devoid of religion so far as the student is concerned.

Dr. Perry suggests that a weekly communion service would give the student "that atmosphere of faith and religious feeling which he most needs." The remedy seems inadequate. Religion must permeate life, not be merely added to it. And how can the academic freedom which justifies the creed that we can know nothing with certainty of God, that the soul, if it exists, is doubtfully immortal, that the idea of moral responsibility is a survival of an imperfect civilization, to be met by a religious service once a week?

HALSTEAD STREET AND THE COLLEGE

What is the difference between academic freedom on Halstead Street and academic freedom in a college? This. On Halstead Street, it quickly flames into a street fight, and quietly ends in a jail. In college, the process is slower, and the result, infinitely more harmful. When you stir up an unworthy passion, you do an evil thing. Yet passion is passing. But when you saturate a young man's intellect with falsehood under the guise of truth, you make him an earnest, well-meaning menace to religion and social order for the rest of his days.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Open Fireplace

WITH a musical clink, the embers sank in the open fireplace. "I would have signed the lease," she said; "had the bathtub been zinc, and the plaster falling in chunks from the walls."

"Yes, I know. A fireplace means home to people like you and me, and——"

So the conversation trailed into wordless converse, as the one-time New York flat-dwellers fell to reading pictures in the dying embers, as children do. Only, they projected into them the bitterness and loss of barren years. For to many who dwell in great cities, the years are barren and bitter that bring houses, and not homes.

FORGOTTEN PLATITUDES

Home! Next to the hallowed names of Nazareth, it is the holiest word our lips can utter. Love, peace, rest, are bound in it, all that makes life worth while. It recalls a mother, whose devotion, as one views it in maturer years, betokens a love more nearly touched with divinity, than our own most white affections. We need not call it a miracle. It is simply a deeper participation in the Infinite Love. God accords it to mothers' hearts, that the world may always have one living example of love and tenderness and sacrifice, and by it understand the words of His prophet, that God's love for each of us, is even deeper, truer.

Since the days of Nazareth, the home is another sanctuary. It is desirable, it is holy. It was to a little home, filled with the pathetic makeshifts of poverty, yet made bright and cheerful by the loving toil of His Mother, that our Lord looked back with a kind of wistfulness, when He said that He had no place to lay His head. Thereby He marked the greatness of His sacrifice, the sublimity of the renunciation of His closest followers throughout the ages. To those who in His service bravely give up home and its holy affections, His gift can be nothing less than life eternal. Leaving His own who were in the world, the consolation that He offered was that after His life of toil, He was going home to His Father, to prepare a dwelling-place for them in His Father's house of many mansions.

Man's purest, noblest achievements are allied with some thought of home. Nothing that is vile or low can be associated with that holy memory. To the Catholic mind, the only guarantee of our social order is the preservation of the sanctity of the home. Beyond this: it is through the home, in large measure, that the Church transmits the message given her by Christ to the world.

DANGEROUS SUBSTITUTES

Who denies these truths? "Two and two are four," and the class nods an uninterested acquiescence. "The question of crime goes back to the home." An entire school of sociologists accepts the statement, and there the matter drops.

Yet, from another angle, this judgment on modern sociology seems unjust. Certainly, many of its followers will hold it a slander. They realize fully, as Dr. Mangold expresses it, in his recent "Problems of Child Welfare," that the largest single cause of youthful delinquency is the home, broken by vice, sickness or death. By every means at their disposal, they endeavor to rehabilitate it. They call for mothers' pensions, a minimum wage law, prohibition of child labor, probation, compensation for injured workingmen, medical inspection, and social insurance. They urge upon municipalities such means of reconstruction as playgrounds, settlement houses, with day nurseries, "little mother classes," employment bureaus, libraries, lecture courses, and moving pictures. They advocate, and in many communities have secured for school children, free text-books, free baths, free transportation and free meals. To such an extent has the mother's influence been transferred to the school, that the appointment of teachers who are mothers, is held to be a practical and urgent necessity.

A DESTRUCTIVE IDEAL

The need of these and similar agencies, maintained by the State, the good they effect, or may effect, is not the present question. Jurists and canonists note that one quality of a just law is necessity. In his "First Principles of Politics," Mr. W. S. Lilly writes, that, although there was never a time when law was more talked of, there was never a time when we had less real law. "What are commonly presented to us as laws of conduct, are mere corollaries to what are designated laws of comfort." For the present, this reflection likewise may be dismissed, as well as the danger of regulating and directing all human activities by law. What is of importance, is to inquire, "What is the ideal toward which modern sociology, consciously or not, is moving?" The answer is, that its ideal is the domination of the individual by the State, and, in the present instance, *the practical substitution of State officials for parents.*

TREATING SYMPTOMS

Playgrounds, settlement houses, mother-teachers, municipal cottages, probation officers: all are but substitutes for homes and parents, and in the end, poor, weak substitutes. By common admission, the social disease we are called upon to treat, is the broken home. But we are not treating the disease; we are treating its symptoms, its evil consequences. We are dosing the fever patient for his headache. Measures of prevention and relief, which tend to break down or supplant the sense of parental responsibility, augment the original malady. In its very efforts to rehabilitate the home, that modern sociology, which never mentions God's name, takes the training of the child from the home where it belongs, and puts it into the hands of the paid social worker. Granted, that the conditions of many "homes" make the removal of the child imperative. Does that affect the seat of the disease? The "home" is quarantined, perhaps, but it remains without rehabilitation. Perhaps, in a given instance, reconstruction is impossible. That, too, may be conceded. But what remedy does modern sociology offer against the *recurrence* of such untoward conditions, beyond designating certain individuals for mutilation, or forbidding them to marry? This is but treating symptoms, or at best, curing migraine with a guillotine.

QUACK PRACTITIONERS

Beyond sickness, accident, death, unmerited want or disgrace, there is a deeper, a fundamental, cause responsible for thousands of broken homes. It is sin, the violation of God's law. Call sin, if you will, a maladjustment of the individual's physical and temperamental forces with environment. We need not quarrel about terms, if we agree on the reality. What are divorce, the violation of the sanctity of marriage, the act whereby one positively decrees that possible men and women shall not be, or takes life before it attains a complete physical independence, but foul moral diseases which yearly wreck more homes than all the outbursts of Ætna or Vesuvius? What remedy does sociology, unmindful of God, offer? Not one. On the contrary, more than one text-book on social pathology, written under the inspiration of modern paganism, recommends these practices, not perhaps as promiscuous but as perfectly legitimate agencies of social betterment.

Corporations have no souls. We have long insisted that our civil government need have no strictly Christian morality. Our children are trained in schools that place Christ and Confucius on the same human plane. Sociology finds that it can justify its existence by treating symptoms, excluding from the diagnosis, the very idea of sin and moral responsibility. When it has succeeded in placing all human activities, even the most sacred, under the domain of the State, and for the sanctity of the home, consecrated by the years at Nazareth, has substituted the ethics of the stock-farm, shall our human kind have approached more nearly the goal of its perfection?

THE ONLY REMEDY

Against this modern renaissance of paganism, there is but one remedy. It is the acceptance of Christ's Church. This is not rhetoric. It is the enunciation of a fact. For she alone forbids divorce. She alone insists, constantly and consistently, on the sanctity of the marriage tie. She alone consecrates the cradle of infancy, lends to the first dawning of consciousness the light of a thought of God. She alone offers her children, and not one merely, as did the mother of Samuel, but all, to the service of God. She alone never falters in her following of Christ, never compromises with sin, never sells her teaching for the things of this world. Her churches that teach Christ and Him crucified, her schools that bring Christ into the hearts of little children, made possible only by the sacrifice of the poor, bear witness to all the world,

that in Him we live and move and are. He must be the alpha and omega of every reconstructive force that is to deal with His broken images. As He alone made, so He alone can repair. Without Him we can do nothing. With Him, we can apply the only efficient remedy for our social disorders, which, as the great Leo has taught us, is found only in a return to Christian principles. PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Jesuit institution of higher learning at Tokyo, it is stated, has suffered from the war only indirectly, in as far as it is deprived of assistance from European sources, while it is not yet self-supporting. Fortunately three of the Fathers have been appointed to temporary Government positions, two of them teaching German literature at the Government University and another acting as professor of German and Latin at the Dai Schi Koto gakko, the "Great First High School," which is directly preparatory to the University. The daily intercourse between Japanese and Jesuit professors may help to remove many of the existing prejudices. The Japanese have in other ways likewise shown their good will. In a law suit, into which the Catholic institution was forced by exorbitant claims made upon it, the judges were throughout favorable to it, though the claimant was a Japanese, and the Jesuits foreigners, many of them from a country actually at war with Japan. There is a splendid spirit among the Japanese students and the Catholics are described as models of piety and cheerfulness.

"The annual educational statistics for England and Wales," reports the *Tablet*, "make sad reading." The Anglicans and Wesleyans, in increasing numbers, are abandoning their religious schools. "It is only when we come to the Catholic schools that we find the old flag nailed to the mast. No Catholic school has been given up, and eight new ones are there to proclaim the unconquerable faith which is the foundation on which they are built." This is a magnificent testimony to the practical faith of the Catholics in England. Few in numbers and, for the most part, not well endowed with this world's goods, they give generously to support their schools. In this, they differ from many among their Anglican brethren who argue well for the necessity of the religious schools, but shrink from the sacrifice which is the price of their maintenance. Their devotion is equalled here in America. In the Catholic popular mind, school and Church are inseparably liked. To Catholics, Dr. Gladden's proposal that this link be broken for the sake of religious peace, is almost as unwelcome as if he had asked them to renounce the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff.

"The single most important occupational interest in the United States," writes Miss Julia Lathrop, Chief of the Children's Bureau, "is that of thirteen million women who are engaged in carrying on the households of this country. What are we doing for their guidance or technical education? Girls ought to be trained in the arts of the household and in the art of properly distributing an income. But who is doing this for them?" It is just possible that Miss Lathrop expects too much from the schools. After all something must be left for the home. But here precisely is the difficulty. It is quite true that thousands of public and private school pupils who have houses and parents, have, properly speaking, no homes. The influence which makes homes is absent. What is to be done with these children? While the problem of providing for them becomes more serious year by year, Catholic educators and economists do not accept Miss Lathrop's position without reservation. This delegates too many purely domestic functions to the public school and the State. The cure may well become worse than the evil. Miss Lathrop is undoubtedly right when she asserts that many of the schools have lost sight of the fact that the great majority of their pupils are to become ultimately homemakers, but even she does not see, apparently, that education without religion is a force which tends to make wreckers, not makers, of homes.

Writing in a recent number of *Munsey's*, Sir Gilbert Parker satirizes the modern error, popularized some years ago by the "Five-Foot Bookshelf," that mere information upon a variety of topics is education. "Information—information! it sits on the shelves of the artisan in forty volumes, issued by those altruists and philanthropists and publishers who insist on training the human mind at whatever cost—to others." Even in the elementary and grammar schools, the idea is gaining, that children's minds are trained by being stuffed, much as a sausage is stuffed, with odds and ends of minced information.

> "I'm sick of information," said a schoolboy to me. "I'd like to think a bit but I haven't time. It's stuff me with things I learn to-day and forget to-morrow, and I'd like to 'drownd' myself sometime."

This boy, says Sir Gilbert, couldn't spell decently, or write an intelligible paragraph of English, and he couldn't think, because no one had ever shown him how. That he was not lacking in intelligence, is plain from the fact that he was dimly aware of some fault in the "system" of education to which he was being subjected. The boy's comments might arouse risibility, did they not strongly outline the disastrous error underlying much of what to-day is called "education."

The wars of the Continent are fairly well reflected in the pages of the *Guardian*. An English clergyman recently issued, it seems, a set of prayers, one of which, quite properly, implored God's blessing on "the humble beasts in the war." At this, Sir Dyce Duckworth arose, registering disapproval. The oration smacked, he said, of the Russian Liturgy. How this was an objection, or whether the burden of Sir Dyce's displeasure rested on another point, is not clear from the latest *Guardian* at hand. But the compiler of "the prayer for the humble beasts" was not at a loss for a defence. In his apology for "the suffering of the unhappy horses and the heroic devotion of the war-dogs," he was good enough to quote the custom of "our brethren of the Roman obedience." But he goes considerably beyond his Roman brethren, in holding that the humble beasts "offer their guileless lives for their countries, much in the same way that the Holy Innocents did for the Infant Christ (and the Church counts them as Martyrs)." One R. C. "Faithful" shares this position, more blasphemous—though not, doubtless, in intent—than merely sentimental. One views with enthusiasm the spirited encounter between Canon Bullock-Webster who holds that "manslaughter, however justified, is a recognized impediment to the priesthood," and Lawrence Phillips, who belabors the unwary Canon with quotations from those eminent Anglican divines, Suarez, St. Thomas, Ballerini-Palmieri, Icard on Benedict XIV, and Cardinal Gasparri. Next there is a hot debate, between those who honor the crucifix, and those who argue that "the primitive symbol of the empty cross" is fitter for the contemplation of "Churchmen." But our warmest admiration goes out to "Senex" who concludes a passage at arms on the claims of "Romanists" to the name "Catholic," and the contentions of a certain faction who "loudly arrogate to themselves the name Catholic, and boldly deny it to three-fourths of their fellow Churchmen." "Senex" uses his tongue with the privileges of age. This faction, he says, is "small, but noisy and insolent," "more papalist than the Pope, and whose position in the English Church forms one of the most curious and inscrutable moral problems ever presented to the mind of man." "Senex" has diagnosed the subject, accurately, almost epigrammatically. How one can be a Catholic and at the same time a Protestant is, indeed, curious.

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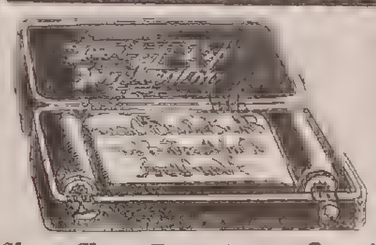
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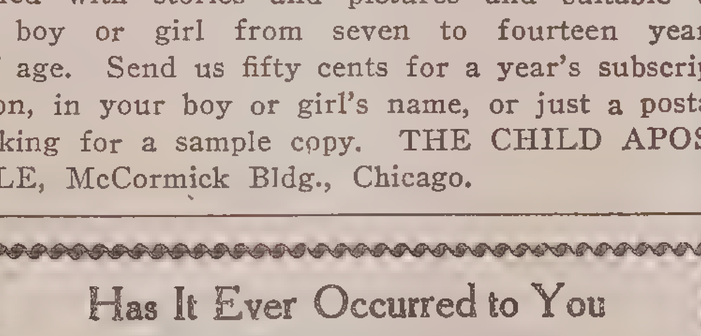
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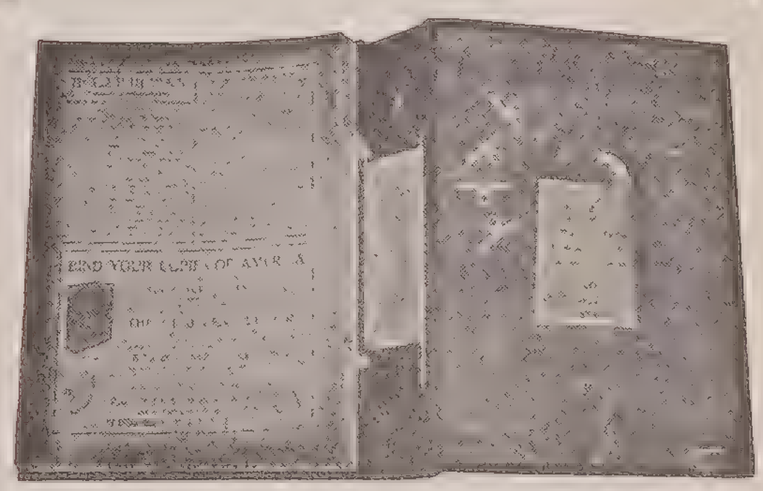
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CHRONICLE

The War.—Continuous artillery fire has been going on during the week along the line from Flanders to Alsace; and in certain regions, notably near the Yser, at Guinchy, near La Bassée, at Perthes, and in the Argonne, there have been also spirited infantry attacks. The net gains reported, however, have at no time been considerable, and have often been explicitly denied by the other side. The situation is practically unchanged.

Bulletin, Feb. 2, p. m.-Feb. 9, a. m.

During the week the Germans transferred their vigorous offensive from the west to the east, and for three days kept up a series of most determined attacks on the line before Warsaw that stretches from Goumine to Borjimow. These attacks culminated in what has been described as perhaps the most bloody battle of the war. On a seven-mile front the Germans advanced in solid formation up to the Russian trenches with absolute disregard for life. After a terrific engagement they were forced to retire. The Russians at once took the offensive, and not only forced the entire line to withdraw, but succeeded in crossing the Bzura close to the point where it joins the Vistula. Further south also they fought their way across the Rawka. Both sides have lost heavily during the week; and although the Germans are still maintaining their positions between Goumine and Borjimow, the Russians have pierced their line in at least two points by frontal attacks. The Germans, however, have not given up the offensive, and vigorous attacks are being made alternately by both sides. Goumine, Sochaczew, Borjimow and Wola Szydlowiecka are scenes of continual fighting of the most determined kind. The Russians seem to have gained the advantage, but their victory is by no means decisive. Berlin merely claims to have repulsed all attacks.

Battle at Warsaw

In East Prussia also the Russian invasion has pressed forward. The Czar's army is officially reported to have crossed the river Angerapp, south of Insterburg, and to have driven the Germans from the west bank. This success is the more remarkable, since it has been accomplished only after many weeks of ineffectual efforts, as the Germans have been able heretofore to block every Russian attempt to cross this river. In northwestern Poland, although the Russians are said to have captured Skempe, no notable progress has been made by them, and the two armies are occupying practically the same positions as last week. In southern Poland there have been many artillery engagements, but they have been unimportant in character and without decisive result.

East Prussia

Very severe fighting in the Carpathians has not resulted in a decided advance for either side, except that the Russians have forced their way through from Jaliska to Mezo Laborcz. There have been numerous engagements for the possession of the other passes, especially in the Uszok region, without, however, materially affecting the situation. The Austrians admit that their offensive at Tarnow has failed. The Turks are active in the vicinity of the Suez Canal. One attempt to force their way across has failed. At present they are said to be entrenched not far from it in numbers as high as 110,000.

Galicia and Egypt

The sinking of the British merchantmen last week by German submarines seems to be the prelude for a whole series of attempts to cripple British trade, and to prevent the transportation of troops and war supplies to France. In accordance with this avowed purpose

Warning to Neutral Ships

the German Admiralty has declared the waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole English Channel, "a war zone from and after February 18, 1915." The official notice goes on to say that every merchant ship of the Allies found in this war zone will be destroyed, "even if it is impossible to avert dangers which threaten the crew and the passengers." The action, however, which the German Admiralty contemplates is still more drastic. England, so Germany declares, has issued orders to the commanders of her merchant ships to carry the flags of neutral nations. Germany has retaliated by warning neutral nations that this will endanger neutral shipping. "Also neutral ships in the war zone are in danger, as in consequence of the misuse of the neutral flags ordered by the British Government on January 31, and in view of the hazards of naval warfare, it can not always be avoided that attacks meant for enemy ships endanger neutral ships." This notice has been communicated to our State Department, and has been further elucidated by a statement issued by the Chief Admiral of the Staff of the German navy to the following effect: "Neutral shipping is earnestly cautioned against approaching the northern or the western coasts of France, as in these waters such vessels would run the serious danger of being confounded with ships whose purpose is warlike." The action of the German Government has given rise to a good deal of inflammatory writing in American, British and German newspapers. Germany has protested that the use of neutral flags is a grave "misuse." England has quoted a part of the text of the Merchants Shipping Act of 1894, in which England admits the right of non-British ships to fly the British flag, as a means of avoiding capture; she insists, therefore, that she be accorded the same privilege by other nations. Our Government has taken no action on the communication of the German Government, and is said to regard it in the light of a friendly warning.

The action that the British Government will take with regard to the Wilhelmina is no longer in doubt. Through its Foreign Office it has officially announced that the German decree relating to the confiscation of foodstuffs has created a "novel situation" calling for a decision to be taken after full consideration. The official statement does not so much state as imply that the Wilhelmina is to be seized. In part it is as follows: ". . . It is probable that if the destination and cargo of the Wilhelmina are as supposed, the cargo will, if the vessel is intercepted, be submitted to a prize court, in order that the new situation created by the German decree may be examined and a decision reached after full consideration." The announcement goes on to say that "there is no question of taking any proceedings against the vessel. Her owners will be indemnified for any delay caused to her, and the shippers of the cargo will be compensated for any loss to them by the action of the British authorities." So far, Great Britain seems disposed to take no notice of the exception made by the German Government in favor of foodstuffs shipped from the United States.

Cargo of the Wilhelmina

A problem of international law has arisen as the result of the attempt made by Werner Horne to destroy the railroad bridge across the St. Croix river. The Vanceboro authorities have sentenced Horne to thirty days' imprisonment on the charge of having damaged property of the city by the use of dynamite. His detention, it is said, has for its purpose to avoid international difficulties, pending the settlement of the case at Washington. The Canadian authorities at once asked for his extradition. Horne, however, appealed to the German Ambassador at Washington against the issuance of extradition papers, on the ground that he was a German officer, and that his action was political in character, and an act of war, having had for its object to interrupt the transportation of supplies to the Allies. His plea raises an unusual point of international law, the settlement of which rests with our Government.

Werner Horne

Austria-Hungary.—Bowed down with the sorrows of the war, but his heart lifted up in unfailing faith and hope, the aged Emperor has done all in his power to make of Heaven, as he expresses it, his "auxiliary." No less touching than his consecration of the country to the Sacred Heart is his appeal to the little children of his realm to besiege the throne of God with their supplications. They are, he says, closest to his heart, his only joy, the ray of sunshine in the darkness of his life, "the flowers of my Empire, the glory of my people, the blessing of their future." But he knows that they are even more dear to One before whom the greatest monarchs of the earth are only helpless creatures, for "in your eyes still gleams the light of creation's morning, paradise and heaven still surround you." He then continues:

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> God is all powerful. In His hand is the destiny of all nations. Before His will all things bow down. He directs the ways of the stars and of men. That this almighty hand of God may guard and protect Austria-Hungary, that she may be victorious over her many foes and grow strong unto God's honor and glory, is the only wish that remains to me after a life which has been filled with sorrow. That was my wish when, young and full of hope, I mounted the throne of my fathers; that is the wish which soon, perchance, will be whispered by my dying lips, as the last word of loving care for my country and my people.

He therefore asks the children, as "closest to God," to beg of Him to bestow His blessing and His grace upon their country's cause:

> God hears the prayers of the innocent, for He loves them, beholding in them His image. And so, children, yea even the youngest among you, cease not to pray with clasped hands. If the children of the Empire pray for their Fatherland, then I know that all is secure.

Their prayers, he does not doubt, "will bring down God's blessing upon our flag and our army." To the intercession of his beloved little ones, therefore, he commits, with firm and simple faith, himself and his Empire.

France.—The debate on the question of an absolute prohibition of the manufacture of absinthe has been postponed. As is obvious, the matter involves the nation's finances, and it has therefore been thought better that no decisive action be taken before the results of the joint conference of the French and Russian Ministers of Finance and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been communicated to Parliament. By a unanimous vote, the Deputies have decreed the creation of a medal for military valor. There was some difference of opinion, however, upon the conditions under which the new decoration is to be conferred. In course of the debate, the Premier pleaded for "the widest recognition of deeds of military bravery. It must be remembered that this will be the last war, or, at least, that there will not be another for a hundred years."

Parliamentary Matters

Under the title "Neutrality Vacillations," Ex-Premier Clemenceau discusses President Wilson as an international arbitrator. While M. Clemenceau is willing to admit that the President's intentions are noble and unselfish, he nearly retracts his admission by noting that Mr. Wilson "has been credited with the ambition of wishing to play a great rôle in the world." The ex-Premier is opposed on principle to the notion of extra-European intervention in a European conflict of such magnitude, and, moreover, cites the case of the Dacia and the ship-purchase bill as proofs of Mr. Wilson's unfitness to act as a mediator.

Mr. Wilson as Mediator

Germany.—According to a correspondent of the Associated Press, Germany is evidently preparing with characteristic thoroughness for a prolonged stay in the foreign territories now occupied by her. German public officials and soldiers alike are manifesting a sincere desire to avoid friction of every kind with the inhabitants. The industrial laws which became operative in Belgium at the beginning of the present year offer nothing new or strange to the Belgians and are only a codification of the Belgian law of December 13, 1889, concerning woman and child labor; of the law of August 10, 1911, forbidding the night work of women, and of the changes made in the first of these laws by a new Belgian legislation of May 26, 1914. The latter had not yet been carried into effect. This codification had been provided for before the war, so that the German Government is carrying out the complete Belgian plan for the regulation of Belgium's domestic industry. The German officials are striving to further the economic development of the land, and are calling back the agricultural and industrial workers. Thus, by the resumption of the various occupations, the economic stress can be relieved.

German Military Government

Germany's treatment of prisoners has often been favorably commented upon. Of the care shown to the wounded in particular the Danish physician, Thorson, writes:

Wounded Prisoners

> From the moment that the battlefield is searched by the sanitary corps all the wounded, whether friend or foe, are treated in exactly the same manner, transported, bandaged and sent to the various hospitals. Absolutely no discrimination is shown. The German arrangements are nothing short of ideal. In every one of the larger hospital buildings, in Cologne, Aachen and Berlin, I spoke with all the wounded soldiers of the enemy and failed to find one who in anywise complained of the treatment accorded him.

Every possible means, we are told, is employed to hasten the cure of the wounded. For Germany herself, one healed German veteran is considered equivalent to two new recruits.

Great Britain.—At the opening of Parliament, Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, served notice that, should the national interest demand it, he should feel perfectly free to criticize the measures of the Government. He added, however, that at present the Opposition had no desire to indulge in such criticism. In reply, Premier Asquith said that the responsibility during the war, was solely the Government's, and that the Government freely acknowledged the right of the Opposition to criticize at the suitable moment. The cooperation of the Opposition, he added, had been of inestimable value. Questions of the highest moment will be brought to the attention of Parliament. While no contentious legislation will be debated, it is thought likely that the Opposition will insist upon Government action in regard to rise in price of food-stuffs, that alien enemy restrictions will again be considered, and that there will be a further request for more information on the recruiting situation. But the first thing to be dealt with will be finance.

Parliament Reassembles

According to some of the London newspapers, there is a growing unrest in labor circles, and it is just possible that this disquiet may necessitate action by the Government. Fifty thousand miners in West Yorkshire, it is said, whose agreement with the operators expires shortly, are demanding an increase in wages under threat of strike. The Welsh miners also, according to the same report, are dissatisfied with their wages and working condition, while the railway men contend that their pay is not in keeping with the increased cost of living. Unrestricted credence, however, can not be given these reports, and it is urged by some, that they have been exaggerated to form political capital for interested parties.

Labor Difficulties

Ireland.—The bishops of the country, through their "Standing Committee," Cardinal Logue, the Bishops of

Waterford and Cloyne, have again voiced their dissatisfaction with the provisions made for the spiritual welfare of Catholic sailors. After stating that wounded men "had no opportunity to see a chaplain for months before they were confronted with death," they continue:

The Bishops and the War

> Therefore, as pastors of our brave men, who are so heroic in the service of the State, we will not and can not cease to cry out till their spiritual rights are duly protected. A much larger number of chaplains and much-improved facilities are absolutely necessary.

The same committee recommends:

> that the first Sunday of Lent be appointed as a day of public expiation and intercession to plead with God for peace, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those engaged in the war, for the relatives and friends of those who have been killed or wounded, that the merciful God may comfort and strengthen them to bear their affliction with patience and resignation, and for the repose of the souls of the soldiers and sailors who have lost their lives in the war.

In dealing with the grievances of teachers, the committee disclaims any responsibility for present conditions, and states the mind of the hierarchy as follows: (1) That all teachers, lay and clerical, without distinction, should be granted facilities for training; (2) that since it is impossible to correct present abuses without State aid, a subsidy equivalent to that given in England and Scotland should be granted. This grant would be, not £40,000 a year, but about £154,000; (3) that it is unjust for the State to exercise discrimination between lay and clerical teachers doing equal work in State-aided schools. Having proceeded thus far, the bishops offer a temporary compromise to tide over difficulties, in the hope that later a plan can be devised which will eliminate objectionable discrimination between laymen and clerics doing equal work in the schools of the country.

Secondary School Teachers

Mexico.—As long as one man lives, chaos can proceed from bad to worse; it is proceeding this way in Mexico. Carranza has placed his capital at Vera Cruz; Villa has put his at Aguascalientes; the State of Oaxaca has seceded from the confederation; three other States, Chiapas, Campeche and Yucatan are contemplating similar action; generals are tramping up and down the country shooting on sight; Santibanez has executed Carranza's brother and nephew; but all the while "liberty, fraternity and equality" are supreme. Early in the week Monclovia in Coahuila and Guaymas in Sonora fell to Carranzistas, and the Villistas moved on toward Torreon. There are other reports of battles and victories, but lying is so common with the Mexican liberators that it is hard to put credence in the "news" sent out. It is certain, however, that for some time the Carranzistas infested the region between Mexico City and Queretaro. South of Mexico City the Zapatistas have been active: they attacked some of the city's suburbs and succeeded in cutting off part of the supply of water. Villa is engaged in preparation for a campaign against Tampico. He has shifted his generals and claims to be able to lock Obregon's 10,000 men in Mexico City so effectively that they will not be able to come to the aid of Tampico at the critical moment. During all this strife and bloodshed, the inevitable happened: Villa declared himself Provisional President. As usual this action was accompanied by a proclamation to the whole world. The statement reads in part as follows:

"Confusion Worse Confounded"

> To preserve order and to insure the vigorous prosecution of military movements; to safeguard the welfare of the republic, thereby insuring an early return to tranquillity and prosperity, General Villa has assumed the control of the executive power. His action means justice to all and that the law will be administered impartially. Traitors and those working against the interests of the republic will be vigorously attacked.

The document, which speaks for itself, was immediately answered by the Carranzistas. Meantime a conference of pacificists, composed principally of adherents of Diaz, de la Barra and Huerta, met in San Antonio and adopted resolutions calling upon Villa, Zapata and Carranza to lay down arms and unite in restoring peace in Mexico. The most prominent men in the convention were Gamboa, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Huerta, Urrutia, Minister of the Interior under Huerta and Moheno, at one time a leader in the Chamber of Deputies. The convention decided to start a campaign in advocacy of peace and Gamboa and Carvajal were selected to inaugurate the movement. The hope for peace seems faint. Urrutia, however, was right when he said: "All the United States would have to do is to say to Carranza and Villa: 'Stop fighting.' They would have to obey."

Rome.—February 7 was a most remarkable day in Rome. It seemed as if the whole city obeyed the behest of His Holiness to implore peace from God. Over 60,000 persons gathered in and about St. Peter's to join the Pope in prayer. His Holiness entered the great basilica in the simplest manner, and knelt before the altar, surrounded by numerous Cardinals and other officials of various grades of dignity and responsibility. All classes and conditions of men, nobles and peasants, rich and poor, foreign ambassadors and lackeys, joined in the prayer which the Pope himself intoned. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given and His Holiness then retired amid prolonged cheering and cries of "Long live the Pope." "Give us peace." Similar services were held throughout France, without interference on the part of the Government, which had originally ordered the Pope's prayer for peace seized. At these latter services a short sermon was delivered, in which it was declared that France desired an honorable peace "with wrongs righted."

Peace Day

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Witches' Cauldron

WITHERED in look and wild in their attire, the witches meet Macbeth upon the blasted heath. With deft and cunning fingers they sow in his heart the seed of sin, which quickly ripens into the harvest of death. Out of the empty air they come, and like bubbles disappear, "melted as breath into the wind." They are embodiments of deceitful wickedness, the living opposition to all that is good and innocent and holy. Their native elements are the storm and darkness, "the fog and filthy air," and all disturbances in the physical and moral order.

They are a strikingly expressive figure of forces of evil at work in the world, guided and ruled by a power of evil still greater than they. Their supreme delight is in the labor of ruining the souls of men. They are the influences that in our own day keep aflame the glowing coals of hatred, over which seethes and boils the cauldron of a calumnious press, of anti-Catholic education, and of organizations and movements created for the sole purpose of combating the Church of God. "Posters of the sea and land," they gather everywhere the scandals, slanders and calumnies of the world, to cast them gleefully into their bubbling cauldron. Out of it, like deadly vapors, rise discords and unhappiness, sin and eternal death:

> For a charm of powerful trouble,
> Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Whatever goodness may originally be found in the men drawn into cooperation with them, these powers themselves are purely evil. They are laboring with restless energy in the service of him whose very name is a negation of all that is good, Satan, "adversary." To them, therefore, and to the human instruments whom by their cunning deception they lead ever further into spiritual ruin, Christ, in spite of all fair words and phrases, can only be "for a sign which shall be contradicted." Christ, living in His Church, is the center of all their united attacks.

There is a perverse attraction for everything evil in the witches the poet pictures. It extends even to all things which their imagination regards as a physical counterpart of moral ugliness or guilt. Into their hellish cauldron is cast whatever in nature may be suggestive of darkness or cunning, of vice or impurity; but above all whatsoever is directly connected with sin. They sense the very approach of evil and of possible harm that may be done:

> By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes.

Long has that cauldron been boiling. Its ingredients are too well known to us. Long have the spirits of evil been dancing about it in glee, adding ever anew the things of darkness and falsehood to that gruel of sin. Far back in the days of Christ we find the hell-broth seething. The witches' tools were then the self-righteous Pharisees and the refined and cultured Sadducees: all noble patriots who had no king but Cæsar.

The servant, Our Lord has told us, must not look to be treated better than his master. What this implies the Gospels have made plain. He Himself was called a blasphemer, an intriguer, a seducer of the people. His doctrine was held to be more than suspicious. His power was said to be derived from Beelzebub, and it was claimed He had foretold He would prove this power by sacrilegiously destroying the temple itself, and in three days building it up again. But this was not enough. He was discredited as a wine-bibber, and as one who consorted with sinners and publicans and with the dregs of the people. He was, in fine, declared to be a menace to the peace and safety of the nation: "If we let Him alone so, all will believe in Him: and the Romans will come and will take away our place and nation." A council of the most reputable citizens, for such they were in their own estimation, agreed that the most extreme measure must be taken, "That the whole nation perish not." Christ was handed over as a malefactor, Infinite Purity was scourged at the pillar and Holiness itself was lifted to the gibbet of the Cross.

The charm had proved successful. But the work of the powers of evil was not yet done. Their cauldron of calumny and falsehood had only begun to boil. Christ had risen from the dead. His mission was to be continued uninterruptedly, over all the earth and to the end of time, by the one and only Church which He had founded upon Peter. He could still be crucified anew, not indeed in Himself, but in His members. The witches' cauldron must, therefore, be constantly supplied, and the accusations brought against Him must be repeated against His followers. To their Roman fellow-citizens the early Christians were represented by the Guardians of Liberty of the time as atheists and blasphemers, adorers of an ass's head, murderers of infants, on whom they feasted at their orgies, dangerous citizens, plotters against the divine Cæsar and his realm, men who might rightly be accused of any abomination to be found in the pagan's catalogue of crime. What objects more fit than they to be cast to the tigers, to be ground by the teeth of the lions, to be racked and tortured in every way? Once more the charm was successful, though only for the time. More gloriously than before, Christianity arose like Christ from its tomb of the catacombs.

So through the centuries the witches' cauldron boiled and bubbled. The tales of immured nuns, the unspeakable accusations brought against religious communities—those havens of purity in a world of sin, the defamation of the virtue of Catholic womanhood and the stigma of disloyalty branded on Catholic manhood, the vileness ascribed to God's consecrated priesthood and to Christ's own immaculate Spouse, His Holy Church, are merely

the latest of the falsehoods constantly cast into that cauldron of abominations, to "make the gruel thick and slab."

Will the charm work? Much doubtless depends upon ourselves. Scandals must come, as Our Divine Lord has foretold. Tares will be permitted to grow among the wheat until they are gathered up at the final harvest and cast into eternal flame. The holiness of the Church can not be forfeited because of them, and that holiness, too, must be made to shine in all its splendor from our lives and from the lives of those whom God commits to us. But an upright life alone is not a sufficient protection against calumny. It is with slanders and falsehoods that the witches' cauldron is filled. Only so can their charm be made "firm and good." The German *Kulturkampf,* the French persecutions, the abominations perpetrated against the Church in Portugal and Mexico, were thus conjured up. Our duty, therefore, is to be zealous and energetic as well as blameless in our lives. Like our enemies, we must be united practically, actively, unfailingly upon the three most vital points upon which, humanly speaking, our success or failure will depend: the Catholic press, the Catholic school, and all Catholic organizations and movements by which the cause of Christ and of His Holy Church can be advanced.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

What Our Libraries Should Supply

IN the last article in AMERICA on "What Our Young Folk Read," I tried to tell the story in general of what young people, particularly young girls, are finding in the public libraries which New York City and so many other cities are supporting at such considerable expense to the tax-payers. This money is spent with a definite idea that it is doing a great intellectual good and opening wide the large educational opportunity for the growing young folk of our cities. With that idea it is appropriated readily, for we all cherish the feeling, and rightly, that anything which will help our young folk to broaden their minds, enlarge their views and fit them to become capable of doing more for themselves and for others, can not be bought at too high a price by public money.

It takes only a passing examination of library conditions as they exist to-day to prove that the main purpose of the libraries is not to supply instruction nor even food for thought, but to furnish amusement either for leisure hours that might otherwise hang heavy on the hands, or to supply altogether trivial pastime for hours that would be otherwise usefully employed. Serious teachers will tell you that many of their pupils are spending a great deal of time reading the latest novels, when they ought to be studying. The fact that they are occupied with a book seems to convince their parents that they are doing some sort of intellectual work. Considerably more than one-half of all the books that are taken from our public libraries are not worth reading. They do not make people think, they are of the kind which the publishers advertise by declaring alluringly that these are books which make you forget.

It is rather amusing to take down a year-old novel from the shelves of the library and find in it the record that it has been read by nearly a hundred persons, or even more, and then to go to a neighboring shelf, where there is a serious book, bought about the same time, and find that it has been out of the library once or twice, if that often. Novels must be rebound after a comparatively short time, often several copies must be on hand. It is very evident that the main purpose of our libraries is to supply the very latest fiction and cheap magazines to those who come for them. This fiction is the kind that was born yesterday and will be dead to-morrow. It is eminently superficial, it gives almost without exception, an entirely false view of life; it caters to the fad of the moment and it cultivates in young folk a number of qualities that are eminently undesirable.

Above all it gives an entirely mistaken notion with regard to the meaning of love in life. It cultivates in the young girls, who represent the great majority of the applicants at libraries, the idea that the one desirable thing in the world is love; teaching them, too, that love must override all sense of obligation, as if those in whom this feeling has been awakened are by a more or less direct decree of Heaven, bound to cleave to one another, at whatever cost to others. Under such circumstances no wonder elopements of high school girls are growing in frequency. Of course, it has always been true that young folk exaggerate the significance of their feelings in this regard. The world, too, has never been without its elopements. In the older days there was no fostering of the ideas that led up to it, yet the occurrences took place. We, however, are fostering the evil, and that, too, by means originally intended as a great educational department. We must not be surprised, then, if the results that can so clearly be anticipated inevitably follow.

It is said, however, that if young folk are tempted to read in the way condemned they will acquire a taste for books, and after a time will read better books, until finally they will know much about the classics and thus come to educate themselves. It is almost needless to say that this fallacy scarcely needs refutation. We physicians have a corresponding problem to that of furnishing mental pabulum to young folk in the question of the proper feeding of children. We know that children will be strong and healthy if they are fed the simple things like eggs and milk and rice and bread and butter and potatoes and simple cakes and custards and milk puddings. When children do not eat well, it is not proper to tempt their appetites by highly spiced foods or by candies or by other appetizing materials. Persuasion and other care should be exercised, until they have formed the habit of taking plain, substantial food. If absolutely necessary they may be allowed some of the more complex and dubious materials that the jaded appetites of grown-

ups demand, though not without due warning as to the danger of disturbing their digestion.

Most children, if allowed, would eat their desserts first. Invariably there must be a responsible person at hand, whose opinion they regard, to keep them from rushing through the substantial part of their meal, in order to get to their dessert all the sooner. Eggs and milk and rice and bread and butter have a very commonplace taste compared to pie and plum pudding and ice cream and the various delicate little cakes that are prepared to tempt the fancy of older people, especially those who live an artificial indoor life. If children eat at the same table with their elders, it is almost impossible to regulate their diet properly, unless the household lives in a good, old-fashioned manner on simple things. It is not the amount of food which children can be tempted to eat, but the character of the food and the habits with regard to it, especially regularity, that are the most important factors in the regulation of children's diet.

Now I know, of course, that comparisons are apt to walk lame, and that there is always some point where such analogies as those here suggested fail to be significant, but I think that this analogy between physical and mental digestion is not seriously at fault. What is needed for healthy growth of mind, as well as for healthy growth of body, is a few simple things taken regularly at proper intervals and with as little diversion from that dietary as possible. The way to form good habits of reading is, not to indulge in highly-spiced literature, nor to create an appetite for all sorts of trifles that mean very little for mental nutrition. As a matter of fact, the habit of reading trivial books has to be broken before a proper, really beneficial habit can be established. For our libraries to pretend that they are doing good by furnishing fiction, and especially the cheap fiction that is now so much the order of the day, is nonsensical. They are doing distinct harm. They are keeping people from thinking who ought to have time for thought, and they are consuming in the merest trifles time that could be used in other ways to good advantage.

We hear much of the value of reading, and there is no doubt that reading, if properly directed, may be a most valuable means of education. Reading, however, that does not take on something of the nature of study is always dissipation of mind and not education. There is an idea that to know many things is a very useful auxiliary in life. What is really important, however, is to know much, not many things. Our libraries, as at present constituted, are furnishing amusement and pastime, but, only to a very limited extent, instruction or development of mind. If it is understood that they are social bureaus for the provision of inexpensive amusement for people, especially for growing girls and for women who have not enough to do, then there is no doubt that they are fulfilling their purpose. If it is supposed, however, that they are really providing education and acting as an adjuvant to the school by furnishing a post-graduate course of instruction, then their purpose is fulfilled to so slight a degree that it is scarcely worth talking about. The library shelves are occupied mainly with useless fiction. Some of this is distinctly immoral and nine-tenths of it is utterly trivial, and all of it were better unread unless, perhaps, time is hanging heavy on one's hands. Such reading is one degree, but a very small degree, better than drowsing or sleeping in the daytime, or some other mode of losing time.

Just so long as the reading of this fiction is encouraged by its presence on the shelves, and the stimulating talk of those who have perused it, our libraries will miss their proper purpose. They should be places where people can get books that are worth reading, where, too, people will be encouraged to read books and consult them, but not tempted away from the seriousness of life by having "dainties" spread out before them. Of course, the response to any such suggestion will be that in that case very few people will come to the libraries, very little reading will be done and circulation will drop probably much more than half. So much the better. Trivial reading is harmful. It ruins concentration of mind. It gives false notions of life. It keeps people from thinking. The only way to learn to think is to practise it; there is no practise in reading trivial stories.

Suppose that in the present development of our paternalistic Government it should be decided that the children of the poor should all be given one or more meals at the expense of the city—a proposition that seems not at all startling or unlikely in the present temper of the official mind. Suppose further, that it should be found that the children of the poor, accustomed to tea and coffee and to various unwholesome food materials, refused to take the simple food that was provided for them in the form of such nutritious things as milk and eggs, bread and butter, and rice, and would eat only in case they were provided with rich cakes and heavy puddings, and other things that most of us are persuaded children had better not be given. Does any one think for a moment that in order to tempt them to come for the municipal meals we would allow them to dictate the diet they would like to have? Hardly: that is, if we are wise. Why, then, do a more stupid thing in regard to training the soul?

The men who really amount to something in life have not read many books, but have read a few great books over and over again. It is the study of what is worth while and not the reading of trivialities that counts in life. I believe that Lincoln had only six books. Many of the men we think most of in this country lived apart from libraries and had in their homes not more than a dozen or, at most, a score of books, and they attributed their habits of thought and their power of expression and their ability to concentrate their attention to the practice of reading these over and over again. A Chief Justice of England once said to a young lawyer who feared that he might fail to advance in his profession because of the lack of an adequate library: "Go home and read Shakes-

pere, the Bible and Blackstone assiduously for the next ten years, and before twenty years have passed we shall hear from you."

There are too many books in our libraries, there is too much reading among our people. No wonder the American people are not thinking. Our libraries should provide courses in proper reading and not opportunities and actual encouragement for the reading of a whole lot of books that are doing harm rather than good. No one knows better than I do that the libraries are doing their best, but the open shelves, full of cheap fiction, are inevitable temptation. Our libraries are meant to be aids to education, not to dissipation of mind.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

The Day of Ashes

THE somber and solemn pathos of Ash Wednesday is quite different from that of All Souls. On the Day of the Holy Dead there is a gloom and heaviness which rest upon the earth like the dank, November mist that foretokens a dying year. The darkness of the church is scarce broken by the smoky glare of the great mournful yellow candles that stand guard about the bier without the sanctuary gates. But there is a symbol of hope. Through the smoke of the flickering, funereal lights we catch a dim glimpse of the altar, and there the propitiation is to be made for the living and the dead. Yes, there is hope, or it were vain and a farce to cry, *Dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

But the gloom and the terror of Ash Wednesday, how terrible and how searching it is! No longer is wrath tempered mercifully in the shadows. Hope is still there, but its pleading is changed; the cry is no longer *Dona eis,* but *Dona nobis,* "Grant to us," for the plea of mercy comes nearer home. No longer does the veil of obscurity gently drape the tremendous issues of eternal bliss or woe that are impending. The lengthening days are upon us, and the thin, pale rays of winter's sun flash down through the high windows, and there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed. This spirit of Ash Wednesday, a spirit of terrible and relentless reality is of a day when compromise of all kinds fades away in the light of the knowledge of things as they are, and knowing, we face the issue.

The laughter of Shrove Tuesday carnival has died away in silence, its gaiety is laid aside as a garment whose season is past, and silently and solemnly, one by one, the faithful steal into the church. They creep to their places one after another, patiently they wait, and no sound breaks the stillness save the swish of rapidly passing garments and the sharp clatter of feet upon the flagged floor. And while they gather and while they wait, the piercing, pitiless light streams in, seeking out each secret nook and cranny, lighting up the distant corners and making the hidden dust to dance in the shafts of the sunbeams. The flaunting palms that on Palm Sunday swayed rhythmically from side to side as the gay procession passed along the church to the singing of "Hosanna to the Son of David" are now but a pile of blackened ashes, lying on the altar which is bare and denuded, that it, too, may bear testimony to the eternal scrutiny.

In silence the priest and his ministers enter the holy place clothed in the vesture of penitence. No joyful peal of the organ greets their entry, the flashing lights and glittering cross are to-day laid aside; for the humiliation is on all, and with head bent low and eyes downcast, they turn their steps toward the throne of mercy. A voice cries out *Exaudi nos, Domine,* and the chorus of lamentation arises to the vengeful heavens: "Hear me, O Lord, for Thy mercy is kind; look upon me according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies." With what a divinely inspired genius has the Church ordained the solemn ritual of the day of sackcloth and ashes! Ere the cry for mercy has died away there uplifts from the throng a tremendous pleading: "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in even unto my soul," that a shipwrecked race might gain a port of refuge.

The priest turns, he, too, faces the east where the dawn of hope will arise. Like the priest under the Old Law he bears the burden of the people and makes supplication for many: therefore are his hands joined, for he, like the flock for which he intercedes, is bound by the chains of Adam. He is pleading with a justly offended Judge; therefore is his voice low and his supplication humble, and he prays:

> O Almighty and Everlasting God, spare those that are penitent, be gracious to them which call upon Thee, and vouchsafe to send Thy holy angel from heaven to bless and sanctify these ashes; that they may be a health-giving remedy to all who call upon Thy holy Name, accusing themselves before Thee of their sins and deploring their iniquities in the sight of Thy divine clemency . . . and grant, by the invocation of Thy most holy Name, that whosoever shall be sprinkled with these ashes may receive redemption from sin, and health of body and soul. Through Christ Our Lord.

Three times he prays, for there are Three against Whom every son of Adam has offended; and yet again he prays, that the penitent Christian may receive the pardon granted to the Ninevites of old when they repented and wept. This divine audacity of the Church is limitless; she stretches forward into the timeless reaches of eternity to lift a guiding light to a soul sunk in the mire, and appropriates to herself out of the distant past the ancient mercies that were purchased by the tears of penitence, that by penitential tears, she may number one more ransomed soul among the elect. There is a pause, and silently the priest falls on his knees at the altar and, placing ashes on his head, leads the waiting multitude in the act of humiliation. A wailing cry echoes throughout the church as the singers make in the ancient chant the lament of Joel, the Prophet. *Immutemur habitu:* "Let us amend our ways in sackcloth and ashes: let us fast and weep before the Lord. . . . Between

the porch and the altar, the priests, the Lord's ministers, shall weep and shall say: 'Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, and shut not the mouth of them that cry upon Thee.'" And the sound of the chant rolls up and down the church like the faint beat of muffled drums, winding its way in and out of the columns. And the throng rises to its feet, and creeps; the flock finds its way to the place where its pastor has been humiliated, and on the head of each he places the ashes and says the terrible words: "Remember, O man, that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return."

The tragedy of this ritual of the Church on Ash Wednesday is in its soul-searching clarity. With a relentlessness, born of her mission of truth, she sweeps aside all pretence, and fixes her unflinching gaze on the eternal truths of reality. Pope and emperor and slave, the highest and the lowest, count for nothing, and are but units in a throng of penitents, for whom she holds out nothing but the bended knee and the sprinkled ashes. And over all is the piercing light of day which can not be kept out; the light which drags from the shadows that which fain would seek a hidden refuge in darkness and shut its eyes with the blindness of wilful ignorance.

H. C. WATTS.

Perkins and the Professional Vultures*

A VERY good friend of mine complains bitterly every now and then because he can not eat onions and go to a dance the same evening. This unfortunate state of affairs provokes his utmost wrath. He is in a bad humor all day Wednesday if he has not had beefsteak and onions for Tuesday dinner; yet he finds that some of the most enjoyable dances of the season are given on Tuesday nights. In consequence he tirades at one moment against a law of nature, to wit, certain properties of an onion, and at another moment against a law of man in his locality, anent the fashionable evening for dances.

My friend (whom I shall call Perkins) is thus nothing more than a matured example of the "eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too" little boy, once so popular in the nursery. Nature will have her way and so will society; and simply because Perkins wants his own way, too, he gets angered when nature and society refuse to fit into his schemes. You may think Perkins is very unreasonable; but if it were not for all the Perkinses in the world, the professions of medicine and law would never allure so many of our young men. A very considerable part of the educated world lives off the follies and unreasonableness of Perkins and his like. That is why I have thought it worth while to mention his troubles.

It would be highly interesting if we could know precisely how many of our "unrestful" economic symptoms are fostered and petted and kept alive by certain kinds of doctors and lawyers. I am afraid the figures would be startling. The laws of God operating through the habits of nature generally have a distinct salutary purpose. Temporal punishment is due for all sin, and certain natural conditions are the instruments of punishment. You can not have friction without heat. You can not over-eat without having indigestion. You can not drink too much wine without losing your powers of mind. You can not commit certain other excesses without suffering the inevitable diseases that follow. In short, you can not be a Perkins without having Perkins' troubles. The question is, just how far do certain doctors and lawyers encourage Perkins' rebellion against the laws of nature and man by trying to save him from all the natural consequences?

I think the majority of doctors to-day are coming to the conclusion that the prevention of disease is many times more important than its cure. Instead of giving medicines to cure indigestion, they prescribe suitable diets. Instead of giving sleeping powders, they tell you to stop drinking coffee after dinner. Instead of cauterizing an infected wound, they clean the wound carefully in the first place. And most doctors, instead of "treating" middle-aged wrecks, advise young men to lead clean, straightforward, healthy lives.

I say "most" advisedly; for not a few doctors show themselves complete and contemptible traitors to their profession. These men are parasites of the worst order. "Cure or alleviation" is their sole motto; "prevention" is their worst enemy, for it lessens their practice. It is they who encourage young men to "have their fling," and watch like vultures for the moment when the fling means a ruined life. It is they who hold out promise of cure when nature is having her inevitable revenge. It is they, indirectly, who bring the blind and crippled babies into the world, and send the old insane men and women out of it.

Of course, disease and suffering must be cured wherever possible. If God can forgive the sinner and lessen his punishment, surely we can try to do the same. Forgiveness is one of the greatest human acts. But it is one thing to forgive and another thing to promise never to be angry. Also it is one thing to forgive the sincere repentant, and quite another to forgive the man who is not even sorry. A forgiveness too easily won encourages sin almost as much as perpetual condoning. Cure and alleviation certainly have their place; but the doctor who does not do all in his power to prevent disease by encouraging clean living and healthful living is a traitor to all that monumental trust we place in him.

If Perkins had absent-mindedly eaten onions the evening before a dance, we should feel sorry for his plight. The point I ask you to remember is this: Perkins ate them freely and deliberately, and then made his complaints. He knew what would happen, yet he went right ahead. Now, certain excesses committed by our various imitators of Perkins are considered private matters. The laws of our country allow a man to get drunk, provided

*The tenth of a series of special articles.

his drunkenness interferes with no one outside his family. Sometimes, even, if Perkins beats his wife in a drunken rage, we are humane enough to say it is no longer a private matter. But in general, we allow Perkins considerable liberty; and if the laws of nature are stricter than ours and punish him, a doctor steps in and does what he can.

But Perkins commits other excesses which we like to call public matters. He robs his neighbor's house; or he assaults his neighbor on the street; or he infringes some statute law. Then we ourselves take a hand in his punishment. We bring him before the courts. And it is then that a lawyer steps in and does what he can to get Perkins out of his difficulty.

One might go so far as to say that a doctor was only a man's private lawyer to help him out of difficulties with nature. The functions of doctor and lawyer are essentially the same. But from this a tremendously important corollary follows. If a lawyer's function is the same as a doctor's, then his duties are the same also. In other words, the slogan of a lawyer should also be "prevention." The work of the lawyer lies as much outside of the law courts as in them. He, with his expert knowledge of the laws, can do as much to improve them and make them more just as to lessen their sternness in the individual cases. It is the lawyers who should work might and main to bring more principles of equity into our administration of the law. It is lawyers who should strive to make the statute laws so clear that great moneyed corporations will not find evasion an easy matter. Instead of encouraging vagueness so as to increase the number of subtle technicalities, it is the lawyers who should simplify both our procedures and practice.

If we condemn a doctor for encouraging "a fling" by the promise of a later "cure," what can we say of the lawyer who guides a dishonest corporation through its varied fortunes by the promise that he can extricate them from every difficulty? What can we say of those "experts" whose chief business it is to find the weak points of the law? What can we say of those lawyers who fight every extension of equity jurisdiction for the simple reason that equity is harder to evade than clumsy statutes? The lawyer who invents means of escape from the law is just as dangerous, and just as great a traitor to his profession and to our trust as the doctor who promises immunity from suffering to the profligate.

I can think of no field of activity offering a better opportunity for constructive work than law and medicine. I say field and not fields because the work is essentially one. The just statutes of the State are in one sense as much a part of God's law as the laws of nature. The highest duty of the physician is to help men to understand the physical laws of nature; the highest duty of the lawyer is to uphold and clarify the moral rules of the State. Both men are interpreting a part of God's law, and each, if he turns traitor, is a traitor to God. The Catholic physician or the Catholic lawyer, given his extraordinary opportunities and his extraordinary moral helps, is doubly a traitor if he fails to make his slogan the prevention of evil. If, however, he gives himself over heart and soul to encouraging clean lives or staunch business morality, to raising the professional standard of his fellow-workers, and to exposing the treason of the professional vultures, then he is one of the greatest and noblest of the Church's messengers to-day.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

"Has the Church Collapsed?"

IS it not apparent that the Church has collapsed? For nineteen centuries society has left in its hands the direction of the moral forces of the world, and to-day it is as easy for men to thrust bayonets into one another as it was in the heathen world. Art has become art; philosophy has become philosophy; organization is still active in politics and industry, but the Church is nothing! Do we look for a remedy? Divorce outer authority from the inner perception of cosmic truth and we have it. Annihilate organization, eliminate liturgical paraphernalia, depose the heads of the churches, and give to each man the Sermon on the Mount, not to learn, but to live by, and the perfect Christian is a reality.

"Inner perception" blossomed in the mind of Christ, of whom John was the most perfect reflection, but the obscuration of the latter by Peter was a tragedy. The Nazarene had a pathetic mission—to restore "lost kindness" to the world—and to fulfil it He emphasized a contrariety between Christ and Cæsar, which amounted to an unbridgable chasm. The Church has failed by trying to bridge over the chasm with a four-fold span. It first divinized Christ by making Him fatherless, as was Romulus whom Cæsar adored. Secondly, Peter, drawn to Rome by temperament, compromised "inner perception" with outer authority, when he established a throne. Next, this spiritual and material composite, falsely called a Church or religion, degenerated into a school of philosophy; and after this it donned such robes of worldly magnificence as would spell power for the millions.

The aim in deifying Christ was to overawe, and thereby lay the foundations of outer authority; the story of "the keys" was a forgery, while the death of the Church is an accomplished fact. The dilemma, Cæsar or God, and if possible both, has led to ruin and disaster, and has finally made it doubtful whether Christianity will be the religion of the future or not.

So writes Edwin Davies Schoonmaker in the current *Century*, while deploring the destruction of Reims cathedral as a calamity in which Apollo triumphed over Christ. The world laments the loss of a work of art, not of a house of God, and all humanity may now cry out in unison as from a personal wound. The editor of the *Century* is not in accord with many of these ideas, but he wonderingly asks: Has the Church, in gaining the whole world, lost its soul?

We have here plaintive jeremiads without a Jeremias, men in doubt while longing to believe, faith that is tottering and religion all but dead. The Reformation, we are told, did little better than earlier Christianity. It merely changed Roman organization for organization of other kinds, not perceiving that organization and Christianity are mutually exclusive. Christianity is thus identified with "inner perception," and our author turns out to be a high-strung mystic, a man of integrity, presumably, and refined spiritual-mindedness, but one who does not know the gift of God and who, if he did, would ask for it and it would be given him in abundance.

Clear perception of spirit, conscience, love, simplicity, are the qualities Mr. Schoonmaker admires in St. John; but ratiocination, intellect, calling of names, controversy, casuistry, and war against heresy, are the things he abhors as following in the wake of St. Paul. In replying, therefore, let us respect the Johannine method, as Mr. Schoonmaker outlines it.

In behalf of clear perception we must from the first discriminate between *the* Church and the churches, between Catholicism and Protestantism. If our author will take the pains to read seriously and sympathetically, Joly's "Psychology of the Saints," Capeccelatro's "St. Philip Neri," de Broglie's "St. Vincent de Paul," Margerie's "St. Francis de Sales," or in particular, the "Life of St. Teresa," by Joly, he will discover within the Catholic Church, underneath the exterior which he finds so nauseating, a vitality, spiritual-mindedness, sinlessness, virtue, philanthropy and Godward tendency of which he little dreams.

Then, if he himself will fairly make the experiment he suggests of laying side by side the Sermon on the Mount and the history of the Dark Ages—let him take up Kenelm Digby's "Mores Catholici," and see if Kenelm's psychology is not very much like his own, only broader, deeper, surer, less melancholy, more illuminating, uplifting and inspiring because permeated with something higher than cosmic truth. In a word, the Catholic Church has never felt it had any *raison d'être,* except to sanctify souls; and "the bridge" it has so artfully constructed (?) was designed to lead from Cæsar to Christ by a process of weaning and leavening, not to conquer Rome and install itself in majesty as a successor. The Catholic Church in America is both inwardly and outwardly most flourishing. Abroad it has survived far greater shocks than that of the present war. Reims was only one house of God out of millions, and therefore has its loss as such scarcely caused a thrill in the Church's spiritual life. Far more portentous is the loss of so many souls on the battlefields.

But wars, like scandals, must come, not because of exterior ecclesiastical pomp and power, but because of men's passions which blind their inner discernment. The Church is for men with passions, as well as for those of highly wrought spiritual temperament—they all have souls—and for all of them the Church will unswervingly labor, even though it be forced back into the catacombs to save its own life.

And the reason? Because it was first commissioned, and then enabled to do so by its Founder, who was divine. This is what Mr. Schoonmaker denies. The Church, he says, was first confounded with politics, then with philosophy, and now with art. In other words, it never existed, save in the minds of a few like the Carpenter of Nazareth, Spinoza, the lens-grinder, or the shoemaker Boehme.

Mr. Schoonmaker's theory of "inner perception" is crippling his spirit and leaving it in a state of emptiness, vacuum and longing that can never be satisfied with the "lost kindness," which he fancies the Nazarene came to restore. He needs God's grace, which comes in the form of light to perceive and strength to breathe and act. There are higher than moral forces in the world, and there is more than cosmic truth. There is a Nature above nature that has made itself known and felt in a divine personality. In that objective Nature, and not in our own cramped and disheartening "inner perception," "we live, move and are."

In styling Himself the Son of Man, Christ identified Himself with Daniel's vision (chap. vii) of a deliverer, for a people who held that nobody could deliver but God. And it was for professing Himself to be the Son of God, in a sense inconceivable to popular Jewish monotheism, that He was handed over to Pilate. His death is our redemption and salvation, not from the perils of earthly strife, but from the bondage of spirit wherein for a while we groan. Christ has told us this. Christianity, therefore, is not called upon to render its adherents unfit for war, since the process would incapacitate them also for the upholding of manhood, virtue, truth and peace. When a leviathan founders on the high seas because of an explosion, it is no sign that compass-distributors, pilot-trainers or shipbuilders should pusillanimously confess to a fallen art and abandon their craft or profession. Christianity, rightly understood, still has the sacred and salutary mission of proclaiming to the end of time that those servants whom the Son of Man will find *hopefully watching* when He comes again on the clouds, will be eternally blessed.

If the Nazarene had not told us things we did not know, if He had not revealed to us a few of God's secrets, and confirmed them by works no other man can do, we might easily acquiesce in an unconscious *philosophy* of cosmic truth and an introspective *creed* of "inner perception." But now, His voice rings clear, and men would find their days brightened and their yearnings far more hopeful, were they but to bend the knee to Him and ask in prayer the "Word made flesh" to help their unbelief, and raise them up from earth to the vision that is given unto the sons of God to see. In this alone is peace with the promise of life eternal.

THOS. Á K. REILLY, O.P.

Catholic University, Washington.

The Archimandrite's Novice

A CERTAIN Anglican Archimandrite, whose liturgical predilections were the highest of the high, was nobly devoting his life to shaping and fashioning cenobites who would unite in their persons all the excellencies but none of the shortcomings of the papistical religious Orders. He aimed to teach his monks the art of blending Benedictine calm with Dominican zeal, Franciscan poverty with Ignatian urbanity and Carmelitic recollectedness with Augustinian adaptability. He was wont to caution his novices, however, against imitating too closely St. Benedict's passion for work, St. Dominic's aversion to heresy, St. Teresa's addiction to penance and the extravagant lengths to which St. Ignatius carried his regard for the Bishop of Rome. "The device on our escutcheon," the Father Abbot would often remind his subjects, "is *Ne Quid Nimis:* 'Be Wisely Moderate.' The Romans, however, as you are perfectly aware, carry too far every virtue they practise. They seem quite incapable of attaining the Greek sage's *Medèn Agan:* 'Nothing in Excess.' They pray too long, they work too hard, they fast too much, they speak too little. Follow them not. Unlike the Romans, be wisely moderate in all you do."

Among the Archimandrite's hearers was a novice, Lavatus by name, whose failure to master the principles of the *Ne Quid Nimis* eventually occasioned the young man's spiritual ruin. To enter the Order he had renounced vast wealth and splendid prospects, retaining nothing save a few personal effects and a fine porcelain bathtub. Casting himself at the Archimandrite's feet, he humbly begged to be admitted into the holy brotherhood. He craved leave, however, to bring along his gleaming tub, for "cleanliness," he explained, "is next to godliness." "That is true," admitted the Lord Abbot, with a suspicious glance at the tub, which four burly porters were carrying in. "However, it is only *next!*" But so promising a postulant was not to be refused admission merely because he loved overmuch his bath, so Lavatus, tub and all, was solemnly received into the Order.

The Archimandrite's troubles now began. For the new novice, owing to his tenacious addiction to the bath, was constantly neglecting community duties. His stall in choir was often empty, while he "took his tub." Frequently the brethren's innocent slumbers were disturbed by the unseasonable splashings of Lavatus, and even his place in the refectory —and this gave the greatest scandal—was sometimes without its occupant at dinner.

Matters fast went from bad to worse with Lavatus. For the Archimandrite, to avert disaster from his religious Order, finally had to dismiss the bath-loving novice. So, taking with him his cherished tub, Lavatus went back to the world and started lawsuits with his relatives for the recovery of the fortune he had renounced. His subsequent career was a melancholy one, for he entered trade, wedded a peeress and died a member of Parliament.

From the abundance of salutary lessons in the conduct of life that the case of Lavatus suggests, we shall take but one. It was a virtue, carried to extremes, be it noted, that proved his undoing. That romantic devotion to his tub, had it only been kept within due bounds, was most praiseworthy. But the novice's love for cleanliness came into conflict with his hunger for godliness; he could not reconcile the two, so the weaker languished and died.

With the increasing social prominence of American Catholics these days, is there no danger of our fastidiousness becoming a menace to piety? Because Mildred finds the confessionals "smelly" she now seeks ghostly shrift less often than formerly. Because Gerald fears that an ill-ventilated church may impair his health he no longer assists at Sunday's Mass. Because Muriel does not think the priest neat and tidy enough she will not receive Holy Communion. Sebastian, who is a man of wide reading, can not abide his pastor's sermons, for the good Father slurs his consonants occasionally, uses a narrow *a,* and employs words not approved by the "Oxford Dictionary." As Mrs. Bullion's daughters have been graduated from a Protestant finishing school, she has no hope of finding for them worthy Catholic husbands, and as her only son can meet in no Catholic college his social equals, to Harvard, of course, he must go.

If Mildred's sensitiveness to stuffy odors were a little weaker than her love for purity of heart, perhaps she would not shirk confession. If Gerald's concern for his body's well-being were but a trifle less than that he feels for his soul's health, perhaps he would be found more often at Mass. If Muriel better realized what a wondrous gift she receives at Holy Communion, she would little note the royal envoy who brings it. If Sebastian, when he hears his shepherd preaching, behaved more like a man that listens to the reading of a will, in which a legacy for him may be mentioned, he would doubtless mind less the manner and more the matter of the sermon. And if Mrs. Bullion's ambition to see her children "moving in the best society" were only higher and more lasting, in all probability she would bring up, educate and marry off her boys and girls in such a way that their hopes of being admitted, and that forevermore, into positively the best society there is, the society of the saints and angels, would be somewhat brighter than at present. Cleanliness, after all is only "next."

Our age is especially characterized by the glorification of physical cleanliness and by the apotheosis of soap. Bathtubs and lye are both excellent things, but are by no means the most important, for godliness comes first. Regarding the conduct of life there is not so much pharisaical concern as formerly for the cup's mere outside. People now have less fear perhaps of letting their actions boldly express the heart's corruption. Public opinion has grown tolerant of sins at which only a few years ago it would have at least pretended to be shocked.

The toothbrush has become the eloquent emblem of our highest civilization. Godliness must yield precedence to cleanliness. The world's saints are the men and women who bathe frequently, dress neatly, speak grammatically, behave politely, and pay their bills promptly. These things the consistent Christian also does, but others of infinitely more importance he does not leave undone. He never forgets our Anglican Archimandrite's shrewd observation: "Cleanliness is only *next.*"

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Sorrows of Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Accept my thanks for your recent check for the Mexican relief fund. Also permit me to express through your columns my gratitude for many and generous donations from your readers. Convents, benevolent societies and individuals have sent valuable clothing and liberal donations of money to buy food. Gifts come from all parts of the United States, testifying to the far reaching influence of your paper.

Owing to renewed military activities and consequent interruption of traffic, we are unable now to reach interior towns, but the demand on both sides of the Rio Grande far exceeds our ability to supply. In Matamoras the daily portion of corn for

each individual is rigidly limited, and the *directora* of a mission school told me that her children would suffer from hunger if she were not able to procure food from Brownsville.

A Catholic lady of Brownsville whose good works are well known, told me to-day of finding a Mexican woman dying of starvation. She took her in and fed her but it was too late. She smiled gently at my dismay and said: "It is an old story to us now. It happened that this one died. Generally we are able to save them."

I heard a Mexican officer make the statement a few days ago that there are four million Mexican refugees in the United States. "And," he added, "they are all poor, it is difficult to get work, and most of them are hungry." Four million homeless, hungry foreigners in our midst! Therein is room for much thought.

I wish the good nuns who have sent clothing could have seen the procession of women and children passing my door to-day. It would have warmed their hearts to see the happy faces as they clasped the neat, new garments. Among them was a blind girl, her scanty garments drenched with rain, groping her way with thin, claw-like hands. I went with her to the place she called home. I found a sick woman and three small children in a windowless kennel of a room, no fire, no medicine, no food. As weeks and months pass and the war drags on the situation grows more desperate, the end more hopeless. You who have given of your substance give us of your prayers. Pray that God will endow with wisdom those whom man has endowed with power, that they may find the way to bring peace to this unhappy country. So beautiful! So rich! So long downtrodden! Pray for Mexico. (Mrs.) E. C. HENDRIX.

American Consulate, Matamoras, Mexico.

France's Religious Awakening

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Those who think that France has lost the Faith should have passed a Sunday morning some months ago in a little town of the Southwest where a college for boys is situated, to which many of the best families of the country send their children. Arcachon is the name of the place, and the College of St. Elmo, once under the direction of the Dominican Fathers, is now known as "Hospital Temporaire, No. 28." Wounded soldiers are there being taken care of by Red Cross nurses, who are like mothers and sisters to them and, with splendid abnegation and indefatigable kindness, minister not only to the bodily needs of the patients, but bring peace and comfort to their souls as well.

It was a Sunday of August, four days after the arrival of our first contingent of wounded, that word passed through the wards that Mass would be said in the pretty chapel on the grounds at 10 o'clock. Like an electric current the news encircled the place and all the men that were able to get up begged to be allowed to assist at the Mass. About 250 soldiers were quickly helped to get ready and the doctors kindly consented to see to the dressing of the wounds later on. Not a single man was known to any of the lady nurses; many of them were rough, uneducated fellows, from every part of France, but the one wish of each and every patient was to go to the chapel.

I dare say most of them had not set foot in a church for years, and more than one could not have said the Lord's Prayer through. However, at 10 o'clock all the wounded soldiers, some on crutches, some limping, some walking with the aid of a stick, others with head bandaged or an arm in a sling, marched to the chapel. After the nurses had seated their patients on the school boys' benches, and they themselves had taken their places in the first rows, and after the noise and bustle of arrival had ceased, the Mass began. It was all very solemn, the more so, perhaps, because we thought of all those that could not be there, and of those who were at that very instant giving their lives for their country.

As the early part of the Mass was ending, the organ began the first notes of the French cantique: *Dieu! Sauve la France au nom du Sacré Cœur!* (Lord! save France in the name of the Sacred Heart!) The chorus should take up the words after the solo but, all at once, these hundreds of soldiers took up the first words of the hymn and sang with great fervor, "Lord, save France!" So spontaneous was that prayer to the Almighty from these suffering men that surely He must have been touched by it. This superb act of faith from France, there represented by men from all its provinces, by soldiers who had just been at the doors of death and were now ready to return to the battlefield to defend their country, will surely be rewarded at last, and the Lord will save France, our beautiful France. C. DE W.,

Washington, D. C. *French Red Cross Nurse.*

Requirements for Professional Studies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Concerning the rating policy of the Medical and Liberal Arts College the following consideration may be of some value. The preliminary requirements for the professional studies of law and medicine, regulated in many States by legislation, do not as a rule exceed the four-year high school course. And these comparatively low requirements are only of recent date. Only a few universities require the degree of Bachelor of Arts as a necessary preparation. Some few professional schools require one or two years of college work. Now, it is a well-known fact that the denominational and especially the Catholic liberal arts colleges have always insisted that the candidates for professional schools, that is chiefly for medicine and law, should complete the entire liberal arts course, which includes literature, history, science, mathematics, and, above all, a solid course in philosophy. They hold that specialization should be deferred until the degree of Bachelor of Arts has been obtained. In all the large American cities where such colleges exist—and in some these colleges have moulded the minds of the students and their families for three or four generations—there are many professional men who owe their prominence in no small degree to the liberal arts course which they pursued, and especially to the study of philosophy. Thus the denominational colleges have anticipated, in their collegiate departments, as far as lay in their power, the advanced requirements for professional studies long before the several States, through their boards or the self-constituted agencies like the Carnegie Foundation and the American Medical Association, had taken up this problem. It would be unjust and extremely ungrateful to forget this valuable contribution of the liberal arts colleges toward promoting the preliminary preparation for the professions.

Cincinnati, O. VERITAS.

Political Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

How we Catholics love one another! "Business Man," in your issue of January 20, says: "I notice that almost every officer in a Catholic society holds, or aspires to, a political job." I have been active for thirty years in Catholic societies, and can truly say that your correspondent does not state a fact. Thirty-five per cent. of our citizens in Greater New York are Catholics. Some of them with ambition and intelligence reach a "political" job, 90 per cent. through Civil Service examinations. I assume that "Business Man" is a Catholic. It is a peevish custom to call an officeholder a "politician." I suppose "Business Man"

would prefer a Jew to a Catholic as an officeholder. Why should not a Catholic aspire to a "political" job as well as a Jew or a Protestant in a city where there is equality of citizenship? The "better than thou" Catholic is a funny species, who never does a thing to help the Catholic Church or to defend us intelligently from the enemies that harass us from all sides. "Business Man" will find among the officeholders men who will stand up and be counted, if they are Catholics. This is not from a "politician," but a

New York. CIVIL SERVICE OFFICEHOLDER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would that there were more manly genuine Catholics like "Business Man" who in the current number of AMERICA writes that "almost every officer in a Catholic society holds, or aspires to, a political job." Coming on the heels of Mr. Edward Feeney's eulogy of his Brooklyn Catholic Federation, "Business Man's" observations are to the point, for unless I am grievously mistaken, holders of, or aspirants to political jobs are rather prominently placed in, and reap much advertising from, their identification with that organization.

Catholics, at least those of New York, are without the proved business ability necessary to conduct successfully any daily paper, Catholic or otherwise. As "Business Man" writes, the attempt to publish a Catholic daily would merely afford, while the daily lasted, sinecures for an excessive number of those miserable incompetents, the professional Catholic political parasites, whose desire it is to ingratiate themselves into the good graces of our ecclesiastical leaders. One of this type, a Congressman from this city, on a recent occasion, in a public place, gave utterance to a characterization of Catholic priests that ought to feature in some vile sheet such as the *Menace*.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HENRY W. COLOGAN.

Why We Lack Organization

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Nothing that you have printed since your first issue, is truer than the statement, "With them (Protestants), everything is systematized, while we, in spite of our unity in faith and government, are like scattered grains of sand." To whom must be charged this lack of unity? Catholic ideals, Catholic thoughts, can not be freely expressed by Catholic laymen, because of the mistaken idea that it will be encroaching on the prerogatives of the clergy. The Y. M. C. A. can not be duplicated by us, owing to this fact, and the establishment of a Catholic daily can not be considered from a financial point of view solely because of this belief. You must eradicate the notion which is prevalent up and down the entire country that no one but the clergy can speak on Catholic matters. Why waste printer's ink in elucidating the impossible. The Catholic Church, through the archbishops, can establish whatever publications they consider proper, but for laymen to publish a daily which should be scattered broadcast from ocean to ocean, would be the height of folly and the greatest waste of money. Educate our people to the truths of our religion, and let them be fearless in demanding that the press treat them fairly. To-day they represent but little drops of water and tiny grains of sand, they do not count for much in the editorial room of our great dailies. Lacking fearlessness, and waiting for the impossible, we submit to the slanders of the *Menace,* and the complications of our governing servants in the Mexican question.

To my mind, there must be an awakening of Catholic laymen to the truth, that the Catholic layman is fully authorized and it is his duty to smash into many of the problems which dominate our daily lives.

Safety first and then system. A Catholic daily would serve no purpose unless it possessed a freedom from the chains which bind the Catholic weekly. To make the Catholic daily a journal of influence and value, it must be published and edited by laymen. This is an impossibility, for business, financial and religious reasons. Our people have not been brought to the realization of organization by the layman. We say "Let George do it." Until we are educated to proper ideas it is folly to consider publishing daily papers or organizing societies similar to the Y. M. C. A. Lack of system is shown by the silence of our Catholics, in the face of the cruelties experienced by our clergy and Sisters, at the hands of the bandits in Mexico. We need an organization of laymen, and we need a bureau of publicity. We need a press agent. We lack unity. We are like scattered grains of sand. The present fraternal organizations of our Catholic laymen do not meet the wants, as they make insurance or some other feature their principal aim of existence. Can't we be organized?

San Francisco, Cal. SILAS W.

Half Truth and Whole Truth

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An English Catholic paper recently accused the writer of the Chronicle in AMERICA of circulating "the blackest of lies"—a half truth—in regard to the appointment of an adequate number of Catholic chaplains in the British navy. The very date that the statement in regard to the matter appeared in AMERICA (December 19), the Standing Committee of the Bishops of Ireland held a meeting at which they discussed the subject in question, and passed a series of very important resolutions on it. From the London *Catholic Times* of December 22, I cull this summary of the bearing of these resolutions:

> The first of these points out the urgent need of navy chaplains and says it is within their Lordships' knowledge that Catholics wounded in the fleet since the war began had no opportunity to see a chaplain for months before they were confronted with death. A much larger number of chaplains and much improved facilities are absolutely necessary. Something, the prelates say, has to be done at once corresponding with what has been recently arranged with great advantage, as they gladly recognize, for supplying the ministrations of religion to Catholics in hospital and in the field.

Your Chronicler ably defended himself in your issue of January 30, but I am sure it will be additional consolation for him to find the united Irish hierarchy thus publicly endorsing his statement of the whole truth of the situation, and controverting the half truth your London critic would have spread on the record of current events.

Paterson, N. J. M. F. T.

Catholic Weeklies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As the consensus of opinion among your correspondents seems to be against a Catholic daily, I may perhaps be pardoned for venturing a few further remarks upon the subject of our weeklies. The Rev. John Corbett, S.J., takes me to task for my "wild statements" about these sheets and he names six which "do honor to their editors." With great respect to my learned critic I return to the charge and reaffirm my original statement. I freely admit that the six papers he mentions are the best sheep of a poor flock, but maintain that their excellence is but comparative. For my sins it has been my painful duty to read with regularity a number of our Catholic weeklies, and with one exception I can not recall a single paper that ever took a strong or an unpopular line on any vital question of purely Catholic interest. Where a paper is in private hands and the owner has to keep a sharp eye on sales and advertisements, this is perhaps excusable, but there are organs of Catholic opinion which are not so hampered; take, for instance, the *Catholic Transcript,* of Hartford; its circulation is assured, but

its tone is eminently "safe." There are questions of Catholic interest in this country that cry aloud for a hearing, but they are never mentioned: one might "offend the Irish"; another might "antagonize the Germans"; while a third "mustn't be noticed because Bishop So-ond-So wouldn't like it." Can any one connected with Catholic journalism deny this? No! Every Catholic journalist knows that wonderful old proverb, "On milk-and-water we row to success."

Another point: I maintain that the intellectual tone of our papers is lamentably low; the matter often platitudinous and the editing slip-shod. Too many of them exist by "taking in each other's washing," and should one editor make a break it is repeated (source unacknowledged) in paper after paper from coast to coast. I remember an amusing instance of this. An erudite Paulist, a convert and a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, was honored by his Alma Mater with a "D.Litt." degree. One of our scintillating organs announced that the degree had been conferred by "Trinity College, England," wherever that may be, and for weeks after I had the delight of watching this paragraph turn up in Catholic papers all over the country, each of them gravely reproducing this very obvious error which a moment's editorial thought and a reference to the "Catholic Who's Who" would have remedied. If we give the Catholic public papers which it is a pleasure, and not a duty, to support, we shall no longer have to complain of any lack of subscribers.

New York. A PERFECT FOOL.

Saving the Children

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your editorial on the Holy Childhood Association, under the caption "A Desire of Pope Benedict XV," will undoubtedly do much toward stimulating interest in the fate of the abandoned children of China and other pagan lands. Breathes there a man or woman so dead to the welfare of souls immortal, so deaf to the Heart of Jesus pleading for these helpless babes, as not to feel his soul stirred to its very depths with a strong desire to open the gates of Paradise to these discarded waifs? Heirs of the Faith, we fail at times to realize the sad plight of those who have not been enriched with the same priceless gift of faith as ourselves. When Christ cried out from the cross, "I thirst," did he not likewise express a craving for souls? And shall we do nothing to procure him souls wherewith to slake that thirst more parching than the thirst which burned his sacred throat? Permit me to offer a suggestion. I am confident that if we made an eloquent appeal for Christ thirsting for souls, we should meet with marvelous results. Suppose every pulpit in the land should ring with this plea, say one Sunday of the year, who can doubt that the cause of Christ would have other than a favorable hearing? The first Sunday in Lent would be a most favorable occasion. Catholics are exhorted to practise self-denial in a particular manner during this holy season, especially by refraining from lawful amusements. Why could they not be encouraged to lay aside the money thus saved for the purpose of "buying a heathen child"? If pastors explained that an offering of five dollars may mean eternal salvation to some child who would otherwise never see the face of its God, that the donor is entitled to select the name the child will receive in Baptism, and may furthermore act as sponsor to the little one, Catholics would have an additional motive for practising penance. In this wise they could make Lent profitable not only to themselves but also to others. So much for the grown-up portion of the flock.

What now of the children for whom the Association of the Holy Childhood is principally intended? Children, as we all know, are surprisingly receptive of impressions. How easy would it not be to impress upon children the woful condition of countless babes in the far East. Suppose the priest in Sunday School or during his visits to the classroom were to draw a picture of the Master thirsting for souls, the children would be all aglow with a longing to satisfy His craving. Let the priest urge the little ones of his flock to make a sacrifice once a week for the sake of Jesus by saving a penny that otherwise would be spent on sweets, and he will be surprised at the number of those who respond. Thus will our rising generation learn to practise the all-important virtue of self-denial, and be taught to take interest in works of Christian charity. These lessons, thus early fostered, will continue, as the years pass, to bear wholesome fruits of penance and love for immortal souls. "I thirst," moaned the dying Saviour. Who will give him gall and vinegar to drink by refusing to aid the unbaptized babe of the East?

A FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

The Proposed Catholic Daily

I

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am writing this contribution to the discussion of the Catholic daily newspaper in the office of the biggest daily newspaper in the West—banging it off on a typewriter as I bang off my articles, with a battery of other typewriters bing-banging all about me, and the usual feverish business of the great popular newspaper proceeding in the usual febrile way. The city editor is instructing one of his best reporters concerning the "low down," or inside, facts of the latest sexual scandal (a prominent clergyman is being sued by his wife for divorce, naming many co-respondents). It's the story of the day, of course. The artists are a-crouch over their desks, drawing "comics," or cartoons, or decorations for photograph "lay-outs." The copy readers are just beginning to arrive to start the night's work of editing copy and writing head-lines. It's a bit too early for the mechanical departments to be in action; but soon they will be hard at work. What with the war, and this big, fat, juicy scandal, and the Panama Pacific Exposition, and the new advertising reported from the business office, it's bound to be a busy night, and who knows what will happen before two o'clock to-morrow morning, when the last edition goes to press? Whether I'll have time to get my letter done now is questionable; but I prefer to write it here, even if by fits and starts, and in the most scrappy fashion, rather than at home. For what we need in this discussion is lots of practical atmosphere, practical ideas, practical experience. Theories are very useful, too; nothing can be done without theories, and idealistic enthusiasm; but unless the theorizing and the idealistic enthusiasm are befriended and guided by practical experience we're going to get nowhere in the end. And if I wrote at home, where my "Catholic Encyclopedia" stands by my typewriter, and over it the picture of St. Michael, and the books on the shelf are not "Who's Who," and directories and the like, why I'm afraid all that's idealistic and theoretical in my nature would get the upper-hand of me. And that would not help very much. From my typewriter desk, looking backward, I see a long vista of other typewriters, and other desks which I've used in my time. From cub reporter to city editor—special correspondent and magazine writer—Boston, New York, North Carolina, California! Nearly fifteen years of such work have I done. I mention it for the same reason that I write my letter in this atmosphere—because I wish to have what I say recognized as the result of experience.

AMERICA has done nothing more useful in a long time (if ever!) than to start this discussion. Keep it up. From time to time, I suggest, you might summarize the ideas brought forward, and report editorially, as to the ideas on which your correspondents agree, and those on which they disagree, and also repeat in a brief form the suggestions advanced as to ways and means of accomplishing the vision.

And now, before I write out some of my own suggestions and thoughts, let me add to what I have said as to my experience on the secular press the fact that for some time I also had editorial charge of a Catholic weekly. Part of my work being to keep in touch with my contemporaries, I thus had an exceptionally good opportunity of knowing at first hand what Catholic journalism is, or, rather, how it impresses a practical journalist who has only recently become a Catholic, and to whom Catholicism is quite the most important matter in the world.

Let me briefly summarize those impressions by the statement that my study of the Catholic press emphasized most strongly the feeling and the belief, impressed upon me by my study and connection with the secular press, as to the absolute necessity of a first-class Catholic daily newspaper. On the whole, with several honorable and distinguished exceptions, Catholic papers in the United States seem very poor to me. In fact, I rather think we Catholics of the United States should feel ashamed. Not of the papers, however; oh, no, not at all. They, poor things, like the pianist in the mining camp, are doing the best they can. We ourselves, we lay Catholics, we men and women citizens, readers of many papers, though not of many Catholic papers, are the ones to be blamed. And blamed severely. We are supine. We are Laodiceans. And, of course, that's just why we must have that daily newspaper—to waken us, to whip us, to point out our duty, and to give us a chance to do our duty.

II

So far, the discussion in AMERICA has shown that there is, among those taking part in the discussion, almost a unanimity of desire for a Catholic newspaper. On most other points there is a general vagueness. This vagueness can be cleared up only by eliminating wrong ideas, and agreeing on right ideas. The great problem, of course, is to find out which ideas are wrong and which are right. Without claiming that my ideas are the right ones, I will nevertheless advance them positively, claiming this for them at all events, that they are based on practical experience of newspapers and magazines.

If I were of a correct habit of thought, I suppose I should now proceed in an orderly and logical fashion to build up the argument of my letter and reach conclusions consistent with the arguments; but being a newspaperman, I will set forth my conclusions first of all, and then go back a bit and talk about them. I will therefore advance the following propositions:

First: A Catholic newspaper should be endowed. As the corollary of this, I also say, the Catholic newspaper should not be obliged to compete commercially with the secular press.

Second: It should be most generously endowed. For let it be remembered by our friends—the idealistic enthusiasts who fervently write about the great popular Catholic newspaper, which will excel the secular paper in news and be more attractively written, that a modern metropolitan newspaper's cost of production ranges from $8,000 to $12,000 per diem, or $3,650,000 per annum. In other words, in order to exist, a modern metropolitan newspaper must earn more than $3,365,000 by advertising and sales. These sales include the sales of copies of its own issues, and of its news service, and "features." A Catholic newspaper could never earn such sums and remain Catholic. I will give the reason later. Hence, it would have to be endowed. Of course, in time it would earn a part or even all of its cost; but for years there would be a deficit that would have to be met by its patron or patrons. It never could be made to "pay," financially speaking.

Third: It would never succeed—in the sense in which success is ordinarily accepted, and which is evidently in the minds of the aforesaid idealistic enthusiasts. That is to say, a truly Catholic newspaper could never win the same sort of success which is won by the great secular papers, without adopting the secular newspaper's point of view and its whole stock in trade of methods and ideas; and if it did that obviously it would cease to be a Catholic paper. But despite this fact, indeed, precisely because of this fact, we must persevere all the more.

Fourth: It must be realized at the beginning and kept constantly in mind that the problem of the Catholic newspaper involves also the problem of the Catholic Press Association. No Catholic newspaper could be what it ought to be in order to be worth while, so long as it did not itself provide its own national and world news as well as local news. It would have to have its correspondence in Rome (first of all), London, Paris, Berlin, in short, in all the capitals and important centers of news. It would have to have correspondents in all the principal American cities, with regular bureaus in certain centers, like Washington, for example.

Fifth: It must also accept as part of its task the support and encouragement of schools of journalism in Catholic institutions of education. I know that it sounds rather odd for a newspaperman who has been trained in the school of experience to speak favorably about schools of journalism; but then I do not encourage all of them. I say "Catholic schools of journalism." Catholicism rather than journalistic training is what our journalistic men and women will require if they are to make the Catholic newspaper the force that it some day, please God, shall be; but if the two can go hand in hand, so much the better.

Sixth: It should be started in New York, and should be followed as soon as possible by others in Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis or Denver and San Francisco.

Seventh: None but practical Catholics should be permitted to have anything to do with its editorial policy or work. While remaining a newspaper in the strict sense of the word, it must not compromise with its duty, which is first of all the work of advancing the interests of Catholicism. And of course it must be under the direct authority of the bishop of its diocese. Better far to fail under authority than to succeed against or without its guidance.

And now, if this letter is not already too long for publication, permit me to take up some of these propositions and comment upon them briefly.

Adequately to expound why the Catholic daily newspaper should be endowed, would be to write a book on the subject, and would entail a far too lengthy analysis of the economic and moral condition of to-day; but at any rate the headlines of such a review may be given. Surely, as Catholics, we must recognize the truth that average human beings are more attracted by reading matter dealing with the world, the flesh, and the devil—treated, that is, from the world's point of view—than by religious reading, or reading matter written from the religious point of view. Hence, since the Catholic newspaper can not compete with the secular newspaper in this most important department of journalism—the supplying of spicy sensual news—it can not gain large circulation. The average Catholic prefers the secular newspaper, just as the non-Catholic prefers it. The average Catholic will not support the Catholic newspaper simply because it is Catholic. This statement is proved by the fact that he won't adequately support the existing Catholic newspapers, even when they are fairly good. Again, no Catholic newspaper can gain a large amount of advertising unless it has large circulation—and it will never have a large circulation, and never ought to have large circulation (in the modern, metropolitan sense of the word large) while human nature remains what it is.

A newspaper that refuses to pander to the depraved tastes of the average sensual human being must perforce content itself with a small, or at most a moderately large circulation. But an endowed newspaper, which would not be dependent upon advertising, though largely supported by advertising, for this would come when the paper proved that it was to remain in the field, if it were widely circulated by other means than sales

baited by sensationalism, would be splendidly well worth while, and would give honorable fame to the patrons who endowed it.

An endowed newspaper would be free from business office dictation, which is the predominating force in the secular press.

III

Objectors may say that an endowed newspaper would lack the motive force of competition. Its editors and writers might get lazy. Other papers keep keen and alert by watching and fighting each other; but the endowed paper would lack this sharp spur of necessity. Let all this be granted. But what about that motive for action without which all others are harmful, namely, sincere religious purpose? If the managers, editors and writers of the Catholic paper were actuated by this motive, other motives would be unnecessary. Some of the greatest artists the world has ever known worked at their best and highest level when given opportunities to express themselves through endowment which they lacked while struggling with the world for a livelihood. Witness the whole history of art and literature, science and invention. Why then need we fear that endowment would paralyze the energies of men working for God and Church, when inspired by so great an opportunity as the establishment of a Catholic newspaper? But a Catholic newspaper crippled by lack of means would either have to compromise with the world, the flesh and the devil, or fail. At least, this is my conviction. So much for the first three points.

I will pass on to my fourth proposition. The necessity for a Catholic Press Association, to my mind, is obvious and paramount. We can not trust existing agencies. Ignorance of Catholicism as well as malice and obscure policies vitiate most reports, and especially those from Rome. I believe that a good scheme of organization could be devised to link up existing Catholic news-gathering agencies and correspondents in Europe with a similar chain organized in this country and Canada and South America (especially in South America and Mexico) so as to cover the world with a network of reliable news collectors. Brilliant and clever Catholic writers—at times even writers of genius who are Catholics—can always be had, but such men would not be the prime factor of the Catholic daily, for the prime factor is the truthful news.

My other points need not be enlarged upon. Let me finish this hasty, disorderly but sincere epistle with a few general remarks. I am still writing in my newspaper office. It's several hours since I began. The night is wearing on. The first edition has been put to press. It will be before us in the local room in a few minutes now. And the big story will be that scandal of which I spoke—the clergyman sued by his wife, because of his sins with a girl belonging to a family "socially prominent," etc., etc. And this paper has the biggest circulation, the greatest amount of advertising, and pays the highest salaries to its employees. And the local Catholic weekly is one of the best in the country, yet its circulation is pitiable compared with the size of the Catholic population. The contrast is typical. Only newspapers that give plenty of scandal and sin and shame and sorrow, and all the sensual panorama of the days, get big circulations.

But—

If the Catholic newspaper should be started upon the endowment plan, so that it could be sure of its continuance, and should build up its news bureau, and develop its policy, and its writers, and cartoonists, and, if possible, its allied Catholic papers in other cities, it would be a great advertisement for Catholicism. Good Catholics would take it. It would attract non-Catholic readers who desire truthful reports of worth-while news, and good reading matter on worth-while subjects (and there are many such readers), and more and more its name would figure in the weekly and monthly journals which review other periodicals. And then the indifferent Catholics would take pride in their paper, and its circulation would become solidly established. But not until then. I do not believe American Catholics are brave and fervent enough, as Catholics, to support a non-endowed newspaper. Look at their weak and supine conduct in regard to Mexico; in regard to the *Menace;* in regard to many other matters upon which Catholics should take real action, and not merely pass "resolutions" in meetings of their societies. One of the big works of the Catholic newspaper would be to cause Catholics to shake off their sloth and indifference. This is the age of the Holy Spirit. By the words which men speak and write does that Holy Spirit move and act. By words that men speak and write, also, does the Spirit of Denial, of Doubt, of Sin, of all Darkness also act. I am not a pessimist, nor do I say the secular press, even in its worst manifestations, is wholly bad, for good and evil are strangely mixed in this strange world; but I do say that on the whole the secular press makes for evil, and that a truly Catholic newspaper is a prime necessity of Catholic social action to-day. I can affirm this with some appearance of dogmatism without fear of being considered presumptuous, for the Holy Father in the chair of St. Peter has said so long before me.

San Francisco, Cal. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his communication, "Business Man," of New York, has called to the attention of the readers of AMERICA a condition of affairs as true as it is deplorable, and the wonder is, and has been, that no intelligent and concerted effort has as yet been made to abolish this glaring abuse. It is not difficult to see many things that the promoters of a Catholic daily would have to contend with, and the observations of "Business Man" have indicated one thing, at least, that would need to be eliminated, if the ideal ever reaches the state of actuality. "Vegetarian" also made some good suggestions in his communication, and the idea which he mentioned might well be given a trial. I should like to suggest that our weekly publications try the plan of semi-weekly issues. Such a plan would meet the insistent demands of the day, with much less expense than a daily paper would entail, and if the idea, after a fair trial, proved impracticable, a return to the weekly issue basis could be made. The experiment would be a practical step in the direction of a solution for a vexed question, and we should have the benefits of better Catholic journalistic service, minus the defects of a daily, under the control of irresponsible management.

Boston, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Not a Catholic daily newspaper but an endowed diocesan weekly is the urgent need of the Catholic body in the United States. Such a Catholic weekly would settle the now unsettled problem of the American Catholic press which has not yet fulfilled its mission according to the instructions and urgent appeals and demands of our late Popes, the great Leo XIII and the saintly Pius X. The famous Bishop Ketteler said if St. Paul was on earth to-day he would be editor of a great Catholic paper to convert the world through the press. Bishop Ketteler was right. In our age unquestionably the mission of the Catholic press is the mission of Christ Himself, the mission of the Apostles, the mission of the Catholic Church, the mission of a pastor of souls. The teaching of our religion and the refutation of all errors and slanders against it are unquestionably and must be, the mission of the Catholic press. Now the only kind of Catholic newspaper that can fulfil this mission in any given diocese is an endowed, free Catholic diocesan weekly. Other forms of the Catholic press are useful, but the most useful of all is the free diocesan weekly.

Douglas, Ariz. J. GHEDOF.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The attention of readers is directed to the letter of the experienced journalist, Mr. Michael Williams, printed in this issue.

Next week's vocational article will be by His Excellency, Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts.

Liberty or License?

THERE is an Episcopal minister in Washington who cuts a wide swath in polite society and on the hustings among anti-Catholic agitators. He is a lordly man, clad in fine linen, without the purple, but a warrior withal, ready at a moment's notice to forget the drawing-room and gentle voices and the swish of gowns, for the sake of doing service at Armageddon, against the inveterate enemies of the Lord of Hosts, the papists. He is at Armageddon now, in company with others of his cloth: only their cloth is cut differently from his. They are Adventists, and such like folk, unused to drawing-rooms and well-modulated voices—people whom Episcopalians affect to despise, when there are no papists to be conquered.

This time Armageddon is a committee room of Congress; the papists, as usual, the enemies of the Lord, are battling for decency, just decency, that is all. They are asking that the mails be purified of obscene, scurrilous periodicals—rather a Christian idea for a papist, to be sure. The leader of the opposing host could not lose this chance; he rose; he pulled down his vest; he coughed a bit, gently, however; he stretched himself majestically, till the fine linen crackled; he lifted up his consecrated voice—a great, sublime thought is coming—and said: "I would rather see the press free than clean, if to clean it we had to assail liberty."

That is a noble thought. It will make a splendid inscription for the gentleman's tomb. There is not an impure man or woman behind prison bars for unspeakable crimes who will not approve of it. Deep down in the heart they will harbor the hope that some day they, too, may stand before a Congressional committee and proclaim: "We protest against all laws; they restrict liberty; give us vice, naked, unblushing vice, rather than curtail liberty."

But that is neither here nor there. After all, the morality of the gentle minister's proposition may be too much for us. We are clad in cotton; some day, if fine linen falls to our share, the light of appreciation may dawn on our dark soul. However, a difficulty vexes our intellect and teases our will. The proposed epitaph appears inaccurate; it would be a sorry commentary on the warrior's career to have a mistake on his tomb-stone. After all, liberty is obedience to law, the law enjoining decency included. Disregard of law is license. The epitaph is hereby amended: "I would rather see the press licentious than clean, if to clean it we had to assail license."

Gentle readers, do not misunderstand this editorial; the purity of the English language must be preserved at all hazards, ay, even though we appear to chide a minister of lordly mien and gentle voice; morality is a secondary consideration which can be left to people who prefer license to decency.

Just imagine the large number of clean, free papers that will put the battling minister on the free list and condemn us to a limbo. God protect the rest of His household! May they not be deprived of a chance of receiving congratulations in heaven over their miraculous escape from the "free cleanness" of a free press. On another, not in heaven, the blessing of Issachar is bestowed.

Farewell to Red Riding Hood

A CONTEMPORARY of ours was asked by an anxious mother: "Should fairy tales in which there are cruel acts, even though those be in the nature of punishment of evil deeds, be read or told to children?" Several of the periodical's correspondents who made haste to send answers to the query seem to believe that many a tale that time out of mind has charmed and thrilled little listeners should now be either banished altogether from the nursery or else thoroughly expurgated. The bloodthirsty Bluebeard, for instance, should not be so much as named before children, while Jack the Giant Killer no doubt is almost as truculent a character. The story of Little Red Riding Hood is positively immoral, there are dangerous passages in Cinderella, and the ethical tone is deplorably low of all those tales in which malignant witches and wicked necromancers meet with violent deaths.

Such stories seem to be considered highly unsuitable for the modern child. He must not so much as hear of severity. Nothing but gentleness and mildness should guide his early years. Nursery tales that bear even remotely on the vice of cruelty are to be rigorously barred

from the baby's library. Cinderella will doubtless have to go because her sisters were so unkind to her. Owing to the drastic measures he took with that pursuing giant, Jack can hardly be retained. The account of Little Red Riding Hood's narrow escape is calculated to harrow up the soul of infant hearers, and as for the tardy but effective punishment meted out in fairy books to wizards and ogres, can the children of to-day read with safety such hair-raising tragedies?

It will be a sore pity, however, if all these age-old fairy stories have to be prohibited in the nursery. Can nothing be done to rescue them? Perhaps if some competent editor would prepare voluminous notes to accompany the ancient text of the tales and would supply the necessary moral correctives, Little Red Riding Hood and all her coevals might be spared. Suppose, for example, a foot-note proved conclusively that the fright the wicked wolf gave her was in reality but an extremely mild punishment for loitering so on the road and for accosting without an introduction chance travelers. Or Cinderella, it could be explained, richly deserved the treatment she received, for neglecting her housework to day-dream about coaches, princes and glass slippers. With a little ingenuity it could also be shown that the giant's death was a comparatively painless one and was by no means unmerited. Jack, indeed, should probably be considered a public benefactor. Finally, with regard to wizards and witches, it is plain that they knowingly courted destruction every time they practised their unholy art, as both Church and State had passed severe laws against magic. If such expedients as these were used, even the modern educationists could, perhaps be induced to spare the classic fairy tales that have delighted thirty generations of children.

At the Sewer's Mouth

THE only good Indian is a dead Indian. So old-time plainsmen used to tell us. The only good woman is a lost woman. So the American press-puffed playwright affirms. Purity, obedience, humility, are the virtues of slaves. One who, like Ruskin, thinks them the mark of true greatness, is a "fossil," as far removed from the swirl of "life" as a trilobite, or a wrinkled beldame mumbling over a cup of tea in the chimney-corner. To get at life's "truest, deepest meaning," one must tarry lovingly, in all the cess-pools that lie along life's miriest ways. Not at the elusive rainbow's end must the emancipated soul seek its white ideals, but at the sewer's mouth.

A worthy burgher of Manhattan who last week paid one dollar for a ticket of admission to a picture-play, stamped with the approval of the newspaper critics, now views his action as a distinct loss. It was a poor film, poorly presented, "a palpable swindle," as he writes to the New York *Tribune*. It is so indecent, moreover, that he begs leave to direct the attention of the socialized police to this public outrage on womanly decency.

That high-minded guardian of the "uplift," the New York *Evening Post*, had nothing but praise for this foulness. It represents, probably, the *Post's* idea of "life." But most of us have not found life all dirt. "I've seen something of life," boasts some one in Pickwick Papers. "He had looked at it," adds the Gadshill philosopher, "through the dirty panes in a bar-room door."

A Governor's Humanitarianism

THERE was a time when Governors were "superior" persons who, after election day, dwelt far from the crowd, with ideas that benefited magnates only, "iron-masters," for instance, and others intent on making a fortune by fair or foul means as the case might be. Happily that day is passing; party barriers are breaking down and people are deserting factions for principles. One result is that a new type of man is found in the "Chair of State." This new man is of the people; he knows their needs, has a heart for their sorrows, and better still, is convinced that the end of the State is the good of all, not the aggrandizement of the few. Of this class is the present Governor of Massachusetts, an upstanding man of right principles and the courage to proclaim them. His recent lecture, given in New York under the auspices of the "Laymen's League for Retreats," was an eloquent vindication of certain primal ethical truths which can not be repeated too often. Others, perhaps, have given expression to similar thoughts, but no one in high place has spoken them more clearly or more forcefully.

It is time indeed that the people should come into that full inheritance of pity and merciful consideration from the State, for which Governor Walsh pleaded so eloquently. Much has been done; much remains to be done to make perfect the union of head and heart, necessary for successful legislation. A State which lives by the head alone soon degenerates into an instrument of tyranny, while that which lives by the heart only becomes notable for folly. Head and heart must work together, and over all must brood the God of power and love from Whom all laws ultimately draw their sanction. Such the message though not the words of Governor Walsh, to whom a debt of gratitude is due for vindicating once again the sacred principles which make governments possible and people happy.

Deeper Than Race and Blood

A ZEALOUS chaplain in a European army pathetically describes the wagonloads of wounded arriving at a Belgian town while the cannons are heard booming in the distance. A new prince, he says, has entered the city, with pale countenance and bloody robe and woeful retinue. Tent after tent, house after house, is requisitioned, and even the little huts are occupied by the wounded. Something like a vindictive feeling of satisfaction at first seems to struggle for mastery within the souls of the inhabitants as they behold the havoc created

among their enemies. But the greatness of human misery is too pathetic, the groans of the sufferers are too piteous for such a sentiment. As wagon after wagon deposits its sad burden, every heart is melted with compassion and eager hands are stretched out to receive the bleeding victims from the field of carnage. Generosity knows no limit. Even the last few grapes which had been carefully treasured are brought forth to relieve the burning fever of some poor creature. A soldier in red and blue is pressing in tender gratitude the hand of a German attendant who has given him kindly assistance, while a daughter of Belgium is reaching a cooling draught to a wounded Uhlan.

In the corner of a tent a soldier from the Rhine, a mutilated wreck of the war, is fighting his last brave struggle. The priestly ministry is done and the consolations of the Church have all been given him. Forgetting his agonizing pain and the tears that had flowed for his parents at home, he turns to the chaplain and says: "How good God is. I now possess Him and will never lose Him again. This is the happiest day of my life." As the angel of death approaches, the sons and daughters of Belgium kneel around his cot, and a wounded Frenchman reverently looks on with deepest sympathy from his own bed of pain. Such is a realistic picture given us of the nobler side of the great conflict. The fire of battle is quenched and Christian charity extends her golden scepter. Religion has become a tender, nursing mother, softly closing the soldier's eye for his last sleep after having lovingly prepared his soul to appear in the presence of its Maker. There is something in life deeper than race and blood: a brotherhood of man that is founded on the Fatherhood of God. From this alone can we expect with confidence the coming years of peace.

Children's Crusade

SOME weeks ago AMERICA in its editorial column suggested a Children's Crusade of prayer as a likely means of appeasing God's anger, and moving Him to put a stop to the wars that are devastating Mexico and Europe. With the purpose of making this appeal more effective, a reprint of the original editorial was mailed to the superiors of all the Catholic schools, and with it was enclosed a personal letter which urged with still greater insistence hearty cooperation in so good a work. There is therefore a reasonable assurance that by far the greater part of 1,500,000 children have begun to lift up their powerful voices to the Lord of Hosts. What is needed now is persistence. Not to a single petition is promised an answer, but to reiterated, oft-repeated entreaty. It may well be, that God is so deeply offended that His final propitiation will be long deferred. For a time He may not lend a willing ear even to the children. His eyes of mercy may be turned too far away from us. But we know that if their pleading only continues, at each new entreaty He will be more likely to hearken, and be more and more inclined to listen. In the end He will surely not refuse them an answer. On the children's prayers and Communions the Holy Father mainly relies in his efforts to end the cruel strife that is making so large a portion of the world desolate. Only recently the Emperor of Austria begged of his people to unite their children in supplication. The children of Europe have already begun to storm Heaven. Certainly it will be a shame for us, if our children alone are silent.

Chivalry Still Passing

"THE age of chivalry has passed." Who will estimate the number of times oratory has given voice to these words? If any one has gone through that calculation, let him add now one more time to that number. It is not the coming of woman's suffrage which has elicited this latest elegy of ours over the tomb of chivalry. Some, indeed, have so lamented. We believe that that particular lament is premature. The privilege of casting a vote, whether denied or granted, will make little difference in the world except to give the voting-machine more work to do. Chivalry will not be harmed in any event by the tremendous concession of being allowed to augment the flock of sheep, already too large. Chivalry has kept rigorously away from election booths ever since the Athenians so magnanimously voted Aristides into exile, because they were tired of hearing him called just. Those who never have felt like taking another down a peg when they heard him praised, will be authorized to think that woman's suffrage would have enthroned chivalry in the election booth of ancient Attica.

Yet despite all the numerous passings of chivalry, it had not hitherto wholly left man's heart and perhaps chivalry is still there, certain evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Chivalry used to be in its glory on the battlefield. Modern science has made war brutal and gross, robbing it of the grace and beauty with which chivalry tried to vest it. The medieval knight, like the melodramatic villain, might be forced to kill, but he would do so politely; he "might be a murderer, but he would not fail to be a gentleman." Bayard would have clasped hands gladly with that modern commander, who cried out in the hour of victory, "Don't cheer, boys; they are dying." The combatants in the battles of our day have still a like chivalry, but what of those not fighting? What would chivalry think of the size of the souls of the Sussfluss Angle-worm Club, which unanimously passed a resolution to change their name to the "Sussfluss Fish-worm Club," and advocated hereafter the use of "corner" to express the idea of an aperture between two lines? Or what of the Jolibeau Association for Medical Research, which imposed upon its members the solemn duty of using the word, "parasite," instead of the obnoxious and deadly "germ"? The people that fight such battles are not the brave fellows who must unhappily kill one another and have respect for courageous foes, but the

stay-at-homes who take the field against languages. These gallant warriors charge manfully against vocabularies, cut to pieces geographical and street-names, reconquer foods and drinks from hostile terminology. Enemies of the Pan-Celtic movement refuse to pronounce the first syllable of macaroni. Those who wish to check the insidious advances of the Pan-Italic civilization will transfer the final to the beginning of the word. Then the chivalrous Celt will be able, without demeaning himself, to pronounce such words as Bolano, Bergamo and Bojano. If we laugh at the middle ages for their minute metaphysics, what of the guffaws that now fill the vast chambers of the dead, when they hear of our magnificent achievements in logomachy?

Has chivalry gone, too, from the souls of men? There are other laughs echoing with more discordant reverberations in the regions where ordinarily there is no sound but "weeping and gnashing of teeth." What are those laughs, not heard by human ears, but gloated over and recorded in "exterior darkness"? The gratification of a spite, the petty triumphs of jealousy, the silent exultation at a neighbor's downfall, the secret rejoicing over an ambush successfully "sprung" upon a rival, the keen satisfaction experienced in the assassination of a character, these are the sardonic smiles of the heart, these are the leering looks of Satan which start out of the white background of the spirit in the photo-plays of the soul. The age of chivalry has, indeed, passed for so ignoble a one as that, and his angel who sees his Father's face in heaven is not rejoicing. To restrain a cheer when another is dying, is high chivalry; to laugh in the heart at another's ruin is diablerie.

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

VII. TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY*

ALL mention of two really arresting figures in the Catholic poetry of to-morrow and to-day has been deferred until this final causerie. The one is a young Irishman, Padraic Colum; the other an even younger American, our own Joyce Kilmer. It is not too much to say that these two men are symbolic in their relation to contemporary verse. In the work of Mr. Colum, however hastily we look into it, we are conscious of the atmosphere, the inspiration, perhaps the most permanent fruitage of what, for the past two decades, we have been calling the Irish Literary Revival. In Mr. Kilmer's pages we touch, as through some electric current, all that is sweetest, sanest and most hopeful in American poetry to-day.

In one sense there is more than an ocean between the two young poets: in another they have affinities which are fundamental. In both there is a persistent humanness, a sacramental sense of the hidden glory and mystery of common things, a wish to interpret the passions of seemingly unimpassioned people: with Mr. Kilmer the clumsy shopkeeper of the city showing forth the "splendor of humanity"; with Padraic Colum, the clumsy peasant at his plough, stark and elemental as the "dawn man" of the race.

Mr. Colum came to poetry by way of the stage, having early thrown in his lot with the young school of Irish dramatists. "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," "The Miracle of the Corn" and others of his plays were successfully produced at the Abbey Theater, Dublin, some few years back. This strong dramatic instinct has brought to Mr. Colum's lyrics an amazing truth of characterization, a tense and haunting realism quite his own. There is the *soul cry*, and a peasant picture as great as many of Wordsworth's greatest, in his "Old Woman of the Roads":

O to have a little house
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

. . . . . .

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

Another strain, the strain of Celtic mysticism, old as the immemorial twilight, baffling and young as to-morrow's fairy tales, rings from Padraic Colum's "City Clocks":

The city clocks point out the hours;
They look like moons on the darkest towers.
Always I say when I hear them toll—
"Let you pray for your own soul."
Always I think when I see their gleam—
"Be wise and never tell your dream."

Mr. Colum has done no stronger, no more characteristic work than in those two poems—but he has many others to match them. He has published but one volume of lyrics, the "Wild Earth" of 1907; a little book precious to poetry seekers, but as yet scarcely known beyond. Since this, there have appeared fugitive pieces, notably a group in "Eyes of Youth": two of them "Arab Songs"; one of them a worthy and manly devotional piece, "Christ the Comrade"; another, that amazing and defiant translation from the old pagan Irish beginning—

O woman shapely as the Swan,
On your account I shall not die!—

the taunt which, as Mr. Chesterton once pointed out, any of Bernard Shaw's modern heroes would have delighted in flinging out to any of his ultra-modern heroines! In all of these poems there is a splendid daring, a freshness and vitality of phrase and thought. Indeed, through all the work of Padraic Colum there is so compelling a promise that it leaves the reader thirsting for the fulfilment of the future.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer is as purely lyric in instinct as Mr. Colum is dramatic. He was first known poetically by his "Summer of Love" published in 1911; a volume of romantic poems, finely-wrought, tuneful and sensuous—an initial volume of which no poet need feel ashamed. But it is not first youth, so often as we imagine, that is simple or unaffected. It is second youth, the youth of spirit rather than of body. With Mr. Kilmer, as with most of us, the vision of first youth was highly ornate, highly emotional, more than a little complex. There is nothing in it of the divine simplicity of, say, the "Folly" of his latest volume. But the poet who wrote "Folly" had learned to walk familiarly with the saints of God. To his growing spirit-youth had come the creative joy of an incomparable spiritual experience, the new birth into the Body of the Church! Blithely

*The seventh and concluding paper in a series of literary articles by the author of "The Poets' Chantry."

enough, then, may he fling out the cry of the ever-young, the ever-hopeful, the Crusader cry of all the centuries:

What distant mountains thrill and glow
  Beneath our Lady Folly's tread?
Why has she left us, wise in woe,
  Shrewd, practical, uncomforted?
. . . . . .
Many a knight and gentle maid,
  Whose glory shines from years gone by,
Through ignorance was unafraid
  And as a fool knew how to die.
Saint Folly rode beside Jehanne
  And broke the ranks of Hell with her,
And Folly's smile shone brightly on
  Christ's plaything, Brother Juniper.

Our minds are troubled and defiled
  By study in a weary school,
O for the folly of the child!
  The ready courage of the fool!
Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
  And make us humble, simple men;
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see
  Our Lady Folly's face again.

It needed courage to flaunt that song to an "efficient," "respectable" and sophisticated generation. It has always needed courage to repeat the profound truth that upon the calendar of our Catholic saints are very few whom the World and the World's Wife did not consider fools!

What Mr. Kilmer has dared to be from first page to last of this refreshing volume—the "Trees" of 1914—is just simply himself. He is developing a music that is his own and a criticism of life that is his own. This criticism, as we said of Padraic Colum, is in the main a sense of the exceeding worth of the things which, through much familiarity, we are prone to take for granted: the enormous and dramatic value of *every day!* To the eyes of the Celt, the mysterious tragedy of common life is most conspicuous. But to Mr. Kilmer it is the mysterious joy and beauty. The hideous stone uniformity of the modern apartment house "thrills with sudden grace" for him when a woman's face appears at some upper window. The midnight commuter's train is transfigured as a home-bringer whose burnished feet are "beautiful upon the hills." This is a really perilous grace to handle: capable of giving us a fancy of such exquisite simplicity as the name poem, "Trees"; but capable also of those irresistible serio-comic narratives (in couplets!) so certain to be "popular"—and with a lesser poet almost equally certain to lead away from the heights of Urania! One does not fear for Joyce Kilmer, however.

But now the clouds with singing rock
As if the sky were turning bird!

A poet who puts such music, and such a metaphor, into the mouth of his Bethlehem shepherd is manifestly of the elect. He is not to be turned aside from the lyric ecstasy. And to this artistic equipment, this inalienable winsomeness, Mr. Kilmer brings the young enthusiasm, the chastening, the consecration of his recent accolade. Knightly in all truth, of Round lineage, is a battle-cry like this:

Christ's Troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at Hell and strike again.
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star!

That is the poet's song in action and beneath it rings the quieter song of conviction—his final word upon "Poets":

They shall not live who have not tasted death,
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

From Francis Thompson that music might have strayed to us—or from another Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi!

There are a score of others one should like to mention: Mr. "Tom" Daly, who has captured his own place in the hearts of American readers; the priest-poets, Father Blunt, Father Garesché, Father Donnelly, to cite but a few; Scannell O'Neill, whose charming lyrics come to us like young Lochinvar, "out of the west"; Mr. Cecil Chesterton, whose recent poem on France was a new revelation of versatility. But To-morrow, after all, is the justification of To-day; and the part is greater because more intelligible than the whole. Enough, perhaps, has been accomplished if the Catholic note in contemporary verse has been tried by the touchstone and found authentic. For the rest, there is food for thought in the exceeding variety of the bottles which to-day are bringing us this old, old wine of faith and art.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Lingard's History of England. Vol. XI. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: The Catholic Publication Society of America.

It is just a hundred years since Dr. Lingard projected and commenced his famous "History of England," such as we possess it to-day. It was a bold undertaking, a huge task, for one man to face when there was not a single work written which he might safely follow. The Protestant tradition held the field with such confidence that it feared no questioning of its claims, and was disposed to ridicule, if not to scorn, any restatement of facts based on original sources. However, Lingard went to the original sources, and from them he rewrote the history of England. For every statement liable to contradiction he gave his authority, and thus silenced many an adverse criticism. His book did incalculable good to English historical studies, and was of no small benefit to the Catholic cause which was becoming more insistent every year until emancipation was won in 1829. It was a shock to those who looked up to Hume as a new evangelist in history to find their favorite author ignored or discredited. Lingard, of course, was attacked, but he defended himself so ably and marshaled sources so triumphantly that overt attacks ceased, and his work as a whole has never been superseded. In his lifetime several editions of his work were published, and now a new edition in ten volumes octavo is brought out here in New York, with a supplementary volume, by Hilaire Belloc, narrating the chief events of English development from 1689, the date Lingard's work closed, to the death of Edward VII.

The choice of Mr. Belloc to write the eleventh volume of the new edition was a happy one, as by nature, descent and opportunities he is peculiarly well fitted to interpret the facts of modern history. He has made history his special study, his Gallic blood gives his style lucidity, his service abroad affords him a perspective denied to many of his Saxon countrymen; so that in spite of the trees he is able to see the forest. His terms in Parliament have given him a clear insight into the inner workings of the English Constitution, which lend special value to his judgments and prognostications. His service as a journalist too gives him a power of presentation which is rarely surpassed. See his account, for instance, of the battle of Blenheim. It is as clear as a photograph. His description of Fontenoy is hardly inferior, and what he says of the Boyne victory strips that "glorious" achievement of much of its glory, leaving nothing but the noise to reverberate among the hills of Ulster.

Since Mr. Belloc is so well equipped for work of this kind, it is much to be regretted that the projectors of the new edition did not allow him three volumes, instead of one, in which to detail the facts and tendencies of English history. He could then treat the matter with the fulness of Dr. Lingard, and develop the progress of modern England; for Eng-

land of the present begins with the expulsion of the Stuarts and absolutism in 1688. He divides his volume into two parts, England from 1689 to the French Revolution, and from that epoch to the present time. Each part is prefaced by an excellent introductory essay which it is important for the student to weigh well, if he wishes to catch the spirit of the period. The first epoch deals with the rule of an aristocratic oligarchy filling all offices of State, great owners of land, promoters of commerce and wealthy manufacturers. Prime ministers rather than kings occupy the reader's attention, because the king becomes more and more a cipher in the land and in the policy of the country. The second part is taken up with reform, the spread of democracy, the abandonment of the farm for the factory, the impoverishment of the many and the enrichment of the few, with a nobility denatured owing to the intrusion of men whose riches were their sole recommendation for a seat in the upper house of Parliament.

P. J. D.

Ernest Dowson: 1888-1897. Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia. By VICTOR PLARR. With a Bibliography Compiled by H. GREY HARRISON. New York: Lawrence J. Gomme. $1.00.

Dilemmas. Stories and Studies in Sentiment. By ERNEST DOWSON. New York: Lawrence J. Gomme. $1.00.

The last ten years of the nineteenth century were those of a great revival of letters in England; they were years productive of new and young poets and essayists and of strange and wonderful magazines. Those were the days of the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*, of the *Chap Book* and the *Lark*. Much of this has passed away and its history has been written in Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation" and in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's "The Eighteen Nineties." To Catholics, this period has a special interest, in that some of its prominent names are those of converts to the Faith like Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley, Henry Harland, Robert Ross and Ernest Dowson. Mr. Plarr's little book of reminiscences, letters, etc., is a contribution to the history of the "eighteen-nineties," but it is more than that; it is an affectionate study of that delicate genius, Ernest Dowson, from the author's first acquaintance with him in 1888 to the time of the poet's decline. Mr. Plarr pictures Dowson, not as a degenerate, but as a lovable boy who did not long outlive his boyhood.

In these reminiscences perhaps the author talks too much about himself, but the nature of the book is such that the fault would be hard to avoid. The passage Catholics will most regret is this account of Dowson's conversion:

> Ernest Dowson is numbered by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in his admirable if somewhat mytho-poetical record of the "Eighteen Nineties," among the interesting band, including Wilde, Beardsley and Johnson, who joined the Church of Rome in what we now consider the period of "the decadence." Lionel Johnson, at least, could give chapter and verse for his conversion. Hardly so Dowson. I shall never forget the day of his admittance to the Church. He came to me rather excitedly, and yet shook hands with weak indecision. His hesitating hand-shake alas! always betrayed a sorrowful fatigue. "I have been admitted," he said, but he seemed disappointed, for the heavens had not fallen, nor had a sign been vouchsafed. The priest who had admitted him had done so quite casually and had seemed bored. Afterwards, it seemed to me, he forgot all about his religion with surprising alacrity. Only his poetry bears witness to his romantic admiration of a creed, which, after all, he shares with many Protestants and agnostics. Respecting sincere Catholics as I do, I was keenly annoyed with his conversion —with this kind of conversion.

As Mr. Plarr is not a Catholic perhaps his keen annoyance at Dowson's conversion is intelligible. But those who have read "Extreme Unction" and "Carmelite Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration" can not doubt the sincerity of his Catholicism, even if his life and writings were not always edifying.

"Dilemmas" is a collection of five short "Stories and Studies in Sentiment." This sub-title expresses it well, for such they are: fine and delicate works of the imagination, and in no sense autobiographical, except, perhaps, in the fact that the settings are places which were familiar haunts of the author. "The Dilemmas" are little cases of conscience without satisfactory solutions.

A. K. G.

The Glories of Ireland. Edited by JOSEPH DUNN, Ph.D., and P. J. LENNOX, Litt.D. Washington, D. C.: Phœnix, Limited. $1.25.

"The essence of Irish achievement in all lands and times and ways" would be a more definitive title for this valuable book. It is entirely original, consisting of thirty-five contributions by writers who, for the most part, are recognized authorities on the subjects assigned them. Each article is brief, the whole occupying but 357 pages, but is meaty with compressed matter and well-marshaled facts, and supplied with reference lists that guide the studious reader to authoritative sources. It opens fittingly with an admirable survey by Sir Roger Casement of the "Romance of Irish History," and among other articles dealing with Ireland at home, of an equally high level are, "Irish Love of Learning," by Father Dinneen; "Law in Ireland," by Mr. Ginnell, M.P.; "Irish Music," by Dr. Grattan Flood; "Irish Metal Work," by Diarmid Coffey; "Irish Manuscripts," by L. E. O'Carroll; "The Ruins of Ireland," by F. J. Bigger; "The Sorrows of Ireland," by J. J. Rooney; "Irish Language and Letters," by Douglas Hyde; "Native Irish Poetry," by Georges Dottin; "Irish Heroic Sagas," by Eleanor Hull; "Irish Precursors of Dante," by Sidney Gunn, and "Irish Leaders," a striking combination of eloquence and analysis, by Shane Leslie. Sir Bertram Windle's "Irish Men of Science," and J. I. O'Donoghoe's "Modern Irish Art" are also well done, but T. E. Healy's "Ireland at Play," A. P. Graves' "Folk Lore," which treats only of fairies; J. Holloway's "Irish Theater," which is merely the Abbey Theater; Dr. Krans' "Literary Revival," and C. S. Graves' "Wit and Humor," are inadequate.

Of the articles dealing with Irishmen abroad, Irish monks in Europe, the "Fighting Race" everywhere, and the Irish in Canada and South Africa are well presented by Father Columba, O.S.B., J. I. C. Clarke, Dr. J. J. Walsh and A. H. Atteridge; those of Australia and South America, not so well by Brother Leo and Mrs. Mulhall; but the best, and possibly the most valuable treatise in the book, is M. J. O'Brien's "Irish in the United States." His enumeration of Irish editors and founders of American newspapers since 1775 refutes Michael MacDonagh's later statement that Irishmen did not become prominent in American journalism till 1848, but he omits Mathew Carey and attributes to Patrick Walsh the founding of the Augusta *Chronicle*, a paper that preceded Senator Walsh's editorship by half a century. Mr. O'Dea's excellent account of Irish societies traces the A. O. H. back to the orders of pagan Ireland, which is a "long way to go," and there are not a few defects of commission and omission elsewhere. Irish Catholic achievement deserves greater prominence, and articles on Irish educators, missionaries and religious philanthropists might well find place in a reissue.

M. K.

The Spiritual Life. By Rev. WALTER ELLIOT, C.S.P. New York: The Paulist Press. $1.50.

Though we are already well supplied with many excellent treatises on the spiritual life, still a welcome will certainly be accorded to this latest contribution to ascetical literature. It consists of forty heart-to-heart talks on as many aspects

of our spiritual make-up. Plain, direct, kindly yet forceful, they come like so many flaming darts straight from a heart that is fired with love for God and for men, and they penetrate deep down into the reader's soul. Throughout can be heard, with very little effort of the imagination, the eloquent voice of Father Elliot. Should one be tempted to complain of some lack of order and sequence in the volume, looked at as a whole, at least in the individual conferences there is no want of logical development. The book is rich in appropriate examples, and in choice citations from acknowledged masters. It will be read with pleasure and profit by the man and the woman of the world, who, amid a multiplicity of temporal cares, are struggling to attain the perfection proper to their state of life, while the priest and the religious will draw from its pages much that will be of assistance to their own spiritual well-being, and much that will be of immediate service in the formation of those committed to their charge. D. J. C.

The Knight of the Fleur de Luce. By SOPHIE MAUDE. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.75.

The Fruit of the Tree. By MABEL A. FARNUM. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

The first of these books is a tale of the fourteenth century, "when men courted their loves and their God after the same fashion," as the author quotes from Mgr. Benson in her introduction. One gets a glimpse into the life of a merchant's family of those days, for it was there that the hero, though knightly born, had been brought up, and it was there that he first felt the surging of his knightly blood. We follow him then to the plains of Calais with the army of a king, we walk into the home life of a royal family and are made spectators of knightly deeds of honor done even beneath the shadow of the black plague that darkened the regal palace no less than the hovels of the poor. The book will please the boys and girls for whom it is principally intended and many an older head and heart as well.

In "The Fruit of the Tree" we have a novel that portrays the evil fruit which socialism matures in the souls of those obsessed by it. Poor Valérie, the heroine, has set herself the task of relieving the hardships of the mill-workers in a factory town, say, of New England. The throbbings and the fever of socialism are felt everywhere, in the mill-rooms and in the tavern, in the cobbler's stall and in the mill-worker's shanty, and through all these places hovers the form of Valérie, the beautiful French girl with the red ribbon in her hair. It is she that leads the mob, that stirs the men to violence, and yet she is at last conquered and won to the way of peace and love. The story has a flicker of false fire, however, in some portions of it. It is difficult to see, for instance, how a little child, studying the red-bound catechism at the knee of its father, could understand that "Violence is a legitimate weapon for the righting of social wrongs," or how the wife of a mill worker could use Latin quotations intelligently.

J. P. M.

The Flower of Peace: A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

In this dainty little volume, bound in white and gold, are gathered the best of Katharine Tynan's devotional verses. Readers will find all their favorites here: "The First Nowell," "The Man of the House," "Sheep and Lambs," "The Christening," "Of an Angel" and dozens of others. The author's beautiful verses, "After Communion," must have taught thousands how to make a good thanksgiving. Her fondness for animals and birds is constantly finding lyrical expression, and on nearly every page can be read lines of true poetry. In the invocation, for instance:

> Lord Jesus, Day-star of the world,
> Rise Thou and bid this dark depart,
> And all the east, a rose uncurled
> Grow golden at the heart!

or in this description of St Michael:

> His brows are like a battlement
> Beautiful, brave and innocent;
> His eyes with fires of battle burn
> On his strong mouth the smile is stern,

a sacred bard is singing. Writing "pious verses" is but too easy, as is painfully proved by the abundance of commonplace stanzas that fill the corners and page-ends of our Catholic periodicals. Composing lines, however, that are no less devotional than poetical, is quite another thing, and "The Flower of Peace" shows admirably how it can be done. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Echo* is the name of a new Catholic weekly that was recently started in Buffalo. For more than sixty years the *Aurora und Christliche Woche* has been issued from the press of the German Catholic Asylum of that city, and now the *Echo* is meant to make a like appeal to English-speaking Catholics. In his introductory announcement Father George J. Weber, the editor, states that "the paramount interests of the *Echo* will be the vital issues of the day, in the social, political, moral, religious and educational sphere." In our contemporary's first number this promise is well fulfilled. AMERICA cordially wishes the *Echo* a long and prosperous career.

Frederick A. Stokes, the publisher of John Roland's novel, "The Good Shepherd" ($1.25), writes on the jacket of the book: "I recommend this story of a physician not only to physicians and those interested in their work, but to all who reverence unselfish service to humanity. It is a noble book." The reviewer is quite unable to echo this praise. The central figure of the novel is an immoral American doctor who pretends to be a Catholic, goes to live in a Tyrolean village, becomes the crony of an unbelieving priest and while rendering medical aid to the sick displays toward a young woman of the place very wolfish proclivities indeed. The author seems proud of the surgical knowledge he possesses and wearies and disgusts the reader by describing in detail operations and diseases.

The fourth volume is out of "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests" (Benziger, $1.00), translated and adapted from the French of Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. The feasts of the liturgical year from Advent to the fourth Sunday of Lent suggest the subject matter of these meditations and the Sulpician method is followed. The Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer's "Conferences of a Retreat" (Good Shepherd Convent, 1315 Walker Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich., $0.50), is a closely printed book containing some thirty plain and practical talks on the virtues and duties of the religious life which he gave to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The author also arranges the "Conferences" as meditation matter for a six days' retreat, but for that they will hardly do, because the psychological development necessary for a successful retreat is lacking. A little more money could have been well spent in making the volume more attractive looking.

"The Desk Standard Dictionary of the English Language" (Funk and Wagnalls, $1.50) is James C. Fernald's excellent abridgment of the "New Standard Dictionary." The volume's "one and only vocabulary" consists of 80,000 words of all kinds,

special care being taken "to include every worthy word that will be found in the reading of standard English authors or of the best class of current literature." Some 6,700 proper names are defined, there are 1,200 pictures and more than 6,000 discriminating articles and groups of synonyms. As all this lexicographical lore is packed into less than 900 pages, the "Desk Standard" is a very handy reference book.

The *Ave Maria* for February 6 was a particularly readable number. The frontispiece is a photograph of the late Pope saying Mass. In "The Fields of France" Katharine Tynan takes as a text *Nous avons chassé ce Jésus-Christ,* and writes some good verses beginning:

Jesus Christ they chased away
Comes again another day.
Could they do without Him then,
His poor lost, unhappy men?
He returns and is revealed
In the trenches and the field.

In "A Coronal of Stars," Gabriel F. Powers describes an interesting Franciscan picture of Our Lady which has been recently discovered; J. F. Scholfield in an appreciation of Mgr. Benson considers "The Queen's Tragedy," that author's best historical work, and calls attention to the fact that with the exception of Isabel Norris, none of the novelist's women are very attractive characters. Enid Dinnis's "Franciscan Dream" is a "three-roomed cot" with

Christ on His Cross above me,
To make the white walls fair;
Our Lady's face to gain me grace,
And an image of sweet St. Clare.
Dainty and meek and holy,
So shall she come to me,
In russet-gown, with her eyes cast down,
The Lady Poverty.

There is a good paper on the remarkable longevity of missionary priests and another giving Dr. Gilmary Shea's list of fifty Spanish works, printed in the New World before the much-vaunted "Bay Psalm-Book" saw the light. Father Hudson, the veteran editor of the *Ave Maria,* is to be congratulated on keeping the pages of his magazine so varied and readable. To get out every week an interesting Catholic paper, *crede experto,* is not an easy task.

"Half Hours" (Scribner, $1.25) by Sir J. M. Barrie is a book containing four little plays in which he skillfully draws characters who personify the foibles and follies of our day. Brute force and false strength, vanity and boastfulness, jealousy and sentimental affection are all cleverly satirized. The "artistry" of the book is of course remarkable, for the author has never wanted wit nor words. Ethically, however, the little scenes have defects, for he belittles the holiness of the marriage tie; speaks rather slightingly of conjugal love, and seems to think divorce an excellent corrective for human frailties.

"The Catholic Mission Feast," by the Rev. Anthony Freytag, S.V.D. (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.60), may seem to American Catholics to have a strange title. The mission feast, fortunately, is better known to Catholics in certain parts of Europe, while Protestants have found it one of the most effective means for promoting their vast missionary enterprises. The author in fact believes that the great revival of the mission spirit in the Protestant world during the past century was in large measure due to the mission feasts, or mission Sundays. In England mission service and even mission weeks were substituted. The Catholic ideal is to set aside a Sunday of the year for this special purpose; to have the sermons at the Masses, and the subjects of lectures, plays and other events of the evening celebration all tend to the one object of promoting the cause of the foreign missions. The children are separately appealed to in the interests of the Holy Childhood work. All collections taken are devoted to the missions. The methods of conducting such mission feasts, matter for the sermons that may be preached, poems, songs and indulgenced prayers that can be used, are given in the present book which is adapted for American readers by Rev. Cornelius Pekari, O.M.Cap., and Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D.

Julian Hawthorne's "The Subterranean Brotherhood" (McBride, $1.50) is the book of a special pleader. He condemns the whole prison system as vicious and irrational. He would lead the reader to suspect that fair is foul and foul is fair, that prisoners are the saints, and wardens the sinners. "Jails are a crime," is the major premise of his syllogism. Its denial brings the response: "Try a year behind prison-bars, as I did." He calls for a release of all prisoners, though admitting that some may continue to murder and rob, and so the ancient problem still faces us. Environment comes in for blame where blame it has none. If it be true that environment has marred men, it must also be remembered that men have made their environment, and it can be shown that many men have risen superior to their environment by sheer will-power.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Collegiate Press, Menasha, Wis.:
Practical English Punctuation. By M. Lyle Spencer.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
Problems of Community. By Seba Eldridge. $1.00.

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London:
The Columbiad. By William Henry Sheran. 1s. 6d.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York:
A Sunday School Tour of the Orient. By Frank L. Brown; God's Country and the Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. $1.25.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York:
Desk Standard Dictionary. $1.50.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
In der Schule des Evangeliums. Von Herm. J. Cladder, S.J., und Karl Haggeney, S.J. $0.70; The Principles of Christianity. By Rev. A. B. Sharpe. $0.45; The God of Philosophy. By Rev. Dr. Aveling. $0.45; A History of the Commandments of the Church. By Rev. A. Villien. $1.50.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Individual Delinquent. By William Healy. $5.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
What Ought I To Do? By George Trumbull Ladd. $1.50; From Fetters to Freedom. By Robert Kane, S.J. $1.50.

Macmillan Co., New York:
New Poems. By Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. $1.25.

Press Publishing Co., New York:
The World Almanac for 1915. $0.50.

F. Pustet & Co., New York:
Laudes Vespertinæ sive Thesaurus Cantionum. Carolus Weinmann excerpsit. $0.35; Die Leidenswacht beim göttlichen Heilande. Von P. Peter Gallway, S.J. Two vols. $3.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Alsace and Lorraine from Cæsar to Kaiser. By Ruth Putnam. $1.25; Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. By R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle. $1.35.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Flower of Peace. A Collection of Devotional Poetry by Katharine Tynan. $1.50; Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. VII. Hymns-Liberty. $7.00.

J. Fisher Unwin, London:
England's Peasantry and Other Essays. By Augustus Jessop, D.D. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATION

The Association of American Colleges

THE Association of American Colleges held its annual meeting in Chicago, on January 14. Although its title would seem to invite a broad and general membership, the Association is composed exclusively of Protestant institutions. Eligibility to membership is restricted to those colleges which require at least fourteen units for admission, and one hundred and twenty semester hours for graduation.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

An edifying religious spirit was noticeable in all the papers and discussions. Religious education was said to be the one thing on which there could be no question of compromise. State aid for denominational colleges was opposed by many of the delegates, on the ground that it might jeopardize the religious spirit of the institution. Rather than thus lower its ideals, it would be better for the needy college to close its doors. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning was often referred to in the discussions, and it seemed to be the conviction of some delegates, that the Foundation might readily be induced to cooperate with their colleges in the religious training of youth. Listening to these optimistic expressions, one could not help recalling the critical conclusions expressed some years ago by the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S.J.: "If it had been designated 'The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Non-Sectarian Teaching,' it would have been described with more intellectual honesty. If it had been called 'The Carnegie Foundation for the Secularization of Education,' its purpose and ultimate aim, would have been manifested." While it is true that the presidents of some non-Catholic colleges have opposed the fundamental principles of the Carnegie Foundation, it seems evident that it is supported by the greater number of these institutions.

STANDARDS OF EFFICIENCY

Both Dr. P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, and Mr. S. C. Capen, "specialist in higher education," had been invited to read papers. Dr. Claxton, who was to have discussed the possibilities of more effective cooperation among the American colleges for the promotion of higher education, was detained in Washington by official business. The subject of Mr. Capen's paper was "Fundamental Principles Involved in College Efficiency and Standardization." In his introductory remarks, Mr. Capen admitted that the Bureau of Education had been severely criticized for its awkward attempts to standardize the colleges four years ago. He also admitted that what is best in a college can not be classified. Only its shell can be measured; not its true contents. But some of the points on which the college may be justly questioned are its equipment, entrance requirements, curriculum, size of classes, hours of work for teachers and students, range of subjects offered, record of graduates, library, and apparatus. More important than all these, is the faculty.

According to Mr. Capen, the work of classifying the colleges was suspended by action of the President. The Bureau of Education now seems to recognize the absurdity of giving to one man the final word in settling the standing of a college. When the plan is again taken up, if at all, it will be after consultation with the National Educational Association, the New England, North Central and Southern Associations, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning, the Council of Education of the American Medical Association, and other associations. Perhaps, when the President of the United States beholds this vast array of learning, he will withdraw his mandate and allow the Bureau of Education to go on with its work of classifying colleges. But it is to be hoped that Commissioner Claxton will profit by the salutary advice and direction of the various associations, and make due reparation for the deep injustice that his hasty and unscientific work has done to so many institutions in the past.

JUNIOR COLLEGES

There are now in this country, about six hundred institutions conferring academic degrees. Mr. Capen calls upon three hundred to close their doors or, at least, to become junior colleges; that is, to devote their time and energy to freshmen and sophomore classes, sending their students to larger institutions to complete their course. These junior colleges should have an annual income of forty thousand dollars, and professors should receive from four to six thousand dollars' salary. This movement toward junior colleges is not new. Prominent educators advocated it fully a decade ago. There was no dissenting voice in this regard among the two hundred college presidents or their representatives present at the Chicago convention.

Another matter upon which stress was laid was the separation of the preparatory from the college courses. In the past, colleges have found it necessary to conduct academy courses giving the full high school work. It was judged that this state of things is no longer necessary, because the thirteen thousand high schools in the country can now do the work formerly done by private academies. Colleges, it was argued, lower their dignity by conducting academies often under the same roof, and with the same professors. It was even suggested by one speaker that no college which maintained a preparatory department be allowed admission into the association. No vote was taken on the matter, but the prevailing opinion seemed to be, that reputable colleges must drop their preparatory departments. Those institutions which had made the change reported that it had added efficiency and numbers to the college.

MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS

Mr. Calvin H. French reported his investigations on the requirements of a minimum college, that is, a college doing the very least that can be expected of an institution conferring degrees. Such a college should have at least eight professors devoting their entire time to teaching, one hundred students, and an annual income of forty thousand dollars. It was suggested that the professors' time be distributed as follows:

Professor of Mathematics	Mathematics, 6 hours; Physics, 3 hours; other branches, 6 hours.
Professor of Chemistry	Chemistry, 4 hours; Biology, 4 hours; Geology, 3 hours; other branches, 3 hours.
Professor of Modern Languages	French, 7 hours; German, 3 hours; other branches, 5 hours.
Professor of Education	Education, 4 hours; Psychology, 4 hours; Philosophy, 4 hours.
Professor of English	English, 7 hours; other branches, 8 hours.
Professor of Latin	Latin, 4 hours; other branches, 12 hours.
Professor of Economics	Economics, 7 hours; Sociology, 5 hours; other branches, 3 hours.
Professor of History	History, 8 hours; other branches, 8 hours.

While not ideal, perhaps, this arrangement would be excellent for those institutions in which the professorial staff is limited to eight members. The president will devote his entire time to administrative work. It was suggested that professorial salaries should range from four to six thousand dollars. To reach the average would, of course, require a minimum income of forty thousand dollars. Practically, however, in view of salaries for administrative officers, other than the president, and of necessary administrative expenses, an income far in excess of forty thousand dollars would be necessary. The financial question will be a source of difficulty to the small college for years to come.

H. S.

SOCIOLOGY

Father Brown's Stick

IN Chesterton's "The Wisdom of Father Brown," Flambeau discusses the psychometric method of detecting criminals, which, he has heard, is in use in America. You begin by securing a pulsometer to the felon's wrist. Then you pronounce certain carefully selected words, and by the resulting pulse acceleration or retardation, decide his innocence, or his guilt and its extent. "Who but a Yankee," exclaims Father Brown, "would think of proving anything from heart-throbs?" To Flambeau's protest, that after all this test "might point pretty straight at something or other," Father Brown replies that there is a disadvantage in a stick pointing straight. The other end of the stick always points the other way.

CRANIAL CRIMINALS

It is Chestertonian satire that puts the home of the psychometric test in America. True, our jurists and men of science have helped to bring about the present "era of the great sob." But as we wipe the tears from our swollen eyes, "laws," "standards" and "tests," established under the strain of emotion, seem quite as wild and inaccurate as the most imaginative calculations of medieval astrologers. The tilt of one's nose or the set of one's ears, it was once thought, betokened with certainty actual or potential criminality. A crumpled helix or an excessive Darwinian tubercle, undoubtedly justified the inference that, if the patient were not a delinquent, he would at any rate bear watching. Digital hypertrophy obviously indicated mistaken theories on property rights or, at least, a tendency to acquire the goods of this world, in a manner not sanctioned by the moral sense of the community. Lombroso's dogmas were invested with an infallibility which even Lombroso himself did not claim. Mantegazza succeeded to Lombroso, and while he discoursed learnedly on physiognomy, psychopathists like Dr. Healy, who is not at all impressed by Tarnowsky's erudite data on the frequent occurrence of cleft palate among criminals, are now ready to admit that "there has been an overexaggeration of facial and cranial criminal types."

BLAMING GRANDFATHER

The direct inheritance of criminal tendencies is another theory that has been in vogue among us. We went back to the graveyard to fix the responsibility for the individual crime. Dr. Healy in his recent work, "The Individual Delinquent," warns us against "the danger of drawing easy conclusions about heredity being the main factor back of misdeeds, simply because some progenitors, or other members of the family, were guilty of delinquency. Grandparents, parents and children may be liars, thieves or misdoers in other ways, and very little cause of their conduct be protoplasmic carrying over of special traits." "John's grandfather was a notorious sheep-stealer; therefore John is an unsafe shepherd," is a familiar form of the argument. But without detailed environmental and developmental histories, family charts prove nothing, claims Dr. Healy, no matter how many criminal records they may contain. Inherited bodily traits, it is commonly thought, depend upon a few general biological causes. Not so personal delinquency. Because one has inherited a Hapsburg nose, it does not follow that he has inherited the criminal tendencies which may be predicated of individual members of that famous house. The exterior act which we term a crime or misdemeanor is plain. Of the causative factors of that act, biological, moral, mental or social, we know little or nothing. For the present, our wisest course lies in accepting the dictum of Aschaffenburg, that in fixing responsibility for crime, we can simply dispense with the theory that criminal tendencies are inherited. Yet, from the testimony of certain American writers on this subject, one might think that the theory of criminal heredity were fully as valid as Newton's laws.

NUMERICAL METHODS

As a means of fixing, indirectly, moral responsibility, the Binet-Simon and similar tests are now in great favor. Writing some weeks ago in AMERICA, Dr. J. J. Walsh stated the case for the Binet-Simon test, by holding that it is most valuable when its distinct limitations are fully recognized. Binet himself never thought it a final test, and would readily agree that it is positively misleading when improperly applied. Competent psychologists now admit the great uncertainty of the tests above the twelfth-year limit. "Binet's tests for these years," writes Dr. Healy, "are found quite unfair," and at the meeting of the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-minded, in 1913, "both Goddard and Kuhlmann asserted lack of faith in even their own revisions of tests for these upper ages."

> To be able to say to the judge . . . that the offender of 23 chronologically is mentally an individual of 10 years, puts the whole matter in an enticingly clear light. The trouble, however, with just this scoring of the intelligence by these comparatively few tests, is that many facts may be left out of the evaluation. . . . The numerical method forms too easy an evaluation of the human mind with its complexities and manifold potentialities. . . . The Binet scale may not reveal what might be of vast importance for society to know concerning the individual. We refer to our case-studies for many evidences of the fact.

Dr. Healy points out the danger of an exclusive reliance on the Binet test, when he says that "many facts may be left out of the evaluation." This is precisely what the dabbler, who regards it as final, will not see. "Don't ask for an impossible thing," said Alexander Johnson of the Vineland Training School. "No such test [an infallible test] has been devised or ever will. The Binet test is extremely useful as far as it goes. . . . The long experience of the teacher, that is the best test."

DISCORDANT PSYCHOPATHISTS

Binet himself called these tests "A Measuring Scale of Intelligence." Now a measure presupposes some definite accessible standard of measurement. If the standard itself is shifting, uncertain or inaccessible, the scale based upon it becomes valueless. If what is called a foot-rule contains twelve inches to-day and fourteen to-morrow, or if the length of the inch itself be debatable, practical operations in mensuration are impossible. The difficulty attending the finding and adoption of a fixed standard, by which defective mentality may be measured, has not been satisfactorily solved. The confusion in which psychopathists now find themselves, was thus stated by Dr. O. F. Lewis at the Tenth Conference on the Education of Backward Children.

> If Dr. Goddard does not agree with Dr. Healy, and Dr. Healy does not agree with Dr. Fernald, and Dr. Fernald does not agree with Dr. Hughy, how do you know how many feeble-minded persons you have in your institutions? . . . It seems to me that we are dealing with a very dangerous subject, and it seems to me also that the psychologic and psychiatric moment, and the pathological and physiological moment as well, has come, when we may say to Drs. Healy, Goddard, Hughy and the rest: "It is time for you to get together and standardize your tests, and if you can not standardize them, there is something wrong with you, not with us."

A common error in regard to these tests is the mistaken belief that they record indisputable facts, much after the manner of a machine which automatically counts coins. The truth is, that they by no means embrace all the facts pertinent to a given case, and that in their present development, they necessarily involve the observer's subjective interpretation of the conditions which they do reveal. That is, the case-report of a Binet-Simon test is not a simple record of fact. It is a statement of what the investigator believes to be fact. The introduction of this personal factor discloses a source of possible grave error, for which the proper corrective allowance has not as yet been calculated with any degree of accuracy. Our skeptical attitude toward the finality of these psychopathic methods receives a further justification, when it is remembered, that the very facts disclosed by the Binet-Simon test, for example, can not be said to constitute the standard by which mental capacity should be measured.

FIND A UNIT

The scientific student of the present day is slow to assign the causative factors of delinquency to heredity. That he leaves to the Sunday supplements of the syndicated newspapers. Experience has shown him that the results of the Binet-Simon, and

similar tests, must be received with the utmost caution. These are hopeful signs. But until the psychopathist has found a definite unit of measurement, together with the correct method of applying it, it is well to remember that his carefully-tabulated results do not represent ascertained facts. At their best, these results approximate the truth. At their worst, they are like Father Brown's stick. They point both ways.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

In his official *Diocesan Gazette,* the Archbishop of Canterbury has at length spoken on the subject of prayers for the dead. His Grace does little more than advance an opinion. The doctrinal question involved is left untouched, and the whole document is lacking in the vigor and precision which one rightly looks for in the public utterances of an official teacher of religion. The entire subject, declares His Grace, "is shrouded in mystery." Yet the Church of England has "nowhere declared it unlawful or erroneous to believe in the propriety or efficacy of such petitions." "Efficacy" must mean that these prayers effect something. But what? Do they actually help the dead, or merely console the mourners? That is the precise question at issue. The Primate invokes Article XXII against the "Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory." However deeply shrouded with mystery the whole subject may be, Rome is certainly wrong. But is there an "Anglican doctrine concerning Purgatory"? There are Anglican opinions in plenty, fond things, vainly invented by individual Anglicans, but is there a doctrine which the Church Established by Law will defend? To say that the Establishment has never held that it is unlawful or erroneous to believe in prayers for the dead, is a statement akin to a Scotch verdict. It will hardly strengthen the hands of those Anglican ecclesiastics who are announcing the celebration of Solemn High Requiem Masses. But, perhaps, these gentlemen neither expect nor wish the approbation of their Primate.

When an Englishman speaks of a Dissenter he means a member of one of the Protestant non-Episcopal sects, which go under the generic name of Dissent. Until the abolition of religious tests the word in England meant one who refused to conform to the worship of the Protestant Reformed Religion as by Law Established, which is the legal name for the Church of England. Therefore, when the *Living Church* in a recent issue has occasion to speak of "Roman Catholicism" (*i.e.,* the Catholic Church in England) as English "Dissent" it is guilty either of inaccurate statement or of a deliberate attempt to belittle English Catholics. The term "Christian," once an opprobrious epithet, became a title of honor. Similarly, to be called a "Papist" was meant as an insult, yet that too is one of the most glorious titles by which an English Catholic may be called. For it means he is a spiritual descendant of confessors and martyrs who passed through the baptism of blood for the Faith.

"It is the Mass that matters," said Mr. Augustine Birrell. If that be so, then were Catholics not only Dissenters, but traitors, when an unjust law punished by death those who heard Mass or said Mass. The Catholics of England were mocked and imprisoned, they were tortured, were torn asunder by the rack, were hanged as felons on the gibbet and their hearts plucked from their living bodies; and the power behind the law which launched them on the sea of blood was that power known as the "Supreme Governor" of the Church of England. It is well, then, that the English martyrs and their descendants should be lumped in one common stock with the denominations brought into being by the interminable religious quarrels which are the fruit of Protestant private judgment! The saintly Fisher, the illustrious More, the Carthusians, the Benedictine Abbots, and many another to whom the despised Catholic breathes a whispered *Ora pro nobis,* were but seditious law-breakers when they withheld from Cæsar the things of God! They upheld the ancient Faith, and resisted unto blood when the power of this world sought to set itself in the place of Christ's Vicar, in order to make journalistic "copy" for the twentieth century and the cause for which they died to be called Roman "Dissent!"

It is only within the Catholic Church that religious education is a reality. Outside the Church, except in a few scattered instances, praise of religious education takes its place. Here in America, there is at least one large society whose professed purpose is to further the interests of religious education. It holds annual meetings, at which sundry great men talk earnestly and, without doubt, sincerely, of the place of religion in the lives of school children. And there the matter drops. As far as can be ascertained it has never founded a school, or subsidized a school already founded. Possibly its many published reports may influence public opinion in some degree; but *de facto,* religious schools are not enjoying a notable increase. In a recent number, the *Guardian,* expresses its concern over the ill-results of purely secular education, which it attributes to Germany. "We should ensure that never again," says the *Guardian,* "shall the idea of a secular education be entertained in this country. . . . Religion must become an unfailing feature in our schools, and it must be taught as efficiently as other subjects." This is most excellent doctrine, but there is about one chance in a million that the comfortable Establishment will ever practise it. Just at present, while the poor and despised "Roman dissenters," are undergoing untold sacrifices to maintain and even increase, as they did in the year just closed, schools in which religion is taught, Anglican authorities, battening on Roman foundations, are closing them. Religious education may be worth discussing, but it is not worth sacrificing one's self for. That, apparently, is the conclusion of many advocates of religion in education, both at home and abroad.

In an excellent review of the events of 1914 the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January notes some remarkable changes of view and policy occasioned by the war. Belgium, which the Protestant press had fiercely denounced for its alleged Congo atrocities and its Government's Catholic attitude, has suddenly become deluged with eulogiums from the same source, and wins lavish praise even in Belfast. The French Government, which had been acting as if French priests and nuns were a greater menace to the liberties of their country than Germany, has been forced to realize that they are patriots and that the lights of heaven still shine in France. Kaiser and Czar hastened to do honor to the Poles, who had been mercilessly subjected to both Russian and Prussian culture, and dangled before their eyes new pledges of political and religious independence. The Pope, too, whose influence in international affairs was said to have vanished, has been suddenly courted by all parties! Austria, Germany, Russia, Belgium and Turkey had their representatives at the Papal Court to press home their views, "and England must needs dispatch an accredited representative to a sovereign, of whose existence as such she had shown no official recognition" till she learned of the German ambassador's activity. "Perhaps," adds Dr. MacCaffrey, "if the war continues long enough, the Papal Guards may be startled some morning by finding that the ambassadors of France and Portugal have arrived to furnish some explanation of their prolonged vacation."

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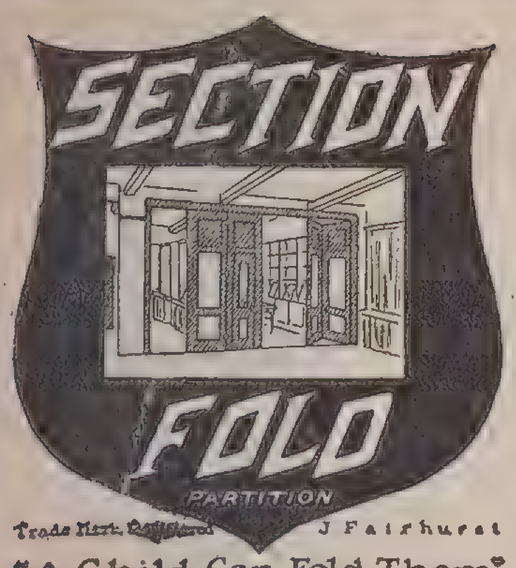
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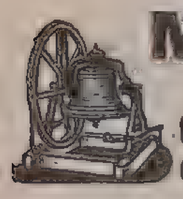
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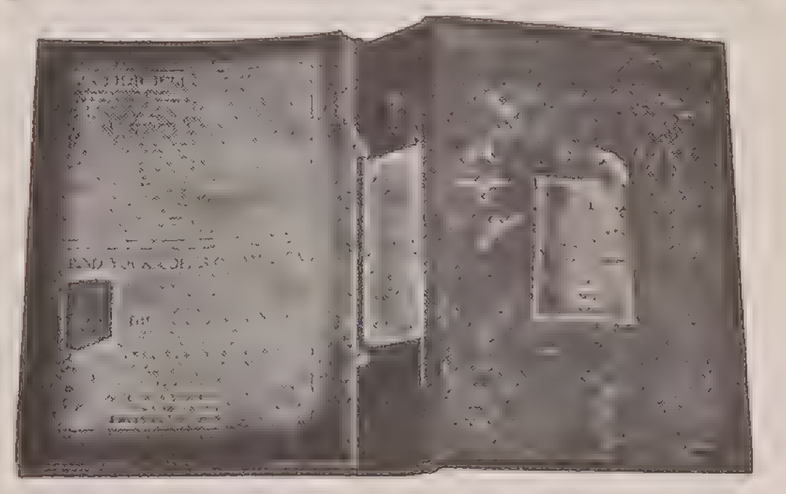


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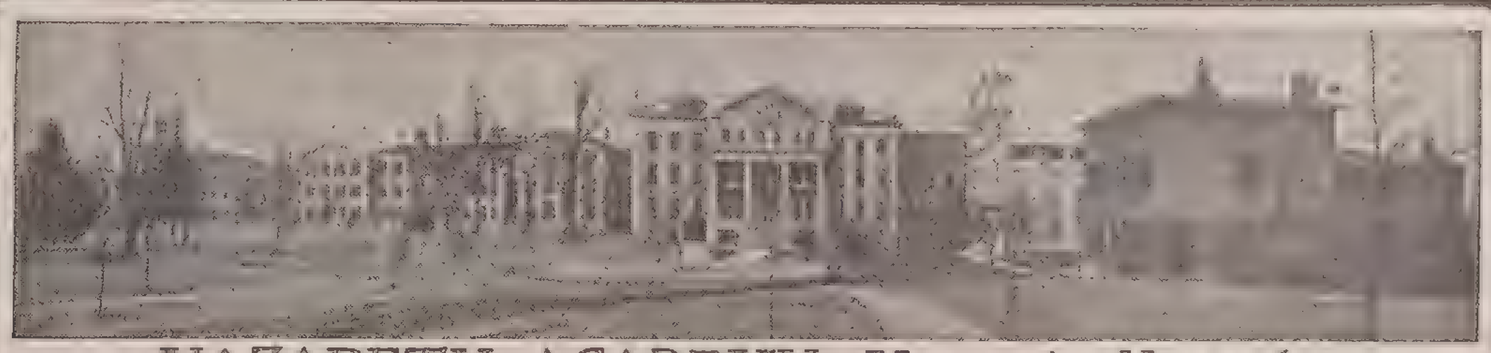
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CHRONICLE

The War.—There has been no development of any importance in either France or Flanders. Artillery duels have been vigorous and continuous at most points of the line, but the infantry attacks have been rare and have seldom resulted in permanent gains. The Germans have vigorously bombarded Reims and Soissons; and have also made determined attacks in the Argonne, in the Vosges, and in Lorraine, but have made very little progress. The British claim some slight advantage in the vicinity of La Bassée, and the French at other points; but in no case has any engagement had any marked effect on the general situation.

Bulletin, Feb. 9, p. m.-Feb. 16, a. m.

The invasion of East Prussia, which was reported last week to be well under way, has been checked and repulsed. The Germans have concentrated large bodies of troops in the Mazurian lake district, and the Russians, seeing in this move the forerunner of a series of extensive and important operations, have deemed it prudent, in spite of an important victory at Lasdehnen, to retire before superior forces toward their own frontier with the purpose of fighting on their own territory and under the protection of their own fortresses. The retreat, which is claimed to have already resulted in the capture of 26,000 Russians, is taking place, after a number of engagements in the region east of Lotzen and south of Johannisburg. The Russians are also withdrawing from the positions recently occupied in the vicinity of Insterburg and Tilsit. There have been reports of hard fighting in the Lyck district, with some success for the Russians. They have, however, found themselves outnumbered, and have preferred to retreat rather than fight on unequal terms. How far they will give way is not clear from their statement, but a repetition of the operations that took place after their defeat at Tannenberg has been predicted. Germany is elated over the evacuation of East Prussian territory. The campaign to the west of Warsaw seems to be at a standstill. The withdrawal of troops from Lodz by the Germans is rumored, but has not received official confirmation. A great battle is said to be imminent in northern Poland.

East Prussia

Although official reports do not agree as to the results of the fighting that is now taking place in the Carpathians, there is complete unanimity of opinion as to its severity. The offensive seems to be mainly on the side of the combined Austrian and German armies. Both east and west of the Uszok Pass there have been frequent infantry attacks, which have repeatedly ended in bloody bayonet charges, all the way from Bartfield, in Hungary, to Wyzikow, in Galicia. The fiercest contests have taken place in the vicinity of the Dukia and Tukholka passes, both of which are in the possession of the Austro-Germans. At both these places, however, the Russians are fighting desperately, and the indecisive Austrian victories have been gained only after suffering severe losses. In Bukowina the Austrians are said to be advancing steadily. The Russian army is falling back toward Czernowitz, where it is expected a determined stand will be taken.

The Carpathians and Bukowina

Our Government during the week sent simultaneously to Germany and Great Britain notes expressing our attitude toward their contemplated menace to American shipping. In both cases protests have been made in restrained, well-worded and dignified language, that is unmistakable in strength and clearness. Our Ambassador at Berlin has been instructed to inform the German

Notes to Germany and Great Britain

Government of "the very serious possibilities of the course of action apparently contemplated" in its proclamations concerning the war zone, and to make it clear that we should regard the destruction on the high seas of American ships or life "as an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily existing between the two Governments." The document goes on to insist on the fact that "the United States would be constrained to hold the imperial German Government to a strict accountability," and to "take any steps to safeguard American lives and property, and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas." Finally, it asks in the interests of a continuation of present amicable relations and in the hope that "no misunderstanding may arise and no circumstance occur that might even cloud the intercourse of the two Governments . . . that the imperial German Government . . . will give assurance that American citizens and their vessels will not be molested by the naval forces of Germany, otherwise than by visit and search."

Ambassador Page was likewise instructed to represent to the British Government, that while we might be prepared to overlook the occasional use of the American flag, "the Government of the United States would view with anxious solicitude any general use of the flag of the United States by British vessels" traversing the war zone recently defined by the German Admiralty. The note points out that such a policy would "afford no protection to British vessels, while it would be a serious and constant menace to the lives and vessels of American citizens." It further declares that such a practice "would seem to impose upon the Government of Great Britain a measure of responsibility for the loss of American lives and vessels in case of an attack by a German naval force."

Both in London and Berlin the notes have been recognized as "not unfriendly" in tone, but as yet no action has been taken with regard to them, nor is there any present indication that either Great Britain or Germany will adopt any radical change in their program. Indeed, it is reported that American passengers who are sailing on the Lusitania, which is again on the high seas, have requested the Cunard Line to again afford them the protection of the American flag. Captain Dow, while not committing himself, has let it be known that he would do so in case of need. The Kaiser, however, has expressed his wish to confer with Ambassador Gerard on measures for assuring the safety of American ships.

Not much apprehension is felt in any of the neutral nations that catastrophes will result to their citizens from the German submarines. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Greece and Spain have forwarded protests to the German Government. Italy has forwarded what she calls "observations." Holland has already ordered her merchantmen to take such precautions as will prevent the possibility of mistake and will facilitate the immediate identification of Dutch ships by the German naval commanders.

Wilhelmina and Dacia

The Wilhelmina was forced by severe weather to put into the harbor of Falmouth, England, and was taken over by the British authorities. Every effort will be made to hasten the examination before the prize court, and the ship itself will be set free as soon as possible. The American owners of the cargo will be represented by counsel at the court of investigation. Our own State Department will take no action until after the findings of the court have been reached. After creeping along the coast as far as Norfolk the Dacia has finally sailed for Holland. It will probably be seized and conveyed by British authorities to a prize court. The question at issue is not the cargo, but the validity of the sale. On this case also our Government will await the action of the British Government before deciding on its own line of conduct.

Other Items

On Friday the British air fleet made a raid on Ostend, Blankenberge and Zeebrugge, in Belgium. An attempt was made to destroy or injure the bases of the German submarines and airships. No serious military damage was inflicted. Thirty-four aeroplanes were engaged. They were finally driven off by German guns. The campaign of Turkey against the Suez Canal is not making progress. The Turks have been defeated several times in minor engagements, and it is rumored that the greater part of the troops engaged in the attempted invasion of Egypt have been transferred to the Caucasus. Two British steamers are reported to have been torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, a third was torpedoed, but was towed into Scarborough in a sinking condition.

Austria-Hungary.—The Austrian episcopate has issued a joint pastoral. It abstains from all reflections upon the nations with whom the country is at war and centers in the great act of consecration of the human race to the Sacred Heart. Its one purpose is to continue and intensify this consecration in their own land. The reasons for the devotion and dedication are explained and application is made to the present conditions:

Joint Pastoral of Austrian Episcopate

> The angel of death is reaping a grewsome harvest. The flower of manhood is falling beneath the bloody stroke of his scythe. The tears of widows and orphans are flowing. The ancient miseries of earth, too, are abroad; poverty, want, sickness and wasting away of lives. In such extremes we cast our eyes upon the Heart of Jesus, Our Saviour, with His Cross and Crown of Thorns. He has not only fathomed the depths of human woe, but has descended into them Himself. That He who alone was without sin bore all our sufferings before us, gives courage and strength to us in turn.

In the angelic charity shown everywhere to those in

misfortune the bishops see a ray of the love of the Divine Heart. From the same Heart spring the words of comfort which are sent after the soldiers departing for the front: "Have courage! Your children are now our children, and your families are entrusted to our care." In the love which all the nationalities of the common fatherland are now showing toward one another consists their chief strength. "May there henceforth be but one rivalry among us, that which consists in love for the Sacred Heart and Holy Church!" The triumphant course of the love of Christ is then traced in its progress through the centuries and the people are exhorted to consecrate themselves and their Fatherland to Christ, begging mercy for fathers, sons and brothers in the field, blessings upon the Emperor and the realm, and a victory whose glory shall belong to God alone, to whom likewise are to be attributed all the blessings of peace.

Germany.—A French prisoner of war at the Lechfeld camp, who had received the diaconate before his call to arms, was recently ordained to the priesthood by the German Bishop Maximilian. Seven French priest prisoners and a great concourse of the faithful attended the ceremony. In this connection an American writes from Munich:

Care of Priest Prisoners

> Whatever may be said against Germany, she is certainly treating the French priests with great kindness and consideration. I have had occasion to write to the fortress at Ingoldstadt about an old French priest taken prisoner in the beginning of the war. The reply came that I might write to him and send him anything I wanted. The commander says in conclusion: "Abbé Vanat is very well and is bearing his great trial with noble fortitude and dignity."

The priest prisoners are not only afforded the opportunity of saying Mass daily, but lately preached a three days' retreat to their fellow prisoners. Each priest, we are further informed, is given twenty-four marks a month for his little wants, besides the food, which is wholesome and abundant. The American Consul visited the prisoners in Ingoldstadt and spoke with the priests. All said that they had no complaint to make.

Great Britain.—On February 8, the British Government, for the first time, it is said, in two centuries, invited the House of Commons to give it a blank check for army purposes. In introducing the army estimates, Mr. Tennant, Parliamentary Undersecretary for War, said that he was debarred from dwelling upon the size and distribution of the armed forces. Recruiting had been satisfactory, he said, and there was no cause for disquiet, still less for discontent. Troops had been brought from India, Australia, South Africa and Canada, without a single casualty. When the total number of these men is made known, this will be thought an extraordinary feat. After a debate of two days the House passed the army estimates without division. This will provide for three million men, exclusive of the forces that may be sent from India. Speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith said that the British losses in the western arena of the war amounted to an approximate total of one hundred and four thousand men. This figure includes killed, wounded and missing. On February 11, the Premier discussed the rising price of food, which he attributed, in part, to the operations of speculators in the New York and Chicago markets. The Government desired to do all that was possible to guard the working classes against hardships, but, in his opinion, to buy up Europe's available supplies and then fix maximum prices would not facilitate the end desired, even if it were possible. For the Opposition, Mr. Bonar Law criticised the sluggishness of the Government in not securing large quantities of wheat, especially when it became evident that Turkey would enter the war, thus closing the Dardanelles.

"The Blank Check"

Ireland.—The *Irish Catholic* is still carrying on a spirited agitation for an increase in the number of navy chaplains. The editor insists that the provision for Catholic sailors is shamefully inadequate and warns the Admiralty that its present policy will result in the refusal of Irish lads to enlist. During the course of the discussion some interesting statistics concerning the religion of the sailors were presented, as follows: Anglicans, 93,598; Catholics, 10,644; Wesleyans, 8,528; Presbyterians, 4,039; Baptists, 1,969; Congregationalists, 1,291; Mohammedans, 685; Jews, 49; other denominations, 1,371. These figures were compiled two years since, when the personnel of the navy was 122,173; at the beginning of the present war this number had risen to 161,000, the 10,000 reservists included. Assuming that the proportion of Catholics remains normal, there are now about 14,064 afloat. As most of these are Irish, it is not a matter of surprise that the Irish hierarchy is insistent for the appointment of more chaplains to minister to their needs.

Navy Chaplains

By the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, which occurred on February 8, the Ulsterites have lost one of their chief stays. Born in Ulster sixty-two years ago, he was graduated from Trinity College, and during his life held various offices of trust and responsibility. In 1892 he became Solicitor General for Ireland, later, in the last Unionist Ministry, he was Solicitor General of England (1900-1906). In early life he was a member of Parliament for County Down (1878-1884) and Viceroy of Ireland (1886-1889). He acquired great wealth from collieries in Durham and held title to some 50,400 acres of land in six counties of England and Ireland. In politics he was an unflinching Unionist, and was distinguished by his strenuous advocacy of the doctrine of "no surrender" to the Irish Nationalists. His views were fully shared by the Marchioness who recently warned the

Londonderry Dead

Ulster Women's Unionist Association to be prepared to fight for their liberties and the preservation of the "Union."

Mexico.—This letter was written from Mexico by an American of long residence there. The editor vouches for the knowledge and probity of the writer:

A Pathetic Letter

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the past eight years I have been closely allied to political affairs in Mexico. I knew General Porfirio Diaz and was doing some work for the country under his private direction when the Madero revolution developed. As evidence of this I have letters signed by General Diaz. I knew Mr. Madero and many of his associates, but I know far better the leaders of the various factions now operating in Mexico. I know them, not by their public utterances, but by their training, ambitions and private actions. I have seen much of the manipulations of the American Government through its various official and "unofficial" agents, and more of the secret, pernicious activity of individual Americans. I have seen the hoodwinking of the public by means of the press. I have been present when false and misleading telegrams were written and put on the wires, and have heard the scornful laughter with which the perpetrators speculated about how Americans would take it. I have observed the deliberate misrepresentation of good men to the end that their influence for peace might be destroyed. I have in mind one Mexican officer whose name has been often in public print, and often in official charges made to the American Government. In some instances I had evidence to prove the charges false. This man was brought up in a good Catholic home; he is a Christian gentleman and a patriot, but he is a menace to those who are keeping Mexico embroiled for their own purposes. They have not dared to execute him, they can not drive him out of the country, but time and again he has been in prison, time and again his life has hung by a thread. This is only one case. There are many more.

My heart is bowed down with sorrow for the wretched country and I can not look the humblest peon in the face without a feeling of shame that I am an American. There has never been a time from the death of Madero up to a few weeks ago, when the United States might not have intervened in Mexico—armed only with an intelligent understanding of men and conditions in the country, and with the acknowledged rights of international intercourse—and aided in establishing the nucleus of a government according to their own Constitution which shortly would have been able to disarm all factions and restore peace. Now I fear the day of hope has passed. The wretched people have been driven from one leader to another seeking whom they might trust. Over mountain and desert they have marched and fought, and marched and fought again, and they have seen those whom they have trusted play false and sell away from them country they had conquered, before their blood was dry in the soil. Now they have lost all faith, all purpose, nothing is left except the instinct to kill, and they are as ready to fall on one as another to wreak their vengeance and despair.

What can be done for them? God only knows! I ask myself over and over again if there is no other end, but for the United States to send an army down to slaughter those who are left. I do not want to live to see that hour. I love Mexico with a love surpassing, a love for which there is no explanation, because I have with it no ties of blood. I would gladly lay down my life if it would assure the perpetual integrity of the nation, and the consummation of the ideals of some patriotic Mexicans whom I have known. I believe with all my heart that if there is a hope left it is in the Church, but how it may be achieved I do not know. The strain has been so long, so great, that like all others who love Mexico, I have lost the power to think, I can only suffer and wait and pray. If I have presumed too much in writing this letter I hope you will pardon it. If there is nothing else you can do, pray for us!

As usual, the week was marked by strife and bloodshed and strange "diplomatic acts." First of all, our Administration added one more name to its "litany" of confidential agents, that of Duval West, sometime federal District Attorney at San Antonio, Texas. The nature of his mission is unknown at present. It is to be hoped that, if he sights a "Papal Bull," red or white, he will communicate with the unhappy Mr. Lind, who is still in search of one. Meantime, Carranza has ejected the Spanish Minister from Mexico, for harboring a refugee. The Minister denies the offence, Carranza is obdurate and Spain is aroused. The outcome of the incident is hard to foresee. The bewilderment of American officials approaches nearer to that of "Moses in the bulrushes" every day. Probably Villa will settle the affair in a short time by defeating the Carranzistas. The usual number of battles took place during the last eight days. Early in the week Monterey and Matamoras fell to the Villistas. Dispatches of February 11 announced that Villa had captured Guadalajara. The following day Carranza sent this wire:

A Turbulent Week

> Villa's troops have been completely defeated at Guadalajara, losing more than 500 killed Many soldiers were wounded and captured as prisoners. A great deal of their supplies and ammunition fell into our hands. The battle lasted five days. Villa's troops are retreating in disorder. . . .

The day after Villa telegraphed as follows:

> We entered the city of Guadalajara to-day and immediately started in pursuit of the enemy. The main Carranza army left in the direction of Manzanillo. Their trains have been captured at Sayula. Gen. Medina surprised the garrison of Guadalajara, killing 360 of the Carranza forces.
>
> The inhabitants are demanding arms to fight with us. The Dieguez forces looted homes of workingmen and citizens, killed a number of priests and private citizens and robbed churches.

Thus is history made. It seems fairly certain, however, that Villa is actually in Guadalajara. The killing of the priests is not so certain. The Carranzistas and the Villistas, too, are quite capable of the murder. The following is typical: "Hang them," answered Gen. Obregon, with a hearty laugh, when asked on February 13, what measures were to be taken toward the clergy if they failed to furnish the 500,000 pesos ($250,000) contribution levied on them; then he added seriously that it would be unnecessary to go such lengths, as the occupation of church property would suffice.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and Public Life*

I AM asked to tell the readers of AMERICA what my experience has led me to consider the qualifications and preparation most likely to secure success in a political career. We must first try to agree on a definition of success. I shall assume that the young man whom these lines will reach will be satisfied with no ideal but the highest. He will not be content with becoming a prominent figure in politics, a popular stump speaker, an influential disposer of patronage, or the winner of highly-paid and conspicuous official positions, elective or appointive, unless these things bring him real powers of usefulness to his fellow-citizens, and entitle him to be remembered gratefully by posterity rather than merely to bask in the sunshine of a passing and perhaps partisan popularity. In other words, he aspires to be a statesman, not a mere politician.

The profession of politics, viewed in this light, stands in a class entirely distinct from the commercial or self-centered professions, and in my judgment ranks second only to the priesthood among the callings of self-abnegation and service. As no one can hope to become a great musician unless his ruling passion is a love of harmony, so the first and indispensable qualification for a genuine success in politics is an overmastering desire to contribute to the happiness and well-being of all sorts and conditions of men; a complete absorption of the spirit which has made the Church in all the ages the foe of oppression and the defender and comforter of the poor and oppressed. Statesmanship is the goal of the crusader, not the prize of the soldier of fortune.

The young man who chooses a political career as his most promising opportunity of service needs, like the soldier, equipment and training. On the groundwork of a good general education he should specialize in history, not to be memorized as a catalogue of battles and revolutions, but analyzed into the fundamental characteristics of the internal conflict between class privilege and popular rights. He should familiarize himself with the causes and processes of the often repeated transition from family to tribal relations, from the tribal chief to the hereditary monarch, from pure autocracy to a monarchy, limited first by a hereditary aristocracy, then by a plutocracy, and lastly by the rising power of an educated democracy. He should note particularly the tendency of republics, always the products of revolutions, to revert gradually through stages of plutocracy and a hereditary aristocracy to a practically autocratic single control.

He should learn to trace the same stages of evolution in the industrial world, and should familiarize himself with the devices by which industrial plutocracy is enabled to establish and centralize itself in the midst of nominally democratic institutions, and ultimately to become transformed into an automatically enlarging hereditary autocracy. Studying the genesis of revolutions, he should come to understand fully that the destructive tendencies of a materialistic and godless socialism are to be counteracted, not by a reactionary policy of repression, but by promptly remedying all just causes of complaint and offering to all the people access on equal terms to all the avenues of success and happiness.

As he comes to appreciate the deep-rooted force and insidious cunning of the age-long tendencies with which the champion of the common good must inevitably contend, our young student of political history will realize the supreme importance of developing a manly independence, inflexible but gentle. With Abraham Lincoln's noble idea of "Malice toward none and charity for all," he may prepare himself to be no partisan puppet, but in reality a free agent, able to rise superior to threats and blandishments alike, and fit to weigh dispassionately in the interests of all the people, the conflicting claims and arguments of the representatives of organized capital and of organized labor, and of all the other contending elements of our complex civilization.

With such an understanding of the task before him, of the foes he is to meet and the entanglements that he must shun, the young man who devotes himself to a career of patriotic politics should thoroughly train himself in the art of political speaking and writing. By a study of the best masters of debate and the most effective moulders of public opinion he may frame for himself theories of expression which he should seize every opportunity to reduce to practice. In young men's clubs and debating societies he may obtain facility in thinking on his feet and in expressing his thoughts not only with clearness and force, but in the forms most attractive to the particular audience that he happens to address.

His early efforts will very likely yield him more mortification than satisfaction, and he may bore rather than delight his hearers; but if he takes care always to have a message, to waste as few words as possible, and to stop talking when he has no more to say, he will soon find himself holding the attention and respect of his companions and acquiring a real power of influencing their opinions.

The young man who chooses politics as his profession is doomed to disappointment if his aim is selfish in any respect. If he is tempted by the apparently large salaries of some offices he will find that unforeseen but necessary expenses reduce the actual income far below what may be expected as the reward of like abilities and application in private life. The prestige of official station soon ceases to satisfy, popular applause is adulterated by flattery and embittered by unmerited and partisan criticism and abuse and, by what is far harder to bear, the failure of honest and well-meaning citizens to appreciate and support sincere efforts to serve the public. As the minister of the Gospel must look for his reward

*The twenty-eighth of a series of vocational articles.

in the consciousness of devotion to the spiritual welfare of his flock, so the faithful public servant is best repaid by the knowledge that he has to the best of his ability promoted the material welfare of his constituents, and especially of those whose weakness calls for forms of governmental encouragement and protection with which the rich and powerful may well dispense.

DAVID I. WALSH,
Governor of Massachusetts.

A Ludicrous Anachronism

COTTON MATHER, in knee-breeches and ruff, walking up Broadway some morning, would probably find no lack of laughing onlookers. Not alone because he would wear seventeenth-century clothes, but more especially because he would have a seventeenth-century habit of thought. Not that what he would *say* would be antiquated, but that what he would *suppose,* would be so unutterably behind the times, as to impair seriously the common ground of understanding between him and his hearers. "Papist," he might say, or "witches," and of these words the former for him would be nimbused with all that a bitter Puritan age had laid at the door of Catholics, and the latter would be redolent of the environment and times that made possible Salem and its stake. But to Mather's modern hearers these words would suggest ideas quite different from his own.

He would warn them, say, against witches. Thus without even dreaming of skepticism on their part, he might tell how he himself had but a short time before spoken with a man who saw a certain old woman ride through the air on a broom; how she had, furthermore, on several occasions, turned the true love of the village swains to hate and did not scruple, midnight horsewoman as she was, to make away with sleeping infants carelessly left alone by their nurses. Why she chose a broom for her canter, or why an assemblage of stolen infants appealed to her, Mather would, of course, never think of explaining, nor from a seventeen-century point of view would it ever enter your head to ask. To his Broadway audience, however, the question, and many others equally pertinent, would be ludicrously obvious, so they would laugh at him.

Cotton Mather's plight is imaginary, but it has a parallel that is neither fanciful nor ludicrous. The men who are striving to raise the religious issue to-day are taking for granted in the American people a mental attitude that is happily passing away. And in an age broadened mentally even to skepticism, they are asking credence for that which, even did the characteristic spirit of Americans not disdain, could, nevertheless, pass muster only in a narrower and less mature era of our history. For the anti-Catholic agitator is asking Americans to believe again that the Catholic Church is a monster, her priests vile, her monasteries and convents the abodes of fraud and iniquity; that where she thrives education and progress must wither, that her laymen are enslaved and superstitious, while the whole organization, from the Pope with his scheming bishops, to the laymen, bounden and robbed of their intellect, are bent on nothing so much as the subversion of American liberty.

So, in a few unblushing journals, the Church's alleged moral corruption is exposed, while on her political scheming, her designs on American freedom, a few loyal but keen-sighted gentlemen have bound themselves to keep a watchful eye. Consequently upon the public press a mysterious and unnatural silence falls apropos of interests which, though under one aspect Catholic, under others are those of the nation and of civilization itself. "Religious issue," too, becomes a slogan, and incidentally a phrase Protean in its utility. It is at once a living thing, and a scarecrow: a thing to promote agitation, and a thing to frighten it off. Name a Catholic for public office and "religious issue" defeats him, for it is a legitimate campaign weapon to safeguard the liberties of the country. Try to break the silence of the public press and you are told that red-blooded Americanism is broad enough for all sects and the "religious issue" must not be raised. Intense patriotism bids these men raise it, and Catholics are defamed and made the objects of hateful discrimination. Intense patriotism tells them it must never be raised, and the mails continue to carry vile papers and anarchy grips civilization in Mexico. It is not the purpose of this paper to show Americans that such a course of action is unfair. This, few will deny. We only wish to show that an anti-Catholic movement in this country to-day is an anachronism.

It will be remembered that when Know-nothingism first stepped before the public eye, the country had hardly attained its majority as a nation. We were, in fact, but a nation just realizing its own strength. As an independent people we had not, as yet, had existence sufficiently long to precipitate the cosmopolitan elements of the population. Classes and sects still stood out as such, and each man, instead of feeling himself a part of a great whole and having his attention fixed on things of large and national concern, was more likely to be found surveying and appraising his neighbor, scrutinizing his creed and nationality, overlooking in consequence many of the good points, and exaggerating whatever of evil he imagined he had found. He was supersensitive, too, was the American of that day, on the subject of liberty. The wars with England were not so far away as to be dim memories.

Besides we were nearer the generations of intolerance. Although Americans had broken theoretically with that spirit which forbids a man to worship as his conscience dictates, there had not, as yet, been time to assimilate and embody the theory in practice. The habits of thought of preceding generations change gradually; mental environment can not be sloughed off. Hence fringes of Puritan, Huguenot and Dissenting prejudice were still to be found around many an American's ideas. It was into

this atmosphere that Know-nothingism projected itself. Taking for granted the state of the public mind, the movement played upon it, and with what result we know. A day as un-American as any in our history broke, and with it came blazing churches, murdered men, and curious official impotence.

The conditions, however, which made possible so flagrant an insult to the Constitution are gone, let us hope, forever. Years of broadening influences, of life as a distinct nation, have given us a distinct national trait, and with its advent the spirit of Know-nothingism must disappear.

In no country in the world is a man so absolutely taken for what he is worth as he is in our own. And as this generous spirit of fair-play to all comers has waxed, bigotry has waned. In this the lines of class sect have melted and our nation of many elements has fused and we have become in truth *E Pluribus Unum*. Therefore, the American mind will refuse to condemn either Catholics, or any other body of citizens on *a priori* grounds.

Besides the rise to predominance of our distinctive trait, maturity has now come to the nation, and with it the steady practicality which refuses to be frightened by shadows. It is asking too much of Americans, with whom Catholics have lived and labored so long, that they believe you when you paint Catholics as superstitious and enslaved, or as tools in the hands of a foreign potentate. Catholic and Protestant, side by side in the daily struggle, have found in one another much to be admired, despite their fundamental difference in faith. The Protestant has found in the Catholic loyal patriotism, coupled with adherence to principle which the long endurance of persecution has made unflinching and firm. He has seen the Catholic prove himself a poor American only in so far as he has been a bad Catholic; disloyal to his country only in so far as he has been faithless to the Holy See. He has seen Catholics, who were the objects of the Know-nothing hue and cry, working in every department of our national life alongside their non-Catholic countrymen to place America in her present enviable place among the earth's nations. He saw none of the superstition, none of the slavish surrender of intellect certain people had told him to expect. So Catholic and Protestant became one as Americans. In obedience to true Americanism the religious issue was not raised, and there swept abroad in our land that spirit of toleration set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

Consequently the men who are adopting the Know-nothing attitude to-day are behind the times. They are misfits with the spirit of the twentieth century; they are acting as though the other point of view, sixty years old, still held. They are taking for granted as normal and American what to their audience is un-American and absurd. They are trying to tell modern Americans of a medieval sorceress who would steal away our liberties, as Mather might have told them of the witch and the sleeping infant.

GEORGE D. BULL, S.J.

Broken Ideals

ONE of the most lovable women I ever knew was, until recently, a police-matron in a western city. Incongruous as the comparison may seem, I never met her that I did not think of some genial, kindly old Mother Superioress. Though her tasks were often unpleasant, her real womanliness took from them all that was low or sordid. An inexhaustible fund of saving humor was hers, a big motherly heart that had more than once put hope back into some wandering soul, and a disposition that was not easily shocked or even surprised. Our new social theories are doing away with officials of her type. She knew very little about sociology, but much about human nature, and she was old-fashioned enough to believe that religion had a good deal to do with personal reformation.

Surprise, however, came to her in the later days of her incumbency. This was the period which marked the introduction of crime and depravity as drawing-room topics, and the rise of the amateur "slummer."

> God help us! she said one morning. A wisp of a girl with a bangle and a picture-hat came in here last night with two like herself, and wanted a policeman to take her out slumming! Child, I said—she was not more than eighteen—Child, why aren't you home and in bed? Who sent you here? And she began to talk about things that I never knew before I took up this work and wish I didn't know now, and to tell me how some long-haired crank had been lecturing to their class at the University about details that I sometimes have to put in the record, but never, old as I am, talk about. And I said to her, Child, go home, and be glad you've got a home to go to. With that she flared up, and I was all for putting her face under the hydrant to wash the paint off, and then draping her across my knee for a good spanking, but I only sent old Tim Haley to see them home, and tell them if they ever came back, they might see the inside of the Bridewell, and not as visitors. But sure, the poor child was not so much to blame. What was her mother about, letting her walk in this neighborhood at night?

Now I should not like to be counted one who praises the past only. Some very holy people wrote strong things about the general depravity of a century which turned out to be the sixteenth, the glorious century of Philip Neri, Ignatius, Theresa, and thousand other holy ones. So, in spite of the evil that has crept into our social life, I feel that there are great saints in our own day, too. Perhaps we touch elbows with them, riding down to work in the morning. Frequent Communion, now happily so widespread, is the surest sign that the work of making saints is active among us. But, I think, too, that evil is more persuasive, more subtle, more cultured, than it used to be, and therefore, more dangerous. Vice hides behind a mask. It uses paint, cosmetics, perfumes, as some of our girls do. It is educated, as many of our prison-inmates are. It has well-nigh proved its contention that, in the name of art, one may legitimately smash all the conventions and the Decalogue to boot. It preaches that culture, which begins with raptures over

ivory shoulders and fair limbs, and ends, as such movements have ended a thousand times in history, by dropping to those sub-bestial levels which St. Paul sketches in the first chapter of Romans. The pity of it all is, that much of this deadly unloveliness which, through books, magazines, social amusements and the theater, is getting so strong a hold on our young people, might be suppressed or, at least, lessened by concerted Catholic action.

"Concerted Catholic action." The phrase is a bromide. The reality is almost as rare as a chimera buzzing in a vacuum. The mere presence of evil in the world is not necessarily alarming. It is of prophecy that the world will always serve its master, the devil. What is alarming, terribly alarming, is the fact that certain influential Catholics are simply indifferent to its presence, or worse, are responsible for its spread. Their ideals are broken.

Poor Catholics, as a rule, are good Catholics. The bad influence comes largely from Catholics made giddy by a sudden rise to wealth and unwonted social position. We have among us parents whose indifference allows their sons to turn into cultured rakes, their daughters into unsexed, heartless creatures, as unlike the Catholic ideal of womanhood as the Gospel of Christ and the gospel of the world. We see Catholic men and women acting as patrons to plays, operas, social movements, which to the Catholic mind are simply vile. New York has recently heard the declaration of a Catholic dramatic critic that the stage alone among arts has withstood the lure of commercialism. After scanning the theatrical page of a New York Sunday newspaper I can not agree with him. I do not think that the "Theatrical Trust" will agree with him. Theatrical managers cater to the popular taste. To do otherwise would not be "business." Perhaps I am a jaundiced critic. Perhaps, in common with most persons who protest against bad plays, I have a bad mind. But, after reading the ordinary theatrical page, I can not help adopting the phrase of a dramatic critic who wrote in the Chicago *Tribune:* "These plays are very pleasant to see. Besides, they may be used to open conversation upon the fearsome and interesting subject of sex." Not all, of course, but many of them. That, at least, is the lure held out by the press-agent.

Of late years the picture-plays and the stage have been teaching that the only priests and nuns worthy of their high office and dignity are those who, like Judas, do their best to cast both away. New York at this moment is viewing a widely-advertised play, the scene of which is a convent. Invoking the sacred name of art, the author proceeds, in effect, to slander the good sense and purity of our Sisters, women who, having left all things to follow Christ, can not expect to be understood by a world which looks on sacrifice as folly. But can Catholics protest against this cruel slander? It does not appear that they have done so. If they do, they will be told by the managers, "All this is Art, and one who ranks high in your communion, a Catholic dramatic critic and author, has praised this play in the highest terms."

Broken ideals! What can the purity of womanhood, the beauty of the religious life, mean to this twisted "Catholic" critic? And what impression of our Sisterhoods, and of the Church which authorizes them, watches over them, guides them, will be made upon hundreds of well-meaning non-Catholics who accept as final the word of this "Catholic" critic?

"Fear not the world," said our Blessed Saviour. "I have overcome the world." What we have to fear today, as always, is not the world, but the broken ideals worshiped by thousands who call themselves Catholics.

JOHN WILTBYE.

The Condition of Peace

WE are strongly impelled to look upon the war as a grim commemoration of a pact that was made one hundred years ago, and within our day broken. That pact was an international peace-pact, the most celebrated in modern times. The centennial commemoration of it is marked by an international war. The pact was made in Vienna just one hundred years ago, and by precisely the same five Powers that are the principals in the present war: Austria, Prussia, Russia, England and France. Forty-four years ago, September, 1870, after playing fast and loose for a dozen years, they broke their pledge finally and in concert, and they are now commemorating in blood the one hundredth anniversary of the pact.

One hundred years ago, after the capture of Bonaparte by the Allies, a Congress was held in Vienna to fix up a new status for Europe. The Congress was held by the five Powers. Other States were consulted on matters which concerned them individually, but they had no part in the discussions or decisions of the Congress. This Congress was the most important and the most imposing international diplomatic event of modern times. More than one hundred sovereigns and ministers were on the spot. The Emperor of Austria was there, and the Tsar of Russia and the King of Prussia. There were kings and princes from the smaller States, Wellington from England and Talleyrand from France. Pope Pius VII was invited, but he could not go; he sent Cardinal Consalvi, who was given precedence over all the delegates. He was received as the representative of that ancient dynasty which in the five hundred years following the reign of Constantine had civilized the tribes and formed them into States, and then, after crowning Charlemagne as Emperor of Christendom in the year 800, had held its recognized place as guardian among those nations for a thousand years. It was just after this thousand years that Bonaparte had dethroned the Pope. The greatest measure resolved upon in the Congress of Vienna was the restoration of the Pope as the necessary guarantee of peace.

The Congress of Vienna opened on November 1, 1814. The acts were signed on July 7, 1815. The Powers

pledged themselves to see that the Papal States should be kept intact and inviolable. Forty years later, in the Congress of Paris, after the Crimean war, when the status of Europe was again settled, the same Powers, with the minor States, reaffirmed all that the Congress of Vienna had declared concerning the Papal dominions. But in 1870 the five Powers repudiated the pledge they had given in the Congress of Vienna to safeguard the independence of the Pope. They allowed the new Power, Italy, to be established on the ruins of their broken pledge. Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, had long wished to be King of Italy. He had already seized a great part of the peninsula, including considerable papal territory. In 1870 the Lodges commanded him to seize Rome. "Order the troops to march on Rome or we shall proclaim the Republic," was the Masonic message to Victor Emmanuel. He ordered his troops to march on Rome, and they entered the city, September 20, 1870.

The Powers were a silent party to this injustice. They were bound by their common pledge to prevent it. They were able to prevent it. To prevent it there was needed but a monosyllable from the dominating Power of the five. The word was not spoken. So, seeing that they had proved themselves faithless to the common trust, they lost all trust in one another. Consequently they began to arm, each one against every other: Austria, Germany, Russia, England and France. For more than forty years until to-day they have continued to arm, and now they are chastising one another with a chastisement such as none of them has ever before received. They are hurling their millions at one another in inconceivable destruction. With every imaginable engine of ruin they are annihilating one another.

The Lodges declared that the dethronement of the Pope, the seizure of his temporal power, was only a step to a further end, namely, the crushing out, the extinction of his spiritual power. But we know that the spiritual power of Benedict XV is the only light of hope over the gulf of blood. He has been despoiled of every inch of ground and has been "allowed" only the "use" of his own home as a "residence." He is the fourth Pope who has lived under these conditions since 1870. He is the fourth Pope who, in forty-four years and a half, has seen the city only through the windows of his "residence." And yet we know that in all the nineteen centuries there has never been so brilliant an exhibition, so dazzling a manifestation in actual response to the Pope's spiritual power as that which we ourselves have seen. There is nothing in the history of the Church to compare to the union of prelates and priests and people in their concert of prompt spiritual obedience during these four and forty years. The Powers simply handed over their covenant of peace at the behest of the party of anti-Christ. Now they have the result.

We can not make an adequate study of the universe if we leave out the First Cause, God. We can not understand the groups of societies which necessarily rise out of the growth of the human family if we leave out the Creator of human nature itself and His eternal will upon it, its natural law. We can not understand the human society of to-day if we leave out Christ, the God-man, His Church, and His Vicar, who has reigned for nineteen centuries, and will rule till the end of time.

The five Powers, principals in the world-disturbance, typify the antagonisms of the world to Christ's Church, to Christ's Vicar, to Christ's personality. They typify these antagonisms in their greatest intensity, namely, as upheld by the civil arm. Russia typifies schism, with the Tsar at the head; Prussia and England typify heresy, perpetuating precisely the heresy of Luther and the heresy of Henry VIII, with the King of Prussia at the head of one and the King of England at the head of the other; the Government of the French Republic stands behind the party of anti-Christ; Austria has been the master-meddler in the discipline of the Church.

In 1870 they allowed the new Power to establish itself by criminal and sacrilegious means and with an anti-Christian program. Then they paid court to the abomination of desolation sitting in the holy places. They had made their choice. Then they prepared to work out their antagonisms without Christ. They drove away the Vicar of the Prince of Peace from the door of the Temple of Peace. They have taken the sword to perish by the sword.

Peace! There will be peace only when they have completed the chastisement they are giving one another. If, then, they shall restore the condition of peace, namely, the independence of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, peace there will be. But if they undertake to build themselves up without restoring the condition of peace there can be but a renewal of strife. And then, peoples, finding themselves deceived and misguided and called upon again to give their blood and their earnings, may sweep away cabinets and thrones and create a social chaos, out of which it will be the Pontiff's task to create the new civilization. All this is not a wild imagination. It is but the expression of alternatives to which there is no middle. And, as history goes, the time for the choice can not be so very far away. Half a century of bondage is written in the history of the Popes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One hundred years ago the five Powers, to save themselves from the very thing that is happening to-day, put an end to the bondage in which Bonaparte had held Pope Pius VII for six years. They made solemn profession that they would secure the Pontiffs against a repetition of it. But in 1870 they permitted the new bondage, and they have ratified it during four and forty years. The absolute independence of the Pope is the question of questions, the right of rights, which must come before that Congress they will hold as soon as they have filled up for one another the providential measure of this premonitory scourging.

But, Italy? We are not now speaking about Italy. Italy was not at Vienna. Italy is not one of the five.

Italy is the actual spoiler, and has a long list for the accounting. The veil of mystery still hangs over Italy's visitation. We have been speaking of history and of the five. *Et nunc reges intelligite! Nolite tangere christos meos.*

WILLIAM POLAND.

One Prop Less for Yellow Journalism

BY a recent decision, to the effect that qualified privilege does not attach to pleadings in an action merely filed but not presented in any court or to any magistrate, the New York Supreme Court, Appellate Division, First Department, has snatched away the immunity cloak that sensation loving newspapers have drawn about themselves, after printing columns portraying the results of key-hole peepings and midnight raids, as set forth in divorce petitions.

It has long been an established point in law that testimony in open court is "privileged" and a newspaper is free to print it, no matter how libelous *in se* the statements may be, without fear of prosecution. The New York law (section 1907, Code of Criminal Procedure) puts the law thus:

> An action, civil or criminal, can not be maintained against a reporter, editor, publisher or proprietor of a newspaper, for the publication therein of a fair and true report of any judicial, legislative, or other public official proceedings, without proving actual malice in making the report.

Arguing that papers filed are part of a judicial proceeding, the newspapers have felt entirely at liberty to print the most sprightly accounts of unseemly doings. Apart from this feature, the promiscuous publishing of *ex parte* charges may lend itself to many injustices, and has done so in times past. Accusations that appear very serious when first presented, often dwindle to nearly nothing when the other side has had its day in court and yet, such are the exigencies of newsgathering and the fickleness of public interest, that the aforesaid accusations generally receive more publicity when first filed than when they are finally withdrawn. The effect of the statements in the early pleadings is stronger in the public mind than any of the subsequent, and less prominently noticed, denials.

Supreme Court Justice Scott, who announced the finding of the higher tribunal in the matter of privileged pleadings, voiced the unanimous finding of his confreres on the bench, agreeing with the holding in other States that while an individual should be privileged to make whatever charges he sees fit without fear of prosecution for libel, because he has filed a suit, still, his accusations may not be scattered broadcast with impunity by the newspapers. Justice Scott said, in part:

> As to the publication of papers merely filed and not presented to any court or magistrate, which is the question before us now (in Williams *versus* the New York *Herald* Company) the rule has not heretofore been declared in this State by any controlling authority. It has arisen, however, in many other jurisdictions, and the consensus of authority is that the qualified privilege of publication does not extend to such a case. The opinion thus generally held by the courts of this country commends itself to our judgment as establishing a sound rule within the terms of our statute. As was said in Metcalf *vs. Times* Publishing Co.:
>
> It is necessary to the ends of justice that a party should be allowed to make his charges against another for adjudication even though they may be of a libelous character, and as such, as privileges, the injured party having a remedy for malicious prosecution when they are made maliciously or without probable cause. But the right of a party to make charges gives no right to others to spread them.
>
> Our conclusion upon this branch of the case, therefore, is that the mere filing of a pleading, without any submission to the court or judicial action thereon, does not constitute such a judicial proceeding as will give rise to a qualified privilege to a newspaper to publish its contents.

It is probably too much to expect that the new decision will dam the stream of sludge that trickles from the divorce mills. However, it ought materially to decrease its volume. No editor welcomes a libel suit. No matter what the outcome of such a suit may be the paper is the loser, for it costs money to investigate, secure legal advice and procure witnesses, even though the paper may win. So any newspaper is likely to pause when it is realized that *ex parte* petitions and pleadings do not gain privilege when they are dropped in the box in the court house but must be defended if libel suits are brought. Thus public morals are likely to be better safeguarded if for no other reason because reporters and editors—at the best none too sensitive, in matters of conscience—feel that there is a check which can be effectively applied whenever there is question of the publication of scandals as described in the foregoing words.

JAMES E. LANE.

War-Time Reflections

THE European war has been going on now for some six months on a scale and with a violence shocking to the whole world. It has brought to the surface thoughts that lay at the bottom of many hearts. We have had glimpses of precious treasures that had lain concealed under an ocean of frigid conventions and glistening trifles—personal deeds of heroism, generous acts of patriotism, instances of devotion to a beautiful sentiment, of affection purified by sorrow, of the turning of souls to God in sweetly innocent surrender; and many other signs have we had of man's inherent nobility and high vocation.

But the stirring of the waters has brought also not a little trash into revealment. And it has come from the sources from which trash might be expected. Our popular literature of science and letters has been wavering and undogmatic enough on many matters: but of one thing it has never entertained a doubt for the last score of years. It has had unalterable certitude that Christianity was a dead religion. It has not discussed the point: it has simply taken it for granted. Art and science had been laid under contribution to form a new religion, satisfactory to the modern intelligence and effective to deal with modern evils. Mankind had outgrown Christianity. The intellectual man, who believed and practised Christian doctrine, was held to be an obscurantist, a reactionary, a medieval mystic, a curious anachronism. Wise friends never made allusion to his weakness on this score: foolish ones delighted to shock the public by telling how he went to Mass and confession. We seriously question whether the Post-Augustine literature of Rome was much more alien or remote from the Christian world than the neo-pagan literature of the last twenty years. The accepted spokesmen of modern thought all agreed that Christianity was dead and buried never to rise again.

The war came like a clap of thunder. No one could talk coherently for a while. When contemporary literature recovered its breath and its tongue, what was the first word that came struggling through the red corrugations of its indignant amazement? "Christianity! Christianity! There is Christianity for you! See what she does! See what she fails to do!" Now, we ask, is not that something very much like impudence? They told us Christianity was dead. Now they tell us with equal assurance that Christianity is the cause of an upheaval worse than a thousand earthquakes. Pagan art, the worship of the material, the social gospel of science, the transfer of heaven from eternity to time, the supreme importance of physical comfort for individuals and for society, all these doctrines of a new religion, which, we were told, again and again and yet again, was the only living religion in the world of intelligence, had nothing to do with the origin and progress of the war. The war was the work of a religion that was dead and buried. And they say that the age of miracles is passed! If Christianity, which has

been lifeless these fifty years or more, has caused in some mysterious and miraculous way this most bloody war, we suggest that contemporary literature be not too harsh in its condemnation. What is the use of arraigning the dead?

Not all of our prophets in popular science and literature have had the hardihood to ascribe a world-wide catastrophe to a dead and buried religion. Some of them have been shocked out of their certitude concerning the moribund condition of Christianity, and have felt obliged to canvass anew their former opinions and to restate their conclusions. They have discovered that Christianity was not so dead and buried as they thought. She has risen before their eyes like an armed ghost,

> As the air, invulnerable,
> And our vain blows malicious mockery.

But, if they had to endure momentary confusion in confessing that Christianity was not so dead as they thought and wished her to be, they have recovered themselves swiftly in the pious thought that, at least now, they have a final and a crushing argument against their ancient aversion. The war supplies them with evidence, mountain-high—up through which no ghost could burrow from its grave—that Christianity is futile, vain, helpless to cure the ills of modern society and promote universal brotherhood. If Christianity be divine, if it have any force at all, why do Christian men kill one another in this wholesale fashion? The popular cartoonists love to delineate the envy and amazement of unconverted savages at the superior possibilities of warfare among Christian nations.

All this, of course, is a rather superficial and elementary, not to say malicious, way of regarding human passion in its conflict with Christian truth. Christ also was asked reproachfully by the world of His day why, if He were the Son of God, he allowed Himself to be hanged upon a cross. Neither Christ nor Christianity constrains by violence the human will nor sheers unbridled passion of its consequence. As well blame Christ for His own death as blame Christianity for the sins of Christian civilization.

But it occurs to us to ask why art and science have not prevented the present conflict. Christianity has never promised herself success in eliminating wars from human experience. Indeed, her gospel declares that the end of the world will be ushered in by universal war. Art and science on the contrary have been preached industriously as the great civilizers and harbingers of peace, the welders of our race into a universal brotherhood. In our books, books innumerable by Tolstoy and Tourgenief and Hugo and Zola and Anatole France and Maeterlinck and Strindberg and Euchen and Harnack and Haeckel and Nietzsche and Ibsen and Ellen Key and Hardy and Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy and countless swarms of novelists and philosophers and scientists; in quarterlies, and monthlies and weeklies and dailies, from which editorial policy excludes everything slightly Christian and nothing too pagan; in decrees of Government; in legislative speeches and enactments; in decisions of judges; in academic pronouncements by presidents and ex-presidents and professors of universities; in dereligionized public schools, on public platforms; nay, in many so-called "Christian" churches, as well as in theaters and on street-corners, few things have been dinned into our ears so vigorously for the last quarter of a century as the power of art and science to redeem society from personal and collective evils. The new religion has had undisputed control of all the avenues of publicity during the present generation. She has enjoyed an enviable position at the very fountainhead of public opinions and public policies. And now, that those currents are sick with contagion and death, the new religion, the pagan spirit, the type of Meredith's comic-tragedian, turns on the Church in a fury and berates her for not keeping the currents clean.

> A Wolf and a Lamb came to drink one hot day from a running brook. The Wolf, having a mind to pick a quarrel with the Lamb, asked him what he meant by disturbing the water and making it too muddy for him to drink. The Lamb pointed out that this could not be since the Wolf was upstream. "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "you are a rascal." And he seized the Lamb and tore him to pieces.

While our art and our science have been talking about brotherhood they have been destroying man's hope in Heaven, and his belief in an immortal soul; they have been making siege-guns and air-ships of war. It may be that our age talks too much and too eloquently about brotherhood.

> She lets off her feeling in theoretic grooves, says Mr. Ladywell of the heroine in "The Hand of Ethelberta," and there is sure to be none left for practical ones. Whatever seems to be the most prominent vice, or the most prominent virtue, in anybody's writing is the one thing you are safest from in personal dealings with the writer.

The observation smacks of Hardy's usual pessimism; but it has shrewdness nevertheless, and, within certain limitations, much truth. A successful writer on pedagogy is often useless in the classroom, and a forceful denouncer of tyranny may, like Carlyle, make life miserable for his wife. Carlyle, himself, was not without a clue to the mystery. In "Characteristics" he tells us that the diet of a physician who boasted that he had "a perfect system" is worthy of attention; but that the rough countryman, who asserted that he had "no system," was the healthier of the two.

Our acute self-consciousness on the subject of brotherhood may be a symptom of disease rather than a sign of a vigorous and nice conscience. As the Holy Father, Benedict XV, declared in his first Encyclical, since the world began there never has been so much talk of brotherhood; and, perhaps, never so little of the genuine reality. The disease does not entirely defy diagnosis. Thomas Hardy, in his latest volume of verse, makes what to him is the purely imaginary God of Christians discourse to man as follows:

> And now that I dwindle day by day
> Beneath the deicide eyes of seers
> In a light that will not let me stay,
>
> And to-morrow the whole of me disappears,
> The truth should be told, and the fact be faced
> That had best been faced in earlier years:
>
> The fact of life with dependence placed
> On the human-heart's resource alone,
> In brotherhood bonded close and graced
>
> With loving-kindness fully blown,
> And visioned help unsought, unknown.

There it is! The new religion of brotherhood. We are marooned on a God-forsaken planet, my men! This is our heaven! Let us make the most of the tinned meats: they are the only things left to us! As no hope lies beyond the deeps of space, let us live and die together like loving brothers! What wonder if there follows a most unfraternal scramble for the limited supply of celestial tinned-fodder? Thus in an age of ceaseless cant and chatter about the brotherhood of men we have witnessed an unprecedented and bloody stampede for "a place in the sun." And we have seen the brazen trumpeters of a Circean heaven shift the blame for this panic and collision upon the Christianity of St. Francis of Assisi, who despised and trod upon the husks which shallow and perverted hearts adore and nations fight for. St. Francis preached God and loved his brothers, as the Church teaches. Our modern leaders of public opinion preach their brothers and love Self. The preaching in the latter case is, we fear, a symptom of selfishness. And so it comes about that the most conspicuous fruits of our modern art and science are "cubist" nightmares, barefoot dancing, sex-hygiene and siege-guns.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Mexican Jesuits

To the Editor of AMERICA:

All who read in AMERICA of February 6, the letter entitled "Persecuted Mexican Jesuits" must have been moved with sentiments of pity. In that article we have described to us the deplorable situation of 160 Jesuit priests and 205 scholastics and brothers of that noble Society, all of whom were recently expelled from Mexico by the brutes now in control of affairs in that unfortunate country. Now, these heroic Jesuits, who have not published their needs but who are in actual want, are in Cuba. Most of them, as I understand, are located in Havana. Their real offence, in the eyes of the incarnate demons in Mexico who stripped and then exiled them, is that they did their Master's work and that their Order is called by His holy name, in short that they are true soldiers of Jesus Christ. Every one who truly knows the Jesuits and their work and who has had the privilege of intimate social intercourse with them will, I feel sure, agree that the following tribute of love and respect paid by the author of "My Clerical Friends" expresses very accurately the sentiments of the Jesuit's friends all over the world:

> Let it be permitted to one who knows you, Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and who offers to you all that his heart contains of love, duty and reverence, to say what he has found you to be in many a land. You are ambitious, but only to serve God and your fellow-creatures; politic, but only to overcome the world; astute, but only to baffle the wicked one; inflexible, but only against evil; and stern, but only toward yourselves. With others you deal as if their faults were yours, and your virtues theirs. Like the great apostle, with whom your sublime founder had so much in common, you may say: "We suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened, but not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not." If I may not speak of some nearer home, let me at least have leave to offer to you, most dear and honored friends, who, on the other side of the great sea, have condescended to my infirmities, and greeted me with a tenderness and charity to which I had so little claim, the homage of my respectful gratitude. Among the sweet memories of a life which has been too full of them, none are more unceasingly present to me than the days which I have spent with you, dear and venerable Fathers of Washington, Baltimore, Boston and Montreal. You can not quite have forgotten one to whom your doors were so often opened, whom you did not disdain to receive as if he resembled yourselves, and who will never forget you, as long as he is able to love wisdom and virtue, and to thank God for the examples which you gave him of both.

That appeal in AMERICA for the Jesuits exiled from Mexico and now in Cuba must not fall on deaf ears. I wish to add my voice to that appeal and call upon the generosity of the friends of the Jesuits wherever they may be, wherever AMERICA may reach them. Let the response be prompt, generous and an earnest of our appreciation of how the Jesuit, wherever he may be, constantly spends himself for us in doing his Master's work. I venture to suggest that contributions in this behalf be sent to AMERICA *at once*. I know that the Jesuits have many friends in the United States and in America, and, now that the pitiable conditions of those Jesuits from Mexico is known, I feel sure that the friends of the Jesuits will not allow that condition to continue. With this letter I am sending you my small offering. Would that I were financially able to increase it a thousand fold!

St. Louis. A FRIEND OF THE SOCIETY.

Carnegie's Testimony

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the hearings of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations held a few days ago in New York City, Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. John D. Rockefeller offered testimony concerning the great endowment funds for which they are responsible. In the course of their testimony, both men declared that the benefits accruing from these endowments were not to be denied to any one on account of his or her religious belief. While Mr. Carnegie admitted that he had heard of educational institutions that had disavowed their connection with particular denominations in order to become beneficiaries within the purposes of his endowment, he did not know of any specific case and felt that such a thing was not now being done. Mr. Carnegie frankly stated that no one should be refused the benefits of the endowments on account of his or her religious belief. He is reported to have said: "My money is for all young men and young women of the United States and I do not intend that some one shall be excluded from a benefit simply because of religious belief."

Now, this testimony of Mr. Carnegie prompts this interesting query. Are the endowment funds established by these two very wealthy business men, as a matter of fact, excluding from their benefits certain individuals or institutions because of their religious belief? If they are not, what ground is there for the opposite impression which is fairly well established in the minds of a great number of people in this country to-day? If they are excluding individuals from their benefits, then let us have the whole truth and not allow the statements of these wealthy men to go unchallenged. I have always felt that these foundations have discriminated against individuals and institutions on account of their religious belief, and that they are still doing so, even while professing to be for all, without regard to religious conviction. It occurs to me that this whole affair, in view of the impression created by these two wealthy founders before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, should be placed in its true light and I should be very grateful for whatever you might do through the columns of AMERICA to this end.

Boston, Mass. M. J. S.

Old-Time Editors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the risk of being considered impertinent I am going to reassert in answer to Mr. Thomas F. Meehan, that any article on "Old-Time Catholic Editors" which omits the "titanic" names of John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffry Roche, is of "no consequence" to the older or rising generations. Catholic journalism in America can be spanned by about seventy-five years. Mr. Meehan's article concerned "the last half of the nineteenth century." John Boyle O'Reilly began his editorial career on the Boston *Pilot* in the early spring of 1870, and he has been dead a quarter of a century. James Jeffry Roche, who had been his associate editor for several years, immediately succeeded him as editor of the *Pilot*. The dates speak for themselves. Out of the great mass of other things come these trumpet voices:

> Has it ever struck you that for the success of our great cause Mother Church greatly needs lay champions? Some such there are in other countries; here there are none or few. Such a champion would need talent, but more would he need orthodoxy, respect for legitimate authority; he should give example in observing the ordinance of religion. His life should be a deduction from her spirit. Such was O'Reilly.—Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., President of Boston College, at the funeral of John Boyle O'Reilly. His death is a public calamity, not only a loss to the country, but a loss to the church and to humanity in general.—James Cardinal Gibbons. I wish we could make all the people in

the world stand still and think and feel about this rare, great, exquisite-souled man, until they fully comprehend him.—George Parsons Lathrop on O'Reilly's death. A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres; one master-mind is worth a million hands.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Pray upon what grounds is the name of John Boyle O'Reilly omitted from a list of "Old-Time Catholic Editors," to my mind the greatest Catholic editor, Catholic lecturer and Catholic leader of laymen in "times that tried men's souls" and in what was then at least the literary center of America.

Boston. HUGH P. MCNALLY.

[If anything were needed to add to the emphasis of Mr. McNally's assertions no doubt his ponderous list of quotations might suffice. I fail, however, to be impressed, and still decline to alter my chronological setting of his "Titans." As to his further superlatives—well, once more it is not pertinent; tastes differ, and *de mortuis nil, etc.* So the matter must now rest. Thomas F. Meehan.]

More Light on the Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read all that has been said in AMERICA concerning a Catholic daily and am intensely interested in the subject. "A Perfect Fool" in your issue of January 25, is evidently alive to the needs of the day, but is, I think, seriously mistaken when he says "there is not a Catholic weekly worth the trouble of reading." As to the daily it is my opinion that a new paper known as a Catholic organ will not succeed. The general opinion that it is a religious publication devoted to the particular treatment of sectarian questions will prevail and the comparatively few of our own people who would become constant readers could not support it. I do not believe in a Catholic daily, because it would savor of organized opposition and increase the troubles we are heir to. I do not believe in segregation any further than is necessary to keep us in line as good church members. When it comes to our business life and general contact with people I think we should recognize no line of difference among citizens.

I hope the views expressed by R. Dana Skinner in a recent issue of AMERICA will not be lost sight of. If I were able, financially and otherwise, I would secure control of one of the present daily papers, weed out the undesirables of its working staff and reorganize its policy and service to fit the requirements. It should be one of the metropolitan newspapers conducted so as to satisfy readers without regard to sectarian bias. It should aim at being a clean, thorough newspaper, in whose columns sensationalism and vulgarity would be avoided, and all news given in an absolutely honest, broad spirit, without palliation for reprehensible transactions. It could not, of course, be neutral on the burning questions of the day, but it should be fair and honest. The manager should be an eminently capable, honest daily newspaper man. I would not make religious belief a necessary qualification for employment on the paper. A properly organized management can easily see that the policy of the paper is adhered to without regard to the religious beliefs of the working staff.

New York. FRANK S. GANNON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I agree with D. A. Webb that more pulpit urging is necessary to make Catholics realize the necessity of supporting a Catholic press. In the Cathedral of Scranton he might have heard the people warned repeatedly of the necessity of good Catholic reading, and advised to subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines. I hate to think that the pastors of other churches here neglect such a very important duty. In these days and in the average American environment, certainly it is little short of criminal for parents to let children grow up without a realization of the necessity of Catholic reading and a taste for it. It never was more necessary than just now.

Scranton, Pa. M. L. BURNS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper is not feasible, for many reasons, and it would be of little value to Catholics outside of the city in which it would be published. If it were printed in New York, it would not meet the needs of Catholics in Chicago, St. Louis or Denver. To publish a Catholic daily in every great city would savor of sectarianism, a thing we wish to avoid. Moreover, many of the dailies now published are disposed to be fair to Catholics. We might strive to better them by moral suasion.

Washington, D. C. WILLIAM H. SLOAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is to be hoped that Dr. Flick's scheme for the coming Catholic daily will not overlook the ladies. Surely he would not be so ungallant; moreover we belong in it by tradition as well as by right. The pages of Bishop England's famous *Catholic Miscellany* bear silent testimony to the help he received in its production from his sister Johanna, a woman who as yet has not received the recognition due the ability with which she seconded the efforts of her illustrious brother. The late John Mullaly, to whose career AMERICA pays just tribute, often referred with pride to the assistance he also had received from his sister, especially in the editing of the *Journal of the Fair* (1878) which contributed largely to the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and of the *Seminary* (1892-96), which was equally efficacious in the building of the great seminary at Dunwoodie. The long editorial connection with the old *Tablet* of Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, and of Miss Hickey with the *Catholic Review* might also be cited. But, leaving the past and coming to this, our own day, what better editorial results could be asked for than those shown every week in the New Orleans *Morning Star,* one of our most interesting and influential Catholic weeklies, by Marie Louise Points? And she has rivals in Josephine Byrne Sullivan, of the Detroit *Michigan Catholic;* Anna C. Minogue of the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph.* The list might be extended by the names of Katherine E. Conway, so long on the staff of the Boston *Pilot* and the *Republic;* Miss O'Sullivan of the *Sacred Heart Review* and *Donahoe's Magazine*; Miss O'Hara, Lida Rose McCabe, and many others. I have before me a letter written by the late Canon Sheehan, in January, 1911, to a well-known American Catholic editor, in which the lamented rector of Doneraile says:

> I see your name sometimes in Catholic magazines. It is a good thing, and a generous thing, because, alas! they want the support of great names to save them from extinction. I am afraid it is impossible to lift up the bulk of them to a high literary level. They all seem to have got the wrong persons as editors; and they won't leave the duty of preaching to the priests of the Church. The little *Magnificat* seems the most enterprising and popular. I think it must succeed.

Please remember, Dr. Flick, that it is to the "little *Magnificat*" of the Sisters of Mercy of Manchester, N. H., that the author of "My New Curate" offers this compliment. Mr. Smith of Denver very aptly remarks, in a recent AMERICA, that you can draw a corps of trained Catholic women newspaper workers, as well as men, from the offices of the dailies in any of the large cities. Remember also, Doctor, the axiom of well-managed dailies that the editor who can attract and keep the interest and patronage of his women readers is bound to boom his circulation, and circulation is fundamental in journalism as well as in anatomy. Don't forget the Catholic newspaper women, Doctor.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A REPORTER.

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Dispensing with the Devil

THERE has always been a disposition on the part of those who are on most friendly terms with Satan to deny his existence or to minimize his interest in mundane affairs. Each man has within himself, they tell us, sufficient potentiality for evil to compass his own descent into hell, if he be bent on going to that place of horrors. Hell as an actuality they regard as extremely unlikely, prating the while about God's goodness and completely ignoring His justice and outraged majesty; but as for the devil, he is simply a *deus ex machina,* a bug-a-boo made in the nursery, serviceable for the repression of naughty children and not without moral advantages for the ignorant, but for all that a thing of the imagination and altogether unreal. A novice in psychology has no difficulty in tracing the parentage of this rather prevalent impression. The lurid glare of the eternal bonfire at the end of the primrose path acts as a kill-joy to those who have determined to see and enjoy life. The world, the flesh, and the devil are a discomforting trilogy. The presence of the fiend somehow or other puts wormwood into the cup so generously, though delusively filled by the other two. The very thought of the major domo of the abyss is a sinister suggestion of the dread portal under which all hope must be abandoned. Half the thrill goes out of the banquet with the remembrance that the arch-enemy of mankind is the master of the revels. The crown of roses is not nearly so fragrant when accompanied by the assurance that one's soul is the price. Small wonder indeed that the votaries of the world and the flesh loudly proclaim and often that the devil does not exist! Little he cares if only they do his will.

We, however, who are old-fashioned enough to believe in revelation know that the devil does exist, and that he goeth about seeking whom he may devour. We look, therefore, to be tempted. Christ was tempted. Why not we? The lure of the play is less potent when we understand that the chief player is Satan. The broad road loses some of its glamour when we realize that its brightness is partially, at least, the reflection of his infernal kingdom. Nor are we so apt to be misled and deceived when we keep steadily in mind who it is that says, "All this will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me." The thought of the tempting that must come to us all is salutary. It sharpens our insight into the wiles of the Evil One, it forewarns us, and in so doing forearms. It gives us a sure standard of values. It keeps us from forgetting that the world is passing away. It reminds us that merry evenings are apt to have a sad awakening, and that heaven must be won by conflict and not by easy self-indulgence.

Three Cheers

IN the year 1912 the city of New York spent $1,158,006 on text-books for public school children. According to an estimate of the State Commissioner of Efficiency and Economy, during the coming year the cost to the State will be in excess of two and one-half million dollars. As a people we are wedded to the theory that every child must be educated. The theory is good, within limits. If the child can not pay for books, he must receive them from the community. If he can not walk to school, he is carried thither. If he has nothing to eat, food is provided. If he refuses to be educated, he or his parents, or both, are haled into court, and perhaps made to linger in *durance vile.* All is justified on the principle that the welfare of the community requires it. Perhaps. This is a most elastic principle, but it has one very distinct limitation. It can never be stretched to include those pupils who, besides a training in all secular studies, receive instruction in religion. The welfare of the community does not seem to require the education of growing children, whose parents hold that it should not be anathema to praise the name of God in the classroom. And so the tax-rate rises as paternalism engulfs the schools, and the Catholic is forced to pay for a system so constructed that his regard for religion forbids him to use it. But, after all, nowhere is there a more austere love of strict justice than in the hearts of the great American people. This is consoling. "It is time," as the Japanese school-boy might say, "for 3 eagly cheers."

Shun the Amoeba

WHAT is it in the free public lecturer's mind that drives him so inexorably to the primitive man and beyond. The ethnologist, whose pictures and researches are themselves the best refutation of his introduction. begins his talk with a smile and says, with bland suavity, "I confess that I am frankly an evolutionist." No sooner has his successor been introduced to the au-

dience as a man eminently qualified to speak on the building of ships, than he repeats the smile and the profession of faith, and begins with the profound remark that shipbuilding started when man stopped going on all fours and developed a hand. By some strange process of reasoning both have arrived at the conclusion that somehow or other they will strongly recommend themselves to their hearers as men of intelligence if they protest from the very outset that they believe they are the lineal descendants of apes. Aside from the fact that the proverbial little learning often leads such lecturers into flat contradictions, the constant iteration of the descent of man is bad art. One of the first elemental warnings given to the aspirant to success in the pulpit is to be on his guard against the garden of Eden. It will never do, he is told, it is a fatal mistake to begin all sermons with the fall of Adam and Eve. Congregations know how much the warning is needed. The public would be under obligation to any one who would draw up a set of suggestions for free public lecturers, and would write down as the very first rule, "Avoid the amoeba, and beware of the primitive man."

The Unbeastly Beast

A BEAST is scarcely a lovable creature, but then he is not at fault: he is as God made him. True, he may be shapely of form and lithe of limb, but he lacks the spark of eternal life. He is a beast, poor thing. His tendency is downward to the lowest level—primal dust. His fate makes sad contemplation, not for himself, however, but for others. He knows nothing higher than his own bestiality; in this he finds complete satisfaction. He lives his allotted time, a dumb, grovelling thing, under an impulse which he obeys, but can not understand. Sad his lot, indeed! but then the beast never sinks below the plane on which God placed him.

And man? God made him quite different. He placed him a little lower than the angels, a sublime creature, endowed with faculties that enable him to strike off the trammels of flesh and rise heavenward. By divine intent it is man's to enjoy a foretaste of the heavenly Jerusalem, through the imagination; to consult, too, with angels through the intellect, and to rise to the throne of God through the will. Does he do it? Not often in these days. His Jerusalem is a debasing theater, his angels are debased actors, untrue to life and art and virtue for hire; his god is a thing of earth, a passion too vile for mention. God put man a little lower than the angels; man has put himself below the hoofs of beasts. Behold the unbeastly beast! Of such is the kingdom of Satan.

Dr. Carnegie Preaches

CATHOLIC schools were hard at work long before Mr. Carnegie, whose sole occupation is "to do all the good that he can," appeared in our midst. One may regard it as highly probable that they will still be at work long after Mr. Carnegie has been called from his chosen place close to the cot of the steel-mill laborer, with whose sorrows his noble heart has ever beat with ready, tender, loving sympathy. There is no possibility that Mr. Carnegie's self-sacrificing philanthropy, seen only of his Father who will repay him in secret, may look suspiciously like a mess of pottage to the half-starved non-Catholic denominational school. The reassurance comes from the lips of the virtuous philanthropist himself. But should the acceptance of pottage necessitate a change from the Christian to the Laird of Skibo's creed, what can this be but inestimable gain? Speaking to young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible Class, Mr. Carnegie outlined the creed which sustains him in his exhausting labors, undertaken "to do all the good that he can." It abolishes hell, regards sin as a "peccadillo," and confines its efforts to making this world so pleasant that men need not seriously consider what "sectarianism" may have to say about the world to come. "Here," writes the New York *Times,* "the speaker began to enforce his arguments by short-arm blows with his right fist." This is a proof, new in the schools, but it is probably the best that the loving heart of Mr. Carnegie can devise. One shudders to think of the ruin into which Christianity would certainly have tumbled had Mr. Carnegie employed both fists, or a long-arm movement.

The Los Angeles Liberator

THE pastor of the First Baptist Church in Los Angeles has seen fit to inform the world that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. This done, he announces that henceforth and forever, or until his congregation is moved to select a new shepherd, no "creedal test" shall be required for entrance into his fold. Dogma, he asserts dogmatically, deadens. What we most require is freedom, largeness of outlook, comprehensiveness. Such is the spirit of Christ. Christ never taught dogma. This inane statement delivers the pastor forthwith into the hands of the Philistine. One might remind this gentle shepherd that our Lord taught the necessity of Baptism for salvation. He also promised hell for those who deliberately reject Him, heaven for those who receive His word, and keep it. The existence of God, His divine Sonship, the law of God with its sanction, the institution for all time of an external rite conferring grace, are a few of the dogmas bound up in this promise.

Our Baptist clergyman himself seems to teach the dogma of God's existence, although, to be sure, his God may be only a kind of gas, as Chesterton says; and while his language is somewhat "large and comfortable," it may be allowed that he is disposed to admit the divinity of Christ. But one may deny both these truths, it appears, and yet be blessed, O saving boon, with this gentle shepherd's good right hand of fellowship.

Persons afflicted after the manner of this Los Angeles

clergyman should be very grateful for that merciful dispensation of providence which Catholic theologians term "invincible ignorance."

Passing It Along

HE was a small-sized, weak man, and some one had struck his father. "Who hit my father?" he cried, rushing out in a rage. "I did," replied a big, strong Goliath. The modern David looked in every other direction, and muttering to himself, "He better not do it again," retired discreetly into his house. What he did when the door closed can not with certainty be stated, but it is quite probable the doughty champion stepped on the cat's tail, kicked the dog into the next room, and so went to supper. Cowardice is responsible for that particularly shameful species of meanness, which may be described as passing it along. When the heart drops into the boots, there is often an unholy tendency to tread upon some one's toes or to kick defenceless shins. Passing it along is essentially a downward tendency and loves to work in the dark and out of sight.

Adam was the first to pass it along to some one else weaker, and it took but a short time for the lesson to be learned. Adam's wife passed it along to the serpent, and the serpent, no doubt, blamed it on its family. Adam's son followed the precedent set. He was smarting under a rebuke, and with the magnificent logic accompanying this frame of mind, endeavored to show how unjust the rebuke was by killing his brother, and so considerably relieving his feelings. An eye for an eye was a cruel principle, but its practice called for some bravery. To pass it back is not as contemptible as passing it along.

But you exclaim in horror against such a mean principle as, "You hit my back and I will hit another back." No one, you think, would have such low and base feelings; much less act upon them. Then it never happens that the pupils are wincing at some unexplained sharpness in the school-teacher; that the school-principal has, that same morning, snapped at the school-teacher; that the school-superintendent has written a scorching letter which arrived by the morning's mail to sting the school-principal; that an editorial note in the daily paper commented sarcastically on a certain school-superintendent; that—but you see at this rate we would soon be back to Adam again. It is desirable that passing it along were as infrequent as it is inhuman; then the peace-maker would not feel the united force of both combatants visited upon him, then reprisals would be relegated to the savagery whence they came, then no teacher would punish a whole class for one. The growth of civilization has often been described as handing on a lighted torch; passing it along is the barbarism which hands the neighbor the flaming end.

Our days have seen wonderful improvements in machinery and marvelous transformations in raw material through mechanical devices. Drop a log of wood and a lump of iron at the back-door of a factory, and in a few minutes an automobile will roll out of the front door. Feed a printing-press with molten lead, paper and ink, and behold it hands out to you Shakespere's works done up in a special box. The man or woman who starts an endless chain of passing it along would shrink in horror if the latest product of this merciless machinery could be seen. A bad letter arms the business man against his meek manager; the manager barks viciously at his clerk; the clerk finds supper cold, tasteless and gritty, and the wife goes weeping from the room to slap her eldest for twiddling his thumbs, and then Algernon pulls the hair of little Esmerelda, who jerks the baby into howling wakefulness, who in turn sets the neighbors quarreling, starts a riot, sets the house on fire, calls out the whole fire-department—pass it along yourself, remembering that if a line of freight-cars transmit a bumping, the jolt will come traveling back again to its origin.

If you could make any link of that chain say, "It serves me right, and I deserve much more myself," then the unholy tendency to pass it along would be turned in upon self and would stop instantly and do great good to one at least. But, alas, most people do not resort to the relief of such a confession. "Why, then," asked John of Tom, "did not father whip you as he whipped me, if, as you say, your conscience was worried and you had to confess about the stolen jam?" "Oh," said Tom, "I confessed on you alone." Confess on yourself; don't pass it along.

LITERATURE

Poetry of the War

WHETHER poetry be the "rhythmical creation of beauty" or a "spontaneous outburst of powerful emotion," whether it have the "coloring of human passion," be "simple, sensuous and passionate" or fall in with any other definition of poetry, most of the verse the war is inspiring is not poetry at all. Mr. Shauffler said, not long ago, that "great art demands fullness of life," and the poets are now being swept along with too little care for deep emotions ever to produce real poetry. The New York *Times* observed that "the war is too near to us, too overwhelming, to allow the right perspective for our versifiers"; the little monthly, *Poetry,* declares that "the failure of poets is due to lack of conviction," and the British *Poetry Review* says of the various booklets of English verse published for the good of somebody or other: "War funds may have benefited from their sale to a sympathetic and indiscriminating public, but poetry has not gained."

That is poetry, let us say, which gives the reader the feeling of poetry. An inspiration is a point of departure and the personality of the poet must rise above and glorify his theme; and, in the face of the stupendous forces, ideas, and ideals now in conflict, the petty mind of a single man shrinks aghast at what he must face or strives vainly to equal his impressive subject. The facts, "soul at war with soul" as Laurence Binyon says, are great without the praise of poets; they are larger than any poetic enlargement might be.

Various anthologies of the past, like "War Songs of Britain" and "Poems of War and Battle" seem to show that England can, or rather could, do something of this sort. But

Alfred Noyes has written nothing to equal "The Island Hawk," or "The Admiral's Ghost"; Henry Newbolt has not repeated "Admirals All"; Kipling has lost his skill at war-time notes, and so it goes though the writer nobly abstains from making comparisons with "The Fight at Maldon," with Henry V's speech before Agincourt, with "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind," or with "Ye Mariners of England."

But perhaps it is unfair to use this comparative method of criticism: the best of past ages would surely be superior to all but one or two of the modern pieces. A few good poems, however, have been written: Harding's "Song of the Soldiers," Laurence Binyon's "To Women," L. G. Moberly's "Commandeered," Edmund Gosse's "To Our Dead," Masefield's "August, 1914" and Alfred Noyes has contributed some good lines.

Mr. Noyes, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Watson, Mr. Newbolt are doing two things: they are calling on God and they are shouting: "We willed it not!" "We stood for peace!" "We fought for peace!" "For peace we have striven!" "Thou peacemaker, fight!"—everything except "We armed for peace," and perhaps British wit was really quite quick enough to avoid that. Mr. Bridges wants to win to salvation, "To Beauty through Blood"; and Mr. Watson tells quite laughably how the British gun was fired at the Germans,

> And bit them in the bight,
> The bight of Helgoland

and Mr. Cecil Chesterton makes France "Take hold upon the battlements of hell." The multitude of such slips are due, of course, to the hasty publication and heartless indifference to revision of this occasional verse.

Is it possible that people are not taking this war seriously, and is the poetic failure due to this? They are taking it altogether too seriously to write sanely about it. Mr. Watson says: "I am giving my brain, I am giving my heart.' The poets are as fundamentally serious about this war as they were about Ladysmith, Balaklava or Waterloo. But is it possible that modern warfare, a conflict of cold machinery, has become such an impersonal and scientific thing as not to stir the deep emotions awakened by close and vigorous combat? Where blood is spilled and men die courageously, there are worthy emotions of heroism. There have been—and this applies to the war poems in German as well as to those in English—good poems written by men in the trenches, by dying soldiers on the field, by sweethearts left at home, by all who feel and record the elemental passions. There are three ways of writing war poems: by being satyric, patriotic or sad. But whichever formula you adopt, there must be infused some of the coloring of human passion. Is not poetry, "emotion remembered in tranquillity?" If the verse has not this characteristic, the critic says to war poets: "Very clever rhetoric, but you mustn't call it poetry!" Poetry must have imagination, must be based on a fundamental emotional reaction. Emotional reactions come from specific facts.

That is the fault of the great mass of this English war poetry. The writers of this poetry have not obeyed Sidney: "Look in thy heart and write!" It is general, it deals with theories, with principles, with abstract proofs and not with concrete facts. Emotion should be the subject for poetry: metaphysics is the subject for rhetoric. Instead of remembering emotion in tranquillity they have remembered arguments with emotion. The result is not the rhythmical creation of beauty, like "The Drum" by E. Sutton, but a metrical expression of logic, like "The United Front" by Mr. Noyes. They versify their hatred toward their foes rather than their sacrifices for their country, their international animosity rather than individual and personal idealism and courage.

The war poets, who still talk of the rights and wrongs and not of the events which have happened, are cautioned in the words of Richard Le Gallienne, that it is

> Too late for the pen paper wars to be fighting
> When the bayonets in blood are doing the writing.

But William Watson would doubtless remark with British imperturbability,

> Friend, call me what you will; no jot care I,
> I that shall stand for England till I die,

and thus give the critic an opportunity to answer, "Very clever rhetoric, but please don't call it poetry."

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

REVIEWS

Atlas Hierarchicus. Descriptio Geographica et statistica S. Romanae Ecclesiae tum Occidentis tum Orientis iuxta statum praesentem. Accedunt etiam nonnullae notae historicae necnon ethnographicae. Consilio et hortatu S. Sedis Apostolicae elaboravit P. CAROLUS STREIT, S.V.D. S. Ludovici: B. Herder. $10.00.

This is a valuable book. On its thirty-six fine maps, thirteen by sixteen inches in size, are indicated the boundaries of all the dioceses and vicariates in the world, and numerous signs and symbols show the location of every episcopal see, the towns in which seminaries and universities are situated, where missionaries live, and where lord abbots and lady abbesses are reigning, etc. In German, Italian, French, English and Spanish is given an account of the Church's present condition in every land, while numerous tables of statistics and a thoroughly practical index enable the inquirer to secure any information about the progress of Catholicism that he could reasonably expect to find in an atlas of this character. Unfortunately, however, the English in which these facts are imparted is often very doleful. It is a great pity the translation was not properly edited and proof-read.

Catholics of the United States, moreover, have reason to complain of the scanty map-space this country is given. While Australasia is furnished with three maps that display to great advantage the lavish supply of water to be found in that part of the world, the United States receives only a little more than two maps, one of which is shared with Mexico and the other with Central America and the Antilles. Consequently the diocese of Providence, for example, becomes almost invisible, and while a boys' high school seems credited to Fairhaven, Mass., the city of Worcester with its large Jesuit college is not down at all. That the United States is of considerable importance in the Church's world may be gathered from the fact that our hierarchy is second only to that of Italy, whose bishops are more numerous than those of any other land. Some interesting diagrams near the end of Father Streit's work show what proportion of the world is not yet Catholic. Mahomet's followers number about thirteen per cent. of the earth's population; nearly eleven per cent. are Protestants; almost nine per cent. Orthodox; some forty-six per cent. pagans, and seventeen and seven-tenths per cent. Catholics. In an autograph letter Pope Pius X gives the author well-deserved praise for the completion of this great work. No well-equipped library should be without the "Atlas Hierarchicus."

W. D.

England's Peasantry and Other Essays. By AUGUSTUS JESSOP, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.

When the late Dr. Jessop, who is known to fame as the author of "The Coming of the Friars" and other works of a historical character, sat himself down to write on the peasantry of England, it may well be that his intention was to delight a large circle of readers. Certainly, nothing could be more charming than these sketches of life among the English country folk, and the country parsons; all the more

realistic because the author had, to a great extent, mingled in much of which he writes, so enriching his learning with the vitalizing grace of living contact.

Had the good Doctor, however, confined himself to his peasants and the country parsons, with whose ways he was more or less familiar, all would have been well. A grateful posterity would have read these essays with much satisfaction, and there would have been no occasion for scandal to a large section of the reading public. But his prudence forsook him, and he blundered wildly into an atmosphere with which, out of charity to his memory, one can only say he was unfamiliar.

For Dr. Jessop has also written on St. William of Norwich, and St. Martin of Tours. In a manner suggestive of the "higher critics," and in a style that would have given joy to the heart of Kingsley, the author has descanted upon the lives of these two saints with a skepticism all his own, and with no little sprinkling of that air of superior contempt which enlivens the judgment of the higher beneficed clergy of the Church of England when they venture into the domain of hagiology. The result is that he dismisses Sulpicius Severus as "weakly credulous," accuses Gregory of Tours of "the insatiable voracity of a mind saturated in the grossest superstition"; and says of St. Martin himself, "the faith of the neophyte had ceased to be a force controlling the excesses of the critical faculty, and had become mere unquestioning credulity, stubbornly receptive of all that might be offered."

In the light of such *ex parte* reasoning it is impossible to accept the conclusions of Dr. Jessop regarding the two saints as coming from an unbiased judgment; and if "the boundless industry even of the Bollandists has little to tell that is better than fable," it by no means follows that the literary perambulations of an English country parson can be looked upon as an unerring guide to historic truth. In fact it is the reverse. The same applies in equal measure to what has been written by Dr. Jessop on St. William of Norwich. It is to be regretted that the Doctor did not confine himself to his charming countryside and leave the saints alone. H. C. W.

From Fetters to Freedom: Trials and Triumphs of Irish Faith. By the Rev. ROBERT KANE, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

In this new volume the blind Jesuit preacher has given us are twenty-two discourses, "broadly illustrative" as he well describes them, "of the emerging of Catholic Ireland from the serfdom of the penal laws into civil, social and religious liberty." The sermons are all occasional, having been preached within the last fifteen years at such functions as dedications, clothings, jubilees, Catholic Truth Society meetings, etc., and all are rich in that glowing rhetoric, tender feeling and vivid imagery for which Father Kane's eloquence is renowned. Particularly deserving of commendation are "The Martyr Primate of Ireland," a panegyric of Blessed Oliver Plunket; "The Triumph of the Kelt," an enthusiastic tribute to Erin's influence on the world; "Ruth's Promise," Father Kane's exhortation to a young relative who was about to be a nun; "The Winds and the Waves Obey Him," an examination of the marvels taking place at Lourdes; "The Centenary of Clongowes Wood College, 1814-1914," in which the depth of the alumni's love for their Alma Mater is stirringly expressed, and "The Greater Emancipation," an address delivered at a Father Matthew gathering. From the latter discourse is taken the following passage which will illustrate Father Kane's power as an orator:

> Is the spirit of 'ninety-eight dead? Behold! a tyrant has enthralled your country. He wrings from your impoverished people a tax of eighteen millions a year. He robs the workman of his wage. He steals the tradesman's earnings. He squanders the savings of the thrifty, and he drags the wealthy down to want. . . . He does what England could not do: he undermines our Faith, defiles our purity, and makes our name a bitter jest, a disgrace before the nations. Awake! awake! men of 'ninety-eight! Rise from your graves, and breathe your spirit into the manhood of our nation that we break the bondage and trample on the chains of the demon-despot, Drink!

Excellent examples of Father Kane's eloquence will also be found in his encomiums of the religious life and of the beneficent influence of convents, and in his keen analysis of the world's method of warfare against the Church. W. D.

Biblical Libraries. By ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON, Librarian of Princeton University. Princeton University Press. $1.25.

In an earlier book called "The Beginnings of Libraries," Mr. Richardson devoted himself to the consideration of literary activity from a period somewhere in the distant shadows of pre-history to about the year 3400 B. C. In the present volume he continues his study of libraries from the year 3400 B. C. to the year A. D. 150, and tells of the great world-archives which existed in the periods described by Biblical writers or with which they or their religious brethren may have been acquainted. After an academic discussion in which a "library" is eventually defined as a book or collection of books kept for use, the author by means of fact and inference proceeds to reconstruct the libraries of the Babylonian period, of the days of the Patriarchs, of the stay of the Israelites in Egypt, of the Exodus, of the times of the Judges, of the reigns of Saul and the pre-captivity kings, of the Greek and Roman domination, of Palestine before and after the first preaching of the Gospel, and of Rome during the labors of the Apostles. The book concludes with a description of post-Apostolical Roman library buildings, with the declaration that the Bible itself is a library, and with a concise treatment of bibliographical authorities. The author is evidently an enthusiastic lover of books, and it may be surmised that this amiable passion of his has at times led him to conclusions which outstrip his premises. It seems, for instance, a little hardy to conclude that the Bible is unique by reason of natural selection, or to deduce the superhuman authorship of the Bible from its relative inerrancy. J. T. L.

The Younger Generation. By ELLEN KEY. Translated from the Swedish by ARTHUR G. CHATER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

One of the first dogmas to be accepted by the numerous disciples of this Swedish authoress is the perniciousness of Christianity, and in fact of all religion. There is no God except humanity itself. Yet she, like countless others of her class, is an ardent admirer of "genuine Christianity." It consists in the acceptance of a purely human Christ who may be imitated by those who have similar inclinations, in as far as their own ideas correspond with His. Clericalism, as she calls all dogmatic Christianity, capitalism and militarism are grouped together in her bewildered imagination, and form the modern conspiracy against humanity. What experiences she may have had in the past with Swedish Protestant clergymen, and with what right she bases some of her conclusions upon their actions, we do not profess to know; but her concept of Christianity as such is peculiarly warped. Where she catches a half glimmer of the truth her pride at once blinds her. For religion she therefore substitutes the service of humanity, and forthwith sets out to gather the elements for her own reconstruction of society. Some of these she finds in socialism, to which she is strongly partial. It is,

however, a socialism of her own making, and consists of "a democratic foundation with an aristocratic superstructure," such as Marx and Engels never dreamed of in their philosophy. Of the practical side of socialism she admits that she understands nothing. There are, unfortunately, other most important subjects which she discusses learnedly and of which she understands no more. Yet, where religion is not concerned, there is often no little truth mingled with her errors.

J. H.

The Life of Saint Severinus. By EUGIPPIUS. Translated into English for the First Time with Notes by GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Secretary of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

St. Severinus, who lived in the fifth century, was "a man of purest Latin stock," as his biographer avers, "and it is understood that he first departed into some desert place of the East, because of his fervid desire for a more perfect life, and that thence, constrained by divine revelation, he later came to the town of Riverside Noricun, near Upper Pannonia" in the neighborhood, that is to say, of modern Vienna. The saint's life was written in the year 511 at the request of the Deacon Paschasius, by Eugippius, abbot of a Neapolitan monastery in which the relics of Severinus were enshrined. The work is of considerable historical value, because, from other sources, we know very little about the actual effects of the Barbarians' raids on the Austrian frontier of the Roman Empire during the fifth century. The literary and hagiographal worth of the abbot's little book, moreover, is by no means slight, for he shows convincingly that saints are a country's strongest bulwark. The prayers, miracles and preaching of St. Severinus were of great service both in protecting the Romans who lived along the Danube and in civilizing the invader. Mr. Robinson is the first to translate this work into English. Being a non-Catholic he has only a scholar's interest in the book, but he has turned the Latin well and there is nothing in his notes, etc., that will offend readers who belong to the household of the Faith.

W. D.

Idylls of Greece. (Third Series). By HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald. $1.00.

These four idylls tell the old stories of Grecian mythology with new adornments of description, accompanied with moral reflections of the poet. The descriptions are woven about the loves and rivalries of men and of gods and their homes on earth and in heaven. If at times long, they are always picturesque, and it is in them that the chief merit of the book is to be found. The reflections preserve throughout the note of melancholy upon "life's impermanence," the dust to which all life must turn, and the gods' scorning of the little lives of men. It is true, no doubt, to the fatalism of the ancient Greeks, but forced in many passages of the "Idylls." The poems are very much alike in subject, and hence the greater need for resourcefulness in treatment. This originality, however, is lacking. The selfsame reflections are constantly recurring, and however natural, but not profound, they may have sounded in the first idyll, they become tedious through their frequent repetition in the others. In diction there are faults at the two extremes. Some of the diction is too prosaic, as for instance,

> Love so perfect never long escapes
> The god's attention.

and some again is over-pretentious. The sea frequently "dips its hands." Such words and phrases as "uswards," "woodswards," "the voice of her," "the soul of him," attract too much notice to themselves, and "ex*quis*ite" is too much license even for poetry. The impression that one takes from reading the book is a sense of pleasure with the frequent gracefulness of the author's style, and at the same time a strong sense of the author's limitations in calling a few ideas into too much service.

W. T. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A noteworthy feature of the February *Month* is the temperate common sense of its editorial utterances regarding the war. In a paper on "British Bernhardism" Father Keating shows that Germany has by no means a monopoly of the ruthless, pagan spirit with which she is credited, and in answer to the numerous letters of protest the *Month* has received, particularly from the United States, he well observes:

> In this world-conflict it would be wrong and absurd for any member of the States at war to affect an attitude of detachment and neutrality. At the same time it behooves all the citizens of the combatant Powers to apply to their national bias whatever correctives may be necessary, as well as to make allowance for a similar bias in the views of their opponents. It should be possible for all lovers of truth to attain moral certainty on most of the main questions at issue by dint of a careful sifting of evidence.

Father Smith continues his examination of the Lourdes miracles, John Ayscough has another paper from the front and W. M. Letts's "The Tidy-living Person" is an admirable study of the Irish character.

Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon and Philippians make up "The Epistles of the Captivity" (Longmans, $0.40), which Joseph Rickaby, S.J., and Alban Goodier have translated and annotated. The high value of this faithful yet idiomatic rendering of the Bible has been pointed out in the reviews of the first two installments. Needless to say the zeal of the translators is not flagging. What impresses the reader as the most pronounced feature of this version is the abundance of notes, yet some may think the endeavor to elucidate the text has been carried too far. The translation itself in many places differs from that usually given. Thus, the famous motto of the late Pope Pius X, *Instaurare omnia in Christo* Eph. i, 10 is rendered, "Bring all things to a head in Christ." Another rendering which is a decided improvement on the Douay Version and its progeny occurs in Col. i, 15, *Primogenitus omnis creaturæ* being rendered by "the first born before every creature." The keen eye of the trained theologian may also be discerned in the rendering of Phil. ii, 6-8, where *Non rapinam arbitratus est esse se aequalem Deo* reads: "He did not set great store on his equality with God." The examples have been taken at random, but almost every page of this little volume evinces sound scholarship and mature judgment.

In "A Century's Change in Religion" (Houghton, $1.25), George Harris has compared the meaning of religion and religious life in America a hundred years ago with what they are to-day. The book is wholly Protestant and has no reference to the Catholic Church as such: which is either a tacit admission that the Church of the Ages has undergone no change, or else a complete ignoring of Catholicism as a factor in American religious life. The cause of the change, the author finds to be the wonderful advancement of our knowledge both of the universe and of human nature. Some statements in the book, unless taken as applying strictly to non-Catholics, are too sweeping.

"Sex" (Holt, $0.50), by Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomas, can not be called a valuable addition to "The Home University Library." The book is written in a style calculated to appeal to all classes, but the ordinary, careless reader will not make the effort required to elucidate its elaborate terminology, while the scientific enquirer will not gain much new information

from its pages. The principles of biology are treated throughout from a standpoint of purely atheistic evolution, with the Darwinistic propaganda as their mainspring and source. Many of the author's conclusions are drawn from false premises, and the modern fad of eugenics is exploited as not merely the feasible, but the indisputable, panacea for the healthy-minded, wholesome view of everything connected with the continuance of life.

"Prints: a Brief Review of Their Technique and History," by Emil H. Richter (Houghton, $2.00), is a volume that embodies the matter of former lectures to a general audience, and gives a brief and wide survey of reproductive work in black and white from its dim beginning in the monastic scriptorium, the author's remarks on which, by the way, an acquaintance with Drane's "Christian Schools and Scholars" would render fairer and more informing. The book aims at forming the taste and judgment of the general reader who has felt the attraction of the interesting branch of art embodied in woodcut-engraving, etching and drypoint work, yet who is unprepared to adventure into the more technical elaborate volumes, which are ready to hand for the student. The book is filled with half-tone examples of the works mentioned, so one may study for himself the subjects criticized and admired in the text, but the delicate points of detail wisely called to our attention in the text are often vainly sought for in the reproduction. But readers can easily apply and test the information Mr. Richter imparts if they frequent the exhibitions of engravings that are to be seen in our large cities.

In "Christ and the Powers of Darkness" (Herder. $1.00) Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert has given us another simple and interesting book on evil spirits. The author sets forth clearly from the Scriptures and the "Fathers" the proof for the existence of demons and then proceeds to investigate phenomena attributed to them. His conclusion is as usual that the devils are working in and through men, causing physical and mental anguish and bringing about ruin of body and soul. The concluding chapter on some soul-safeguards is of especial interest and value, pointing out, as it does, ways and means to guard the soul from the snares of the devil.

"Die Jesuiten in der Schweiz, 1814-1847" (Benziger, $0.20) by Augustine Sträter, a pamphlet published on the centenary of the Society's restoration, gives a good account of the Jesuits' labors in Switzerland before and after 1814, and of their expulsion in 1847 when the war of the Separate Confederacy was raging. The first Jesuit college in Switzerland was founded in Lucerne in 1574, the second was started in Freiburg by Blessed Peter Canisius, in 1580. These and others fell with the suppression of the Society. Immediately after the restoration the Jesuits at the invitation of the bishops, governments and peoples of several Catholic cantons reentered the country, but were singled out by the enimies of the Church for persecution and made the pretext for a war against the Catholic cantons which was waged with a ruthlessness like that characterizing the present revolution in Mexico. Not a Jesuit was killed, however, and many, among them Father Anderledy, afterward General, escaped to the United States. Others helped to start the present German Province. The Society is still excluded from Switzerland.

Dr. William Thornton Parker of Northampton, Mass., has written an interesting monograph about his ancestor, "Lieut.-Colonel Moses Parker, 27th Regiment of Foot of the Continental Army" ($0.50) who died in a British prison, July 4, 1775, in consequence of a wound received at the Battle of Bunker Hill. In Trumbull's famous painting of that engagement, reproduced in colors in this well-printed pamphlet, Dr. Parker's patriotic forefather is the sitting figure at the extreme left of the picture. With a view perhaps of preventing even another Battle of Bunker Hill ever taking place, Mr. James Howard Kehler has written "An Open Letter to the Nation with Regard to a Peace Plan." (Kennerley, $0.50) His preventive could hardly be simpler:

> I beg respectfully to suggest that the department of Government now known as the War Department hereafter be called the Peace Department; that its Ministers hereafter may be known as Secretaries of Peace; and that what are known as War Policies hereafter may be known as Peace Policies.

The "power of suggestion" according to the author, will then begin to influence forcibly the minds of men and by and by war will be no more. Anything that can bring to an end the present European conflict and make a repetition of its horrors impossible deserves consideration. But is calling thistles roses the remedy?

Professor Gilbert Murray's pamphlet on "Hamlet and Orestes," (Oxford Univ. Press, $0.25) which he terms a "study in traditional types," is a discussion of "the interaction of two elements in literature and especially in drama; namely tradition and invention, or the unconscious and the conscious." He painstakingly brings together all the points of resemblance between the two heroes and compares each with its prototype in saga and myth. While declaring himself on his guard against making a thesis of his hypothesis he concludes that, 'In artistic creation, as in all the rest of life, the traditional element is far larger, the purely inventive element far smaller, than the unsophisticated man supposes."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
Popular Sermons on the Catechism. From the German of Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. Vol. II. $1.50; The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death. By Rev. Daniel A. Dever. $0.25; Popular Life of St. Teresa. $0.50.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell. $1.35.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D. $5.00; James. By W. Dane Bank. $1.25.

Lawrence J. Gomme, New York:
Homeric Scenes. By John J. Chapman. $0.60; The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. By Cecil Chesterton. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Atlas Hierarchicus, Descriptio geographica et statistica S. Romanæ Ecclesiæ tum Occidentis tum Orientis iuxta statum præsentem. Elaboravit P. Carolus Streit, S.V.D. $10.00.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
American Thought. By Woodbridge Riley.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
In the Day of Battle. By H. L. Paget, D.D. $0.90; Anti-Christian Socialism. By C. L. Drawbridge. $0.40; Teacher and Teaching. Second Impression. By Richard H. Tierney, S.J. $1.00; What is Wrong with Germany? By William Harbutt Dawson. $1.00.

Chas. Merrill Co., New York:
Selections from American Poetry. Edited by Chas. Robert Gaston and Julian W. Abernethy. $0.40; Selected Short Stories. Edited by Claude M. Fuess, $0.35; Tales and Poems by Edgar Allan Poe; The Mental Man: An Outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
On the Fighting Line. By Constance Smedley. $1.35; The Confessions of Frederick the Great. Edited by Douglas Sladen. $1.25; In the Service of the King. By Joseph B. Dunn. $1.25; The Stewardship of Faith. By Kirsopp Lake. $1.50; Rhymes of Little Folks. By Burges Johnson. $1.00.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. $7.00 per Vol. Vols. I-V. A-Fichte.

Survey Association, Inc., New York:
Boyhood and Lawlessness. The Neglected Girl. $2.00.

Pierre Téqui, Paris:
Instructions d'un Quart D'Heure. Par l'Abbé J. Pailler. 4 fr. 50.

University of California Press, Berkeley:
The Western Boundary of the Louisiana Purchase. By Thomas Maitland Marshall. $1.75.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
The Song of Roland. Translated into English Verse by Leonard Bacon. $1.50; Nathan Hale, 1776. By Henry Phelps Johnston. $2.35.

EDUCATION

The Little Things

BOBBY was in the second year of his high school course. He was not rated the best of his class in English composition. In fact his papers were usually below even a passing mark. Bobby's spelling was original, and his teacher thought that spelling ought to be conventional. Bobby's sentences were not intelligible, and his teacher wanted to understand what Bobby had on his mind. Bobby's teacher, too, had low ideals. He kept his class at such simple work as sentences, paragraphs, brief descriptions, simple narratives. Bobby's tastes were higher. One day he told his teacher so. "Well, what would you like to write, Bobby?" "Essays. Where I went to school last year, we used to write essays on Shakespere—and things like that."

BEGINNING WITH THE ROOF

"And things like that" are being perpetrated in too many places. Many high school teachers seem to suffer from a strange fascination for demanding the impossible from their pupils. What is it that lures them on? Is it the high-sounding words, essay, critique, oration? Is it the infatuation that nothing is beyond the power of a high school boy or girl? Why must they insist on lofty flights by those whose wings are weak, or who have no wings at all? We know what a mangled mass of humanity an imperfect biplane means. Can not these teachers see that they are guilty of the mangled intellects which result from unprepared flights? College professors and college instructors voice one uninterrupted protest against such methods. If the students who come to them had only the beginnings of wings, these college men think that they could make them grow. But they insist that they can not rouse the slaughtered dead to life.

Let the high school teachers give the wings a start. That is their work. It is a large and important work—a work that deserves high honor. If they accomplish it, it is all any one can expect of them. If they make sure of a right beginning, their pupils will be able before the completion of their high school course to make an attempt at an easy essay, a slender story, a simple bit of verse. What the high school teacher must remember is that even these modest efforts can be expected only after due time and due preparation.

FORGETTING THE FOUNDATION

Literary education, like all other education, is a process of building. Buildings need foundations. The foundations may not show as prominently as the rest of the edifice, but the discerning are aware of their existence. The discerning know that there must be foundations, and that the foundations of notable buildings must be laid deep down in what is often unpleasant and intractable soil, and that the proper construction of foundations requires architectural skill.

It requires skill, for instance, to write a correct sentence. This skill is usually the result of training. Some boys and girls seem to do it spontaneously—without any training. These are the exceptions necessary to prove the rule. The vast majority of boys and girls will not write a correct sentence without being taught how to do it. Any teacher with even a little experience in high school work knows what a jumble of words and jungle of thought is the outcome of the untrained boy's attempt to express his ideas in a written sentence. Sentence-structure is an art which must be learned somewhere. It is learned by some children from the conversation of their elders; it is learned by others from the books that they read; in nine cases out of ten it must be learned in the school. What school?

THE POINT OF DEPARTURE

Some features, the grammar features, may be learned in the grammar school. It is not asserted that they *are* learned there. In many cases they are not. It is only asserted that they *may* be learned there. Other features, however, clearness, unity, harmony, must be taught in the high school. These features are beyond the scope of the primary school, and presupposed by the college. They must be handled in the school which comes between the grammar school and college. And the high school need not be ashamed to teach these or any features of sentence-structure. A good sentence is a work of art, not as extensive, but still as perfect as a whole composition. George Eliot is said to have written not so many pages, but so many lines or words per day. There are other writers in her class. Are the rank and file of our high school pupils above her class?

PARAGRAPHS AND WORDS

And paragraph building! Good men have written books on the subject. Good books are collections of good paragraphs. Can good paragraphs be written without training? Did Macaulay and Newman spend no care on their paragraphs? These two did have extraordinary literary ability, but is it, therefore, unreasonable that boys and girls with hardly an infinitesimal part of their ability should be exercised somewhat in the simple and single paragraph, before being hurled into the composition of essay and speech and even miniature novel? Paragraph work is beyond the grammar school. The college presupposes it. There is only one consequence. It is high school work.

The word, too, is something which must be studied a little in the high school. Words have different values and their own peculiar beauties, and these values and beauties will not be recognized by a large proportion of high school boys and girls unless they be taught to pause and ponder.

Imagination and fancy must be developed in young students of composition. Rhetoricians of the past wasted a good deal of time finding names for figures, and old-fashioned teachers wasted more time making pupils learn those names. But it is not a waste of time to teach pupils to appreciate figures. The imagination of the average high school boy, and probably girl, is wrapped in sleep, the deep sleep of healthy youth. To awaken it one knock may be sufficient, though it is likely that many more than one will be needed. It is certain that to keep it awake you must keep on knocking.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

Text-books on high school composition seem in general to be quite sure of the necessity of humble beginnings in the art. College entrance examinations are altogether as clear in a confession of the same idea. College professors are just as clear, and, a little more violent, in the profession of the same faith. Everybody is willing to concede that more than these humble beginnings *may* be possible in the high school. The important fact is that at least this humble work *must* be accomplished in the high school. Everybody will also concede that there may be boys and girls in a high school who do not need to be trained in these really major though, to some, apparently minor qualities of composition. If there be such, let them be sent to higher grades—or let them alone. They may be geniuses, and a genius admits no teacher.

Campion College, Wisconsin. JOHN P. MCNICHOLS, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Playing with Fire at Hull House

WHEN, centuries ago, the question was put, "Who slew Cock Robin?" a well-known character, whose name the fleeting years have deleted, at once stepped forward to accept

the responsibility. He seems, one gathers, to have gloated over the deed. With quite an air, he described the manner of the taking off of this ruffling bully. Here, so the antiquarian reconstructs the scene, here is your corpse, plain to view; here your inquisitorial coroner; here, your slayer, glorying in the deed. No alienist, no social worker, no pettifogger, graces this earliest of recorded crowners' trials. All was simple, even to austerity. We find no trace of any attempt to muddle the brains of honest folk, by learnedly calling things out of their names.

JANGLED BELLS

With all due respect for Miss Jane Addams, the glory of Hull House, it must be said that usually she is singularly unlike the slayer of Cock Robin. One misses that primitive directness, cleaving straight to the heart of the matter. AMERICA is neutral. Therefore, the tempting phrase which attributes to a certain nation, now at war, the cleverness of having invented their language for the purpose of concealing their thoughts, may not be quoted with a nice precision. Only, it may be thought, Miss Addams can write and speak that language fluently. Because she seems to regard all things from the "socialized view point," the suspicion intrudes itself that, back of her polished language, lurks the real thought, withheld from a world which, as yet, does not accept the "socialized view." For her books and her actions are like sweet bells, jangled, harsh, and out of tune. Therefore has she been accused of calling things out of their names. What she terms a calm and philosophic interchange of socializing thought, the bewildered police may often mistake for a riot.

POTENT ARGUMENTS

Mr. Dooley, her townsman, once said that few arguments are more potent in debate than the leg of a table. Far be it from any one to accuse Miss Addams of making this view her own. But after the calm and philosophic interchange of thought at Hull House in mid-January, some of the police were forced to seek the counsel of a medical man, so deeply had they been penetrated by the arguments there presented. These poor yokels may be pardoned for holding with Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, that in encouraging these meetings of the unemployed at a critical time, "Hull House is playing with fire."

True, Miss Addams has resented the Mayor's plain and sensible indictment. But if language means anything, and if the reports of the Chicago press are even partly true, Mr. Harrison's judgment must be accepted as correct. The following specimens will prove the point.

STATING THE CASE

Not content with the mid-January public disorder, Hull House staged another incipient riot on January 31. The crowd overflowed from Bowen Hall to two other halls in the building. The radicals, reports the Chicago *Tribune*, "soon worked themselves into a state of emotional frenzy." The chairman, speaking an English "flavored with Russian, Yiddish and brimstone," in presenting his calm and philosophic contribution to the solution of the question of unemployment, said among other things:

> Are you animals, or bums, or men? If you are animals, get out of here and go to the Humane Society. If you are bums, then start for the back doors and whine and beg for a handout. But if you are men ACT.

This rhetorical division is excellent. The chair was followed by Lucy Parsons. This lady's contribution to the solution of the question before the house, is thus summed up:

> If you want jobs, then make the warehouses of the rich so insecure that through fear they will give you work. It is for you to decide. It is up to you.

Are these methods of relieving the unemployed approved at Hull House?

HULL HOUSE SOCIOLOGY

The incendiary speech-making at an end, with some difficulty Miss Addams gained the recognition of the chair. Of course, you will say, she arose to suggest that firing a merchant's warehouse is a poor way of inducing him to give you a job; to hint that measures of violence which included rioting, incendiarism and possible murder, would only aggravate the original malady. She did nothing of the kind. She merely advised the unemployed not to anger the police by parading without a permit. She was followed by Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, Ph.D., who, while the police were telephoning for further orders, exhorted the half-frenzied crowd to defer the parade to some bright sunny day, when the streets would be crowded with people. "You must not lose your heads," counseled this sapient lady, "but be sane and prepare for your parade. Plan a line of march, get fifty thousand in it, and then you will have a demonstration." They would, indeed.

During the winter months, it may be explained, Chicago probably entertains more strangers, welcome and otherwise, than any other American city. The world's greatest railroad-center, situated near the center of the country's population, the city is unfortunately forced to see within her gates, at certain periods, a large shifting population. The majority are men out of work. Some are criminals. Very many are the kind who would gladly join a mob for the sake of loot. The city officials may be trusted, in the event, to suppress with firmness this dangerous Hull House frothing. But Hull House, by allowing these riotous meetings, is doing all that can be reasonably expected to further discontent and anarchy among the unfortunate, and to make the question of unemployment and public relief far more difficult, if not impossible of solution. Should a crowd of fifty thousand unemployed, dominated by the anarchical spirit of Lucy Parsons, parade the streets against the wishes of the public authorities, but in accordance with the advice of Miss Breckinridge, the second city of the republic might be in ruins before night-fall.

HULL HOUSE AND FREE SPEECH

Again, is this the sociology that is taught at Hull House? On February 2, Miss Addams asked the Chicago *Tribune* to deny, definitely and precisely, the rumor set afloat by the gentle citizenry of Chicago, that at future meetings of the unemployed "the speakers would be picked to eliminate radicals."

> A list of speakers to be barred at Hull House from addressing meetings at Hull House would strike at the very foundation of Hull House. It would be only another blow at free speech. . . . Sunday's meeting, seized by the radicals, was managed unfairly (at first they refused to let Miss Addams speak), but it would not rectify the condition for Hull House to do likewise and bar such speakers. . . . Let them talk. . . . It does harm only when suppressed.

Miss Addams has at last told us plainly what the foundation of Hull House is, and what she understands by free speech. Not often does she speak with such clearness, letting her own words prove what sane social workers have long suspected. It need hardly be noted that her concept of free speech is destructive of what civilized nations understand by the term. In point of fact, speech is not free. In daily life, it must meet the requirements of etiquette and reasonable convention. Its limits are set definitely, by the law both of God and man. No constitutional guarantee allows a wild license in speech or publication. It merely secures an ordered and legalized liberty. "If a man mounts the head of a barrel and draws a crowd which blocks a city street," said Professor F. M. Burdick of Columbia a few days ago, "his liberty of speech is not invaded, if he is arrested for disorderly conduct. He is only being brought to account for his abuse of a constitutional right." Similarly if Hull House semi-anarchists choose to incite to public disorder,

their defence comes with strange unfitness, from one at the head of an institution which claims to be Chicago's greatest factor in the promotion of the social welfare.

Although built in Chicago, Hull House is really in the golden East. There lies Mecca; thither turn all true sociologists for silent prayer, or noisy, as the case may be. Therein is enshrined, not a memory, but a divinity, the goddess of sociological dreams. But self-praised, blatantly advertised, great in its own conceit, even as Bedford and similar manifestations of modern sociology, the influence of Hull House is waning. Its crack-brained performances of the present winter, together with the ready defence adduced by Miss Addams, fix its position, not as a builder, but as a destroyer. PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Kansas law which forbade any one to force or influence an employee to give up membership in a labor union, by making this renunciation a condition of employment, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Theoretically, the action of the Court is a victory for the open shop. Practically, however, as the New York *Evening Post* remarks, the conditions under which workers are hired and discharged, are already fairly well defined. The decision affects similar legislation in thirteen other States.

The following statistics are taken from the English "Catholic Directory" for 1915. The Catholic population of England and Wales is 1,891,006; of Scotland, 518,969, and of Ireland (based on the Government census of 1911), 3,242,670, the total population of Ireland being 4,390,219. The Catholic population of the British Empire in Europe is 5,872,238, in Asia, 2,306,954; in Africa, 537,079; in America, 3,291,117; in Australia, 1,217,846. The total number of Catholics in the British Empire is thus 13,225,234, while the total Catholic population of the world is estimated at 301,172,712, as compared with 298,734,824 in 1913.

Rev. Michael P. Dowling, S.J., died in Kansas City, Kansas, on February 12. Father Dowling's long and active life as a Jesuit was devoted to the cause of education and religion. He was born in Cincinnati, June 14, 1854, and after graduating at St. Xavier College in that city, entered the Society of Jesus. He was president of Detroit College from 1889 to 1894, and of Creighton University whose progress he did much to further, from 1885 to 1889 and from 1899 to 1908. As a lecturer on religious, social and economic topics, Father Dowling was widely known, and although engrossed for many years in the details of administration, found time to contribute to the Catholic press. He was preceded in death by his brother, Rev. James Dowling, S.J., the author of a useful little book on the Sodality, who died in Chicago, on February 9.

Within the last few years there has grown up in this country, under the direction of Mrs. Frances Burrall Hoffman (59 E. 79th St., N. Y. C.), a national organization of Catholic women with the sublime object of honoring the Mother of God by the erection of a shrine at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. The association, which was begun with the approval of His Holiness, Pius X, and the three American Cardinals, has several thousand members who are laboring zealously to make the shrine a reality. Several thousand dollars have already been collected, mostly through the widespread distribution of subscription books, so arranged that the smallest contribution is accepted and registered, thus giving even the poor a chance to partake in the splendid project of placing in Washington a monument worthy of the Mother of God and Catholic zeal. The site for the building has been chosen, the plans are not only drawn but are actually on exhibition in the Dreicer Building, New York City. It now remains for Catholics to show that the spirit of the age of faith lives in their souls and that they, like their ancestors, have at heart the honor of Our Lady, the patron of our country.

The inaccuracy with which our periodicals sometimes treat matters Biblical is well illustrated in an editorial entitled "The Origin" in *Harper's Weekly* for February 13. We are told that the Bible has not the saying, "Let us eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die," and that this is merely a conflated form of three Biblical passages. Ecclesiastes says, "A man hath no better thing under the earth than to eat and to drink and to be merry." Luke's words are "Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Isaias: "Let us eat and drink, *or* to-morrow we die." "Out of these," the editor tells us, "has come the form that is most often heard." No doubt many a reader of *Harper's Weekly* will feel qualified now to set right the preachers he may in future hear citing the usual words as Scriptural. His rating will be incorrect, for the editorial is quite wrong in this simple matter of quoting the Bible aright. The substitution of *or* in place of *for* in Isaias xxii, 13 is inaccurate. In the original Hebrew, in the Greek and Latin ancient versions, the reading is the usual: "Let us eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die." And this is exactly the form used by St. Paul in I Cor. xv, 32. The saying in not a conflation at all. It is an exact citation of Isaias by St. Paul.

The Catholic Church does not confound temperance with total abstinence, and she has no countenance for the man who preaches that all who use alcoholic liquors, even moderately, are living in deadly sin. "With such a man," Cardinal Manning once exclaimed energetically, "with such a man I will not work." But the Church's teaching in this matter is being grievously misrepresented by a race of pamphleteers and tract-mongers, whose motives are not above suspicion. To read these fantastic publications, one would think that the success which the Church has most nearly at heart, is the use of intoxicating liquors in every Catholic family in the land. The Baltimore Council says some strong things on the abuse of alcoholic beverages, and makes certain recommendations which, apparently, have been allowed to gather dust in some communities. Not infrequently it becomes the duty of a Catholic pastor to urge his people to vote against the extension of this traffic. An instance is afforded by an appeal signed by the Revs. John O'Brien, Michael Doody and nine other pastors in the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. "The saloon," they say, "would be a curse among us." This statement is commended to the attention of the pamphleteers, and especially to the prayerful consideration of a secular publication in Chicago, which devotes one-half of its space to a defence of the brewers and distillers, and the other half to the defence of the Catholic Church.

"During the year, five new schools were opened, for which the pupils were recruited chiefly from the public schools." This is a sentence taken from the fourth report of the Newark parochial schools, recently issued by the Diocesan Superintendent, Rev. John A. Dillon. Besides a set of statistics unusually well arranged, the report contains an excellent discussion of the problem of retardation. Father Dillon has little sympathy with the theory that our school children are overworked. After referring to the French and German time-schedules, he continues:

> We may not be able to have forty-five weeks in the year, nor six days in the week, nor six hours in the day; but we can and should get over the tendency of robbing the months, weeks, days and hours of school work. Schools should open

very early in September and close very late in June, and the school day of five hours should be devoted entirely to actual school work.

AMERICA would suggest that these Diocesan School Reports be given a wide circulation. Too often, even from Catholics, the criticism is heard, "What are the parochial schools doing to compare with the work of the public schools?" To those who can not undertake a personal inspection of the parochial schools, as a basis of comparison, these reports will supply ample and readily verified testimony for the excellence of the Catholic schools.

As a result of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States from which, of course, no appeal can be taken, two hundred and fifty members of the Hatters' Union may find themselves in beggary. Their homes and personal savings have been levied upon to satisfy the judgment, and unless the American Federation of Labor comes to their assistance, they may lose all. In the Federation's official organ, the *American Federationist* for February, the Executive Council announces that, despite its sympathy, it feels that it has no power to assume the obligation imposed by the court. This statement does not satisfy the hatters. They claim that the Federation by its action in 1908, when it pledged itself to conduct the cases through the courts, made itself liable for all that might result. The judgment of $252,000 could be paid, it is said, by levying an assessment of fifteen cents on all members of the Federation. Without undertaking to review this long legal battle, which has resulted in a complete victory for the manufacturers and the principle of the open shop, one can not help hoping that the Federation may devise some way of at least alleviating the distress which has come upon the hatters.

"F. P. A." in the New York *Tribune,* notes that the main defence made by Mr. Billy Sunday's admirers, is that he "gets results." This brings up the question, comments "F. P. A.," whether the end may justify the means. A Protestant clergyman recently clarified the debate, by remarking that the emotionalism and gyrations employed by this sobbing, acrobatic evangelist, would probably work equal results were they put forth in the name of Mohammed. The Lutheran Conference of St. Louis thinks Mr. Sunday's methods "irreverent" and more than touched with a "commercialism strangely out of keeping with the spirt of the Gospel."

> The sporadic revival, characterized by excitement and high-pressure methods, is foreign to the genius of the Lutheran Church which, in harmony with Biblical method and precept, holds to the custom of training the children from infancy in the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, emphasizes the constant and regular use of the means of grace, and thus carries on a systematic evangelism throughout the year.

As Father Fisher pointed out in a recent issue of AMERICA, Mr. Sunday is, after all, a self-constituted apostle of a religion which, since it can not provide the means of grace instituted by Christ is fundamentally false.

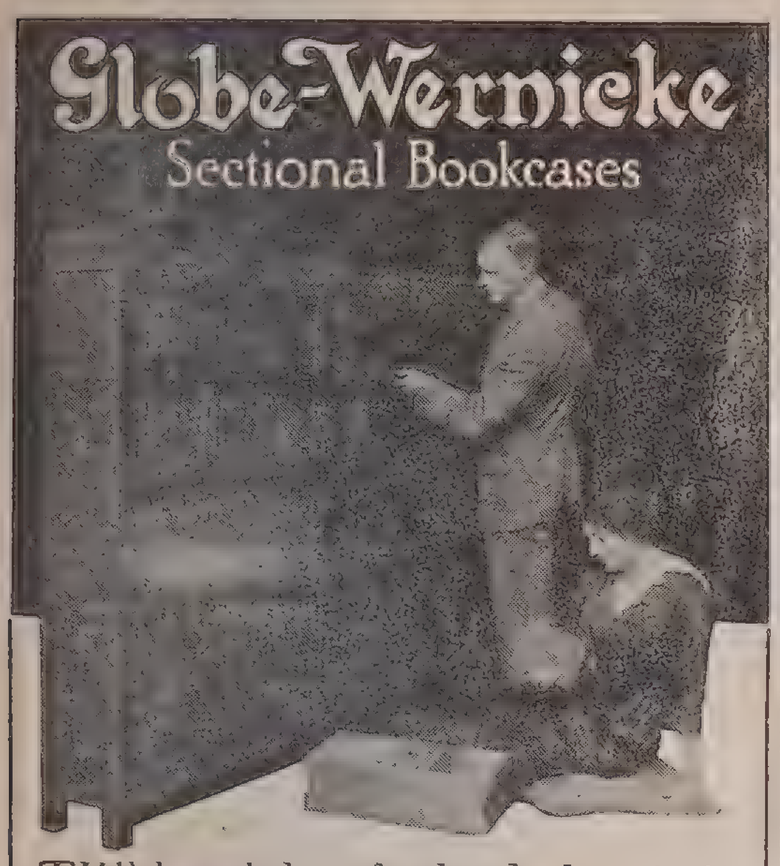
Harvard University announces a change of considerable importance in the requirements for admission to its medical school. From 1901 until 1910, candidates were required to present a degree in literature, arts or science, from some recognized college or scientific school. Beginning with 1910, candidates presenting certificates showing that they had completed two years of undergraduate work at a recognized college, were admitted as special students, and might receive a degree, provided they obtain high grades in their medical studies. The corporation has now voted to accept as regular students all who have completed two years of college work, provided that they have stood in the upper third of their classes, have taken one year in physics, biology, general and organic chemistry, and have a reading knowledge of French or German. This is a falling away, surely, from the worship of the academic degree. Catholic colleges invariably urge their students to take their degree before entering upon special studies. Their action is not inspired by any belief in the theory that the degree makes a man, but by the fact that in Catholic colleges a training in ethics and philosophy precedes the conferring of the degree.

It is with pleasure that the following paragraph is reproduced from *Zion's Herald.* The growing belief that untried theories of sociology, or the ethics of naturalism, can take the place of Christ's teaching in the conduct of life can not be too severely condemned:

> To place ingenious and largely visionary and untried schemes of human order in the place of the Gospel of Christ . . . is to put secondary things first, and in effect "to crucify our Lord afresh." To use the language of the great apostle, it is "to pervert the Gospel of Christ."

It is this lack of the spirit of Christ in modern life which augurs darkly for the future. Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller, for instance, find the corrective for all possible evils, including the possible excesses of their own foundations, in "the sane, well-balanced public opinion which can always be relied upon." But they forget that public opinion can sanction, as in the past it has actually sanctioned, principles that are destructive of all morality. It is difficult to exaggerate the depth of degradation to which a people which has rejected Christ, may eventually come.

The new General of the Jesuits, the Very Reverend Wlodimir Ledòchowski, comes from a noble Polish family originally of Warsaw. He was born October 7, 1866, a son of Count Anthony Ledòchowski, a cavalry officer in the Austrian army, and Countess Josephina Zu Salis-Zizers. The Ledòchowski family has given many men and women to the Church. The present General's grandfather lost his wife at an early age and immediately became a Lazarist at Warsaw; the General's uncle was the famous Cardinal Ledòchowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, whom Bismarck persecuted so bitterly; one sister is superior of the Ursuline Convent in Cracow; another sister, the Countess Maria Theresa, formerly Lady of Honor at the Court of Vienna, is directress of the St. Peter Claver Society, which has done such admirable work for the African mission. As a boy Father Ledòchowski was a page in the court of Elizabeth of Austria: at the age of eleven he entered the noble "Theresian Academy" in Vienna, from which he was graduated with the highest honors, the "Imperial Prize." The then principal, Baron von Gautsch afterwards premier, spoke of him as "the honor and pride of the Academy." After graduation Father Ledòchowski studied law for a year, then entered the seminary at Tarnów in Galicia, passed thence to the German College at Rome, where he finished his course in philosophy. At the end of this course in September 24, 1889, he entered the Jesuit novitiate, being then in his twenty-third year. After two years he began the study of theology at Cracow, and in June, 1894, he was ordained to the priesthood. He studied theology another year and then went to his second novitiate. This completed, he occupied in turn many positions of trust and responsibility. He was associate editor of a Jesuit review, rector of a college of writers, editor of popular tracts which were issued at the rate of 40,000 a month, rector of the scholasticate, vice-Provincial and Provincial, assistant to the last General, and finally he is now General of the Society at the age of forty-nine. Father Ledòchowski is a man of splendid courage, restless energy and inflexible determination. Much is expected of his leadership.



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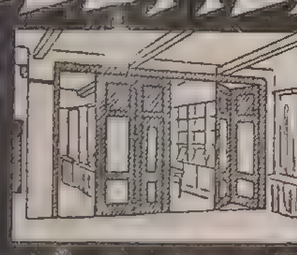
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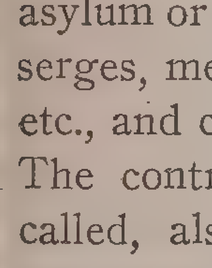
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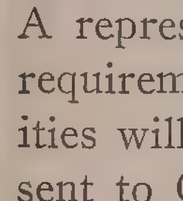
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CHRONICLE

The War.—As an offset to the Austrian and German victories in the east, the Allies have been maintaining a vigorous offensive at many points from the Belgium coast to Switzerland and claim to have gained many successes, but admit they were driven by the Germans from the village of Norroy. These engagements, however, have been of minor importance, and in most of them the Germans claim to have repulsed all attacks. The situation, therefore, as a whole remains unchanged.

Bulletin, Feb. 16, p. m.-Feb. 23, a. m.

The main interest in the week's fighting has been centered on the operations along the East Prussian border. Circumstantial reports of the battle in the Mazurian lake district indicate that the German victory was even more complete than was at first supposed. By forced marches of the most heroic kind the Germans cut off the extreme right wing, and almost succeeded in surrounding it. The Russians are said to have escaped only by beating a precipitate retreat. Even as it is the number of captured is claimed to be 100,000. Guns, ammunition and supplies in large quantities were taken. Reinforcements were intercepted, and after nine days' fighting the whole of East Prussia was cleared of Russian troops, and the invasion had turned, according to German dispatches, into a rout. The Russians have fallen back north of the Niemen beyond Tauroggen, they are trying to check the Germans northwest of Grodno, and they are offering a determined resistance in the vicinity of Lomza. From Berlin reports it would seem that the long Russian crescent that so recently was pressing forward from the river Niemen to the Vistula not only has been routed at its right wing, but is in danger also at its extreme left, which only a short time ago was menacing Thorn. The Germans have captured Plock and also, some miles to the northeast, the town of Bielsk. The Russian center, however, is still holding firm and, although no longer on German territory, stretches close to the southern border of East Prussia from a point near Sierpc to the vicinity of Lyck. Very severe fighting is going on between Plock and Sierpc.

East Prussia and Poland

The combined Austrian and German armies are still advancing in southern Galicia and in Bukowina. Finding themselves outnumbered, the Russians have retired beyond the north bank of the river Pruth, they have evacuated Czernowitz in Bukowina and retreated from Kolomeo in Galicia. The invasion, therefore, of Transylvania through the Borgo pass has failed. At other points in the Carpathians there has been continuous and bloody fighting, without, however, having resulted in any marked progress on either side. But Russia claims to have inflicted severe losses on her opponents.

Bukowina and Galicia

Great Britain has sent the promised note in reply to the protest made at the end of the year by our Government against the fettering of American shipping by the seizure and detention of cargoes. The tone of the note is conciliatory and polite but insists on the necessity of continuing the acts to which our Government took exception. The justification offered is just the point we denied. Lord Grey appeals to the exigencies of the military situation. As for the departures from the rules of international law to which we called attention he answers that they have been rendered necessary by the fact that Germany has done the same, in evidence of which he instances the recent German war zone declaration. Germany's avowed intention of confiscating all

Great Britain's Three Notes

food stuffs, he declares, has made it impossible to have any reasonable assurance that they would not, if allowed to pass through, find their way into the hands of belligerents. As precedents for the right of detention and search he points out our own procedure during the Civil war and the Spanish-American war, and Great Britain's acquiescence in the practice during the Russo-Japanese war and the second Balkan war. Statistics are quoted to prove that American trade has not suffered seriously by the action of the British prize courts.

Great Britain has also sent two other notes in reply to our protests against the seizure of the Wilhelmina and the general use of the American flag by British merchant ships. In the first, Lord Grey declares that it is unreasonable to expect that England shall abide by the rules of international law in the matter of allowing food to pass as non-contraband, in the face of the fact that those rules are "openly set at defiance" by Germany. He thinks Great Britain is justified in treating Hamburg as a fortified town, since Germany has felt herself free to bombard unfortified English towns. If German civilians are to suffer by the forbidding of importation of food supplies for their consumption, Germans should not complain, he asserts, in the light of what they have done to the civilians of Belgium and the occupied parts of France, and to the inhabitants of the peaceful English towns and to civilians and non-combatants traversing the high seas. He concludes by saying that if the neutral States can not "compel the German Government to abandon methods of warfare which have not in recent history been regarded as having the sanction of either law or humanity," they will not, he feels sure, challenge His Majesty's Government if it should determine to make food stuffs absolute contraband.

In the other note Lord Grey deals with the use of the American flag by British merchant ships, and disclaims any intention on the part of the British Government to order a general use of our flag. At the same time he asserts that "it would be unreasonable to expect His Majesty's Government to pass legislation forbidding the use of foreign flags by British merchant ships to avoid capture." "It is felt," he continues, "that the United States Government could not fairly ask the British Government to forego a means always hitherto permitted of escaping not only capture but the much worse fate of sinking and destruction." He calls the present German methods "piracy," and tries to shift to them the responsibility, by asserting that every belligerent is bound to "ascertain definitely for itself the nationality and character of a merchant vessel before capturing it and, *a fortiori,* before sinking and destroying." That obligation will not cease, he argues, to bind the German Government even if British ships hoist neutral flags, and on Germany therefore will rest the sole responsibility for injury to neutrals.

The text of the reply of the German Government to the protest made by the United States against the dangers that Germany assured neutrals their ships would incur, should they enter the war zone, has been made public. It contains an explanation of the grounds on which Germany feels herself justified in adopting her projected measures. Although stating explicitly that Germany does not complain of any formal violation of neutrality in the supplying of war material to the Allies by American firms, it does call attention to the fact that the Government with the entire public opinion of Germany "feels itself to be severely prejudiced" by the exercise of the right. Hope is expressed that the neutral nations will display toward the German methods, even if they "present new terrors of naval warfare," the same toleration with which they have "submitted to the disadvantageous consequences of Great Britain's hunger war."

Germany's Note

To the statement contained in our note to the effect that "the Government of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability" for the destruction of American lives and property, Germany replies that "neutral vessels . . . will themselves bear the responsibility for any unfortunate accidents that may occur. Germany disclaims all responsibility for such accidents and their consequences." She adds a clear warning of her intention to spread mines throughout the waters of the war zone. Moreover, she insists on her intention to "suppress with all the means at her disposal the importation of war materials to Great Britain and her Allies." The use of neutral flags by British ships is again pointed out and attention is drawn to the fact that "the British Government has supplied arms to British merchant ships and instructed them forcibly to resist German submarines." The consequence of Great Britain's policy is indicated as follows: "In these two circumstances it would be very difficult for submarines to recognize neutral merchant ships, for search in most cases can not be undertaken." Germany, however, has instructed commanders of German submarines to "refrain from violent action against American merchant vessels, so far as they can be recognized." Germany is not unwilling to confer with the United States "concerning any measures which might secure the safety of legitimate shipping of neutrals in the war zone, and suggests tentatively that "the United States make their ships which are conveying peaceful cargoes through the British war zone discernible by means of convoys."

The document contains the assurance that Germany has adopted her present policy "only under the strongest necessity of national self-defence," and ends with the statement that if the United States could procure the removal of the causes of the present German procedure, "and especially should find a way to make the Declaration of London respected . . . the German Government could not too highly appreciate such a service, rendered in the interests of humane methods of warfare."

In the war zone Germany has begun active operations. Two British steamers and one French steamer have been sunk. Another French steamer was torpedoed, but succeeded in reaching shore. Of the neutral ships, one American and one Norwegian vessel have gone to the bottom. Another Norwegian ship was badly crippled, but was towed to Dover in a sinking condition. Zeppelins are reported to be sailing over portions of the war zone, and in one case the Zeppelin descended over a Dutch ship and demanded proof of its neutral character. All sailings across the Channel have been discontinued for the present, and the same is reported of some of the sailings between Denmark and England. It has been stated that activity among Dutch troops has been noticed along Holland's borders.

Other Items

Particular interest attaches to the action Holland will take, in case Germany should disregard her protest and sink by accident Dutch merchantmen. The Dutch Government has plainly stated that it would hold the German Government responsible should such a contingency arise, which is more likely in Holland's case perhaps than in any other, on account of the large number of her merchantmen that are scheduled to pass through the war zone, the sailings of which the owners refuse to cancel. Should Holland declare war in consequence of an accident occurring, Germany, as has been pointed out, would find her position in Belgium endangered, an invasion of the Rhine would become a possibility, while the Dutch waters would give the Allies undoubted advantages for naval operations.

Japan has followed up her success at Kiao-Chow by making demands on China for extensive rights in the Shantung peninsula. China has protested to the powers. A movement has been started in the United States to get the powers to protest against what is claimed to be a menace to the "open door." So far our Government has taken no action. Japan has explained the tenor of her demands to our Government, and it is stated that she has no designs whatever upon the integrity of China, nor any intention to interfere with the policy of the "open door." Friendly relations between Turkey and Greece were close to the breaking point during the week. A Greek naval attaché was insulted by Turkish officials. Greece demanded an apology, and gave force to her demands by mobilizing a portion of her army. Turkey hastened to make the desired reparation. The allied fleets have begun an active bombardment of the forts of the Dardanelles.

Austria-Hungary.—New accusations continue to be made against the Russians in Galicia. A systematic reign of terror is being carried on, it is said, against Catholic priests and communities, with a view of forcing them to join the Russian Orthodox religion. According to the information given, women have suffered indignities, and Catholic priests have been robbed of all their possessions, arrested and deported as hostages to Siberia and other far-away regions of Russia. Father von Rostworowski, S.J., Rector of the Jesuit College in Cracow, has been taken a prisoner of war by the Russians and deported to Astrachan, on the Caspian Sea, one of the remotest parts of European Russia. According to the Austrian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* many of the Catholic churches, besides the cathedral, have been converted into Orthodox churches. The Catholic churches of Sandomir were used as stables, the kneeling benches transformed into mangers for the horses. The Jews, too, according to Rabbi Dr. Arthur Levy, have been subjected to great outrages and violence. Eleven Jews, he tells us, were hung in a synagogue at Staschew. Writing in the *Israelitischen Journal* of Hamburg, he enumerates 215 pogroms as having taken place before January 14.

Persecutions in Galicia

France.—That the soul of France is still Catholic, is amply proved by the fact, that uncounted thousands have returned to the practice of their religious duties since the outbreak of the war. Old prejudices among the peasant classes, not amounting to disloyalty, but carefully fomented by the Church's enemies, are gradually disappearing in the face of the magnificent heroism displayed by the clergy, and the members of the religious Orders, both men and women. But, unfortunately, it seems only too plain, even at this most perilous time, when internal peace and harmony are necessary above all else, that the anti-clerical clique which dominates the Government, is not ashamed to adopt further measures of annoyance and actual persecution. The incidents of the seizure of the Holy Father's prayer for peace, the attempt to prevent the Catholics of France from carrying out the Holy Father's wishes, together with the extreme displeasure visited upon the editors of Catholic papers which published the prayer, are as petty as they are thoroughly discreditable. The reason of the hostility toward the Church is readily discerned. The great religious revival now in progress spells the doom of anti-clericalism. The party is alarmed, and under the color of patriotism, is playing a political game, including, as usual, persecution, by which discord is stirred up among Catholics. It is this persecuting administration which has been graced by the presence of men like Caillaux and Desclaux. The latter, high in favor with the Government, was made a member of the Legion of Honor, and as paymaster showed his patriotism by stealing the funds intended for the men who are giving their lives for their country. He is now a fugitive from justice. Where such corruption prevails, one need not be surprised that hatred of the Holy Father and of religion flourishes.

An Anti-Clerical Government

Germany.—The German losses in killed, wounded and captured have recently been estimated at 1,200,000 by the press of the Allied Powers. It is interesting, therefore,

The German Losses

to note the answer given by German papers to such statements. Thus the *Tägliche Rundschau* writes:

Our losses in this stupendous war have been great. Nothing else could have been expected if we consider the offensive warfare waged by our troops and their utter fearlessness in the face of death. It is nevertheless certain that our total losses in dead, wounded, sick and captured hardly exceed the number of French, Russian, Belgian and English prisoners of war in Germany. Neither must we forget that our lists of losses contain the names of many thousands who had been only slightly wounded and have long ago returned to the front. Some of these names may therefore appear twice in the lists. Our total losses are far beneath the sum that would result from an addition of all our lists. Owing to our exceptionally splendid sanitary arrangements the number of wounded who have been restored to service in the field is extraordinarily large.

It is claimed, furthermore, that not one-sixth of the men said to have been captured by Russia are actually missing from the German army. It is interesting likewise to learn that the proportion of killed to wounded is the same as in former wars: one to four.

Great Britain.—"Business as usual, even after February 18," is the dictum of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* even if, according to the *Westminster Gazette,* "for the next few weeks we may expect a period of exceptional violence by land and sea. But we shall sit through this, without allowing ourselves to be scared or flustered." The increase in food prices, while not at present alarming, is sufficient to cause concern for the future. It has been suggested, that a factor partly responsible for this increase, is the gambling in wheat and other grain "futures" in the United States. While this suggestion seems to have been seriously urged, the Government did not consider it of any great weight, and on February 18, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the Government did not propose to issue any remonstrance on the matter. Speaking in Parliament, the Chancellor announced that the Paris Conference of the Ministers of Finance, representing Great Britain, France and Russia had terminated satisfactorily. The ministers agreed to abandon the project of a joint international loan, and to permit each Power to secure the necessary funds on its own responsibility. A joint loan to be made to the smaller allied Powers was, however, decided upon, but no details have been made public.

"Business as Usual"

Ireland.—Major-General Sir Luke O'Connor, V. C., K. C. B., who rose from the ranks to the command of the regiment in which he enlisted sixty-five years ago, died recently in London, after a long illness, which originated in a bronchial attack. Born in February, 1831, at Elphin, Roscommon, he enlisted in the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers at the age of seventeen. He went to the Crimea as a sergeant, and showed great courage at Alma, saving the colors when his officers had fallen, and waving them before his comrades while they stormed the Russian position. This act of bravery brought him an ensigncy and the Victoria Cross, one of the first conferred. Later the General went to India and served through the Mutiny, and afterwards he was conspicuous on the Gold Coast. Sir Luke was one of many distinguished Irishmen who in late years have shed lustre on British arms.

Death of an Irish General

The *Irish Catholic,* under date of February 6, confesses to an error in its estimate of the number of Catholics in the navy, stating that "there are now between 283,000 and 284,000 men in all serving on or in connection with the fleets. Assuming that Catholics constitute 10 per cent. of the whole, there must be, at least, 28,000 Catholic men and boys maintaining the glory of the Imperial Ensign." This the paper considers a conservative estimate, remarking that the Catholics may number 15 or 20 per cent. of the whole personnel. The request for more chaplains is renewed and complaint is made that all the Admiralty has done in response to demands "has been to permit the nomination of five additional chaplains to the battle fleets in the North Sea, and one each to the fleet on the China station and that in the Mediterranean. Even these poor seven priests are not always afloat, and are only allowed on board ship when the Protestant commander deems their presence necessary." The *Irish Catholic* expresses the hope that Mr. Redmond will press this grievance on the attention of the Ministry until justice is secured.

Catholics and the Navy

Mexico.—Mexico City, which is still in the possession of the Carranzistas, seems to be in a desperate plight. Wheat flour is practically unobtainable, and corn can be bought only at prohibitive prices. A water famine is also imminent as Zapata is cutting off the city's water supply. Naturally that measure is not improving the capital's sanitary condition. Some foreign Governments have left it to their ambassadors' discretion whether to stay in the city or not. The diplomats are loath to grace the court of Carranza at Vera Cruz, as he wishes them to do, but they are quite ready to retire from the country completely. Mr. Duval West, our latest "special representative," is to make a round of friendly calls on the chief revolutionists. He first goes to Aguascalientes, to talk with Villa and Angeles, then proceeds to Vera Cruz to remonstrate once more with Carranza, who is reported to have "considerably irritated" the Administration. Obregon will then be visited in Mexico City, and last of all Zapata, wherever he happens to be. An incident of grim significance has occurred. The Carranzistas often proclaimed that their desire to liberate the *indigent* native priests from the yoke of wealthy prelates was one reason of their warfare. They have just shown the reality of this desire by casting into prison 180 of these *indigent* priests for refusal to give over $250,000!

Items of Interest

TOPICS OF INTEREST

"The Founder of Christianity"

OUR versatile philanthropist, Mr. Carnegie, rising in the forum of the public press, has propounded the query: "Who are the twenty greatest men of history?" A patron of literature, of education and of heroism, we might expect from him due recognition of eminent writers, of great educators, and of the dauntless leaders of forlorn hopes. But it is the Iron Master, and not the Maecenas, who replies. "The men who have exerted the most powerful influence in history," he tells us, "are Sir Henry Bessemer, the inventor of the modern steel process," and some nineteen others whom he enumerates. Of these, all but four, Columbus, Shakespere, Burns and Lincoln, are men who have gained fame through mechanical inventions, and no less than four on the list are associated with the origin and development of the steel process.

And now Mr. Francis Harrison, the leader of modern positive philosophy, enters the discussion and joins issue with Mr. Carnegie. "The greatest men in history," says the eminent positivist, "are Auguste Comte, the founder of Positive Philosophy," and nineteen others, ranging from Moses to Darwin, whom he proceeds to enumerate, ignoring the claims of Sir Henry Bessemer, and more than half of Mr. Carnegie's list. On only five names, those of Gutenberg, Columbus, Shakespere, Franklin and Watt, are the philosopher and the Iron Master in agreement.

This discussion would perhaps merit little more than a passing interest were it not for one proposition which Mr. Harrison advances in a commentary on the divergence between his views and those of Mr. Carnegie. The latter, he points out, "ignores the Gospel," and he proceeds to remedy this omission by entering on his roll of fame the Apostle St. Paul, who, he assures us, "is the true founder of Christianity as a doctrine."

This view of St. Paul as "the founder of Christianity" is admittedly not original with the English philosopher. It was advanced as long ago as 1831, by Ferdinand Baur, the founder of the modern Tübingen School, and refuted as long ago as 1833 by John Adam Mohler. It was accepted during the nineteenth century by the so-called Liberal Protestants, who have followed more or less closely the Tübingen principles and has been reasserted and elaborated in the twentieth century by Sabatier and the leaders of Modernism. Stated in its logical completeness, it asserts that the simple teachings of Jesus of Nazareth were so developed and elaborated by Paul of Tarsus as to make of him "the creator of theology, the founder of the Church, the defender of the ecclesiastical system and the opponent of the religion of love and liberty which Christ came to announce to the world."

The foundation of the Church and the origin of her power to teach and compel obedience are based on no doubtful traditions or obscure passages of history. No other government as old as hers can point more clearly to the precise time of her origin and the warrant for her authority. The beaten path of inquiry leads back unerringly to two clear passages in the historical documents which record the life and deeds of Jesus of Nazareth: Christ in Cesarea Philippi rewarding Simon's confession of faith: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. xvi, 18); and the risen Christ in Galilee entrusting to His chosen successors the continuance of his own work on earth: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark xvi, 15, 16.) Here he speaks with that fulness of power given him in heaven and on earth, "the founder of the Church, the defender of the ecclesiastical system, and the creator" of that theology which has its foundations in His word who is "the way, the truth and the life."

Those who seek to derogate these titles from Christ and confer them upon St. Paul are misled by the fact that the great Apostle has left to posterity a fuller record of doctrinal discourse than did the twelve Apostles or even the four Evangelists in their simple narratives of the deeds and teachings of Christ. Nor need we be surprised that these records are misinterpreted in our own day, since they were misinterpreted even during the lifetime of their author. St. Peter, speaking of the epistles of his "most dear brother, Paul," warns the faithful against the unlearned and unstable who wrest them to their own destruction. (II Peter iii, 16.) Not only in his journeyings, in his preaching and in his sufferings, did Paul labor more abundantly than all the rest, but also in the volume of his written work. Not writing, but preaching, was the commission of the Master, and of the twelve thus commissioned, seven have left to posterity no written line. Omitting the two evangelists, the four who were inspired to write have contributed in all but seven brief epistles; Paul alone is the author of twenty-one.

It is inevitable that those who deny apostolic tradition in the Church as a source of revealed truth, and who seek for an exclusively scriptural warrant for their belief, should find in the copious doctrinal discourses of St. Paul the source of their faith. From this, it is but a step to regard him as the creator of theology, or, as Mr. Harrison phrases it, "the founder of Christianity as a doctrine."

Those who have thus exaggerated the part taken by St. Paul in the foundation of the Church and the formulating of Christian belief, appeal to the authority of the Pauline Epistles. Hence, the most direct and conclusive refutation of these claims may be sought from these same documents. Nor is it difficult to show that St. Paul himself has combated these same mistaken notions of his mission, and emphatically disclaimed for any man the title of Founder of the Church, as well as his own

right to add to or alter, by one jot or tittle, the revelation he had received in its integrity from Christ.

After the Apostle had shaken from his feet the dust of unbelieving Athens, he turned his steps to Corinth. Even in that dissolute and pagan age the name of Corinth was a reproach and a byword among the nations. But the word of God took root among this fickle people, and eighteen months later Paul passed on to Ephesus, leaving behind him a numerous and fervent community of believers. After his departure there came from the schools of Alexandria the polished and learned Apollo, who seems to have possessed the studied and dramatic eloquence of that decadent age of Greek eloquence. The fickle Corinthians straightway took sides with their teachers, some crying out for Apollo, some for Paul, some for Cephas and some for Christ, until word of the schism was brought to Paul at Ephesus. It is to this circumstance we owe the First Epistle to the Corinthians. This letter voices the grief and indignation felt by Paul that the name of any man could be so exalted in the Church of Christ. "What, then, is Apollo?" he asks them, "and what is Paul?" And the answer is clear: "The ministers of him whom you have believed." (I Cor. iii, 4, 5.) And referring to himself as "a wise architect, according to the grace of God," the Apostle explicitly points out the relation between the work of Christ and that of his apostolate in the Church. "We are God's coadjutors; you are God's husbandry; you are God's building . . . other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid; which is Christ Jesus." (I Cor. iii, 9, 10.) And so, through four chapters he urges his readers to be "followers of him, as he also is of Christ."

Those who contrast the teaching of the parables and the simple exhortations of Christ as recorded by the Evangelists, with the lofty and abstruse disquisitions of Paul on sin and grace and justification, profess to see in him a merely human teacher, "the creator of theology" and an "opponent of the religion of love and liberty which Christ came to announce to the world."

In the lifetime of the Apostle, his enemies, it would seem, made similar charges. These false teachers came among the Galatians whom Paul had won from paganism to faith in Christ. They declared that Paul was no true apostle, that he had corrupted the Gospel entrusted to Peter and his companions. It was to refute these calumnies against his teaching and apostleship that Paul was inspired to compose the letter to the Galatians. His mission and his doctrine, he declares, came not from himself nor from any man, but both were from Christ. "The gospel which was preached by me is not according to man. Neither did I receive it of man, nor did I learn it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." (Gal. i, 11, 12.)

And this doctrine he had thus learned by revelation, he was not free to alter. "Though we," he tells them, "or an angel from heaven, preach to you a gospel besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." (Gal. i, 8.) From this solemn exordium he goes on to show the perfect accord between his teaching and that of the Twelve. Then, that there might be no misunderstanding, he reiterates at length what he had learned of Christ and had already taught concerning grace and justification.

But no adequate refutation can be made in brief citations from the writings of the great Apostle. Not so much in his words as in the spirit which breathes through them do we realize the absolute subordination of Paul to Christ. He preached not himself, but Christ crucified. To him Christ is all in all. He and his followers are Christ's and Christ is God's. It is no exaltation, but a degradation of this devoted soul to acclaim him the founder of the Church or the originator of Christian doctrine. Admit this, and Paul the Apostle is a more hateful spectacle than Saul the Persecutor. He is made an object of loathing, the traitor to a cause, a false prophet coming in the clothing of sheep, but a ravening wolf within.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

Experimental Inoculation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with interest the article on Experimental Inoculation in a recent issue of AMERICA. I should feel much obliged, if you would kindly answer one more question on the matter. Would it be wrong for a man condemned to death to offer himself for inoculation, instead of enduring the death penalty?

Chippewa Falls, Wis. A READER.

IT will be remembered that the conclusions reached in the former article were in general as follows: Diseases may be divided into two general classes, viz., fatal diseases and non-fatal diseases. Under certain conditions, for the consideration of which the reader is referred to AMERICA, January 9, 1915, a man may allow himself to be inoculated with germs that will induce a non-fatal disease. If the disease appears "near the dividing line, between fatal and non-fatal," inoculation is lawful only in the case where "physicians prove clearly that the disease may be transferred to the non-fatal category." As to the particular case of inoculation with cancer germs, the learned author gave it as his opinion that it was unlawful, for the reason that cancer is usually classed with diseases that are necessarily fatal.

The present inquiry also refers presumably to the case of inoculation with cancer germs, or in general with the germs of some fatal disease; otherwise the principles given by Father Woods are amply sufficient for its solution. The problem, however, goes one step further. In the former article the discussion was restricted to the case of a criminal who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life; and it was argued that the action of a criminal in offering to contract in the interests of science a fatal disease was tantamount to "compassing his own death," clearly an immoral act. The criminal, of whom there is question in the letter quoted above, is one who has been condemned to death by legitimate authority. In

other words, "A Reader" asks, may a man who is to die at the hands of the public executioner, for example in the electric chair or on the gallows, be allowed to contract a disease which is certain to result in death?

The words in the letter, "instead of death," confuse the issue. For the sake of clearness we may divide the general question into three other questions: (1) Does the mere fact that the criminal knows he is to die in any case justify him in submitting to inoculation *on his own authority;* (2) does the fact that he knows he is to die *before* the germs take effect change the morality of his act; (3) could he submit to the inoculation in case the State with his consent should elect death by cancer *as the legitimate form of capital punishment?*

To the first question the answer is obvious. There can be no doubt whatever as to the illiceity of any man's compassing his own death by his own private authority. No man is master of his own life. He may not end it at his pleasure. Just as he would be guilty of suicide if he took poison before the day of the execution simply because he thought it an easier death—the reason being that by so doing he would be putting an end to his life on no other authority than his own—so also a man who should by his own authority and without any authorization from the State contract a fatal disease, would be usurping a right that he does not and can not possess. If, therefore, by the word "instead" the writer of the letter wishes to substitute private authority for public authority as a justification of the inoculation, the answer to his question must be in the negative.

Nor would such a usurpation by a private individual of God's dominion over human life be justifiable on the ground that the date set by the State for the execution would arrive before the action of the germs could result in death. The reason is clear. Deliberately and *on his own authority* the criminal would perform an act whose direct, natural and inevitable result would be death. Such an act is in itself sinful, and the fact that the State would execute the condemned man before the cancer germs had full effect, has no bearing on the case. In other words, this circumstance would not change the nature of the act under discussion. If for no other reason, this is evident from the fact that the State, in spite of the criminal's self-destructive act, would still retain the right to postpone the execution or grant a reprieve or change the sentence to life imprisonment if the claims of justice were thus better satisfied. Should it do so, the criminal's death would directly ensue solely as a result of his own act for which he would have no authority either from God or from the State. If, on the other hand, the execution should take place on time, with the consequence that the cancer germs failed to produce their deadly effect, this would not, as we have said, justify the criminal's act. The malice of his act would have been entirely complete at the time of the inoculation; at that moment he would have disposed of his own life completely, irrevocably and without authority. All this remains true, even if he were certain that he would be hanged or electrocuted. But there is another item to be considered. Only with probability could he say he would die by the authority of the State on the day set. God may have decreed otherwise. He may have destined him for many years of divine service, and so might have provided, in spite of the absence of hope to the contrary, for the continuance of his life for an extended period. This dispensation, however, he would interfere with if he should, of his own authority, admit inoculation.

If, however, by the expression, "instead of the death penalty," is meant as another form of the death penalty, and with the sanction of the State, the answer is by no means so clear. The State has undoubtedly the right to put men to death in punishment for great crimes. She has also the right to determine the form of death, provided she keeps within the bounds of humanity and is not deliberately and unnecessarily cruel. She could, therefore, allow a man to choose the form of death he prefers. And even if the State could not choose death by cancer as a legitimate form of capital punishment, she could inflict that form of death if the man should, of his own volition, elect it in preference to others. In such a case, although the man would be cooperating in compassing his own death, he would not be doing so on his own authority, but merely in obedience to the wishes of the State. He would be acting in the capacity of the public executioner. The foremost moralists of the day are agreed on the liceity of the act by which a man after having been justly condemned to death should, by his own consent, become his own executioner, but with the authority of the State. If Socrates was not guilty of suicide when he put the cup of hemlock to his lips, nor those nobles in the eastern nations for whom the State allows hara-kiri as the form of capital punishment, neither would the criminal be guilty of suicide who should consent to inoculation with cancer germs after the State, in his case and with his consent, had determined on that form of death as the means of legitimate capital punishment. Under these circumstances the inoculation in question is licit.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Industrial Commission Hearings

WHEN the Industrial Relations Commission was established its membership of nine was divided equally between employers, employees and "the public." Mr. Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, was one of those chosen for "the public," and was made chairman of the Commission. The duties of the Commission were to ascertain the causes of the prevailing "industrial dissatisfaction," and in due course to report with recommendations. To that end the Commission held public inquiries at many places in the United States, calling before it such people as it thought could give information on the matter in hand. A little while ago it sat in New York City.

Chairman Walsh, in a recent interview, thus explains the object of the New York City hearings:

> We have made inquiries all over the country. In one place after another we have found the civil process absolutely broken down. In great areas of the country we find men and women idle who are perfectly able and willing to work. We find that this is not a spasmodic condition except in degree—that in what are called good times there is a great surplus of labor. We find the most respectful protest against the conditions of labor on the part of those workers who happen to be at work ignored by their employers. We find that improper working conditions and rotten economics are collecting a fearful toll of human misery and death. . . . In place after place from the New York-Canadian border on the northeast to the Republic of Mexico on the southwest we have found the same story—a lack of responsibility on the part of the local management. The real power controlling the basic industries lies in the hands of the so-called "captains of industry," who have both the potential and real control of these industries with responsibilities of life and death over millions of workers. The New York hearing was to fix the definite responsibility beyond cavil or dispute.

And so for several days the Commission sat and listened to men who fifteen years ago were admiringly termed "captains of industry," but more recently "malefactors of large wealth," while Mr. Walsh, as the newspapers would put it, "probed" and "grilled" them to the intense interest of a crowded room. Rockefeller, father and son; Carnegie, Morgan, Schiff, Guggenheim—such a collection of "headliners" had not been assembled since the Pujo Committee on the Money Trust ceased from its labors, And as a foil to these there were sandwiched in labor chiefs, sociologists and publicists, so that the entire affair had a nice balance of "human interest." In fact, it was admirably stage-managed.

Now, allowing for all this, allowing also for the fact that Mr. Walsh admittedly played a strictly partisan rôle, and that the proceedings at times took on a frankly theatric character, allowing further for the practical futility of all such performances from the point of view of definite results, it is impossible not to see that on the whole something is likely to come out of the affair that will be worth the pains.

Indeed, the hearings were distinctly educational to all concerned. Mr. Walsh himself confesses to being amazed at the "liberality" of the views expressed by the "magnates" themselves concerning labor interests. It is not at all improbable that this amazement was shared by these magnates. Many a man does not fully think out his own thoughts until the question is pressed home and his final answer is like the sudden crystallization of a saturated solution, often a surprise to himself. It is a reasonably safe guess, for instance, that this was the experience of young Mr. Rockefeller, especially on the second day of his "grilling." The weak spot in all corporation management has always been the disappearance "in the shuffle" of direct personal responsibility. The "local manager" has always fallen back on the inexorable "Jorkins" somewhere in the background, who could not be seen and dealt with. Chairman Walsh's instinct for "the man higher up" was entirely sound. Public opinion can do what statute law can not do, and it is safe to say that hereafter boards of directors will give more attention to local labor conditions than they have done in the past. Moreover, it will be more difficult hereafter to avoid "recognition" of labor unions, seeing that "the principle of labor organization was accepted by practically all the witnesses." Whether the relatively new idea of industrial democracy which demands for employees a "say in the management" will be as readily accepted is more doubtful, but it is a note that is becoming more and more evident in labor politics, and will have to be reckoned with. On the whole, the inquiry has not been barren so far as the labor question is concerned.

As regards the Foundations, the result of the inquiry seems to be that Mr. Walsh, who appears to speak for the Commission, thinks they are a "peril" to the State. The Chairman has expressed himself strongly on the menace in these Foundations. For, example, he says, they could compete with the Government in investigating industrial questions; they could be used to create a public opinion favorable to their plans; they could be used to break strikes, and so on. The directors of these Foundations directed the enterprises from which the Foundation funds came—an inter-locking system, as he puts it, that "beats anything the railroads and banks ever exhibited." He does not think that powers like these can be safely exercised under the American theory of government, quoting Dean Kirchwey to that effect.

Perhaps he is right, but one can not help wondering whether the American system of government is not fully competent to protect itself against perils of this kind when they actually *become* perils. What kind of government is it that can not stand competition in scientific or social investigation? What kind of public opinion is it that money can buy? Is it now, or is it likely to be in future, against the law to "break strikes," in so far as money can break them? THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Is War the Worst Evil?

THE painting of Henri Danger, representing Christ weeping over a corpse-strewn field after a whirlwind of battle passed over it, has been sympathetically described and interpreted already in the columns of AMERICA. Its reproduction at this moment very likely reaches Christian feelings. And, indeed, the tenderness of Christ's human heart may be truthfully portrayed as melting with pity for the lives that are being quenched in the infernal reek and thunder-clap of battle, and for the grief, or wild suspense, of the gentle and the aged and the young toward whom war is ruthless and insensible.

But we can not avoid the impression that there lurks somewhere in the picture an element of falsehood. Perhaps our suspicion grows out of the picture itself less than out of its exploitation at this precise moment. If the subject had been treated by Giotto or even by Michael Angelo, we should not stop to challenge its motive and intention. As a matter of fact, its sentiment is foreign, so far as we can recall, to the treatment of martial subjects by the great artists of the past. But this striking and forcible reminder of Christ's gentle goodness

just at the present juncture, this suddenly popular recollection of His attitude toward suffering humanity on the part of a world not particularly Christian, puts us on our guard against the intentions of the picture. If it had appeared in days when men in their normal lives found themselves in constant relation to Christ, we should not receive its message with suspicions and reservations. But now it is different. We fear the mournfulness of Christ for the bodily sufferings of men is emphasized beyond proportion. As He Himself teaches us, there are far worse evils in this world than the death and anguish of the body. The age, which can be coldly indifferent to the supreme interests and welfare of the soul, is open to suspicion even in its most humane moments. The world, which heartlessly sends the souls of men to perdition, has no right to invoke Christ in order to fortify its doctrine of the supreme importance of material security and comfort.

A year ago a young American poet published a poem entitled "Caliban in the Coal Mines." It embodied the modern criticism of God in the complaint of a miner with his hard life underground. Three of the stanzas we beg leave to reproduce here, with apologies to the spirit of reverence:

God, you don't know what it is—
  You, in your well-lighted sky,
Watching the meteors whizz,
  Warm with the sun always by.

God, if you had but the moon,
  Stuck in your Cap for a lamp,
Even you'd tire of it soon,
  Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,
  And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, if you wish for our love,
  Fling us a handful of stars.

These verses were declared by critics to be among the best in the book in which they appeared. The talented young man, who wrote them, might be suspected, on account of his years, of desiring to shock the public by his shallow blasphemy. The public did not seem to be shocked so much as pleasantly stirred by the facile conciseness with which a prevalent mood was expressed. In fact the public boasts of its tolerance, and is as ready to be entertained by a "Catholic mystic" as by a yelping atheist. God came down and became Man and endured life on even terms with us, and consequently was hounded and slandered and scourged and crowned with thorns and crucified, and, only after exploring the lowest depths of life's ocean of shame and bitterness and sorrow and pain, died. And all this was done to save souls—even the souls of shallow and blasphemous young poets—from indulging the heart in wanton desires. And while this passionate searching of Christ for the souls of His children amid the briars of the world was being frustrated, during the last few decades, by a literature as pagan and as dark as if Christ had never lived, who stopped to ask what Christ thought of it all? Is it strange that we do not warm up to the world when it tries to make capital of Christ in its humanistic conception of a battlefield?

Lest we be accused of constitutional melancholy in our view of the moral and religious decadence of the reading public of late, let us cite unimpeachable authority. In the "Memoirs of a Manager," given by Mr. Daniel Frohman to the world some three years ago, that experienced gentleman tells us how, in 1888, he was obliged in deference to his audiences to change Pinero's "Sweet Lavender" so that the heroine would not be illegitimate. He goes on to say:

> A little reflection on the character of the audience of 1887 and of present-day theater-goers will show how the public's acceptance of plays has changed. When I revived the play a few years later I produced it as originally written, and there was not a ripple of objection. My experience with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was similar. When Pinero sent us the manuscript I wrote him I did not dare present so frank a play in the evening bill, but that I would like to produce so fine a work at a series of special matinees. . . . Now it would seem no stronger than a nursery tale when compared to some of the subjects of the plays of 1909-10.

This is fairly conclusive evidence of the moral collapse of our public brought about within men's memory by the undermining of Christian ideals under the influence of a pagan press, pagan education and pagan literature. And the significant thing to us is that no popular cry was raised in the midst of this sad havoc to ask how Christ might feel about it. When vice happened to be allied with some excruciating form of human misery, or, as now, in this dreadful war, when it was a matter of sheer physical suffering unallied with sin of any kind, Christ was sometimes obtrusively and spectacularly introduced to gild rhetoric or wing a shaft of argument. But while obscenity and blasphemy and paganism paraded in the pageantry of verse and prose, or gamboled after dinner in the prosperous warmth and light and well-garbed company of a Broadway audience, there were no uneasy or pathetic references to the standards of Christ. It was a public whose soul was being deadened to a sense of any evil except crude, physical suffering, such as mere brutes acknowledge. Materialism of the grossest kind! It went into hysterics over vivisection and laughed at adulteries. We have only the remotest notion of what the "Piccadilly" and "Leicester Square" of the current popular song of English soldiers stand for: but, if they symbolize a yearning for such delights as Broadway ordinarily offers when the electric lights are all flaring, we are inclined to view the trenches in Flanders with diminished anxiety as the lesser horrors.

Christ, it is well to keep in mind, wept not only over the widow's son, and the brother of Mary and Martha, who was dead, but He also wept—far more bitterly—over Jerusalem for its carnal philosophy of life and its hardness of heart. It is a blessed thing to sympathize with Christ in the tears which the vision of human pain wrings from His sensitive heart. Let us humbly offer Him our sympathy for the suffering of mind and body everywhere which beings dear to Him are forced to encounter; and, most of all, let us sympathize with Him in His own hour of agony. For agony meant more to Him than it can mean to us. And let us not forget that His greatest agony was not so much the physical pain upon the Cross as the vision of sin in the garden, when the extreme horror and anguish of His soul overflowed into the very veins of His body, throwing the blood into a wild panic until it sought hurried exit at every pore as if fleeing from some unendurable presence. Who can take flippantly or lightly this Christ of Gethsemane and at the same time have any true and sincere sympathy with the Christ of a battlefield?

We have not made ourselves clear if we have left the impression that we fancy war to be a small evil, or physical suffering and hardship trifling matters calling for carefully measured pity and critical charity. We find serious fault, however, with the misplaced values of a materialistic age. When the theaters are filled, and prosperity is monotonous, and the absence of calamity leaves dalliance free for distracting excursions, and the idle hour entices to adventures in sensation and thought, our popular authors disdain Christ and His Church and use the arts of Beauty—the bright reflections of God in His finite world—to mislead, disfigure and destroy His masterpiece, the soul of man. Then, when the avalanche thunders down about their ears and sweeps away the conditions which made their popularity possible, these explorers in lasciviousness and license raise their soiled hands in horror and ask why Christianity has permitted this thing, or what Christ would think of it. We hate war—hate it and fear it, even though it raged in the antipodes. But were we in the destructive centers of its cyclonic path we should feel

obliged to maintain that it was not the extreme misfortune. *That* is preeminently the work of well-clad, well-groomed, and highly-paid corrupters of the public mind and heart, the romantically successful experimenters with the souls of the idle, the curious and the shallow.

It is instructive to note how superfluous become our popular leaders of thought the moment life becomes serious. They are swept into the dust-bin. Their only hope is that the revival of folly may not be postponed too long. The winter of adversity is not their season; and while it lasts they must hibernate with the insects in tiresome obscurity. If they curse the war they have reasons of their own for doing so. Has their art no function when man is in distress? If their rhythmic ritual of the grove have aught of healing in it this is the hour for its use. If the flowery cult of the flesh, however, is a mockery when souls are being sifted, its priests and priestesses can not adopt a wiser policy than silence amid the downfall of their gods. Why must they criticize the God of Israel? It is written that the medicine-men of savage tribes were wont to blame the missionary when famine stalked among them or the sun went into eclipse.

"A great part of the fashionable infidelity," said General Pascal Paoli, as quoted by Boswell, "is owing to a desire of showing courage. Men, who have no opportunities of showing it as to things in this life take death and futurity as objects on which to display it." We are certain a large element of success in the careers of many literary celebrities has been their romantic courage in defying God. We have no doubt that a masculine desire to swagger and cut a figure in the eyes of timid and admiring females enters largely into the blustering anti-clericalism of the times. At present it happens that the opportunity for displaying courage is not confined to harassing nuns and priests, confiscating convents and churches, insulting Christ and denying gracefully the immortality of the soul. We make no doubt all these esthetic and philosophical apostles of courage, in spite of their years, are now at the front relieving, in a sublime *catharsis,* their noble craving for deeds of derring-do. They will learn some useful lessons; for instance, that a man can fear hell without really being a coward; go down on his knees to His Creator without any sacrifice of manhood; assist at Mass and confess his sins to a priest without being a fool; and love his fellow-men no less because he loves God more.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

A Rich Man's Jests

THAT Dives' witticisms, like a king's, generally prosper was proved to admiration a few weeks ago when our ubiquitous Iron Master appeared as a witness before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. The New York *Sun* reports that it "was a glorious day for Mr. Carnegie":

> He chuckled his way through a carefully prepared statement of his views and then sat down to answer questions. Every rule that Chairman Walsh had made and enforced for the proper conduct of the hearing went by the board within two minutes after Mr. Carnegie went on the stand. He began by saying that his business was "to do as much good in the world as I can," and he left with the words that he hadn't "spent a more agreeable afternoon in I don't know when." Between these two sentences his humor bubbled over at every opportunity. There were 600 persons crowded into the assembly hall in the Metropolitan Life Building, and unrestrained laughter greeted each sally of the witness. Chairman Walsh and his colleagues leaned back in their chairs and roared with the rest of them. Mr. Carnegie knew the house was with him and he studded his discourse with anecdotes and proverbs that upset every effort to restore the customary dignity of these proceedings.

Yet the quips and quirks that moved the Commission to such immoderate laughter do not seem, when submitted to a critical examination, to have been so very funny after all, whereas some statements of the witness which were meant to be as serious as taxes, the more discerning must have found highly amusing. We are told for example that "the audience roared again" when Mr. Carnegie requested the chairman to say "Do you believe?" rather than "Do you not believe?" "Have them [the workmen] call you 'Andy' and you're all right," we are credibly informed, made the witness's hearers roll "from side to side with laughter" and when he capped the climax by exclaiming: "See how many ladies there are here! That's one of the greatest triumphs of my life," the veracious reporter attests that "the laughter and applause become a tumult." The more imaginative of our readers can perhaps realize how extremely diverting the audience must have found the foregoing jests.

Now suppose one Johann Swartz, a Hungarian steel-worker, had been summoned before the Commission to give evidence regarding labor conditions, say, at Homestead, is it at all likely that "every rule for the proper conduct of the hearing" would have gone by the board, and that he would have been permitted to answer evasively with jests and chuckles the Commission's serious questions? Hardly. But as Dives' wealth increases, his wit, as has been observed, grows pleasanter, and the public's appreciation of his humor correspondingly keen.

Some statements Mr. Carnegie did make at the hearing, however, were really very mirth-provoking had we but the gift to see it, and during his long career he has carried through certain enterprises with such success, that the Olympians, were they but looking on, would surely have applauded with unquenchable laughter. Mr. Carnegie said, for instance, that he could not imagine any harm coming from the gifts he has made educational institutions. That remark is full of subtle humor to those who remember that the secularization of the denominational college has been the price each pays for the Iron Master's benefactions. As none of his wealth is ever devoted to "sectarian purposes" seats of learning that wish to receive a Carnegie fund must first banish God and religion from their lecture halls and classrooms. The Laird of Skibo's saying, moreover, that when giving aid he never inquires what a man's beliefs are, provided "he is clean and wants to better himself," is delicious too, when one calls to mind the vast sums Mr. Carnegie has not given the Presbyterians, the Methodists and even the Catholics for the promotion of church work of divers kinds.

Exceedingly diverting is the clever way Mr. Carnegie has managed to get so many towns in this country to burden themselves with his ostentatious libraries. For the building occupies a valuable and conspicuous site, bears forever the donor's name and is supported by the tax-payer at an outlay which in a hundred years would maintain a half-dozen similar institutions. What is worse, these libraries are mainly devoted nowadays to spreading pernicious literature among the young. A certain librarian of wide experience has not hesitated to say that the average public library in this country is no better than an institution for the corruption of boys and girls. For they are free to go in and take from its shelves "problem novels" so called, which are written on purpose to inflame the passions, or books on "sex-hygiene" and "self-knowledge" which are used to serve the same base purpose. If our restaurants instead of selling food to their patrons gave them well-disguised sawdust "investigations," no doubt, would soon be afoot. But our Carnegie libraries are doing what is much worse, for they are corrupting the hearts of children by supplying youthful readers with poisonous literature.

Full of grim humor, too, is the Laird of Skibo's erection of that fantastic anachronism, the Peace Palace at The Hague, particularly if we recall that the foundation of the fortune that made the edifice possible was largely due to the sale of armor-plate for battleships. One final chuckle, at Mr. Carnegie's disinterested promotion of "heroism" and "uplift" in the year of grace 1915, may be indulged in by laughter-loving Americans who recall the

big Homestead strike which was started by overworked and underpaid laborers while Mr. Carnegie was making a coaching tour in Scotland. Moreover his attempt to change the spelling of the English language, at least deserves the tribute of a smile.

Indeed the Iron Master's prosperous career is most rich in humorous phases, if the daily papers would only point them out to a dull and thoughtless public. Within the past few years our secular press has changed its attitude toward Mr. Carnegie. Formerly an editor could discern in this child of Adam a few human weaknesses and considered his deeds much more diverting than his words. But now the Laird of Skibo's public utterances are found to sparkle with Attic salt, but his benefactions are solemn acts of sacrifice born of his master passion for the betterment of his fellow-men. WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A Bishop of Royal Blood"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In *Leslie's* issue of February 4, on page 105, there is a picture entitled "A Bishop of Royal Blood"; the reading notice is as follows:

> The Rt. Rev. Bishop Prince de Landos-Berghes et de Rache, a member of the royal family of Austria, has just been assigned to a charge in New York City by Bishop Greer, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, etc., etc.

The Bishop Prince is dressed as a Catholic Bishop should be, and if he is a Catholic, as he certainly should be if he belongs to the Royal Family of Austria, why should he receive an appointment from Bishop Greer? And if he is an Episcopalian why does he mimic a Catholic Bishop? Will you please give me the facts?

Salt Lake City. EUGENE A. OWEN.

[The foregoing is one of several similar queries received from our readers. In search of an answer a member of the staff of AMERICA called at the office of the *Churchman,* Bishop Greer's official organ. Members of the editorial staff there confessed complete ignorance of the transfusion of "royal blood" into the working force of the diocese. The paper had published nothing about so manifestly important an item, and it was suggested that Bishop Greer's office, whence all the official business of the diocese radiates, should be asked about it. This suggestion was at once acted upon, and the answer at Bishop Greer's office was that the "Bishop of Royal Blood" had not been "appointed to any charge in the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York" and that *Leslie's* "had no authority to make any such statement."

The Austro-Hungarian Consulate General in this city was then interrogated concerning the identity of this "royal" personage, and this reply came:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Replying to your favor of yesterday's date, I have the honor to return to you Mr. Owen's letter and to state as follows: Although the name of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Prince de Landos-Berghes et de Rache sounds very unusual and was never heard of by any of the twenty-five officers attached to this office, who come from all parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, I took the trouble to look over all available almanacs and also the State Year Book of Austria and Hungary, containing all the names of those related to the Imperial and Royal House, and to all the prominent families of Austria-Hungary, but failed to find such a name or even one like it. From this it would seem that Bishop Prince de Landos-Berges de Rache is not a member of the Imperial and Royal family of Austria-Hungary.

ALEXANDER GRAU WANDMAYER,
Austro-Hungarian Consulate, New York.

There is no trace of such a name in the "Gerarchia," which contains the names of all the Catholic bishops and prelates of the world, nor in "Wer ist's," the German "Who's Who." In addition to what is cited above, *Leslie's* states that the "royal blood" bishop "was consecrated at Antioch in 1901 and has lived for a number of years in Paris." Local accounts of the consecration, on January 12, of the Rev. H. R. Hulse, lately attached to the Episcopal Church in Stanton Street, as "bishop of the missionary district of Cuba," state that the "royal blood" bishop "was one of those to join in the imposition of hands." At that time he seems to have called himself an "Old Catholic Bishop."—*Editor,* AMERICA.]

Liberty or License?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I congratulate AMERICA on its editorial "Liberty or License" in the issue for February 13, 1915. "Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" I say, what crimes would be perpetuated in Liberty's name, if the sophistry which you have exposed in your editorial were to be effective! The question as to whether or not "liberty of the press," as understood in our law, is or is not violated by Federal laws, which seek to protect the morals of the nation by preventing obscene or filthy publications from passing through the mail, or from being transmitted from one State to another by express companies or other common carriers, is no longer an open question. That question has long since been settled by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and by numerous decisions of other Federal Courts, the latter following, as they are obliged to do, the "law of the land" as declared by the supreme tribunal of our country. I here give reference to a few of the Federal decisions on this question, in connection with a quotation from the opinion of the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, rendered March 3, 1914, reported in 211 Fed. 385:

> (2) The statute is not in derogation of the constitutional rights and privileges of the defendants as publishers of a daily newspaper. The constitutional guaranty of a free press can not be made a shield from violation of criminal laws which are not designed to restrict the freedom of the press, but to protect society from acts clearly immoral or otherwise injurious to the people. *Ex parte* Jackson, 96 U. S. 727, 736, 24 L. Ed. 877; In *re* Rapier, 143 U. S. 110, 133, 134, 12 Sup. Ct. 374, 36 L. Ed. 93; Public Clearing House *v.* Coyne, 194 U. S. 497, 506, 24 Sup. Ct. 789, 48 L. Ed. 1092; Knowles *v.* U. S. 170 Fed. 409, 411, 95 C. C. A. 579; United States *v.* Journal Co. (D. C.) 197 Fed. 415, 418.

In the case from which I have just quoted the relevant portion of the Court's opinion, the defendants, publishers of a newspaper, had been indicted under Sec. 211 of the United States Penal Code, which section of the law prohibits sending through the mail, among other things, lewd, lascivious, or filthy papers, books, etc.

In the case of Clark *et al. v.* United States, reported in 211 Fed. 916, we have the opinion of the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, rendered March 2, 1914. In the latter case the defendants had been indicted, under Section 245 of the United States Penal Code, for sending through an express company, for carriage from one State to another, a certain obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy publication. One defence made was that the law there in question (said Sec. 245 of the Federal Penal Code) was an abridgment of the freedom of the press. In upholding that law and in disposing of this absurd defence the Court says, at p. 918 of 211 Fed.:

> (2) It is also claimed that the law is an abridgment of the freedom of the press. We think that the freedom of the press has enough to answer for without making it a protecting shield for the commission of crime. Davis *v.* Beason, 133 U. S. 333, 10 Sup. Ct. 299, 33 L. Ed. 637; Knowles *v.* United States, 170 Fed. 409, 95 C. C. A. 579.

Nevertheless, it would seem that some men, professing to be ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, do not hesitate to seek to have these filthy papers kept in circulation, by prating about the liberty of the press. Incidentally such men show their utter ignorance of the law, or, if they know the law, then it would seem plain that, by their words at least, they would encourage rebellion against it and disobedience to its plain provisions. What other interpretation can be put on the quotation in your editorial referred to, which quotation says "I would rather see the press free than clean, if to clean it we have to assail liberty?" The answer to this sophistry is that the statutes referred to say that the press shall be clean, in the sense that it shall not be filthy, etc., and that the Courts, in interpreting these statutes, have held that true liberty, under the law, is not affected where there is question of protecting the morals of the people by keeping the press clean from filth, to the extent that it is possible under these laws to accomplish this much-desired end—an end, by the way, which it would seem that ministers of the Gospel should be peculiarly concerned in having accomplished.

St. Louis, Mo. A LAWYER.

Catholic Press Association

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In response to your invitation in a recent number of AMERICA, at least one of your readers has a suggestion to offer in regard to your proposed "Society for the Instruction of the Daily Press." It is quite true, as I can testify, that many of the grotesque and misleading statements concerning Catholic events, Catholic history, Catholic ceremonies, and all things Catholic that are circulated so extensively in the daily secular press are due, as your correspondent says, to "ignorance rather than malice." Malice often plays a part in the matter, of course; but immense harm is done as a result of ignorance and carelessness and indifference. I speak from experience, as I remarked in a recent letter to you discussing the proposed Catholic daily; for I am now in the newspaper business, and have been engaged in it for fifteen years. The great majority of newspaper men and women, editors not excepted, are utterly indifferent about religion in general. They are inclined, on the whole, to be contemptuous of Protestant sects, and fairly respectful to Catholicism; but usually they are densely ignorant as to what Catholicism is and is not. The average city editor will send the first man available, whether he be Catholic, Jew or unbeliever, to "cover" a Catholic function. He prints much more about Protestant activities, sermons, functions, interviews with clergymen, and so forth, simply because Protestant clergymen and Protestant organizations of all kinds and sorts are much more inclined to use publicity, and are more awake to its power, than Catholic clergymen and Catholic organizations. Heaven forbid that Catholic priests should rival their separated brethren in this respect, and compete with them for publicity! God save us from the mania of advertising that afflicts so many of the sects! There is nevertheless a vast deal of Catholic news that should be published and which is not published; much is published in a perverted or false fashion; and not a little is to be done in correcting falsehoods and calumnies about the Church.

How, then, are we Catholics to secure adequate and dignified publicity? By a systematized employment of professional press agents. It would be wrong to underestimate the services rendered by individual volunteer letter-writers; but there is need of a national bureau of Catholic press activity. Its headquarters should be in Washington. Each archdiocese and diocese in the United States should have one or more paid press agents connected with the national bureau. It should be the duty of the representative of each diocese to supply the newspapers in his district with correct, authentic news about Catholic matters which are of interest to the general public. He should always be ready to give the newspapers data and special information when they ask for it. When a great Catholic function is to take place, the consecration of a bishop, for example, or a Eucharistic Congress, or the funeral of a great prelate, he should see to it that reporters from all the papers are treated courteously, and are given correct information in a convenient form. He should watch the papers carefully, and whenever false or misleading statements about the Church get into print, he should see to it that they are corrected or retracted. He should keep on personal, friendly terms with the editors in his district, and be a professional newspaperman, and, of course, a practical, loyal Catholic, working directly under the guidance of his bishop.

It may be a long time before the Catholic daily appears. That is a tremendously difficult and dubious project. But there is no good reason, in my opinion, why a national Catholic press association should not be started immediately. A fund for the purpose called for by the hierarchy, would quickly be subscribed. Capable agents should then be appointed in Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Denver, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and St. Louis.

San Francisco. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you permit a newspaper man of thirty-five years experience to add to Mr. Michael Williams' excellent arguments why a daily newspaper is the chief need of Catholics, at least around New York. We Catholics are human. Our interests are the same as those of our neighbors. Our wives and daughters read the department store advertisements as others do, and spend money even more freely than their neighbors. We men want to know about base-ball and other sports. We have the same warm blood, and are intensely interested in this war. Politics, prize fights and Billy Sunday, all have an interest for us, and we want the news while it is new.

Ayer's "Newspaper Directory" for 1915 tells what we want in the way of a newspaper. It states that there are eight Catholic weeklies in New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey. Some of these weeklies have a national circulation and still, according to the Directory, their combined output for one week is but comparatively small. During that same week seven of the New York afternoon papers swear to an output of 11,329,356 copies! We can learn a lesson from our friends the Jews. Not satisfied with the respectful treatment they get from the press, with the New York *Times* their principal champion in English, they are supporting four afternoon papers in Yiddish, with a combined circulation, during six days, of 2,354,184 copies.

It is a fair estimate that there are 1,250,000 Catholic readers within twenty-five miles of the New York City Hall and that we Catholics are spending $60,000 a week for our daily newspapers, and $40,000 a week for our Sunday papers or, in other words, we are paying $5,000,000 a year for newspapers that can not meet our requirements. No capital for a newspaper plant is required, for there are several newspaper plants idle during the afternoon that would print our paper if we but supply the copy.

New York. S. H. HORGAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The discussion of the proposed Catholic daily newspaper, has led me to wonder why we Catholics do not improve our Catholic weekly newspapers, that is make them readable; and fully avail ourselves of the opportunities for favorable publicity offered by the secular dailies, before we discuss a scheme so ambitious as a Catholic daily, an enterprise of greater magnitude, than most of your correspondents, I fear, realize. If we have failed in the smaller task, and the average Catholic weekly newspaper is a failure, what hope have we of succeeding in the bigger job?

In a great many dioceses of this country there are to be found publications, officially authorized by the diocesan authorities, which dignify themselves with the title "A Catholic Weekly Newspaper." To me it has always been a mystery just why it has never occurred to the managing editor of one of these publications seriously to set about making his periodical just what he alleges it to be. They are all alike. There is the inevitable "Roman letter" from the special correspondent in the Holy City; "The Irish Column," of course—by the way, my father was born in Ireland, if that has anything to do with the case; a few good editorials; an occasional good sermon; news items—the scissored kind, and often stale besides, about the Church in China and Tasmania, and every known part of the globe—but, very rarely anything about the parish church the reader attends. The editors do not even seem to know how to use intelligently the scissors on the secular dailies published in their own communities. What is the result? No circulation. It is the natural and logical result. An editor can not, and should not, expect Catholics to continue to buy a newspaper which contains no real news of the kind they expect to find in the publication.

These editors are constantly complaining of "circulation troubles." Why, I wonder, do their business managers never adopt businesslike and systematic efforts to get subscribers? In a certain diocese of upward of 125,000 families, the official weekly has a circulation of about 5,000, so I am reliably informed. I have yet to hear of one of these publications boasting of its circulation. That these papers do not enjoy a better circulation is the fault of no one but the editors and business managers themselves. And the shame of it is that there are so many circulation methods they might employ. With a respectable circulation, profitable advertising will come, provided good sales methods are employed in disposing of space. Advertisers willingly patronize publications of large circulation which go into the homes. From such a Catholic weekly newspaper, properly managed, a Catholic daily can reasonably be expected to develop.

Now as to the daily newspapers. Why do not our priests, and our Sisters, and our laymen, who are in authority in Catholic organizations, give them more Catholic news? Newspaper men, and Catholics too, complain that they find it difficult to get news of our parish work, our hospitals, our homes, our societies, and other Catholic endeavors. "It will interest no one," says the parish priest. But the Protestant minister, on the other hand, rightly appreciating the value of publicity, keeps the newspapers informed as to what he and his church are doing. A friend of mine, a retired newspaper man, established in the two local newspapers in his town a column devoted to the work of the various philanthropic and charitable agencies of the community. He was a man of no religion, but he was a warm admirer of the Sisters and their hospital. He really wanted to tell the public what they were doing, and what were their needs. They gave him no news; nor did the Brothers for their hospital. They treated him with scant courtesy when he came seeking news. But the manager of the non-sectarian hospital gave him plenty of copy and that institution profited by good publicity, and numerous gifts were due to that publicity. The Catholic institutions suffered from their policy. Then there was the experience of a daily newspaper publisher. He determined to publish each Saturday a page—"The News of the Churches of the Town." This publisher had just married a Catholic woman. To make sure that there was no discrimination against Catholics, he put a Catholic editor in charge of this page. Then he sent a letter to every rabbi, preacher and priest in the town telling of the page and offering the columns of his paper for the publication of any material they had to offer. On the editor's desk every morning there were letters from the rabbis and preachers, but never a one from a priest. To get a column or so of Catholic news every week the editor was obliged to work. He had more non-Catholic religious news than he could use. As is evidenced by these two typical incidents, the daily newspapers would publish more Catholic news, if only those who can furnish it would do so. Do we really want publicity for our efforts? If we do why do we not adopt the proper effective methods?

New York. FRANK T. DEVINE.

Gothic Vestments

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the inspiring article of Mr. Henry C. Watts on "The Midnight Office of Christmas," in a recent issue of your review I was attracted by the phrase, "There is a soft sound of crushed silk as the priest makes the saving sign" in the Mass. Would that this were generally true to-day! But, alas! there is generally no soft silk to crush. The chasuble or Mass vestment of to-day is rigid, almost unyielding, as a rule, with stiff, square back and front. This abbreviated board-like vestment suggests but faintly the great mantle thrown over Our Lord. But it was not always thus—in fact it has been so for but a brief space in the long life of the Church—and why should it be so any longer? Who that has seen pictures or statues of old-time priests in soft, ample, rippling, flowing chasubles falling in folds, or has seen such vestments worn in our churches to-day, can possibly be satisfied with the style of vestment which detracts from the solemnity of the most august act of worship? The latter is but an artificial copy of part of the old vestment with the beautiful folds cut out.

I realize how little chance English-speaking Catholics have had during long persecution to give heed to seemliness or externals, and what bad taste from a bad age of the world has usurped the place of real art in the Church. The result is ugliness instead of beauty, and the pathetic part is that Catholics have become accustomed to it. What is the solution? Not the adoption of anything new. If anything is new, it is the present style of vestments. Let us return to the interrupted development of something like the graceful vestments of the days when the best of art was at the command of the Church. I refer to the vestments termed Gothic, or more properly Ambrosian, which, eliminating both the cumbersomeness of the old bell-shaped vestments and the wasp-waistedness of the new, present a liturgical garb of wondrous beauty.

The chasuble, of thin, soft cloth, is practically identical in shape in front and back, with sides which do not stop short at the shoulder, but reach to at least the elbows or below, with but a small hole for the head instead of the long, ugly slit down the front evidently contrived to admit the enormous wigs of the sevententh or eighteenth century—now an anachronism. The whole falls in graceful folds, does not hamper the priest's movements at all, but greatly enhances the devotional beauty, inherent in the Church's majestic liturgical worship. Dalmatics and tunics of deacon and subdeacon of this sort are similarly soft, have proper sleeves instead of ugly flaps necessitated by stiff cloth, and copes are semi-circular, with no piece cut out for the neck, and with the orphrey, or straight-edge bands, carried clear around the neck, with the embroidered flap hanging below it behind. Why should not the unseemly vestments of the present be replaced by such vestments as these? They are still worn here and there, and seemingly are bound to be no less the vestments of the future than of the past.

Do I hear some timid soul object that such vestments are now used in "Catholic-minded" Episcopal churches? Yes, but where did they get the idea? From the Church which alone has a right to them. Catholics should not allow others to surpass them in the seemliness which belongs to God's altar, nor wait for the return of the prodigals to restore to the Church what is her's.

Cambridge, Mass. H. A. DOHERTY, JR.

AMERICA

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The Law and the Lunatics

THE law, according to so universally accepted an authority as St. Paul, is not made for the just man but for the unjust and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners. This being the case, the "citizenry" may not unfittingly expect in a legislator a modicum of the sense of fitness. But there has arisen in the State of Kansas a star of unusual brilliancy in the legislative firmament, a Solomon and a Solon combined, who would make it a misdemeanor for any Kansas female, over whose head five and forty summers and winters have not passed on their ravaging course, to appear on the public streets wearing ear-rings, or with the roses on her cheeks made more blooming by the adventitious aid of such trifles as may be obtained from the local drug stores at, say, fifteen cents a box. Henceforth, the blushing bride, as she emerges from the church door, will be confronted with the stern officer of the law, and by him compelled to produce her birth certificate, or to prove to his satisfaction that her maidenly blushes are the work of Nature unaided.

Now while the freak legislator is hard at it to penalize the artificial blush that has its source in the vanity case, a notoriously indecent and avowedly scurrilous press can, with impunity, bring the blush of shame to the countenance of outraged decency, under the very eyes of the Postmaster General. While Kansas, in an ecstasy of sumptuary virtue, draws the line at ear-rings, there roars from Washington the cry of a sucking dove: "I would rather see the press free than clean" (by restrictive legislation).

When the founders of this great Republic fought for the cause of liberty, and opened the doors of their country to the oppressed of the whole world, they laid up a treasure; and others have entered into their inheritance. But the eyes of Justice have become heavily bandaged and the torch of Liberty sheds an uncertain light when the activity of the law in the State of Arizona can penalize the importation of wine for the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass, whilst New York beholds with amazement the spectacle of murderers escaping the just punishment of their crimes. What shall America profit if one State should debar all liquor advertisements from periodicals, bill-boards and public places, whilst another State seeks to relax its all too lax divorce laws? The State border is but the dividing line between desire and accomplishment; and the yoke of the law sits heaviest not on the unjust and disobedient, but on the poorest and most insignificant. We need not more legislation but more respect for the law. Not the cleaning up of the powder puff, but a little practical application of the Christian ethic which St. Peter found not incompatible with his duty toward a bloodthirsty tyrant: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king."

Spoiling Youth's Visions

THERE has never been a time when the young have not seen visions. Out of the bright silence of the future, mystic forms and insistent voices have always beckoned and summoned them to deeds of heroism. The morning of life sends their thoughts soaring up to the eternal hills, and in the rose-tinted clouds that soften the hoary summits they read the call and the promise of greatness. The very mists over their heads seem nothing more than thin veils of gold obscuring but not hiding the peaks toward which their eyes are straining. Some dream of wealth, some of beauty and friendship, others of pleasure, others again of power, and a few, and these are the most courageous and noblest of all, catch a glimpse of Christ transfigured. They are lost in the contemplation of the Beloved Son in whom God is well pleased, they hear the heavenly mandate, "Hear ye Him." They hearken to the divine invitation and they picture themselves as living all their days in the courts of the Lord, with no thought but of Him and no other hope save to work and spend themselves in His service. They see the tabernacle with its reflection of the beatific happiness; and in the generous enthusiasm of their brave unspoiled young hearts they say, "Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here."

Then they come down from the mountain, and for a time they tell the vision to no man, and are content to guard their hope in the secrecy of their souls. At last comes the moment to leave all they have, to go out from their father's house, to sell all they possess, to take up their cross and to follow their Lord. Alas for the struggle that follows! They are tempted in countless ways. Specious arguments of every kind; dissipations that are dangerous if not always sinful; abuse, ridicule, entreaty, everything is tried with relentless persistence. Nothing short of sin is passed over. The boy must be

kept from the priesthood and the girl from the convent at any cost. They must not be allowed to throw their young lives away. And so the divine invitation is disregarded, God's manifest will is thwarted; and parents have the wicked satisfaction of preventing their children from following their vocation and obeying the call from on high. The bright vision fades and is lost.

A serious thing is this interference with the behests of God. What is a mother's affection that it should come between the child and its Lord? What is a father's claim that it should be set up in opposition to claims of the Father of all? Man's pleasure preferred above God's pleasure! Man's will followed and God's will set at naught! Could anything be a clearer perversion of right order? And yet this is what only too often happens when the son speaks in favor of the sanctuary, and the daughter hints at the cloister. Only too often parents, in misguided love, try to tear the very thought of vocation out of the hearts of their children, and only too often they succeed. But let them beware of their ill-gotten purpose. God may be silent, but He is angered, and He does not forget. Woe to those who spoil the visions of youth!

The Jingo

THE Jingo stands out as the aggravator of misapprehensions. To emphasize differences, be they but superficial, is his delight. To declare irreconcilable such as are deeper seated is his hobby. Racial antagonism, social stereotypes, ancestral hatred, incompatibility of ideals, diversity of evolutional experience are his properties, much-played and stage-worn, but he can, with the flare of a flashy patriotism, give them a coloring satisfactory to the gaping audience.

He was ready to go to war against the Indians because they were red; he was ready to go to war for the Ethiopians because they were black; he was ready to deal death to the Spaniards because they were Latins; and ready to die for the Cubans because they were inspired by the ideals of Brutus and Cassius. But fear not. He never died or fought or went to battle or enlisted for the war. It is not the business of the Jingo to fight, but to make war and let other people do the fighting. His to discover the lines of our national destiny and to see how marvelously they coincide with those of his own commercial and financial interests. The destinies of the nation, of the leading races of the civilized world are in his heart and his heart is in his pocket. The jingle of cash is audible above the jingle of the Jingo's catch-phrases and campaign eloquence. Vulcan sweated and toiled over the arms of Achilles, but Pluto furnishes the precious metals of which they were made. So it has been ever since.

Racial diversities indeed there are, but it is the promoter of peace who is really a profound student of them; who knows how the fundamental harmony of human nature may be maintained. Standards of civilization there are as diverse as that of Spain and England, of Norway and Japan, of Canada and Mexico; but it is he who has met on a basis of peace, tolerance and experience the exponents of these varying ideals who really knows how ingrained is their diversity and how splendid the fabric of their interwoven commerce and intercourse.

Destiny for the Jingo is a myth and a catch-word. Of an over-ruling Providence, "a just God who presides over the destinies of nations," delighting in the diversity of His children, assigning a place and sphere to each and outlining a course for every one to follow with beneficent results to all, he knows nothing. A national destiny of service and sacrifice never entered his mind. Of cities and States, venerated by the world, intelligent as its masters in arts and sciences, in patriotism and in statesmanship, he has never read. Of the function of a State as the upholder of an ideal, in spite of all temporal loss, he knows only the name and its use as a shibboleth. Of a self-restrained people, scrupling to encroach on their neighbor's rights and needs, he has formed no notion.

To elbow the weak out of the way or crowd them to the wall, the Jingo dignifies as "expansion." To bully the unfortunate into humiliating concessions he justifies as "awakening to the full sense of our masterful character." To check and drive to exasperation a people bent on bettering their national status he considers merely the "modest assertion of our rights as a superior folk." He is the maker of war-cries and the promoter of war, but the fighter of battles, never. His figure is strangely like that of a small boy on a fence, watching a canine encounter and whistling and clapping to set on the combatants, safe from their teeth.

But the inspired writer takes him too seriously to make of him a mere caricature and launches at him one of the direst curses in all Scripture: "Six things there are which the Lord hateth, and the seventh His soul detesteth —him that soweth discord among brethren."

Statutes or Decency?

CAN statute law palliate outrages on women and legalize theft?

Why, certainly, replies the *New Republic*, and refers to Mexico as obvious proof. "Nothing," we are told by that journal, "can condone the treatment of nuns in Mexico." This is a fair and open statement; to the minds of decent folk, a plump platitude. But, continues the writer, "it should be stated that religious communities are prohibited by statute, and that two nuns constitute such a community."

Why should this be stated? Does the existence of an anti-religious statute make assault on unprotected women less horrible?

At present, the Salvation Army is contesting a Los Angeles ordinance which forbids such associations to devote local contributions or collections to any but local

purposes. With the expedience or justice of this measure we are not now concerned. But suppose the courts sustain the city's contention. Suppose, further, that in defiance of this ruling, the Salvation Army refuses to change its customs. Suppose, lastly, that in consequence, a mob should inflict upon the women of the Salvation Army one-tenth of the indignity that has been offered to the Mexican nuns. Would the *New Republic* seek to palliate this shocking crime, on the ground that the Salvation Army women were living in defiance of a city ordinance?

"Much talk," continues this teacher of muddy and bedraggled ethics, "has resulted from reported confiscation of church property in Mexico." All airy suspiration of enforced sighs. Why? Because by "statute" the Church in Mexico is forbidden to hold property.

Granting, but not admitting, that the Church has no legal claim, does this destroy the claim in justice? Does it give the right of ownership to the freebooters, misnamed "governments," who, by armed gangs, seek to maintain their thefts of schools, churches, libraries and hospitals?

Can statute law palliate outrages on women and legalize theft? Let the *New Republic* answer.

She Loved Much

TWO weeks ago a hospital Sister died in Chicago. She had lived the consecrated life for fifty-five years. During all these years, save two, she had ministered in one hospital to Christ's sick and wounded brethren. The world knew nothing of her. She wrote no books, made no speeches, preached no mission of "social service." But she gave her life and all that she had, quietly, simply, with never a thought of self, to God. In the days when her world was at spring and the heart was young, she had sacrificed all for the love of her Saviour. She who did so much to bring peace and sunshine into the world was forgotten by it. She was content. She would not have it otherwise.

So slipped the years into life's dusk. The Master called, and she came with joy, bearing her sheaves. And as she lay in the little chapel there gathered around her the men and women whom she had remade, the poor whom she had helped, and those once lost souls, who through her gentle teaching had brought their bruised and bleeding hearts, like Magdalen's broken box of ointment, to the feet of Christ.

What a glorious tribute! Wealth can not buy it, nor power command it, nor any receive it, but they who have loved much. "We look into her life," said the non-Catholic head-physician, "and we find it without blemish. Always she served God and man at the sacrifice of herself. Always she has been good and kind; loyal and faithful and loving. We look into her life, and we see that it has been one long, unbroken succession of mercies."

A life like this teaches us, who for all our learning and culture are troubled about many things, what life truly means. Love and sacrifice alone make our petty round of days worth while.

Scripture Reading and Crime

A BILL now pending in the New York Legislature would oblige all public school teachers to read ten verses of the Bible every day to the children. As a Protestant clergyman, speaking in support of the measure, has said, "this is to keep them from becoming criminals."

It is not proposed to discuss the relation of this proposed law with our constitutional rights as American citizens. That may be left to the courts, should the measure finally be placed on the statute book. But it may be pointed out that the theory advanced by the Protestant clergyman, and apparently embodied in this bill, that the daily reading of ten verses of Scripture will "keep the children from becoming criminals" is thoroughly false. To listen to this reading will not give a child an efficient, lasting motive of right living. Every teacher, every one who has dealt with children, knows this. The child will simply not understand. If the truths contained in Holy Scripture are to get into the child's life, and influence it, the bearing of these truths upon life must be explained. And the office of Doctor of Sacred Scripture can hardly be combined with that of a public official acting in his official capacity. For the teacher must either affirm these truths, or deny them, if he wishes to teach. True, he may maintain an attitude of indifference to their truth or falsehood. But that, according to Christ's word, is to deny them.

One may be learned in Scripture and an adept in crime. Judas was well acquainted with Christ's divine character, mission and teaching. A notable sinner has told us that it is the essence of iniquity to know the better and follow the worse. If we wish to keep the children free from criminal ways, we must put Christ's appointed means of grace into their lives. Nowhere are we told that among these means is simply to listen to the reading of Scripture.

Will You Give Up?

"WILL you give up?" is the question hissed into the small boy's ear by his conqueror as he presses the head and shoulders of his victim into the mud. "Will you give up?" is the cry in the snow-ball fights where imaginary forts and flags are attacked. When does the boy say, Yes? When did you say, Yes, in your fights? Perhaps you do not want to admit that you ever gave up. It was hard to afford that sweet satisfaction to the boy higher up, already beginning to exult in your downfall. Is it such repugnance to surrender which wins so much sympathy for the under dog? Multiply the feeling of no surrender by millions and dress it up in uniforms, put swords for fists and bullets for snow-balls,

and you have the armies of the world. Much of what passes for patriotism is nothing else than a refusal to own one self beaten. Yet if anger can be canonized—"Be angry and sin not"—why should the spirit of no surrender be kept from enlisting and drilling on the side of right?

It is not on the battlefield alone this spirit reigns, nor need it always thrill through mighty frames and huge muscles. The finest exemplifications of the spirit are found where nature has given least physical strength. The men in the battle-line feel the touch of elbows and hear the heartening cry of comrades, but wife and mother and daughter fight alone at home. Many a man would surrender unless there were others looking on; few are the women who give up, though they must struggle out of sight in the home. The tenderest, the most sensitive element in a woman is that very thing which makes her endure and fight on long after her stronger mate has given up. A woman's love, a mother's love, makes weakness might. The strange blending of heroic love with physical weakness was never, perhaps, better exemplified than in that New Jersey teacher who, to protect her pupils, bravely faced and killed a venomous snake and then fainted away. Her affection made her a hero; her imagination drove the blood from her cheek and the strength from her limbs. The homes of the poor, the schoolrooms of the world, the bedside of the sick, the cradle and the nursery, all these are proofs that if woman could fight with her heart she would never give up.

Back of years of evil habits, buried under the dead weight of indulgence, there lies the spirit of no surrender. But how can it be reached? How can the weakling, the drunkard, the degenerate be made to thrill again with the fire which flamed through them in youth? One can strike a spark from steel and stone, but not from wet clay or porridge. "Morale" is a word made popular by journalists in war-time. Morale is that feeling of never give up throbbing through an army. What is the quickest way of restoring morale to a routed army, of making the disintegrated particles swing backward to the fight, like magnetized iron filings pointing one way? The magnetic influence to remake an army is a leader, a personality. The history of the world has many instances of defeat turned to victory by the inspiring leader. A good priest in England visited a reformed drunkard every day for six weeks to keep alive within his battling soldier the spirit of no surrender.

The small army of twelve which set out to conquer a world with the not very consoling standard of a Cross would have been beaten before the first engagement, had not every heart been warm with ardent devotion to Him Who had been the Good Shepherd when they were lost, and had been their generous Father when they were living afar riotously. It is love of another which keeps a weak woman from ever giving up; it was love of Christ which made the Apostles never give up, and it was love of us which made Calvary.

LITERATURE

Twenty Historical "Don'ts"

AS the discerning reader of the daily papers and of periodical literature is doubtless aware ignorance of Catholic history is still quite dense and widespread. Even well-meaning writers and speakers, when the Church is their theme, fall into grave errors, largely because their knowledge of history is not "up-to-date." These men do not realize what remarkable advances have been made in the science of history within the past few years. As the editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" declare in the preface to that monumental work:

> The long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way. And competing historians all over the civilized world have been zealous to take advantage of the change. In view of this it has become impossible for an historical writer of the present age to trust without reserve even to the most respected secondary authorities. The honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled, by the classics of historical literature . . . and has to hew his own way in order to reach the truth.

So it has seemed to the writer that possibly a little historical guide in the shape of a series of "Don'ts," warning editors and writers about certain popular historical fallacies, so often repeated that they seem to represent accepted truth, would be useful. Some years ago these handy "Don't" manuals used to be popular, notwithstanding the fact that human nature would much rather be told what to do than what not to do. Though couched in the imperative form, the following "Don'ts" are meant to warn even educated people, who may not be very familiar with recent historical research, from falling into absurd errors.

Don't write about "the long night of the Dark Ages." John Fiske speaks of "All the work big with promises of the future that went on in those centuries which modern writers in their ignorance used once to set apart and stigmatize as the 'Dark Ages.'" You do not want to be classed with the "modern writers" whom John Fiske thinks "ignorant."

Don't compare the Middle Ages with pagan antiquity to the great disadvantage of the medieval period, for John Fiske said that "There is a sense in which the most brilliant achievements of pagan antiquity are dwarfed in comparison with what was accomplished in the Middle Ages."

Don't accept the ordinary opinions about the Middle Ages unless you are sure you know a great deal about that period. John Fiske gives high praise to medieval times in the introduction to his work on "The Beginnings of New England, or the Puritan Theocracy in Its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty." If he said it there you can be sure that he must have had absolutely compelling evidence for it.

Don't talk about the Catholic Church "hampering education." In the thirteenth century, when the Catholic Church was most powerful, when the Popes, for good reasons, were able to put kings down from their thrones, there were more students at the universities of Europe, in proportion to the population, than there are now. Read any serious history of the universities and see.

Don't proclaim confidently that there was no study of science until our time. The medieval universities were scientific universities, studying everything from the scientific aspect.

Don't write that all the university education before our time was founded on the classics. The classics came into education at the Renaissance. Before that the university curriculum consisted of physical and ethical science and philosophy.

Don't think that the medieval university study of science was trivial. Professor Huxley declared in his address as Rector of Aberdeen University, "I doubt if the curriculum of any modern university shows so clear and generous a comprehension of what is meant by culture as this old *trivium* and *quadrivium*, the medieval university curriculum, does."

Don't talk about medieval ignorance, for if you turn to any history of the universities you will find that at the end of the thirteenth century there were more students at the universities of Europe and particularly of England, in proportion to the population of the various countries, than we have at the present time.

Don't talk about medieval superstitions being particularly "groveling," because superstition occurs at all times. Probably the lowest depths of superstition were reached in Europe at the height of the witchcraft craze at the end of the seventeenth century.

Don't laugh at medieval people for accepting the transmutation of metals. Many chemists now confidently expect to manufacture gold and silver out of lead and copper. They even say that the precious metals are being constantly manufactured in the midst of the baser ores throughout the radioactive energies that are present.

Don't talk too freely about all the harm that the Catholic Church did to mankind during the Middle Ages. John Fiske said in his introduction to "The Beginnings of New England"—"It is hard to find words to express the debt of gratitude which modern civilization owes to the Roman Catholic Church." When John Fiske made that admission, rest assured that he knew whereof he spoke.

Don't talk about "lazy monks." They built the many hundreds of monasteries in England, drained the fens and raised the dignity of labor. The President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College declared that monasteries were the first agricultural schools.

Don't ever talk against the Jesuits until you know at least one of them. You can find them now in any American city of half a million inhabitants or so, and they are rather pleasant men to meet.

Don't talk about lack of initiative in the Middle Ages. Frederic Harrison said: "Of all the epochs of effort after a new life, that of the age of Aquinas, Roger Bacon, St. Francis, St. Louis, Giotto and Dante, is the most purely spiritual, the most really constructive and, indeed, the most truly philosophic."

Don't forget that in recent years there has been serious discussion as to whether the thirteenth century may not have been the greatest century of human existence.

Don't scoff at the idea of a medieval century as the greatest until you have weighed Frederic Harrison's expression: "We find in this century [the thirteenth] a harmony of power, a universality of endowment, a glow, an aspiring ambition and confidence such as we never find in later centuries."

Don't brush aside the thought of the medieval period as quite unworthy of consideration in the history of humanity until you have read further what men like Fiske, Freeman, Frederic Harrison, Macaulay, Hallam, and many others have written of it.

Don't talk about the failure of the Middle Ages to appreciate values properly. Our richest millionaires scarcely have money enough now to buy the things that medieval folk in little towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants made for themselves.

Don't be out of the fashion. It is fashionable now to talk about the Middle Ages as the "Bright Ages" because of all they did for art, architecture, education, literature, and above all, for the arts and crafts.

Don't suggest that the Middle Age was wrapped up in its own conceits. It made the most beautiful books, the most charming needlework, the finest illuminations, the most wonderful stained-glass windows that the world has ever known. We are just beginning to admire these things properly. It was when we had no interest in these things that we had no interest in the Middle Ages. JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

REVIEWS

The Unfolding of the Little Flower (Sister Theresa of Lisieux.) By the VERY REV. W. M. CUNNINGHAM, V.F. With a Preface by HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GASQUET. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.35.

As the title suggests this little volume is a study of the development of Sister Theresa of Lisieux. A special value attaches to its testimony to her sanctity, because it is written by one who began the study of her life with deep prejudice, and ended, like many another, by rendering to it enthusiastic homage. It does not pretend to be a substitute for the autobiography, but a critical study meant to supplement and elucidate certain phases of it. The part suffering played in her spiritual formation receives special emphasis, and is a practical commentary on the problem of pain. In accordance with modern notions of hagiography, early defects and the intensely human note in her character are clearly pointed out with the obvious advantage that her "little way" seems not altogether outside the possibility of imitation. In the perusal of these pages, souls especially that are harrowed by persistent thoughts against faith will find for their consolation that the joy of faith is by no means essential to its spirit and its practice, and that darkness of soul is quite consistent with the very strongest and heroic holding to the supernatural. This study will be valuable chiefly to those who already know the life of the Little Flower. Its main advantage, however, and the one which the author has principally in view, is to lead readers to a better understanding of the words of the Little Flower herself. To her own simple story there attaches a spiritual charm, an inspiration and an atmosphere of the supernatural that no other history of her life possesses. This is obvious to the most casual reader, as he turns from the author's words to the words he quotes from the autobiography. There is room for other studies of other phases of Sister Theresa's life, but the life itself has been written once and for all by herself. J. H. F.

Problems of Child Welfare. By GEORGE B. MANGOLD, Ph.D., of the School of Social Economy of Washington University. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Boyhood and Lawlessness. The Neglected Girl. A Russell Sage Foundation Publication. By RUTH S. TRUE. New York: The Survey Associates, Inc. $2.00.

Here are two sociological books by non-Catholic authors. The first leaves the impression that Dr. Mangold has undertaken to cover too much ground. He has classified his matter well, but in his treatment of much of it is highly unscientific. He lays far more stress, for instance, on the influence of heredity and environment in character-formation than the facts at his disposal warrant, and while formally admitting that but little is known of positive eugenics, allows himself to write at times, as if it were an accepted science. Equally unsatisfactory is his discussion of what he terms "social selection." If, by his own admission, we know nothing with certainty of the ultimate factors involved, what justifies his "humane and economical method of refusing to permit the unfit to come into the world"? How can a being which does not exist, be stigmatized as positively "unfit" when the stigmatizer himself confesses, that "we are far from a knowledge of what constitutes a correct standard of fitness"? The conclusion is inevitable, that Dr. Mangold

would justify us in destroying a living organism, or refusing it existence, on the ground that it fails to satisfy a standard which, so far as we know, does not exist. One need not insist upon the unchristian character of these conclusions. But it is important to note that, by the very showing of those who advocate them, they are unscientific in the highest degree.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Dr. Mangold, while he virtuously inveighs against the falling birth-rate, recommends practices which will make it fall still lower. This highly scientific person can not restrain a sneer at the stupidity of the "foreigner," who thinks conscious restriction "unethical," and he holds that "among native American women especially, the ethics of restriction are justified." Is morality, then, a matter of nationality? Or has our learned pundit, who says that "opposition to a judicious limitation of size of family is reactionary and unsocial," some unspoken recommendation for "conscious restriction," which he dare not put in print? Enough has been said to show that this book is a decidedly unsafe guide. It is neither Christian nor scientific.

According to the author of the second of the volumes, all the vices flourish on New York's West Side, save atheism and race-suicide, and these the gentle investigator apparently considers, not vices but virtues. If left unhindered, the Foundation proposes, it would seem, to carry this devil's gospel to the West Side denizens, for we read: "The attitude of our community toward birth or death is disheartening in the extreme. Either event is accepted as the will of God. The idea of voluntarily limiting the size of the family is almost unknown."

It is indeed disheartening that after years of social striving, even after the dawn of the Russell Sage Foundation upon an unworthy world, the poor should still believe that our coming into this life, and our leaving it, are matters with which Divine Providence concerns itself. The social worker sometimes affects to wonder why her advent is not greeted with gratitude by the parish priest. It is but an affectation. She knows, and must be aware that he knows, that if religion interferes with the means which in her infallible judgment are necessary for "the rehabilitation of the family," it is her business to see that religion is dropped. She seems to owe responsibility to no State official, and judging from her work, it is fairly obvious that she considers more than one of the Ten Commandments antiquated and "anti-social." These studies have no new lesson to teach. Make the West Side more like Fifth Avenue, and life's wandering chords shall swell into one grand, sweet song. History nowhere shows that man's moral standards rise with his accession to wealth and comfort. Even the newspapers can teach us that Fifth Avenue has its shortcomings as well as Eleventh, and it would seem that the former's are far more deeply anti-social. These reflections are commonplaces. But they are probably true. Most commonplaces are. P. L. B.

The Haunted Heart. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

A satisfactory piece of work. The plot has form and sustained interest; the characters are drawn with a touch at once firm and delicate; the conversations are crisp, idiomatic and to the point; the descriptions of scenery charming. Maturity of taste and distinction of style mark the book, and its morality is fearlessly Christian. How Catholic in conception is this appreciation of a modern "scientific sick-room":

> The whole place had an atmosphere of the business of illness that caught the newcomer at the heart. Between nurses and doctors, with the last discoveries in drugs, with oxygen and opiate, the doomed man was being helped and soothed along the final stage of his journey. All that cold science could do for him was lavished here. But, till this moment, not a creature had been permitted to watch in love beside him. No heart to spare the oppression of that wounded heart; no hand to clasp that hand wet with anguish; no breast on which to pillow that weary head, dizzy with hopeless, lonely thought. And, for the poor *soul*—nothing! Nay, worse than nothing. For here every effort was to lull the faculties, avert reflection, conceal the inevitable. Not one word of courage for the ear of the spirit in its awful failing; not one image of God's mercy to catch the dimming eye; much less the strengthening unction of the last consecrating rites.

"The Haunted Heart" is a notable accession to clean, artistic fiction. F. P. P.

The Prayers of St. Paul. By Rev. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS. $0.60.

The Joy of Finding. By Rev. ALFRED GARVIE. $0.60.

The Son of Man. By ANDREW C. ZENOS. $0.60. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Catholic reviewer of these three little books, while not subscribing to all that they contain, can say that they are Christian and, in the main, refreshing and encouraging. In "The Prayers of St. Paul" we have a simple and succinct exposition of the Pauline prayers as found in the epistles to the Thessalonians, Colossians, Ephesians and Philippians. The object, necessity and qualities of prayer are well brought out, and many of the applications to present-day life are especially happy. "The Joy of Finding" is an illuminating study of the parable of the Prodigal Son. The mutual relations between God and man are neatly portrayed, while the nature of sin, judgment, penitence, pardon, righteousness and blessedness are searchingly analyzed in as many chapters. The author is wrong, however, in saying it is not certain that God foresees future free actions, and that God's foreknowledge would limit man's freedom of choice. Mr. Garvie is also sadly mistaken regarding the Catholic Church's teaching on justification through good works. In "The Son of Man" we have a group of seven brief studies on the character of Christ, with special reference to the benevolence of His earthly mission. The title "Son of Man," if we are to believe the writer, was chosen for the Messiah in order to emphasize His humanity as opposed to the world's brutality. From this view-point the career of Christ as Redeemer, as Victim, and as Conqueror of Sin is critically examined. But while it is true that the book comprises much that is good, it has little claim to originality either in subject-matter or manner of treatment. D. J. C.

Nathan Hale, 1776. By HENRY PHELPS JOHNSTON. Revised and Enlarged Edition. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.35.

The story of Nathan Hale, the young graduate of Yale, who was cut down in the flower of his youth in the service of his country, is one that will bear retelling. It is a simple story, and short, for Hale was but twenty-one years of age when he was executed as a spy within the British lines at New York, and his military career extended over little more than one year. But simple and short as it is, the life of this young patriot has a special value at the present time, when those who have entered into the inheritance of our citizenship are all too apt to forget the price at which their inheritance was bought, and to hold their privileges as but an incident in the apparently all-important business of laying up this world's goods.

The account of Hale's four years at Yale throws some interesting light on college life in those days, and Mr. Johnston is evidently of the opinion that for the students to stand with hats off when the President passed along betokened much outward ceremony, and the fagging system that then prevailed savors to the author of sheer oppression. The custom had at least the effect of teaching those who would rule that they must first learn to obey; and in such a school Nathan Hale received his training in nobility of character.

His sense of duty was strong, and at our country's call he set out to do what he felt was demanded of him; yet the rôle of a spy was one against which his whole honorable nature rebelled. On the night of September 21, 1776, Hale was caught within the British lines, and at eleven o'clock the next morning he suffered a spy's death at a spot which is now identified as the junction of Fifty-first Street and Third Avenue. His memory is enshrined among those of whom it is said: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* H. C. W.

Our Palace Wonderful. By FREDERICK A. HOUCK. Chicago: Hansen & Sons. $1.25.

Father Houck's book will doubtless prove a helpful and suggestive guide to all those who are seeking an answer to the obstinate questionings that arise in the mind when confronted by the problem of the ultimate origin of things. One idea dominates the work, that of presenting in a concrete form and stripped of technical terms the argument drawn from the order and harmony of the universe to establish the existence of an intelligent and provident primal cause. Astronomical and biological data are given, and the conclusion to which these point are reinforced by the testimony of eminent scientists. The author has done well to emphasize the fact that not all scientists are slow to admit the evidential value of the argument from design. Various correlated questions are incidentally touched upon and illustrated, such as the improbability that other planets are inhabited, the existence of particular laws that control animate and inanimate nature, and of the underlying element of finality, the sense in which the universe may be lawfully styled a unit, the primary and secondary purposes of creation, etc. The subtitle of the book reads, "Man's Place in Visible Creation"; and indeed, it is with a more reasoned conviction and appreciation of his dignity as sovereign and high-priest of nature that the reader will turn the leaves of the closing chapter. At the risk of appearing hypercritical we would suggest that should a second edition of the book be called for, many of the verses be omitted, and that the English throughout be subjected to more exacting standards. J. A. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Dr. Walsh's "Twenty Historical 'Don'ts'" in this number of AMERICA is a portion of an excellent paper entitled "Sixty Historical 'Don'ts'" which opens the current *Catholic Mind.* The next article in the issue is Father Woods's clear explanation of the difference between culture and civilization, and Father Dwight then shows what Catholic Spain did to promote letters and learning in the Western Hemisphere long before the college and the printing press were started in New England.

The second volume is out of the Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg's "Popular Sermons on the Catechism" (Benziger, $1.50) of which the translation from the German is edited by Father Thurston. In the first volume of the work, favorably noticed in our issue of December 26, 1914, the author took up the Creed and he now offers sixty clear and practical instructions on the Commandments of God and of the Church, the nature and punishment of sin, and the excellence of the virtues. Priests and catechists will find the work very useful.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the English Catholic editor who is now lecturing in this country, has had republished here his book on the war, "The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart" (Lawrence J. Gomme, New York, $1.00), a cleverly-chosen title to which the reader will supply the words that are wanting. When dealing with events that happened, say, before 1870, the author writes with more scholarly detachment than he shows when treating, for instance, of the Kaiser's Belgian campaign. Mr. Chesterton firmly believes that the Crown Prince steals spoons. The book was obviously written for warring Englishmen to read and not for meek American neutrals. Bernard Shaw writes the preface and the volume is dedicated to G. K. Chesterton and Louis H. Wetmore.

Booth Tarkington's admirers must have expected from him a more cheerful story than "The Turmoil" (Harper, $1.25). It is a well-written, but very depressing satire on American materialism. A booming western city with all its "bigness" and industrial activity is vividly described, but the characters in the novel, particularly the women, are almost all of an exaggerated ugliness. The heroine shamelessly professes herself a man-hunter, yet feels insulted when others say as much. An atmosphere of vulgarity and selfishness pervades the entire story. Even Bibbs Sheridan, whom readers will rather like at first, becomes possessed, before the book's end, by the prevalent spirit of materialism and finds in Mary Vertrees the wife he deserves.

To know how to conduct one's self toward a policeman, may be thought quite as important as to know what the policeman's duties to the individual may be. Such knowledge promotes the general welfare, by eliminating unnecessary friction. Inspector C. F. Cohalane of New York has written a book, "Police Practice and Procedure" (Dutton, $1.50), to assist, he says, "the man on post and to simplify his many duties." He has performed his task well, and his volume contains much that is of profit and interest to the general reader, as well as to the patrolman and the student of municipal government.

"Christianity as Mystical Fact and the Mysteries of Antiquity" (Putnam, $1.25) by Dr. Rudolf Steiner is not a chronicle, nor a theological treatise, nor an exegetic commentary on Scripture. It is not even an historical novel. It belongs to that sensational class of modern literature, which is called "higher criticism" and devotes itself to discovering, by means of tortuous and torturing processes, not what the author of a given book really says, but what he might have said had he said anything else than what he has said. The unimaginative, unmystic, uninitiated mind, which dwells in the realm of fact and knows little of castles in Spain, will hardly sympathize with Dr. Steiner's conclusions that Christianity is a transcendent, exoteric mystery religion, and that St. John's portrayal of the resurrection of Lazarus is only the narrative of a mystic initiation.

W. Dane Bank's "James" (Doran, $1.25) and Constance Smedley's "On the Fighting Line" (Putnam, $1.35) are British novels recently published in this country. The first is the story of a poor boy's rise to commercial prosperity through the exploiting of a quack hair-restorer. There are some good character studies in the book, but it is not very interesting. The other volume is the history of a suffragist stenographer's romance with her employer and with another man. Though well written, the story suffers from being all in diary form and from running on for nearly 500 pages. Possibly American readers would have contrived to get along without these two novels. However, it is worth while knowing, on the authority of both authors, that in England, just now, to be called a "mug" is almost the last insult.

"A Pageant of the Thirteenth Century for the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of Roger Bacon" (Columbia University Press), by Professor John Erskine was to have been presented last November but, owing to the outbreak of the war, the celebration has been deferred. The text of the pageant has been published, however, and the literary value of the composition

is much above the average. The lines are free from pseudo-archaism, read smoothly, often majestically, and sense is seldom made subservient to sound. It can hardly be said, however, that the object of the pageant, "to exhibit Bacon's life and its significance," is attained, although this purpose may be better exhibited in the actual presentation when, to the music of the lines, the eloquence of action and the aid of a native setting are added. One notes, too, a trace of boasting in the sentiments attributed to Aquinas, much out of keeping with the character of the Angelic Doctor. Like most great scholars, he was too deeply absorbed in his study of truth, to be greatly concerned about the value which the world might set upon his work. Besides he was a saint.

Burges Johnson, in "Rhymes of Little Folk" (Putnam, $1.00), has tried to bring within the mental grasp of grownups the psychological processes that obtain in the nursery. Thus soliloquizes, for example, "A Baby at the Party":

I found one night, when I awoke,
They'd brought me down the stair
To show me to some noisy folk
Who were all eating there.
Such silly things they did and said
I cried the louder for my bed.

Though the wee folks' reflections on their elders are perhaps at times too mature, the jingles and words are those that children might use. In some of the verses, however, it is the mother who speaks. The volume, which is bound in bewitching gingham, ends with four nursery plays that have even their stage directions in rhyme.

The frontispiece of the December *Pax* is a photograph of the Caldey monks, of three visiting abbots and the Bishop of Menevia which was taken last October after the benediction of Dom Aelred Carlyle. The "Community Letter" announces that twelve of the religious have taken their vows, six novices have been received, and three of the brethren made sub-deacons. At the Abbey of Maredsous in war-stricken Belgium there are sixty monks still. The other twenty-four members of the community have been exiles in England since last October, and are now settling in County Wexford, Ireland. The late Mgr. Benson, Abbot Carlyle tells us, made a retreat at Caldey only a month before his death.

> His room was next to mine, and I saw a good deal of him during those five days which he spent partly with the Community in choir and refectory, and in long hours at prayer in the quiet of the Abbot's Chapel. . . . He loved the sea and the autumn sunshine and the flowers; and made many little sketches of parts of the coast that pleased him. Every morning he said Mass in my chapel, and toward evening we generally found time for a little talk. The last evening of all, before he went away, the Community gathered together and we spent an hour listening to his tales and ghost stories, when he told us about his beloved house at Hare Street, and of the specter of the old lady on the oak stairs, of whom he was very proud, but had never seen. As to so many others, he was a special loss to me; for his last retreat was the renewal of a friendship that had been arrested by his conversion ten years before.

Gabriel Pippet also contributes interesting recollections of Mgr. Benson, whose "Spiritual Letters" to a convent, by the by, Longmans has in press, there are good papers on Browning, mental prayer and "The Pilgrims' Way," the celebration at Caldey on St. Luke's day is fully described and Father Hanselman's article on "The Young Man and the Religious Life" is reprinted from AMERICA.

"Offene Antwort auf öffentliche Angriffe," by Viktor Kolb, S.J.; "Kardinal Newman und sein Weg zur Kirche," by Friedrich Fecker; "Gnade and Natur," by A. Radenmacher, and "Bücherkunde zur Geschichte der kath, Bewegung in Deutschland im 19 Jahrhundert," by Valmar Cramer (M. Gladbach, Volksvereins-Verlag), are some valuable publications for Catholics who know German. Father Kolb, a preacher of wide and deserved renown and an organizer of unusual talent, has rallied the Austrian Catholics to stem the tide of the *Los-von-Rom* movement. In spite of his zeal, or perhaps because of it, he was singled out by the Integralists as their victim. If any one wishes to know the tenets of the Integralists, and the reply which a Catholic must make, let him read Father Kolb's "Open Answer." Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, who writes the preface to the second pamphlet, expresses his surprise that this is only the second German biography of Newman. There is a reason for this seeming neglect. Anglicanism never got a foothold in Germany, and to appreciate fully the tremendous import of Newman's conversion, it is necessary to be well versed in the history of that sect. The fact that the third book mentioned above is the second edition of "Grace and Nature," the first having numbered 3,000 copies, shows that our German brethren are not easily deterred from reading books that require close reasoning and careful attention. It is difficult to translate the title of the last book mentioned. It is not merely a list of books concerning the history of Catholic life in Germany during the nineteenth century, nor is it merely a carefully and conveniently arranged catalogue. The author goes further than this. He adds critical notes to most of the books, subjoins clippings from prominent reviews, points out their tendencies and frequently gives a brief sketch of the contents. For any one who wishes to gain an insight into Catholic life in Germany this "Bücherkunde" is indispensable.

M. Lyle Spencer of Lawrence College has prepared a little book on "Practical English Punctuation" (Collegiate Press, Menasha, Wis.), which writers, teachers and students will find an excellent guide. The models used are conservative modern authors and the manual contains good counsels on the preparation of manuscripts, letter-writing, spelling and the use of the hyphen and closes with exercises for the classroom.——Editors always give "The World Almanac" (Press Publishing Co., New York, $0.25) a cordial welcome, and the 1915 volume is as rich as usual in valuable information. In nearly 900 closely printed pages is packed a vast quantity of facts ranging from statistics about the "A. A. U." to the doings of the New York Zoological Society.

EDUCATION

Putting Religion in the College

SOME students at Princeton are undertaking to instruct their Alma Mater in liturgy and religion. Alma Mater requires her sons to be present at chapel services twice a week on class-days, and on half the Sundays of the year. This rule seems to indicate a very proper zeal for religion, and perhaps it really does, or did, at least, in the intent of those ancient Presbyterians who originally authorized it. But times change, and it may now be pertinent to inquire just how much "religion" enters into these services.

FAITHLESS SHEPHERDS

Do you remember your bewilderment when first you looked into the unabridged Latin Dictionary, and discovered how many different meanings the keen lexicographer had attached to the simple word *res?* In its modern usage, "religion" seems to have well-nigh as many. To some, it is a synonym for "emotion" or "superstition," and to others, it includes anything from sociology to Christian Science. At some universities, all that is required of the leader in chapel services

is that he be "well-known." Of course, he need not be a clergyman. He may be a North Pole explorer, a foreign minister, a commissioner of prisons, or a social worker; and one instance is recorded of a "well-known" dancing-master who fittingly discoursed on "The Rhythm of Life" at the chapel services in a college for women. His message will satisfy, if in its general import it is "uplifting," if its burden offends no delicate sensibilities, and if, in its delivery, the speaker is reasonably careful of the precepts laid down by the celebrated Lindley Murray. Christ does not often enter into these discourses, possibly for fear of the Jews; or if He does, He is represented as a pale, phantom-like poet with a semi-pagan "message" of sweetness and light, which has very little value in a world of hard realities. The general type of religious leader prominent on these occasions may be best described, by saying that in all things he is precisely the opposite of John the Baptist.

THE PRINCETON VIEW

Such "religious services" really lower religion in the eyes of serious students. The view of the Princeton students has been recently expressed in the *Princetonian*. It should be said in fairness, however, that the typical "well-known" chapel leader is not a frequent visitor at that university.

> Daily chapel has long since ceased to have any aspect of religion, unless this can be called religion: an indistinct reading of a scriptural passage, followed by a hymn, during which process most of the undergraduates doze, some talk, and a few attempt to prevent the incident from becoming entirely sacrilegious. It is hypocrisy of the purest type in the light of these conditions to justify chapel on the ground that it brings a religious influence into undergraduate life.

The article ends by asserting that if daily chapel is intended merely as a disciplinary measure, a roll call would serve the purpose quite as well.

NON-SECTARIAN RELIGION

The wish of many non-Catholic religious workers, to bring religion into the lives of the students at the secular universities, is worthy of praise. But so often have these movements been begun, only to be abandoned after a few months or to degenerate by degrees into the merest of social clubs, that one can not prophesy any notable success for the efforts, which, it would seem, have been put forth with renewed energy in the year just closed. The fundamental difficulty is that these well-meaning people have no real religion to offer. Social service is not religion, nor is ethical culture, nor is a club house, even though it does keep young men away from lowering influences. One wades through the reports of the Religious Education Association, for instance, only to find at the end, that he is asked to accept an amorphous mass of hazarded opinion and cautious exhortations to ethical goodness as religion. From the teaching proposed by Christ, all the strong, vigorous, vitalizing elements have been carefully removed. What is left may be "non-sectarian," but it is not Christian, nor, strictly speaking, is it a religion. It has no creed which involves the supernatural, and the human creed which it proposes is devoid of appeal, either to the intellect or to the emotions. As a determining factor in life, it is practically valueless. After all, the motive, which even from a human point of view, gives purpose and energy to life, is based upon belief. *Possunt quia posse videntur.* The pseudo-religion which for belief substitutes opinion, makes motive weak or impossible, and in attempting to propose as a basis of conduct, a creed acceptable to all, succeeds in establishing, not a religion, but a dubious and impracticable code of social ethics which pleases no one.

SUBJECTIVE ETHICS

That no one ever died for a mere opinion, is a statement for which Newman, I believe, is responsible. In these days when temptation to many easy forms of unrighteous living comes so near to all, it seems equally true to say, that no one will adopt a severe and rigid code of ethics which is based upon a mere opinion. The world looks bright to inexperienced eyes, and the eyes, through which the ordinary collegian looks, are old in experience, only by his own callow estimation. And it is impossible to see what "non-sectarianism" can urge in proof of its claim, other than human, fallible opinion. Its followers have long since cut loose from the very idea of religious authority. Theoretically, at least, tradition can mean nothing to them. The Bible, once lauded as the sole rule of Faith, is now merely a human document; more highly developed perhaps, but for all that, only a book of human authorship, like the Sentences of Confucius or the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and is held subject to all the correctives which may be rightly applied to any work of finite origin. Ultimately, therefore, their ethical codes must rest upon the values which they themselves affix to their subjective concepts of right and wrong.

CLASS VERSUS CHAPEL

What will be the end of it all? Can we put the teachings of Christ out of our schools, out of our colleges; forge for ourselves a new norm of morality, and then look for a continuance of our Christian civilization? That a recognized authority on bivalves should leave the dissection of his oyster, to have a fling at Christianity, merely evinces the crude and thoroughly unscientific mind of the professor. In itself, it has no further significance. But, given a succession of such hybrid professors, given a generation of uncritical students, prone to vouch for the words of the master; and over against this condition, a chapel service that is a cross between a vaudeville show and a socialistic meeting, and ask yourself what rating religion will receive in the minds of that generation of college students.

The Princeton protest is merely an incident. Were the non-sectarian daily chapel services at that university conducted with all the reverence and beauty which are the outcome of a careful ritual, what would they profit those who sit and look and listen, and pass forthwith into an intellectual life in which God has no part? What meaning have ritual, ceremony and the glory of an elaborate liturgy, apart from Christ, the reality, whom they but faintly interpret?

THE REAL EVIL

The efforts of the Princeton students to bring decency into what many among them, doubtless, consider God's house, are wholly admirable. It is quite likely, however, that they are misdirected. For the evil in our secular universities does not spring from their vapid or disorderly chapel services. It is inherent in the system which holds that freedom of thought and freedom of research are incompatible with an humble confession of the authority of God over all that He has made, and of the Godhead of Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The New Federal Law on Habit-Forming Drugs

ON March first an important although little noticed Federal law becomes effective. It is the Harrison bill, H. R. 6282, to regulate the sale of habit-forming drugs. Its enforcement should result in a marked decrease in the illicit traffic in cocaine, heroin and opium.

New York has already passed stringent laws against the use of cocaine, but the ease with which drugs can be brought in from other States has shackled the efforts of the authorities in making legislation effective. What has been needed was a law to trace cocaine and kindred drugs, not only through the sales made in one State, but in interstate shipments. This the new measure proposes to do.

PROVISION OF THE NEW LAW

It provides for the registration with collectors of internal revenue, of all persons who produce, import or dispense opium, cocaine or cocoa leaves, their salts or derivatives. These drugs can be sold, according to the new law, only after presentation of an order on a blank to be furnished by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The order blanks may be obtained after registration and payment of a tax of $1 for each person who registers. The money realized from the payment of the tax, about $200,000, will be enough to defray the expenses of administering the new law. The law further provides, that physicians who prescribe these drugs must keep copies of their orders, while druggists who fill them must keep the originals for two years. This also applies to the preservation of the Government order blanks used by wholesale dealers or others in getting their supplies.

Like the New York State law, the Harrison bill carries an exemption for proprietary medicines not containing more than two grains of opium or more than one-fourth of a grain of heroin, or more than one-eighth of a grain of codene, in one fluid ounce. Unauthorized possession of the drugs is made presumptive evidence of an intent to violate the law. For the violation of any of the provisions of the act there is a fine of not more than $2,000 or imprisonment not to exceed five years, or both.

SUPPLEMENTARY LOCAL LEGISLATION

It is pointed out that the Harrison measure deals largely with the distribution and tracing of drugs and can well be supplemented by local legislation in various States. Such legislation already exists in New York where the Boylan law, passed last spring, has proved reasonably effective. There are a few other States having adequate anti-narcotic laws. A suggestion has been made to those who have stood back of the present State and Federal law, that they lend their influence toward having other States pass a uniform law, and a publishing company, dealing in legal text-books for the drug trade, has proposed a model act. Although it is unlikely that any attempt will be made to change existing legislation in New York, it may be endorsed as a feasible law for States having no similar legislation. The suggested uniform law adds to the general provisions of the Federal law, a section giving physicians larger license in treating habitual users of drugs, and a section, similar to one in the Boylan law, deals with the commitment to hospitals or other suitable institutions, of those found to be victims of these drugs. A new feature of the proposed act is a provision for revoking the license of a doctor, dentist or pharmacist who is an habitual user of drugs.

SPREAD OF THE DRUG HABIT

Investigation has shown the extent of the traffic in drugs. The seriousness of the resulting situation leaves no doubt of the necessity for anti-narcotic legislation. Judge Edward Swann, of the Court of General Sessions in New York, and chairman of the New York anti-narcotic committee, of which Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is a prominent member, has found from his experience on the bench in the higher criminal courts that fully forty per cent. of the criminals brought before him are addicted to the use of drugs, particularly cocaine and heroin. The Rev. James B. Curry, of St. James,' a typical down-town parish in New York, who worked for the passage of the New York State law, has unearthed a startling number of instances where drugs have been sold to school children or distributed in dance halls.

Those in charge of the correctional institutions of the city government in New York report a twenty-five per cent. increase in the number of drug victims in two years. Conditions in New York differ only in degree from those in other cities. The committee that urged the passage of the New York and Federal laws showed that the drug menace was nation wide. Among interesting communications received not long ago was a letter from a judge in Idaho who said that cocaine was being sold to the Government wards on the Indian reservations in alarming quantities.

DRUGS IN "PATENT MEDICINES"

The new Federal law, however, might be broadened. Investigators do not feel that the question of patent medicine regulation has been satisfactorily settled. Whether or not a local board of health has the legal authority to restrict the sale of proprietary medicines that do not contain a greater amount of the drugs than is permitted by the New York State or the Federal law is a matter still to be settled juridically. Practical experience has shown that it is very hard to pass drug legislation against the organized opposition of a powerful patent medicine lobby. As a matter of present necessity, therefore, concessions have been made. The plan is to take up this matter, which is in itself a serious problem, after the fundamental work of dealing with the drug situation in its cruder and more obvious aspects has been accomplished.

CARE OF DRUG VICTIMS

Another matter, corollary to the drug laws, is the care of the drug victims who have had their cocaine, heroin or morphine taken away from them by the enforcement of the new law. Physicians say that two weeks in a hospital will give a drug habitue a good start toward overcoming the habit, but he is unfit to go back to work, and practically certain to relapse if he does not get further supplementary attention. It takes from two to six months' treatment with light work and proper food, to insure anything like a cure. How are such cases to be taken care of and what is the State or municipality's responsibility in this connection? In New York City ample hospital provision has been made and the committee has urged appropriations for a farm colony.

Those who have been in touch with the anti-narcotic movement since its inception are gratified with the progress that has been made. But much more remains to be done before the problem of habit-forming drug regulation has been solved.

HORACE FOSTER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

In answer to the pressing need for employment, the League of Catholic Women for Civic and Social Reform has opened a work room in New York City, where temporary occupation can be given thirty women. An Employment Bureau has also been established. This is a very useful form of charitable enterprise, and it is sincerely hoped that Catholics blessed with this world's goods will aid the League in meeting its monthly expenditure of about seven hundred dollars. Four and one-half dollars weekly pays the emergency wage of a single worker. This payment may seem slight, but it will help many impoverished families to escape at least the extremes of want, and to await with hope a better day. Unemployment is perhaps the greatest source of misery at the present moment. The personal relation into which the members of the League enter with those dependent upon them

is for the spiritual benefit of both parties, and is the distinctive mark of Christian charity. The whole plan is an admirable expression of true social service.

"It's up to the parents to do something, and to do it quick," said Dr. Clara P. Seipel, at a womens' meeting in Chicago. The advice is not new, but it seems to come with greater force, at least to some people, when it is given by an observer who is not by profession, a teacher of ethics or a guardian of morals. Dr. Seipel says some strong things about the styles which mothers, "even respectable mothers," allow their young daughters to adopt, and asks if twentieth century parents have completely lost their sense of responsibility to their children. "Daughter is sixteen, but if you were an election official, you would take one look at her, and allow her to vote without question." Boys and girls are suffered to ape the unpleasant traits of their elders, and these disgracefully negligent parents wonder why it is that these pampered children sometimes go seriously wrong. "It's up to the parents to do something and do it quick." Dr. Seipel's advice can not be improved upon.

Contrary to the expectations even of its friends, and in the face of a stubborn filibuster, the House, by a vote of 232 to 44, passed the Palmer Child-Labor Bill on February 15. The important feature of this bill is not the character of its prohibitory enactments, but the authority which it confers upon the Government to supervise child-labor. By some, this authority is felt to be an unwarranted extension of the powers of the general Government, and it is fairly certain that the measure, should it become a Federal statute, will have a long career in the courts. Briefly, the bill seeks to prohibit interstate shipment of mine or quarry products, manufactured in whole or in part by children under sixteen; manufactured products made in whole or part by children under fourteen, or by children under sixteen employed more than eight hours daily, or by children under sixteen employed at night.

Writing in the *Harvard Monthly,* J. S. Watson states his belief that what we call religious tolerance is largely religious indifference. Religion, although "waves of it" sweep over the country from time to time, has a very vague meaning. Our modern crusades are led against the vices which impair "efficiency," and our gods are Uplift and Reform. The foundations which we are now building, are intended to sustain a huge State machine.

> If you ask the average young Protestant the impolite question, "Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?" how he will hedge! If he has had a scientific training, he will probably tell you that protoplasm is immortal, or at any rate, that he believes in the future of the human species; but as for miracles—— In short, with the exception of some women, the majority of Catholics, and nearly all old gentlemen, the average American is in about the same state of grace as the average educated Roman of the early Empire.

Following a line opened by Chesterton, Mr. Watson shows that the modern self-styled "scientist," after denying miracles and the immortality of the soul, puts his faith in a doubtful future, and bases it on alleged facts whose existence neither he, nor the whole race of scientists, has yet demonstrated.

"A few of God's chosen ones," who, according to a Methodist tract circulated in New York, "labor for the Lord" in the city's charitable institutions, might be brought into closer resemblance to their self-painted portraits, by a more careful regard for the Eighth Commandment. A recent issue tells of "one dear girl who was gloriously saved" by a lady-missionary. She "had been reared in Catholicism" and, necessarily, "darkened by its superstitions and forms." Meeting the missionary lady, she hears for the first time "the story of the Gospel," and under its influence "expands like a flower." There is a death-bed scene, of course, in which, since the missionary-lady is telling the story, the missionary's native nobility occupies the foreground. It is all very affecting, very sobby, very touching. The sole objection a benighted Romanist might urge against it, is that it isn't true. The lady, in addition to her many virtues, is a talented writer of fiction. Her intellect, however, is not up to her poetic fancies, and this, it may be judged, explains why her pretty little imaginings are given to the world as facts. But there is one thing about this Methodist tract which should be taken seriously. Reference is made to it time and again in the course of the tract's few pages. *"Look at the last page."* The last page is an appeal for money. Few large American cities are without the missionary-lady, and her miserable little tract, with its all-explaining "last page."

"Good land!" exclaims Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, "the thermometer's done gone and fell plumb up to zero." Something of the spirit of this irrepressible optimist shines through a paragraph recently appearing in the Superior, Wisconsin, *Telegram.* Out in that beautiful country, the weather is cold, in season; decidedly, not to say, extremely cold. But, counsels the *Telegram,* this is good for the crops.

> The freezing has a heaving effect on the ground, which causes fertilizing air to penetrate when the ground thaws, and makes a quick, thrifty growth. Where the ground never freezes, it packs much harder. That is one of the reasons why potatoes do so much better in the northern States than in the South.

Perhaps this clear and cheery thinking is not without its moral lesson. The lusty winter of our discontent might be borne with more even temper, did we reflect upon the uses of this cold adversity in developing patience as well as potatoes. Surely the Wiggsian philosophy will get far more out of life's possibilities, than the dour and melancholy temperament which is ever discontented, though never divinely, with the necessary limitations of human environment.

Reverend Brother Chrysostom, Superior-General of the Xaverian Brothers, died in Mayfield, England, on February 13, at the age of seventy. Brother Chrysostom had been a member of the Congregation for fifty-two years, and for twenty-three years was its superior-general. During this long incumbency he did much to further the cause of Christian education in Belgium, England and the United States, where the Brothers conduct many flourishing institutes. Brother Chrysostom was among the first to note the need of trade and agricultural schools, and Belgium in particular owes much to his efforts to found and maintain these training schools. Two years ago Brother Chrysostom visited the houses of his Congregation in the United States. The headquarters of the Brothers were located in Bruges, Belgium, until the outbreak of the war, when they were removed to Mayfield.

The new Missionary College for the education of priests devoted to the spiritual care of Italian emigrants, will shortly be opened in Rome. While emigration has been almost entirely stopped by the war, there is reason to believe that this interruption will not be permanent. Some years must elapse before the influence of the seminary will be felt, but in course of time its alumni will constitute a powerful aid to the clergy now laboring among the Italians both in this country and in South America.

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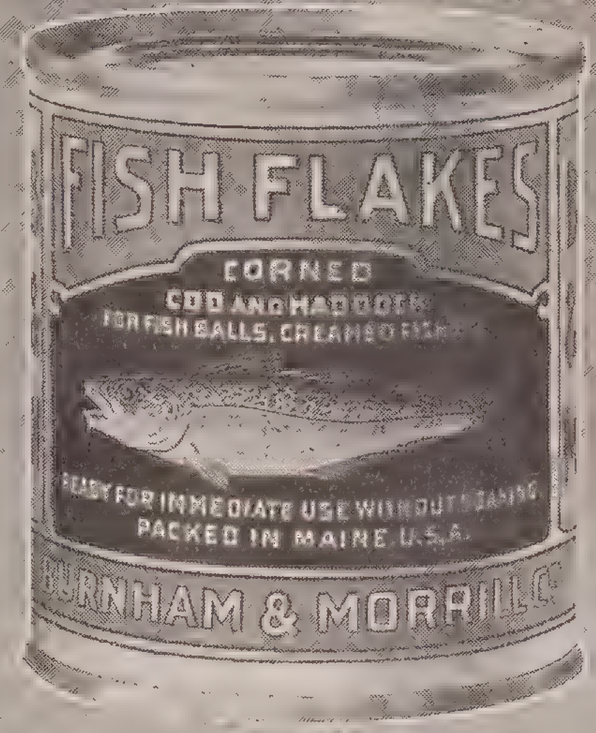
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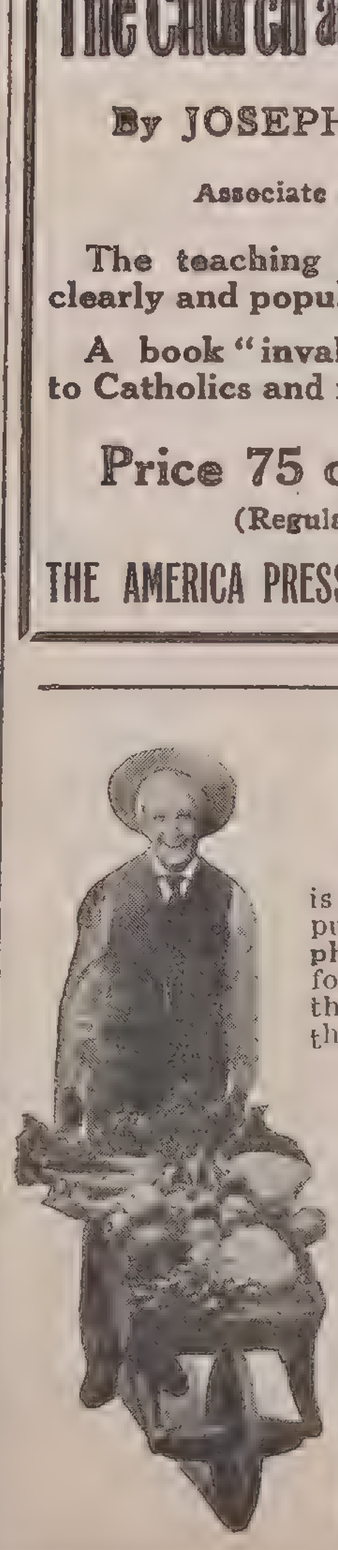
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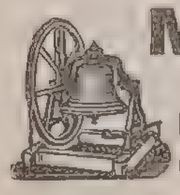
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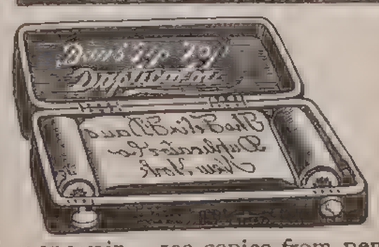


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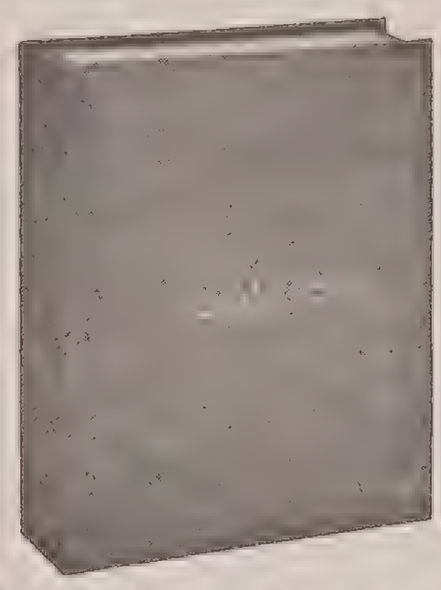
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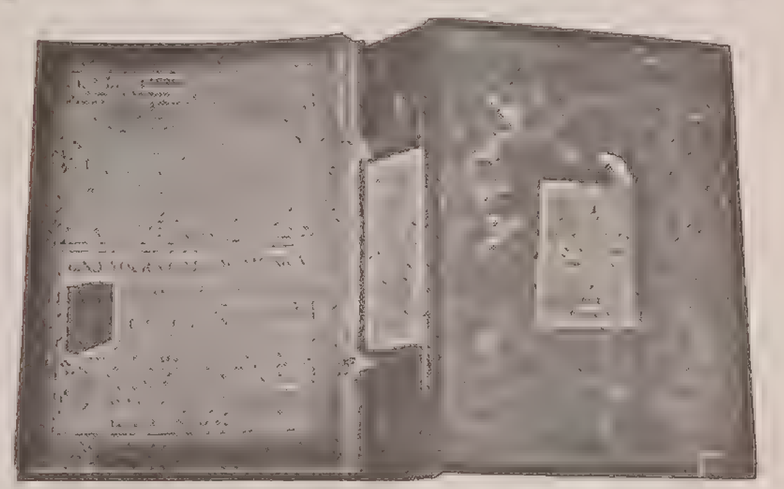


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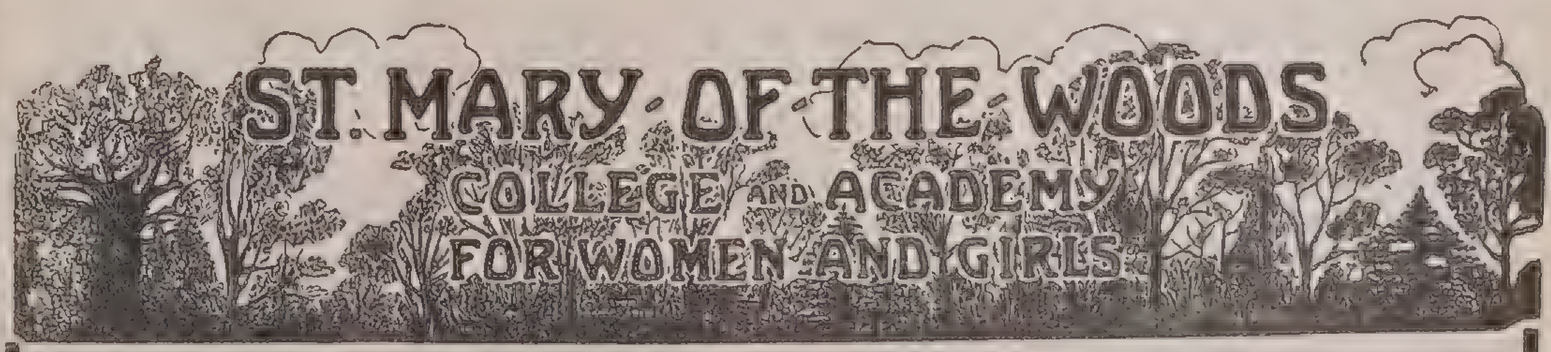
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CHRONICLE

The War.—Beyond skirmishes, the capture of small stretches of trenches, the taking of a few block houses, there is nothing to record in the western theater of the war. No important advantage has been gained by either side. Reims has been once more under a heavy bombardment, and Calais has been subjected to attack by airships; the Germans have attempted to advance in Alsace, and west of Lombaertzyde; the French have been on the offensive, principally in the Champagne district, and in the vicinity of Apremont; but nowhere has any notable or permanent success been achieved.

Bulletin, Feb. 23, p. m.-March 2, a. m.

The costly retreat of the Russians has come to an end. They have reorganized their line and are holding firm along the rivers Narew and Bobr in northern Poland. Northwest of Grodno they have resumed the offensive, and they have driven the Germans from Przasnysz, which the Germans had succeeded in occupying. It would seem that the Russians have somewhat the best of it at present, although their claims of having forced the Germans to retreat all along the line must be accepted with a good deal of reserve, because Berlin reports that nothing important has taken place in the North Poland area. This much, however, is certain: the German offensive in the north that was reported to have acquired such momentum has been checked. The main difficulty which militates against its success is the lack of those railroad communications which have hitherto enabled the Germans to concentrate at strategic points forces superior to those of the Russians. It has been conjectured that the German plan was to secure positions beyond the eastern border of East Prussia, and then make every endeavor to force their way south far to the east of Warsaw, in the hope of meeting the Austrians who are making such efforts to drive northward the Russians. To do this it would be necessary to penetrate the line of strong fortresses that stretch along the Narew river from Novo Georgievsk through Lomza and Osowiec to Grodno. The capture of Przasnysz and the severe attacks on Lomza and Osowiec pointed for a time to the possibility of success. The fact, however, that the Russians have resumed the offensive would seem to indicate that there is little probability of the Germans achieving their object at present. The Russians, it appears, have been able to mass sufficient troops all along the line that extends from the Vistula to the Niemen, to block any serious advance of the Germans. But the Kaiser is said to have a million men on this 180-mile front, and the new campaign south of the East Prussian border is likely to be a bloody one. West of Warsaw there have been no noteworthy developments, but there are indications that point to a renewal of the German offensive.

Poland and Galicia

In Galicia stubborn contests have been in progress on the upper San, south of the Dniester, and especially in the Carpathians, where the Austrians say they have taken many thousands of prisoners, and the Russians claim to have forced the Wyzkow pass and to have penetrated into Hungary. In Eastern Galicia the Russians report that they have recaptured Stanislau and Kolomea. In Bukowina there has been no change.

The most important event of the week has been the fall of the outer forts that guard the entrance to the Dardanelles. The allied fleets of France and Great Britain by a heavy bombardment have succeeded, after two months of intermittent effort, in destroying the Turkish fortifications on both the Asiatic and European

The Dardanelles

sides of the mouth of the strait. This feat is in itself of great importance, as the three forts that have been destroyed were among the strongest in the world. Of still greater significance, however, is the fact that the way is now open to operations against the rest of the strait. These operations have already begun. Destroyers and other small craft have been sent ahead to remove the mines with which the long, narrow strip of water that connects the Ægean with the Sea of Marmora has been carefully and liberally strewn. Following them is the Anglo-French fleet, which will continue its attempt to reduce the rest of the fortifications. This will be a difficult task, as the heights which line the passage are not only supplied with batteries, but are themselves a strong natural fortress, having a height that reaches in places to not less than six hundred feet. But the guns of the fleet outrange the guns of the batteries, and as the Turks are without submarines, the task does not seem to be impossible. In fact, it is said to have been at least half accomplished by the destruction of the outer forts. If the Sea of Marmora can be reached the fall of Constantinople would be inevitable.

From its fall the Allies would derive very great advantages. The unrestricted passage from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea would render possible the transportation of guns and ammunition to Russia. For a long time it has been asserted that Russia's need has been, and is, not men, but military supplies, and that the worst losses inflicted by the Germans were not the loss of soldiers, but of arms. On the other hand, immense bodies of Russian troops could be transported to the western theater of the war, which undoubtedly would increase very considerably the Allies' prospects of success. Then, too, there are said to be large stores of wheat and rye on the shores of the Black Sea, waiting for shipment to the armies of France. Add to this the fact that the Turkish demonstration against Egypt would come to an end, and so leave about one hundred thousand British troops free to be used against Germany. All this points to the probability of the Allies being ready to make great efforts and sacrifices in order to capture Constantinople.

Constantinople

A great deal of speculation has been indulged in as the result of a statement made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. Referring to certain aspirations voiced by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, which have arisen as the consequence of events on the Russo-Turkish frontier and which seem to "bring Russia near a realization of the politico-economic problem bound up with Russia's access to the sea," Grey said: "With these aspirations England is in sympathy. What form their realization will take will, no doubt, be settled in the terms of peace." Russia has two aspirations connected with access to the sea: a port in the Baltic, which remains open all winter, presumably Danzig; and Constantinople, with the attendant free passage through the Dardanelles for her warships. England has persistently blocked the accomplishment of Russia's attempts to take possession of Constantinople, and this for very obvious reasons connected with her supremacy in the Mediterranean. Perhaps this is her reason for pressing the campaign against Constantinople, and not waiting until Russian armies have beaten back the Turkish resistance in the Caucasus and have advanced upon it from the east. Her power to dictate the future status of Constantinople would be much greater if she and not Russia had captured it. No one thinks that Great Britain would willingly see Russia master of the Turkish capital. Hence, Sir Edward Grey's guarded language. Rumors have been telling of a growing discontent in Russia over the disproportionate sacrifices Germany has made her pay for her alliance with France and England; and those who read the signs of the times have found in the profession of sympathy by England's spokesman a bait and a promised reward which would inspire Russia gladly to make still greater sacrifices.

Russian Aspirations

The Dacia has been seized by the French Government in the English Channel and taken to Brest. The sinking of ships in the war zone is steadily proceeding. Among the steamers sent to the bottom is the Carib, another American cotton ship. The German Admiralty officially reports the sinking of a British transport with troops; this, however, is denied at London. The American Government has suggested a plan to Germany to obviate the present peril to American shipping. But success is extremely unlikely. The French and British Governments have notified our State Department that they intend "to frame retaliatory measures in order in their turn to prevent commodities from reaching or leaving Germany."

Other Items

Austria-Hungary.—A message has been sent by the Emperor to the Presidents of the Austrian and Hungarian Ministries. It is an expression of his gratitude to the people of both realms for their loyal and self-sacrificing attitude during the war. He assures them of his conviction that with God's help a peace will be brought about worthy of the toil, sufferings and dangers that have been undergone. The hopefulness of the Emperor is reflected likewise in the Austrian press, which even now seems hardly able to realize the changes that have suddenly come about in the entire country, the unity that has followed upon almost hopeless political and national confusion. Panslavism is dead. "We have become greater in this war, and full of assured dignity," is the judgment of the *Historisch-politischen Blätter*. Men have learned to view in a new light the virtues of obedience, religion and sacrifice; women have become heroines of charity. "All is common, joy and sorrow, life and death." In this new unity and brotherhood the writer sees the glorious rebirth of Austria. "We recognize in this singular providence the finger of God, who in the

Blessings of the War

midst of the dreadful storm of war has bestowed upon us this precious gift of national peace." He therefore regards the war as a visitation of the most merciful kind and exclaims, in reference to the blessings it has brought and the hopes it has awakened: "Is it not a joy to live in this great time?" A truer valuation of life, he believes, has superseded the striving after merely transitory things.

France.—According to reports from Paris, more than half of the seventy camps in which German prisoners are detained have been inspected, by request of the French Government, by competent attachés of the American embassy. These inspectors were permitted to examine the lodgings and the arrangements made for the care of the prisoners and, of course, to talk to them without the presence of a French official. These reports, which are confidential, will be forwarded to Washington. Complaints made by some of the prisoners were submitted to the French authorities, and official assurance has been given that the cause of complaint, if justified by thorough examination, will be removed at once. At best, military detention camps do not furnish luxurious quarters, but it is said that the conditions in the French detention camps are humane, and that the Government is doing all that can reasonably be expected to lighten the hardship incidental to the situation.

French Detention Camps

Germany.—Among the preliminary budget estimates adopted by the Federal Council is an item of 10,042,000,000 marks, or $2,510,500,000, for extraordinary expenditure. The purpose of this sum is to provide for the possibilities of a prolonged war. Almost the entire amount will be raised by loans. Germany is financially well prepared to meet the difficult situation. The president of the German Government Bank, who some time ago received an honorary degree from the University of Bonn, said on the occasion: "I do not merely hope, I know, that we are in a condition to carry through this mighty war both in the domains of finance and economics, and that we are equal to all demands no matter what its duration may be." In anticipation of the millions of forces that the Allies may be preparing for the opening of the spring campaign, Germany is said to hold at present more troops in readiness at home than it ever had during times of peace. The uncalled *Landsturm,* moreover, will furnish several millions, not counting the men in the field or the reserves who are filling all the barracks and training places. Should the desired peace be long delayed it is evident that the cost of defraying these expenses will be enormous. "Trust in God and persevere!" is the motto given to Germany by Cardinal von Hartmann. Calling on the people to place their confidence in "our just cause, our brave army and our noble Emperor," he exhorts them above all material means to trust in the God of battles, "to whom with faith and confidence we address our prayers."

Men and Means

Great Britain.—Cardinal Bourne recently returned from a visit to France, where he was received by the troops with great enthusiasm. The Cardinal's Lenten Pastoral is an eloquent and patriotic appeal to the Catholics of England "to fear God and honor the king." Referring to critics who, in past years, professed to discern, "not without some ground," signs of decadence in the British Empire, the Cardinal writes:

The Cardinal's Pastoral

> The events of the past six months have done much to dispel all such forecasting of the future. A latent spirit of heroism; a deep sense of duty; a strong love of empire and country; a readiness to sacrifice comfort and ease; a willingness to give up even life itself, in order to hold intact what our forefathers have won and bequeathed to us: all these qualities have made themselves manifest in a degree that few suspected. It would seem to be according to Divine Providence that our country should still have a far-reaching mission to fulfill, and that all the nations which make up the empire should be brought into closer union of aim and purpose.

Owing to obvious difficulties, the Cardinal dispenses his people from the observance of the laws of fasting and abstinence, even on Fridays, throughout Lent, with the exception of Ash Wednesday and Good Friday.

The insistent demand of the Government that work be resumed at once in trades which had taken over contracts for the army and navy has had a salutary effect in bringing labor conditions in general to a state more nearly normal. The union officials wisely advised the men to return to work at once, and this advice has, in most instances, been followed. Other threatened strikes have been averted, the strike of the Liverpool dockers is at an end, and it is reported that similar labor difficulties, which for a time threatened to be serious, have been satisfactorily arranged.

Strikes Concluded

Ireland.—The *Weekly Freeman,* under date of February 13, announced that the population of the country increased 5,000 last year. "This is the first year since the great exodus began at the end of the forties, in the last century, that the population has increased." Heretofore, for the past 65 years, the complete census has always shown a decrease. In the course of a very interesting article on the subject the paper quoted remarks that, if the number of those who returned to Ireland were included in the figures, the increase would be not 5,000, but 10,000. During the past twelve months the number of Irish-born men and women that left the country fell off by 30 per cent., while the number of those who returned increased. All told, the latter totaled 8,045, as compared with 5,940 in 1913, an increase of 35 per cent. Four thousand seven hundred and forty returned from the United States; 3,060 from all the British colonies—of these 1,593 were from Canada. In addition, 232 persons of foreign birth took up permanent residence in Ireland.

Increase of Population

It is to be hoped that this record may be always sustained, so that in time Ireland may come into her full inheritance of glory and power.

The papers are still commenting on enlistments. A recent *Leader* has an amusing article on "Carson's braves" in County Monaghan. A great Union recruiting meeting was held in Monaghan Town Hall; the "braves" marched to the hall in a body, wearing haversacks and belts. There were speeches by Commander-in-Chief Richardson and others; "everybody was enthusiastic, everybody applauded, but the net result of enthusiasm and applause was four recruits." The local organ of Unionism sobs over conditions and exclaims:

Enlistment

> And to think that out of this large body, after listening to the speeches made and the reasons advanced why they should come forward to aid their country, only four were found possessed of the manliness and spirit sufficient to enable them to do so is, in our opinion, a reflection on the Ulster Volunteer Force in this county which can not be explained away or glossed over.

Yet these same "braves" were willing to shed the very last drop of their blood a few months since in war against their fellow-countrymen. Perhaps the "shedding" was to be done by speeches and "scare head-lines." Unionists in England can learn a valuable lesson just now.

Mexico.—The following abstracts are from letters received by the editor of AMERICA from friends in Mexico. He stands sponsor both for the probity and knowledge of the writers and the accuracy of the citations which, indeed, give only a faint idea of the wretched conditions of the Mexicans:

Pitiful Conditions

> Some mornings ago I was awakened early by an unusual noise on the stairway approaching my apartment. I threw on a cloak and went out. A tiny Mexican child, scarcely more than an infant, was sitting on the top step calling words of encouragement to some one below. I looked down and saw an old woman crawling upward slowly, so weak and wasted with hunger and age that she was unable to stand when she reached the landing. She had crawled on her hands and knees along the corridors and up two flights of stairs to the only help she knew. Later investigation showed her to be one of the heirs to an estate subject to the manipulations above described, and easily worth $2,000,000. . . . There is also good reason to believe that all northern Mexico is being oppressed and robbed in a systematic and cold-blooded manner. I could give many cases which seem to indicate this; one will suffice: I am well acquainted with a Mexican until recently engaged in the business of exporting hides. He is a quiet, intelligent citizen, and before the beginning of the revolution demonstrated his value to his country by the successful management of a number of enterprises. He has a wife and three children. . . . I had not seen this man for some time; a few days ago he came to visit me. He is a powerfully built person and every movement is expressive of strength and vitality, but this time he came in languidly and dropped into the first chair he could find. There was scarcely a vestige of color in his face. He wasted no time in preliminaries, but told me he had decided to fight on one side or other. I asked him the reason of his sudden decision. He replied that the customs officers had refused to allow his hides to pass; he had sought work in vain; he was starving; he would join the army, and as long as anything was left, take what he needed. . . . I noticed he had a surgical bandage around his wrist and questioned him about it. He broke down completely and told me the rest of his story. He had received a letter the day before from his wife telling him that one of his children was sick and asking him to send money for food and medicines. He went to his room and, in desperation, slashed his wrist, wrote a letter to his wife in his own blood and threw himself down to die. He was found before it was too late; and now he is taking up arms because there is nothing else to do. I inquired what is being done with the hides? "Well," he replied, "they are not worth much now. Mr. ——, an American, is buying them for $2.00 each (the market price is $7.00). What has happened in this case has happened many times before in the case of fruit, cotton-seed and other commodities. No sooner is it known that there is anything to be sold, when an American gets the commodity at his own price; the military authorities take the money paid, the previous owner of the goods can take a gun and fight or starve.

Apropos of the recent expulsion of the Spanish Minister and Washington's notifying Carranza that we view with "keen displeasure" the murder of Spaniards, Charles M. Pepper sends the Boston *Evening Transcript* some valuable information regarding the Spaniard's position in Mexico:

The Spaniards in Mexico

> Spain has every cause for solicitude. She has been the innocent victim of circumstances. With the possible exception of the United States, there are more Spaniards in Mexico than foreigners of any other country. . . . Spaniards in Mexico are hated by the Mexican peons, because they were property owners, and they are also the creditor class. Carranza's highly cultured entourage hate them because their wealth gave them a certain political influence under the Diaz régime. The peons hate them as a class because they are thrifty. Those who were not large property owners, or engaged in big enterprises, were grocers and storekeepers, that is, retailers. They sold their goods on credit, but the time came when they demanded payment, and that made them excessively unpopular. The confiscation of the property of the Spaniards wherever the revolutionists came into control was therefore something in the nature of an orgy. If the unpopular Spaniards saved any of their property it was by an arrangement with the chiefs. While many Spaniards have left Mexico, the majority of them have been unable to get away. Hundreds are in remote communities where the feeling against them is still bitter, and their lives are in constant danger. When the Huertistas were overthrown, the revolutionists justified their severities toward the Spaniards on the ground that these were in sympathy with the "usurper's Government." The Spaniards were like the other foreigners. They recognized whatever *de facto* administration was in power. They did not, however, conspire to keep it in power. . . . Whatever faction they might give allegiance to to-day was likely to be ousted to-morrow, and the new faction was sure to treat them as "enemies of the Government," and after taking whatever remaining property they had, was as likely as not to murder them.

Unless a great European war were now raging, Spain's insistence that we live up to the Monroe Doctrine would probably receive more attention.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Capital Punishment

THE new warden of Sing Sing, lecturing at one of our most prominent hotels in New York City, one night recently, before a select audience of University people, said something that sent a rather disagreeable thrill into his audience. As reported, he asserted: "Every time I give the signal for an execution at Sing Sing, every one of you is guilty of murder. Don't forget that." The warden's idea in calling New Yorkers murderers, is that capital punishment is against the law of God. According to him, the State has no right to take the life of any man, and every citizen of the State shares the responsibility for the legal, but unjust, killing whenever there is an execution at Sing Sing.

The new warden has been very prominently before the public lately and needed no such sensational expressions to give him added publicity. Needless to say such intemperate language is not at all likely to give the ordinary thinking citizen of this State more respect for the new appointee. There are a very great many who were quite sure when he was appointed that his largely academic attitude toward crime and criminals would almost inevitably bring about his failure to manage properly the New York prison, to whose headship he was chosen after a week's experience as an "amateur" prisoner. We all knew, however, how many serious abuses existed at Sing Sing. Most of them were due to over-crowding. Whenever institutional quarters of any kind are over-crowded it becomes almost impossible to eliminate abuses, and these gradually grow worse until an almost intolerable state of affairs results, and then reform has to come. This was the condition of things at Sing Sing, and we hoped sincerely that the new warden would be able to bring about the needed reforms. He had the sympathy and good-will of every citizen in his effort. Such uncalled for expressions as that quoted from this address, however, are sure to alienate the sympathies of good citizens and to meet with approval only among the criminal classes.

Mr. Osborne's suggestion that capital punishment is a violation of the law of God, that the State has no right to take the life of man, and that every man has the right to live and atone for the sins he has committed, would be amusing, because of the ignorance of philosophy and ethics that it involves, did it not come from a man who should have an exact knowledge of the ethics of penology. The trouble with a great many men in our time is that they know nothing about what was written, long before our time, on the subjects with which they are occupied. The new warden of Sing Sing sees how he can reform certain abuses in prisons, jumps to the conclusion that he must reform the whole world in the matter of prisoners, and judges that all who have thought about this subject before, if, indeed, any one did seriously think about it, were entirely wrong.

The one question that we are interested in here, however, is capital punishment. There are many people in our time who are taking part in the movement to bring about the abolition of the death penalty. Some of them insist, like the warden of Sing Sing, that the penalty is unjust. Some are opposed to it because they say that it has failed. They point out that when there were some sixty felonies, all punishable by death, under the earlier English common law, this did not prevent the frequent commission of the crimes to which the death penalty was attached. Now that capital punishment is inflicted for the taking of human life only, they argue that this extreme punishment does not deter the premeditating criminal, and that, as the one redeeming quality of punishment is, and ever must be, to secure a lessening of crime, this form of punishment should no longer be maintained in our laws. Above all, they insist that, as at intervals, however rare they may be, an innocent man suffers the death penalty—a mistake which can not be rectified—organized government must not take any such irreparable risk in the infliction of punishment.

As to the question of the injustice of capital punishment, that is nonsense and does not need to be discussed here. The question of the value of capital punishment as a deterrent for murder can only be answered from the experience of mankind. Baron Garofolo, Procurator-General at the Court of Appeals of Venice, who has spent all his life in the magistracy which forms a profession by itself in Italy, is one of the authorities on this subject. His book on criminology was selected for publication under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology in the Modern Criminal Science Series. The Baron has written extensively on criminal subjects, and is, too, a professor of criminal law and procedure. His book on criminology has gone through many editions. It appeared first at Naples in 1885, and has already passed through no less than five editions in French. Our American edition of 1914 is, by the author's wish, taken from the fifth French edition.

Garofolo has no doubt at all about the advisability of continuing the death penalty. He quotes from experiences in Italy. A formal outbreak of brigandage, which occurred in the south of Italy in 1861, was put down only by the summary shooting of convicted offenders. In Belgium murder increased "in an alarming manner as belief in the abolition of the death penalty became more and more fixed in the popular mind." A procurator-general of that country attributes this increase to a return to the practice of systematic pardoning. In Switzerland, as the result of the abolition of the death penalty in 1874, there ensued an increase in murder, estimated at seventy-five per cent. for five years alone—a circumstance which decided many of the cantons to reestablish the punishment in question. In Prussia, where for many years scarcely any

executions have taken place, the criminal statistics exhibit a continual growth in the number of homicides during the past fifty years. The crime more than doubled in the twenty-five years from 1854 to 1880. In France, experience showed that when capital sentences are carried into execution, murder decreases and the opposite is true when the death penalty is not inflicted. England has the death penalty, Italy has not. England has only one-tenth as many murders as Italy. We have more than ten times as many murders in this country as England has, but then the English execute nine-tenths of their murderers, while we execute only two per cent. of them. Our murder rate in this country has gone up, fearfully in recent years, until now, as has been said, the United States is worse than vendetta-ridden Corsica in the number of its premeditated murders.

The main reason for the wave of feeling against the infliction of the death penalty in our time is due to the gradual decrease of belief in immortality, and in a hereafter of reward and punishment. To any one who is firmly convinced that the human soul is not immortal the death penalty is, indeed, an awful punishment. The unbeliever can scarcely understand how the State can dare to take a human life, since that is putting an end to existence. He who believes in immortality, however, knows that, after all, life here on earth is only one stage of an endless existence, and that the taking of life under proper circumstances may, therefore, confer a real benefit on the individual. A man facing the death penalty for a certain time and then suffering it, may thus be predisposed to begin another stage of existence much better than if he were allowed to drag out a further disordered existence here. Apparently there are very few people who realize that a great deal of the present discussion on capital punishment, as well as of the maudlin sentimentality over the condemned criminal, is really due to the loss of belief in immortality. The realization of this will make many believers chary of sharing the agitators' sentiments without good reason.

There is just one thing to be said about the death penalty. We all want to see it abolished, that is, we should all be very glad to have the time come when it would not seem necessary to inflict it. If it is to be abolished, however, then the reform *must* begin with the criminals themselves. *They must not murder for some real or fancied wrong that has been done them.* Premeditated murder, human experience teaches, can be stopped best by the thought of the danger of death it involves. The reason why the death penalty did not deter from felony in the older days was that the great majority of those who committed felonies escaped detection. Moreover, law was so poorly enforced and the apparatus of law so little organized, that practically any one might hope to escape. The death penalty to be effective must be sure, ought not to be delayed and ought to come while the memory of the crime is fresh in the minds of the community. What we need now is prompt justice. The man who himself has murdered another proclaims the law that his life is sacrificed to the community.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Temperance against Prohibition

OF the many curious fads which in our day occupy the public's mind, the prohibition fad seems at the present moment to have outdistanced all others in its efforts to attract general attention. That there are numerous weak links in our social armor is obvious: divorce, neo-malthusianism, peculiar business methods, and inordinate love of pleasures, lawful or otherwise, are playing havoc with our citizens. Yet while this is apparent to all, at the same time little or no serious effort is being made in the non-Catholic world to correct these fundamental evils of American life. On the contrary, the camels of iniquity are allowed a clear field and all the favors, while a most ardent chase is always in progress after the unfortunate, and much less dangerous gnats.

Thus it comes that the decalogue is no longer up to date. "Thou shalt not kill," in certain contingencies, is of less moment than "Thou shalt not drink wine"; "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is on a par with "Thou shalt not use tobacco"; whereas, "Thou shalt not steal" appears of less consequence to a class of reformers than "Thou shalt not play Sunday baseball." This list of man-made commandments might be prolonged indefinitely merely by glancing over one of the slang-exhibits called sermons of a modern "evangelist."

But for the present I am more concerned with the prohibition precept than with the other freak substitutes for the code of Mount Sinai now in vogue. The latest State in which an attempt is being made to join the procession, strangely enough, is the steady, conservative old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. For a few days ago a Constitutional Amendment of the following tenor was introduced in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, where the State legislature is now in session: "The manufacture, sale, barter, or exchange of intoxicating liquors or beverages, whether spirituous, vinous, malt or brewed, is hereby forever prohibited." Should this amendment be adopted the procuring of wine for the Holy Sacrifice would be rendered impossible in Pennsylvania, and we should have reached the advanced stage of "progress" now being enjoyed in that enlightened infant among States, Arizona. It is scarcely probable, indeed, that in the Keystone State we have yet arrived at the degree of perfection necessary for the acceptance of a measure so well calculated to put us, while still on earth, in the third, if not in the seventh heaven. But at all events we have made a beginning, and the village Hampden, who has thus immortalized his name, may yet live to see a statue erected in his honor on the banks of the Kishquoquillas. Meanwhile he will have the eminent satisfaction of being the hero of innumerable spinster gatherings, perhaps even a keen rival in the rural com-

munities of this Commonwealth of the immortal statesman who discovered grape juice as the most potent nurture of the Dove of Peace.

Now, that there is urgent need of legislation, to prevent the grave abuses connected with the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the United States, is manifest. But our chief national characteristic in law-making seems to be an inordinate love of extremes. I suppose most of our States, for instance, have passably good liquor laws. Are these ever seriously enforced? A year or two ago, in a city which shall be nameless, through the efforts of the District-Attorney, a condition of things that had existed in several hotels for a number of years was brought to light which was simply appalling. The public was shocked, naturally enough, and the prohibition stock in consequence went up several hundred per cent. But it did not seem to occur to anybody that if the police had been doing their duty the condition deplored so rightly would never have existed. And why did not the police do their duty? Simply because they were inefficient. The chief qualification required in their selection was ability to get votes. Moreover, their appointment was only for the term of a mayor; their reappointment depended upon their usefulness to the candidate of their choice at the next election; and consequently they dared not, if they would, enforce the law in the case of the low saloon-keepers, whose influence is so useful at the hustings. Of course, the remedy for this vicious circle is known to all: Civil Service. Nobody, however, reformers included, would dream of advocating the adoption of this corrective, and therefore, instead, we decided to make the last state worse than the first.

I have often wondered what the average present-day Protestant church-member really thinks of Our Lord's action in changing water into wine. And when you remember that the quantity of water thus affected at Cana of Galilee was simply enormous—not less than 84, and possibly as many as 162 gallons—according to the "measure" used, then my curiosity increases. I say the *individual* Protestant church-member, for it is perfectly clear that if Christ were on earth at this moment and, let us say, while attending a wedding in the foreign section of Philadelphia, changed water into wine, the very last drop of the vials of Billy Sunday's wrath would be poured out in denunciation of the Son of Man. Of course, such a thought as this never occurs to the well-meaning and, after his manner, sincere and pious Prohibitionist. But this does not alter the fact that Our Lord on earth to-day, after such a miracle as that at the marriage feast, would be denied membership in most Protestant churches from Maine to Florida. Is it necessary even to hint at the family resemblance between this point of view and that of the rigid observers of the law, who were so severely denounced by Christ nineteen centuries ago? And is it necessary, in addition, to say that Our Saviour's rebukes of pharisaism have met with the unanimous approval of the world ever since?

Now these vagaries of well-meaning men and women would be amusing enough were not the consequences of their irrationalism so serious. In the first place the extremes to which they incline, at once alienate millions of moderate citizens who would gladly cooperate with them in an effort to obtain reasonable reforms. Practically all Catholics, for instance, would approve of placing every useful restriction on the sale of drink, and of the strictest enforcement of the laws enacted to this end. But, just at the outset we are met with an impossible program which would prevent us from saying Mass, and which in consequence is radically anti-Christian. Is it not high time that sensible men of good will should organize and give a quietus to this midsummer madness which is nowadays called "reform." The success thus far achieved by the radical fanatics is, I think, chiefly due to one cause, namely, that nobody wants to come out as an advocate of what the Prohibitionist would stigmatize as "the liquor interests." But what I would propose is just the reverse of this. I would, in the first place, abolish the present type of bar altogether, and permit wines and light beers to be distributed only in restaurants. In the second place I would, if anybody particularly wanted it, prohibit the manufacture of all other liquors altogether, though personally I think it would be preferable to allow the sale of these with restrictions; I would never, for example, allow them to be consumed on the premises. This I consider a practical program of temperance reform, which would go far toward a real solution of the liquor problem. But, on the other hand, if the fanatics get their way through the supineness of the moderate element in American public life, I greatly fear, first, that national prohibition is only a matter of time, and second, that, as a consequence, a quarter of a century hence will see the United States a nation of drug-fiends.

Henry Maurice.

Among the Feathered Many*

"I CAN forgive him many things for the love he still bears his mother!"

How often we have felt this! When we see a young man fall time after time, when we see him weak and despicable in a hundred ways, yet through all retaining a constant chivalry and devotion toward his mother, do we not feel that, despite his every weakness, there is still something good and worthy in him? Are we not ready to give him still another chance, resting our faith in the one noble ideal he has never rejected?

And this faith is well founded. For every Catholic, at least, motherhood has been eternally glorified. It has become a most noble human ideal and a most lofty human trust. The man who still venerates this ideal and honors the woman who ennobles this trust, has within him, somewhere, a seed of goodness and nobility. He has some-

*The eleventh of a series of special articles.

thing which divine grace can nourish and foster into strength. Once more it may be given to the woman to crush the serpent!

But what of the women who hold this trust and are false to it? What of the women who have the God-given power to lead their sons and husbands triumphantly through the struggle, and instead betray them? It would be a great injustice, I think, to say that all such traitors are found among the "rich." Rich and poor are deceptive terms, after all. In this very gross age we are apt to make a standard of living, estimate the income necessary to attain this standard, and draw the line between rich and poor accordingly. A few years ago the possession of an automobile marked a man as "rich." To-morrow there will be some new criterion. What we ignore is this; the poorest man may be rich at heart. He may have made the attainment of riches his one ideal. It matters very little whether he actually becomes rich or not. His mind is set on it, and that alone makes him comparable to the famous camel. If you said that traitors to motherhood are to be found only among the rich-minded, you would be very nearly right. If you included among the rich-minded those to whom power is even more than riches, you would be entirely right.

The rich society women, the feathered few who luxuriate in the cushions of trim limousines, are not all traitors, and those who are can not be called the only traitors. If we count those who wear feathers in their hearts and luxuriate in the limousines of ambition, I am afraid we must speak rather of the feathered many. It is among the feathered many that we must look for the traitors to love and motherhood. And only when we have learned to find them is our task fairly begun.

There is little need for our Catholic women to be disturbed because they find too few chances for "social service" work. The usual forms of "social service" work are the quintessence of snobbery. They are undertaken in a spirit of self-conscious virtue; and this smugness destroys at once what little value the work might otherwise have. As one of our Catholic writers has so well maintained, the religious orders are the great social servers of to-day, as always. Their work is undertaken in humility and in a spirit of true Christian brotherhood. Their charity and their work of education can be accepted gratefully and cheerfully by all. But for those who have chosen motherhood instead of voluntary poverty there is a different kind of social service. It requires no organization; its performance demands no self-advertisement, no snobbery, no futile attempts to adapt oneself to unfamiliar views and conditions of life. The religious orders have learned by centuries of experience that to help the poor you must be poor yourself. That is the one road to the poor man's heart. The charity of the religious orders is the one great charity that never lowers the self-respect of the recipient. In the same way, it remains for Catholic women to learn that to help the mothers of the race best they must be mothers themselves.

The Church is so much a spiritual mother that she can influence her own children; but it is the Catholic mothers of every age and every position in life who must help those outside the Church, those who have less to guide them and who most often turn traitor. If you are a Catholic mother it makes no difference in what circumstances you find yourself, whether you count your income in hundreds or in thousands, whether you are called rich or poor, whether you have inherited social influence or not, you can easily find, if you will only look, some of the feathered many who need your utmost help. Inordinate ambition, either for wealth or power, or both, has corroded their natures and killed their love. It is your task to bring that old love to life, to awaken a new ambition, a holier and nobler ambition, so strong as to sweep away all the corrosion and all the dross. It is your task to make them once more mothers instead of friends.

This must be your social service. But do not think it is easy, simply because it is the work God and nature have assigned you. You are trying to restore painfully, piece by piece, the most fragile and precious, if also the most primitive, ideal of womanhood. Remember, it is a love for the mysterious and the unknown you are trying to reawaken. You can not do this by harshness and by scolding. Just as you can not purchase love, you can not drive or force it. You can not bring to her senses by harshness a woman who thinks her crime is justified. You must make her love those little "unknowns," those faint, quivering voices pleading for a chance to live and themselves know love. You must make her feel the thrill of those little hands clasped frantically about her heart, begging for the warmth of a love that has grown cold. Tenderly and patiently you must nourish to strength that wonderful human love so close to the divine.

This is your task, a task so great that you will need for its accomplishment all the strength of your own mother's love and all the grace of Him whose mother all generations have called blessed. Yet it is a task that has no set time or place. Your chance to fulfil it may come at any and all times. It may come in garish daylight or by the soft glow of an evening fire. It may come upon you as grossly as the ambitions of the feathered many, or as wondrously as in a moment of helpless repentance. When it does come, you can only pray for strength, and set steadfastly before you the noble ideal cherished by that man "to whom we can forgive many things for the love he bears his mother!"

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

The Church and Salvation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If, as you so often assert, the Catholic Church is the one true Church, where alone Christ, the Son of God, can be found and had, I think it would interest your readers to know just what hope of salvation there is for those that believe differently.

According to the "World Almanac," there are in this world,

394,000,000 Catholics and 1,209,000,000 Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans and other non-Christians. Therefore, less than one-third of the inhabitants of this globe are to see the glories of heaven. Is that the proper reasoning? An answer in your interesting journal would be appreciated by myself and others too, I am sure.

Richmond Hill, L. I. LOUIS ZIMMERMAN.

THE question raised by this correspondent, though by no means new, is doubtless of interest to many who are concerned for their own spiritual welfare and are desirous of knowing just what the Catholic Church teaches. It was this class of thinkers and inquirers that the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia had in view when they were selecting and preparing the numerous articles on the Church, which are found in that work. In fact, the very difficulty which the correspondent presents is met in the lucid explanation of Catholic doctrine given by Rev. G. H. Joyce S.J., under the subdivision "The Necessary Means of Salvation" in his article entitled "The Church" (Vol. III, p. 752). For a thorough understanding of the Catholic doctrine, one should first have a correct idea of the purpose for which Christ established the Church and of His design for the salvation of men through the means which He provided. While a full exposition of this matter is not possible here, the following considerations may serve to show at least that Catholic teaching is far from the narrow exclusiveness with which it is too frequently charged.

The Church does not teach that only Catholics can be saved, any more than she teaches that only Catholics can lead virtuous lives. She does not teach that all non-Catholics will be lost nor does she hold that all Catholics will be saved. Salvation is wrought by man's cooperation with Divine grace, not by faith alone nor yet by deeds that are naturally good but are performed without any reference to God.

> The Catholic Church has ever taught that nothing else is needed to obtain justification than an act of perfect charity [love of God] and of contrition [genuine sorrow for sin as an offence against God]. Whoever, under the impulse of actual grace, elicits these acts, receives immediately the gift of sanctifying grace, and is numbered among the children of God. Should he die in these dispositions, he will assuredly attain heaven (*Joyce*).

A person outside the Church who knows that God has commanded all to join the Church, yet wilfully remains outside, can not sincerely and honestly say that he loves God with his whole heart: love is not compatible with disobedience. Christ did not say that every man should draw up his own plan of salvation or choose any set of beliefs that might be to his liking. He did not establish churches and tell men to select. He did establish a Church, and He did say, "If he will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." Those who are ignorant of God's command to join the Church or who, in spite of earnest seeking, are unable to discern the Church of Christ, can nevertheless be saved, provided they die in the dispositions of sincere love and sorrow as above mentioned. This is doubtless the case with many who never heard of the Catholic Church or have been reared in heresy. They will not be condemned simply for their failure to become members of the Church in visible communion.

The ordinary means of grace, and therefore of salvation, are the Sacraments instituted by Christ. These are constantly needed for the overcoming of evil inclinations, for resisting temptation and for purifying the soul of sin. Now the Sacraments were entrusted by Christ to the Church, and they are accessible in their fulness only to the members of the Church. Without these supernatural helps, it is extremely difficult to obey Christ's precepts. Hence those who, even through no fault of theirs, remain outside the Church, are deprived of the graces they need to supply for the weakness of human nature. Generally speaking, they are more exposed to the danger of sin and less abundantly provided with the means of obtaining forgiveness than those who are in the Church. Catholics, taught by experience that they must work out their salvation in fear and trembling, can have no feeling but that of pity for those who are struggling on with little or none of the spiritual assistance which membership in the Church secures.

The Church, in striving for the unity in one body of all who believe in Christ, is simply trying to realize the Apostle's ideal of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." She looks with sorrow upon the divisions that have led so many farther and farther not only from her fold but from any profession whatever of Christianity. At the same time, she would be disloyal to her mission if she taught men that it was not necessary for them to join her communion. It would be a false and misleading leniency to say that one can be saved as well outside the Church as inside. And while she can not compel men to unite with her, it is none the less her duty to tell them plainly what Christ requires. His will as regards the unity of His followers is expressed in the prayer which He offered on the eve of His death: "that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The unity of the Church is an evidence not only that Christ is her founder, but also that Christ Himself had His mission from the Father. It is the means prayed for by Him to keep His divine origin and work before the eyes of mankind. It must for this reason be a unity that all men can see. In a word, it must be a visible organization with a visible worship and a visible communion. Whoever, then, desires to conform to the expressed will of Christ must become a part of Christ's body, which is the Church, and thus help in his own measure to bring about the unity for which Christ prayed.

What God may be pleased to do in an extraordinary manner for individual souls is known only to Himself. The question here concerns His ordinary dealings, the economy of salvation as revealed and established by

Christ the Saviour. For the millions likewise who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, we may and do hope that God will provide, since Christ died for all men. But this hope does not cause the Church to relax her efforts in spreading the Gospel. Her greater concern is for those who have ample opportunity to know the truth and still hold aloof from her communion. Greatest of all is her sorrow for "those who were once illuminated, have tasted also the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, have moreover tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come—and have fallen away."

EDWARD A. PACE.

The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

The Danger of the "Foundations"

The Hon. John Mitchell, of the Workmen's Compensation Commission, when asked to give AMERICA his opinion of the article, "Industrial Commission's Hearings," contributed to the last issue by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, made the following comments:

REFERRING to the article in AMERICA, entitled "Industrial Commission's Hearings," by Thomas F. Woodlock, I should say, with respect to the subject of Foundations, that I regard it as absolutely necessary that the functions of these Foundations should be defined in the charters under which they are created, and that the Foundations should not be permitted to exercise other functions. Blanket charters, giving Foundations the right to engage in any kind of business, with no limitation, are, in my judgment, unsound and have elements of danger which the public should be protected against. I believe that these Foundations should be chartered by the Federal Government, not by State governments, and that, in addition to limiting the functions of the Foundations within the purpose described in their charters, the Federal Government itself should be adequately represented on their Boards of Trustees.

With respect to the closing paragraph of the article by Mr. Woodlock, in which he says, "It is not now, nor is it likely to be in the future, against the law to break strikes, in so far as money can break them," I do not understand that it is seriously contended by any one that breaking strikes, *per se,* is unlawful; however, the methods employed by many corporations to break strikes are unlawful. To employ armed guards to assault and intimidate workingmen who are on strikes is, and should be, unlawful, and should not be tolerated. Strikes are not illegal, nor are they contrary to public policy; indeed, a strike may be, and often is, the highest expression of a divine discontent. Picketing is not unlawful. The courts have repeatedly and almost uniformly held that it is lawful peaceably to persuade a workingman from his intention to take the position formerly held by a striking workman.

It seems to me that all men who are interested in the public welfare should unite in an effort to remove the causes of strikes and industrial turmoil. This result can only be achieved by securing a more equitable distribution of wealth and the establishment of industrial righteousness; and this, I understand to be the purpose of the investigations now being made by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations.

February 25, 1915. JOHN MITCHELL.

Cardinal Mercier

AS the powerful personality of Cardinal Mercier must appeal to the energetic and warm-hearted people of the United States, the following sketch of His Eminence's character will doubtless be of interest to AMERICA's readers. The Cardinal has a keen sense of humor and is noted for the readiness of his repartee. He has a special gift for silencing his opponents without wounding their feelings, and they even relish the wit that leaves them without a word to answer. This rare gift seems to have won the admiration even of the socialists, for they have declared him to be "quite the right sort," and no longer attack him.

Cardinal Mercier's private life is one of real evangelical poverty. His table is plain and simple, as many a chance guest has experienced; yet, when he entertains he does so handsomely. For instance, about two years' ago the convent of the "Minimes" of Louvain presented His Eminence with a rochet made of the new "Orient" lace invented by one of the nuns, and which received the gold medal at the Ghent Exhibition of 1913. Thereupon he invited to his palace all the working girls who had had a hand in making the rochet, sending them a generous banknote for their railway expenses. After saying Mass for them in his private chapel, he conducted the girls to one of the salons where a tempting breakfast awaited them. He then appeared clad in his Cardinal's robes, which he put on just to give the lace-makers the pleasure of seeing the effect of their work when worn over the scarlet silk. Afterward he produced some of his photographs and, asking the name of each girl in turn, he wrote on the picture his autograph with a special blessing for her and her family.

Cardinal Mercier spends very little on himself that he may have more to give to the needy. Last year the cost of gas having risen, he had electric lights placed in his house. While stringing the wires, the electrician had to pass through the Cardinal's bedroom, and, yielding to curiosity, examined it very carefully. The description he gave of its poverty caused a sensation in Mechlin, for the chamber was a small, plain, white-washed room with bare, unpolished floor, and furnished with a springless bedstead, a pallet of straw for a mattress, two chairs, a washstand and a clothes-press, all of the cheapest kind. The electrician declared that in all Belgium the humblest servant in a decent family would scarcely be given so poor a room.

Some years ago the Cardinal was presented with a motor car which he gladly accepted for it enabled him to call without ceremony, and at any moment of leisure, on any of the priests of his vast diocese. Though his clergy number 2,500 he makes it a point to keep in touch with every one of them and to know all their needs and difficulties. Moreover the seeming luxury of a motor car proved a great saving to its owner. A cardinal ranks in Europe with a prince of the blood royal and consequently he is bound by certain forms of etiquette which are very costly. Each time he travels by rail, for instance, he must give liberal tips to every employee of the stations at which he begins and ends the journey. Needless to say, on such occasions, employees spring up like mushrooms. Besides this, he must take the entire railway carriage he travels in and must pay for all the compartments it contains. Thus the possession of a motor, bitterly

criticized at first by the socialists, saves His Eminence's charities several thousand dollars a year.

This automobile bears witness, moreover, to the Cardinal's extraordinary capacity for work. No sooner was the car received than His Eminence had it fitted up inside with a folding-desk at which, while driving from one village to another, he attends to much of his correspondence. The automobile is in a dilapidated condition now, and for the last two years his chauffeur has been constantly begging him to get a new one, but in vain, for the only answer is: "Come now, Franz, think of my poor. Our old motor has not wholly collapsed yet." Etiquette forbids his visiting any laymen except those of high rank, but in his eyes the poor are all of the blood royal and he visits them in their humble homes and tenements, bringing with him words of comfort and substantial relief. It is chiefly on their account that he is now in such distress because of the ruin of so many convents. As all who know Belgium intimately are aware, the working classes owe a great deal to the convents. Not only do the nuns train the women of Belgium to become the splendid housewives they are but, besides this, the convents are important industrial centers, giving well-paid employment in lace-making, embroidery, lingerie, glove and corset-making and other trades to thousands of women and girls.

Cardinal Mercier's earnest desire is that all his priests shall lead the life of evangelical poverty and renunciation which he lives himself, and great numbers of them do so. His zeal on this head is amply proved by two excellent books, his "Conferences," and his "Retreat to Priests." He always spends his summer vacation preaching the annual retreat to his priests, who gather for the purpose at Mechlin in groups of some 350 at a time. This means giving three lectures every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, for six consecutive weeks. When he found in the beautiful life of Father Chevrier, of Lyons, his ideal of the true Catholic priest, he was so desirous that all his clergy should read the book and conform their own lives to it, that out of his own meager purse he bought over 2,500 copies of the volume and presented one to each priest and seminarian of his very extensive diocese.

Cardinal Mercier has in addition to his other gifts a remarkably clear head for business and for all kinds of administration. He is constantly being consulted on such matters by high and low. Consequently on private audience days there is no fixed hour for his dinner. He continues receiving until all are heard. Hand in hand with his practical turn of mind goes an essentially different quality: a keen sense of the beautiful, especially in art and in poetry. Though now aged sixty-four, His Eminence's imagination seems to have lost none of its brilliancy. For instance, about thirteen months ago, an Irish woman residing in the Mechlin diocese sent him a copy of "The Hound of Heaven." Though English is one of the eight languages that Cardinal Mercier has mastered, yet the giver of the poem scarcely expected him to appreciate it fully. She was agreeably surprised, however, to find that he had sat up nearly a whole night making a literal translation of the poem into French to make sure that he thoroughly understood the beauty of the verses.

Cardinal Mercier's love for his flock is so strong that he would gladly shed his last drop of blood for them. On his return from Rome last autumn he found that his priests, in order to escape observation, had thought it prudent to let their beards grow and to adopt the secular dress. He at once expressed his desire that they should resume their clerical garb so that in case of need every sheep of the flock should be able to distinguish them as priests. It was his wish that no word of comfort or encouragement should remain unspoken merely to save the life of a priest. "If we have to die for our people, why, let us die for them." Is it surprising then that the Belgians love their Cardinal?

F. DE N.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A "White List" of Plays

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Catholic Theater Movement submits the following list of plays as a suggested guide. Though the plays mentioned are free from any gross feature, yet it must be admitted that the tone of some of them could be more elevated. Indeed, it is felt that "there will be Catholic play-goers who, consistently with their own standards, may properly refuse to accept every play on the list":

New York. F. M.

Admirable Crichton.
Alabama.
Alias Jimmy Valentine.
Along Came Ruth.
Amazons, The.
Arizona.
Arms and the Man.
Auctioneer, The.
Bachelor's Romance, A.
Barbara.
Barbara Frietchie.
Beau Brummel.
Behold the Man.
Bells, The
Ben Hur.
Big Idea, The.
Big Jim Garrity.
Brewster's Millions.
Broadway Jones.
Broken Hearts.
Brown of Harvard.
Bunty Pulls the Strings.
Captain Jinks.
Caste.
Cavalier, The.
Celebrated Case, A.
Classmates.
College Widow, The.
Confession.
County Chairman, The.
Cricket on the Hearth, The.
Crisis, The.
Critic, The.
Cyrano de Bergerac.
Daddy Long-legs.
David Garrick.
Diplomacy.
D'Israeli.
Duke of Killicrankie.
Dummy, The.
Esmereralda.
Everybody's Friend.
Everyman.
Father and the Boys.
Five Frankforters, The.
Fortune Hunter, The.
Freckles
Gentleman from Mississippi, A.
Ghost Breaker, The.
Girl I Left Behind Me, The.
Girl of the Golden West, The.
Governor's Lady, The.
Grand Army Man, A.
Gringoire.
Grumpy.
Hazel Kirke.
Heart of Paddy Whack, The.
He Comes Up Smiling.
Held by the Enemy.
Highest Bidder, The.
Highway of Life, The.
House Next Door, The.
It Pays to Advertise.
Jack Straw.
Jilt, The.
Jim the Penman.
Kick In.
King Renee's Daughter.
L'Aiglon.
Legend of Leonora, The.
Liberty Hall.
Lion and the Mouse, The.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Little Minister, The.
Little Princess, The.
Littlest Rebel, The.
Little Woman.
Lost Paradise, The.
Magic.
Man from Home, The.
Masks and Faces.
May Blossom.
Money Makers, The.
Merely Mary Ann.
Message from Mars, A.
Mice and Men.
Middleman, The.
Milestones.
Mollusc, The.
Monsieur Beaucaire.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
Music Master, The.
Nathan Hale.
New Henrietta, The.
New Lady Bantock, The.
No Thoroughfare.
Officer 666.
Old Homestead.
Only Way, The.
Open Gate, The.
Our Boys.
Ours.
Pair of Sixes, A.
Pair of Spectacles, A.
Pantomime Rehearsal, The.
Passing of the Third Floor Back.
Peaceful Valley.
Peg O' My Heart.
Peter Pan.
Pilate's Daughter.
Piper's Day.
Polly of the Circus.
Pomander Walk.
Poor Little Rich Girl, The.
Potash and Perlmutter.
Prince and Pauper.
Princesse Lointaine, La.
Private Secretary, The.
Professor's Love Story, The.
Pygmalion and Galatea.
Quality Street.
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.
Return of Peter Grimm, The.
Richard Carvel.
Richelieu.
Rip Van Winkle.
Rivals, The.
Road to Yesterday, The.
Romanesques, Les.
Rosedale.
Rosemary.
Rose of the Rancho.
Round-Up, The.
Royal Family, A.
Russian Honeymoon, A.
Salomy Jane.
Scarlet Pimpernel, The.
School.
Scrap of Paper, A.
Second in Command.
Secret Service.
Senator Keeps House, The.
Sham.
Shameen Dhu.
Shenandoah.
Shepherd King, The.
Sherlock Holmes.
Shore Acres.
Silver King, The.
Soldiers of Fortune.
Still Waters Run Deep.
Stop Thief.
Story of the Rosary, The.
Strongheart.
Such a Little Queen.
Sweethearts.
Sweet Kitty Bellairs.
Things That Count, The.
Third Degree, The.
Tom Pinch.
Too Many Cooks.
Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The.
Trelawney of the Wells.
Truth, The.
Two Orphans, The.
Tyranny of Tears, The.
Uncle Dick's Darling.
Under Cover.
Virginian, The.
Warrens of Virginia, The.
Waterloo.
Way Down East.
What Every Woman Knows.
When Knighthood Was in Flower.
Will, The.
Witching Hour, The.
Wolf of Gubbio, The.
Woman-Hater, The.
Young Mrs. Winthrop.

Life of St. Catherine of Genoa

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have had for many years in my library a "Life of St. Catherine of Genoa," together with her "Spiritual Dialogues" and "Treatise on Purgatory." In the Introduction, written by the late Father Hecker, in the year 1873, it is stated the translation was "Made by one who is now no more, but who while living was like our Saint: distinguished for her intellectual gifts, for charity toward the poor and abandoned,

and in consecrating her pen to the cause and glory of God's Church." Can you tell me the name and something about the translator?

New York. C. C.

The Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Could anything, even a persecution, demonstrate more plainly than did the Mexican muddle, the helplessness of the American Catholics from the standpoint of powerful organization and an influential press? After the tempest has raged with truly diabolical fury against the Church in the unhappy republic, we protest to President Wilson and fulminate against "the conspiracy of silence" on the part of the ruling press agencies and the majority of our dailies. Some of our people will get a little education out of our tardy awakening, but the enemies of the Church, who are slowly and systematically preparing the way for their Villas, Carranzas, and other persecutors in this country, laugh in their sleeves at our monumental impotence. As you observed in your excellent editorial of some months ago on our lack of influence, almost our only consolation with reference to organized power and public recognition seems to be the fact that our number is 16,000,000.

No wonder one of our bishops is quoted as intimating that the Mexican situation proves us to be as sheepish as chattel slaves. Had we a powerful daily press, we would soon boast a strong and conservatively progressive body of wide-awake and fearless Catholics, who would jealously guard the interests of Catholic Christianity, elementary justice, and Christian morality, instead of being afraid to stand up in Congress for persecuted priests and violated nuns in the name of humanity, common decency and the Constitution.

Our press *miserere* will never be materially changed until the majority of our leaders agree on the need of an influential Catholic daily press in the English language, and act by training their people accordingly. I wish Dr. Flick success in his attempt to raise that $2,000,000 endowment for a Catholic daily. Nor do I contend that we have not a sufficient number of able journalists, cartoonists, managers, etc., to get out a half a dozen or more dailies. But a clean and thoroughly Catholic daily press needs a large reading public. This we will not have for the class of dailies we need, until larger circles of our people have been taught to consider the ruling sensation-mongering daily press an evil. Priests and laymen who have occasion to visit many Catholic homes in our cities will tell you that very seldom do they find a family where the father and mother, compelled for business or other reasons to keep the local daily, do not permit it to scandalize their children. A. BECK.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A great deal has been said pro and con concerning a Catholic daily. Many ideas have been presented, but so far none seem to have merited serious consideration. What about the following plan: We will presume a diocesan daily is to be founded in a diocese of 100,000 Catholics. Issue stock at $10 per share. It is fair to assume that of the 100,000 Catholics, 20,000 would be able and willing to buy shares. The majority, of course, would buy one share; others would buy two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty to one hundred or more shares. Individual investments would range from $10 to, say, $1,000. We will presume that $40 would be the average investment. This would net $800,000. With this one could either buy an existing paper or found a new one. Every stockholder could, of course, be relied upon to subscribe for the paper, thus insuring at least 20,000 subscribers to start with. A good amount of advertising at a fair rate could be secured for a daily of such circulation. It should be an evening paper and not called "Catholic." Were an able journalist secured to conduct the editorial department in the proper manner, and a capable business manager to oversee the advertising, circulation and accounting departments, it seems full success would be assured.

Toledo, Ohio. N. N.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The need of a Catholic daily press is obvious. To whom should we look for its establishment? Certainly not to the rank and file in the Church. Their poverty makes them helpless. How can our wealthy Catholics be so apathetic on a matter that is of such vital importance to the Faith? They have it in their power to prevent thousands from falling away. Why do they do nothing?

Philadelphia. JOHN P. TONEY.

Questions of Catholic Interest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"A Perfect Fool" says in a recent issue that "there are questions of Catholic interest in this country that cry aloud for a hearing, but they are never mentioned." I ask him to state explicitly some of such questions in your columns.

Canaan, Conn. DAVID C. WHITTLESEY.

"A Ludicrous Anachronism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The men who are striving to raise the religious issue to-day are taking for granted in the American people a mental attitude that is happily passing away." Would that we could think as the writer of "A Ludicrous Anachronism" (AMERICA, Feb. 20,) that the mental attitude of the past is sinking into an unhallowed grave. On all sides we see the very opposite of this statement. The spirit of intolerant bigotry is as rife in our land to-day as ever in the history of the past. Although not resolving itself into clubs and brickbats, the effects of its propaganda are more malicious. No man with half an eye for observation can consider the spirit of this age, its so-called "literature," its dramas, its suggestive films, its disregard for everything Catholic and Christian, and still believe that the spirit of prejudice has passed. If the mental attitude of a vast section of the American people has changed, why is it that filthy papers are not only spread broadcast over the country, but given a hearty welcome by thousands of our "well-wishers"? Why is it that priests of God and consecrated women devoted to the service of their fellow man are openly insulted in the streets? Why do our postal authorities have to be pushed to the performance of their clear-cut duties as prescribed by law? If the knell of bigotry's funeral were tolling would hundreds of thousands of Americans crowd one another from the box offices of theaters where the sacred character of Sisters is made a wretched plaything? Would these same Americans, with their minds and hearts full of the evil which their eager eyes have just drunk in, yet cry for more of the filthy stuff? We think not. If a clean and broad-minded spirit were growing up in American manhood and womanhood at large, the purveyors of vice would soon find the misrepresentations of the most sacred and the dearest of Catholic practices a very poor stock in trade.

The entire article is too optimistic. I do not deny that scepticism is the fad of the hour, but I do deny that scepticism is any indication of "broadened mentality" as the writer implies. A moment's reflection wil make clear that scepticism in practice leads only to selfishness, and selfishness is the very essence of narrow-mindedness, the dominant evil of our day. This "broadened mentality" is the watchword of the Church's enemies. What does it mean? What are its results? The present worldwide

anti-Catholic campaign is the answer, and broad-minded Americans are by no means trailing in the rear.

New York. L. RONALD.

A Course in Reading

To the Editor of AMERICA:

James J. Walsh, M.D., writes in AMERICA, issue of Feb. 13, as follows:

> The men who really amount to something in life have not read many books, but have read a few great books over and over again. . . . Many of the men we think most of in this country . . . had in their homes not more than a dozen or at most, a score of books, and they attributed their habits of thought and their power of expression and their ability to concentrate their attention to the practice of reading these over and over again.

Very well, but why not make this explanation a practical one, by mentioning the books Dr. Walsh has in mind? Dr. Walsh certainly knows that the majority of our young Catholics, not having the means nor the time to attend a university, can not get a "liberal" education. Is it not natural that they look for a series or collection of text-books, in order to extend their education? Which classics should be read? Which editions carry sound comments and critical notes? As Dr. Walsh made the above statement, we would regard it as a great favor if he would give us some practical and definite advice on this matter.

Dubuque, Ia. C. N. NENNIG.

An Open Letter to the Editor of "Life"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why does the otherwise mildly intelligent Mr. Metcalfe insist, from time to time, upon marring the average respectability of his dramatic criticisms by saying stupid things? Stupid things are unpardonable! Even fairly informed Protestants (Germans or Allies at your choice), to say nothing of Anglicans, let alone Catholics, probably yawned prodigiously when they met the venerable old family ghost:

> Soldier and nun are both survivals of the Dark Ages, which, in spite of the present-day resort to brute force, are very slowly but none the less surely bound to give way to the spread of human enlightenment. (Criticism of the Belasco-Knoblauch play "Marie-Odile," page 240, issue of February 11, 1915.)

If they didn't yawn, perhaps they asked some gentle nun to remember Mr. Metcalfe in her prayers, for the intention that he too might receive his share of "human enlightenment." Or, if they didn't yawn, or ask some patient Sister to pray for him, they probably were vexed at Mr. Metcalfe's temerity in attempting to improve on the diction of Martin Luther and those other heretics before Martin who, mayhap, expressed themselves more elegantly than did Martin himself. Or, if they neither yawned, nor bespoke orisons, nor were vexed, they were very angry, possibly, which was least happy of all, because busy people can not afford to waste time destroying such a weather-damaged and unlovely old straw-man as this. The average human being likes to be controverted cleverly and on something really difficult and comparatively original. He hates stupid things. And Mr. Metcalfe has said something very stupid. Please let him not do it again.

Washington, D. C. THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY.

The Time of Death

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A useful and consoling booklet has lately been published with the title "A Little Book of Comfort in Time of War." It is a publication of the English Catholic Truth Society, and its author is Mr. Edward Ingram Watkin. His was a happy thought. His little volume will bring consolation to large multitudes of sorrowing hearts; and, what is better still, raise their thoughts heavenward and sanctify them by bringing about a gentle submission to the Divine will.

There is, however, one passage in the little work of which we can not approve, because it is not true doctrine. Yet it is laid down as the infallible teaching of the Church. We quote the writer's own words. He says:

> *As Catholics we possess absolute certainty that every death* on a blood-drenched field of battle *was ordained* from all eternity, *as the best provision for each man* who there lost his life. God, foreknowing all that each would be and do, decreed that the thread of his individual life should be so interwoven with the web of public history as to break off at that particular point of time, for so *it would be best for that soldier's immortal soul.* Even if the man in question should alas! be lost eternally, even so would this remain true, for *had he lived longer, he would have added to his sin, and therefore to the intensity of his punishment* (pages 33, 34).

We have italicized the objectionable statements.

First, we ask where does the Church teach that doctrine, so as to give us absolute certainty regarding it? We suppose the author had in mind the consoling words of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (viii, 28): "We know that *to them that love God,* all things work together unto good." But this is not said of *those who do not love God,* who are in mortal sin.

In fact Christ tells us distinctly that "It were better for him (Judas) if that man had not been born" (Matt. xxvi, 24). Of course it would likewise have been better for Judas if he had died in his infancy. It would have been better for any one who dies in sin, whether on the battlefield or elsewhere, if he had died while he was in the state of grace, or if he had lived long enough to repent of his sins and lived to prepare worthily for a holy death. It is certainly not revealed that no one who is lost would not have been saved by God's grace if he had lived longer; nor is there any argument from reason to make such a statement probable. Rather the contrary is the case.

Chicago. CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.

Successful Examinations in England

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In one of your recent numbers we read of the success of the Catholic schools of Ireland in the public examinations. The record was a glorious one. I am sure that Catholics in America will be no less glad to hear of the triumphs of the Catholic colleges and convents of England. The year 1914 is surely a record one. There were nearly twenty thousand young girls and boys entered for the Oxford Senior, Junior and Preliminary Divisions. In the Senior the first two places were won by the students of the Jesuit College of Wimbledon, and out of seventy-six first class honors seven fell to Catholic schools. In the Junior Division the first four places were taken by Catholics. Wimbledon College again capturing the much-coveted first and second places. In the Preliminary Division Wimbledon again continued its triumphant course, two of its pupils tieing for first place, while another of its pupils is placed fourth. What is still more creditable to the Catholic schools of Great Britain is that the only two Exhibitions offered were taken by Catholic pupils, Wimbledon being again the lucky college to secure them. The high places secured by many of the convent girls manifest the high grade of study aimed at and attained by the convents of Great Britain. The percentages of those who passed in Honors are greatly in favor of Catholics. This magnificent record of Catholic pupils in Great Britain ought to serve as food for thought to those among us who are ever complaining of Catholic schools and asserting that the education given in Catholic schools is inferior to that given elsewhere.

Springhill, Ala. E. I. FAZAKERLEY.

AMERICA

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Chinese Metaphysics

ONE of the first lessons the student of logic learns is the relation between cause and effect, and, incidentally, he gets to know something of the Law of Sufficient Reason: at least he did so until the logic of the newspaper correspondent burst upon an expectant world, and enunciated the happy doctrine of effect from any or no cause, or the Law of Insufficient Reason. And for this evangel the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* has been elected a chosen vessel.

At Governor Walsh's reception on Washington's birthday, the *Republican* correspondent saw two singular incidents which could be said to indicate the presence of war in Europe. One was a company of some two or three hundred boys of the St. Vincent Brigade, in white military uniforms. The other was the organization known as the St. Mary's Cardinal Cadets, also in regimentals, but red. The connection is, of course, obvious. The boys were Catholics: there are Catholics in Europe. They were in uniform: there are Catholics in uniform in Europe. By a process of Chinese metaphysics the conclusion is drawn from the premises, and the Law of Insufficient Reason is established. This is an outward and visible sign of the inward and intellectual vacuum induced by the newer logic.

The presence of the boys—young Catholics in arms!—"seemed to indicate that here was a large number of boys from ten to fifteen years of age who are receiving regular military training and being accustomed to the manual of arms. In these days, when there is so much sensitiveness upon race and religious matters, such a display of military training in such a quarter could not but be noticeable." The greatest loss our Protestant brethren sustained, after they lost the Faith, was the loss of the sense of humor; for there can be conceived nothing more grotesquely solemn than to see in a few Catholic boy cadets a vision of free America being handed over, body and soul, to the power of the Pope by force of arms: and Mr. G. K. Chesterton says that solemnity is the special mark and seal of Satan! The faculty of "seeing things," hitherto confined more or less to seers, clairvoyants and lunatics, would appear to be in process of extending itself to the journalistic profession, while a convenient close reason for the rule of *non-sequitur* leaves the ground clear for many a hearty run from insufficient causes to lurid effects.

When the soldiers of Washington's army, near Boston, in 1775, prepared to celebrate "Pope Day," the General issued an order that, "having been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom . . . he can not help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in his army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step."

And it has been left to the *Republican's* correspondent to make use of the celebration of General Washington's birthday to see in the spectacle of young lads being trained in manliness, reverence for authority, and patriotism, merely a vehicle for a covert sneer of disloyalty flung at the descendants of those same American Catholics to whom he said: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of your Government."

"Observers," continues the *Republican*, "would be sure to ask the question, why this class of boys, rather than all other kinds of boys, are being given military instruction." Unless the New England sense of observation is *sui generis*, observers will know perfectly well that military instruction is given at countless schools throughout the country, irrespective of religious denomination; and are more likely to ask the question, why this class of observer, rather than all other kinds of observers, is being given the post of newspaper correspondent.

The Cult of the Comfortable

IT is the rather inglorious distinction of the American people to have invented the cult of the comfortable. Side by side with strength and vigor of purpose, we have developed a craving for such refinements of luxury as minister to bodily ease in a degree unparalleled by anything in Europe. England indeed knows the word, but it is not given over to the quest; France, with all its frivolity and love of pleasure, has not even the word. "Comfortable" had to be imported into its vocabulary, and to-day, though the Academicians use it, quotation marks still show that it is an alien and not a native product. With us, however, the desire to be comfortable is almost universal; it has pervaded all classes; it has taken from us much of the old energy of our national life.

The Lenten season is a protest against this quest for the restful and easy and pleasant things of life. The purpose of its gospels is to rouse us from our lethargy and from our weak yielding to self. Life upon earth is a warfare, and the Christian who would not be false to ideals must be strong and militant in self-denial. Our struggle is with the powers of darkness. Now Christ long ago pointed out the folly of trying to cast out devils by Beelzebub. Allies do not fight among themselves. We can not do what the Son of God did not even try to do. We can not cast out sin by yielding to one of the capital sins. There is no easy road to "the Celestial Jerusalem." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." The violence of which there is question in these words of Our Lord is principally violence against oneself, a thing with which the cult of the comfortable is utterly at variance. Out of our hearts we have to cast the devil, and this can never be done by softness. Sloth is no defence whatever. It is not even the armor wherein the most foolish of men might trust. Discipline of soul and body is called for by the Church, contrition also and penance, and this not merely to atone and satisfy for personal sin, but to bring both mind and body into subjection, and to fill them with force and resolution to fight, not for pleasurable idleness and enervating ease but for the better, the nobler, the more worthy things of life, the things that endure beyond the passing of time.

The Champagne Bottle and Billy Sunday

THE postal authorities are at last aroused. The country is saved.

A few weeks ago, an individual in Philadelphia, mailed a bottle of champagne to a friend in New York, bidding him "drown his sorrows" by imbibing thereof. But a lynx-eyed kill-joy, in the guise of a Postal Inspector, intervened, and the charitable person from the City of Brotherly Love was compelled to pledge himself in the sum of five hundred dollars, to appear before a jury of his peers, and explain this heinous violation of the postal laws.

The second instance of the extraordinary alertness now pertaining to our postal officials comes from St. Louis, the home of a paper devoted primarily, it would seem, to the promotion of blasphemy. In an evil hour the editor published a cartoon of Billy Sunday, "intended to mean and signify," reads the indictment, "that the said William A. Sunday, commonly called Billy Sunday, was not, and is not, a sincere and conscientious preacher." Indictment? Alas, one must speak of indictment. For one Wilberforce Jones, of Cushing, Oklahoma, was forthwith moved to lodge a complaint, one complaint, be it noted, with the postal authorities. Immediately the mighty engine of the law began to creak, whir, roar. Things happened. The editor, and eke the publisher, were haled before the United States Commissioner. Furnishing bail in a suitable amount, they now breathe the free air of the Missouri metropolis. But they, too, await trial for violation of the postal laws; specifically for sending a cartoon of Billy Sunday through the mails.

Great is Wilberforce Jones, of Cushing, Oklahoma. Upon what meat has he fed that he is become so terrible to our quondam supine postal authorities? The meaning and intent of the Billy Sunday cartoon sounds like the panegyric of a saint, when compared to the catalogues of crime attributed to the "Bishop of Rome," and other officers of the Catholic Church, and obligingly spread throughout the country by the postal authorities. Mr. Jones, it seems, made but one complaint. Action followed. At a moderate estimate Catholics have made about a quarter of a million. But the postal authorities only smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and continued to issue receipts for postage paid on these catalogues of crime. Why the difference? We pause for a lengthy and muddled reply from the Solicitor-General of the Post-Office Department.

His Name is Hogan

A GENTLEMAN who rejoices in the classic patronymic of Hogan has received the Victoria Cross. According to reports, he is as modest as he is brave, and of his bravery there can be little question. By a newspaper headline he is accredited with the efficiency of an army, or at least a regiment. While there may be a touch of epic color in this account, Sergeant Hogan's superior officers considered that this Irishman's valiant feats were worthy of striking recognition, and he was recommended, despite his name, for the Victoria Cross. Now he has a decoration, the highest military distinction that England can confer, and his name is still Hogan, plain, everyday Hogan. It is not at all likely that he is connected with the family in Boston who found this horribly vulgar name of Hogan, a veritable lion, blocking the path along which lay the pursuit of life's higher ideals. If he considers the matter at all, and being a man and a very gallant gentleman, he very probably does not, Sergeant Hogan, V. C., is doubtless content to take his rank with Napoleon, as the founder of his own dynasty.

Dr. Carroll's Statistics

THE Reverend Doctor H. K. Carroll is again before the public with a new and thrilling show of religious statistics. Dr. Carroll is the Hagenbeck of figures. He can make them lie down, roll over, or sit up and bark, at the word of command. As a rule, a respectable society, secular or religious, is accorded the right of specifying the conditions upon which it grants membership, and of certifying the number of its members. Its reports are not rejected on the ground that its members have not qualified for admission into quite another so-

ciety. Thus, one does not question the statistics issued by the Knights of Pythias, by objecting that very few of the Knights are Companions of the Bath. But Dr. Carroll may; for he considers that it is he, and not the Catholic Church, who has the sole right to define what constitutes membership in the Catholic Church.

Dr. Carroll's methods are peculiar. Compiling, in 1915, the statistics for 1914, he takes the membership of the Catholic Church for 1913. Then he deducts fifteen per cent., for, says our learned Doctor, baptized children, who have not received the sacrament of Confirmation, are not members of the Catholic Church. The fact that for nineteen centuries the Catholic Church has held that Baptism, and not Confirmation, makes one a member of her fold, and that in consequence a baptized baby is as truly a Catholic as Benedict XV makes no impression whatever upon the impervious Dr. Carroll. He knows better. He can allow no exception to his rule, he proclaims, and then proceeds to make his figures roll over by accrediting 3,165 members to the Japanese Church and 100,568 to the Orthodox Friends. It need not be remarked that neither the Japanese nor the Friends administer the sacrament of Confirmation.

Perhaps it might be impolite to point out that, from the viewpoint of Catholic theology, the Methodists lack this sacred rite as completely as the Friends and the Japanese. Were a Catholic statistician to adopt Dr. Carroll's rule, he would report the astonishing fact that there are no Methodists in the whole world.

Pounding a Theatrical Manager

"THERE would be no smut on the American stage to-day," announces a prominent theatrical manager, "if the public did not want it. Don't pound the managers. Pound the public."

The old excuse! "Don't pound me," says the fiend who sells drugs to school-children. "The children want it. Pound the children." "Don't pound me," pleads the politician who buys his office. "The voters want my money. Pound the voter." "Don't pound me," cries every rascal who panders to the lowest in his fellows. "I cater to the wants of many. Pound my patrons."

Does the manager expect to be taken seriously? What trafficker in sin but could make the same excuse?

The Right to Defame

SUPPOSE that a person, himself of dubious reputation, should inform you with every possible sign of merriment, that your mother was always a thing of shame. Should his merriment bring him to the hospital for repairs, you have failed, doubtless, to practise heroic charity. But have you invaded his right of free speech?

Suppose, further, that this vile thing, by lure of an appeal to man's lowest passions, draws a crowd into a public hall, where, for a price, he defames not only your Protestant mother, your wife, your daughter, your sister, but makes the vilest charges against every Protestant woman in the community. Can this mud-born monster, to whom Caliban is an angel of light, claim that the law, which sometimes stops his unclean mouth, has deprived him of his right of free speech?

Change "Protestant" to "Catholic." Then you have a faint picture of the indignities which have been heaped, not only upon our consecrated nuns, who give their lives to the service of God in prayer and the alleviation of every form of human suffering, but upon every Catholic woman who makes use of the Sacrament of Penance.

There is no lack of smug journalists who think it shocking, that Catholics, goaded beyond endurance, recently endeavored to remove an unspeakable "ex-priest" from the community by pelting him with tainted eggs and derelict vegetables. It *is* shocking. Mobs are always unwise and unlawful, and may easily become criminal. But it is ridiculous to claim that this beastly person has a constitutional right to introduce his Yahoo practices into a decent community. No one has a constitutional right to defame. Of those who listen to him, it need only be said that like loves like.

Once Upon a Time

THERE was a man who had two good friends and they were very true to him. He understood that they were friends of his father too and had promised that they would take particular care of the son. They were not demonstrative or obtrusive friends. In fact, the man was often ashamed of himself that boisterous and boon companions more frequently rang his door-bell and dined with him. Sometimes indeed the man was stricken with twinges of remorse and on making up a theater-party or planning a fishing trip or some other pleasant jaunt, he sent his friends an invitation to be present, but they declined. "Chaps like us," they answered, "would only be in the way."

The man could not remember when Constant and Victor, as his father called them familiarly, entered into his life. As with most thoughtless and unreflecting youngsters, he took favors from all sides and paid but little attention to his benefactors. One day, however, in the September after graduating from the High School, he was wondering what he must do, when whom should he meet but Constant. "What's the matter?" he was asked cheerily, and, on giving his answer, he was persuaded that the place for the High School graduate was college. Victor was not near at the time, but fortunately happened in at the end of the lad's first month at college and safely tided him over a fit of blues. The man, reviewing his college days, could not say to which of the two he should be more grateful. Constant came to visit him more frequently, but Victor came on special occasions and just when needed. When they came together, as not infrequently happened, the man remembered those oc-

casions as red-letter days of his college career. Often he noticed that Victor's visit followed closely upon Constant's, and he suspected that there was an understanding between them. Several occasions stood out prominently, and he recalled them with special gratitude to Victor. There was the finish of the mile-run when he thought he should never head the rival runner. It was just then when all seemed lost, he heard Victor's voice and its thrill lifted the lead from his feet, unwound his dead muscles and hurled him over the line a winner. Again, it was the night of the prize debate. He rose for his rebuttal with a feeling that all was lost. He caught sight of Victor's eyes fixed shining upon him and fought like one inspired and turned defeat into success. Most gratefully of all he remembers the day he was about to give up college, even despite the urging of Constant. He fortunately heard from the other friend, and Victor's eloquent message kept him studying till he received his diploma and degree. "It was Constant," he told everybody, "who brought me to college, but it was Victor who made me graduate."

The man's friends had come to spend a night with him. He had wished to thank them for his success in life and finally he had prevailed upon them to visit him. No others were there. The meeting took place in the library. When he clasped their hands, it was already growing dark. "My good friends," the man said tremulously, "I have not shown you the gratitude you deserve. You have stood by me always. More so when I faced life than when preparing for it. I was beginning to dissipate, when you, Constant, checked me and you, Victor, held me fast. Were it not for your help, I should never have dared to follow what was right in my profession and would not be occupying the high position which I now hold."

Then in rivalry the two friends told the man some of their many exploits. Constant it was who had inspired a Great Leader to fit Himself for His career amid the privations and the solitude of the desert, and Victor came in opportunely to comfort the Leader when the struggle was at its worst. "It was I," said Constant, "who made the Leader enter bravely into His Agony." "It was I," returned Victor, "who made Him, being in His Agony, to pray the more." "Who then are you?" cried the startled man. "Are you not my father's friends?" "My name is Courage," replied Constant. "And mine, Pluck," answered Victor; "And we always see the Face of thy Father Who is in heaven," said both. At that the man looked up dazed and saw no one, but only the moonlight falling upon his Crucifix.

LITERATURE

Poetry and the People

THE members of the theatrical company are peering through convenient holes in the scenery with heart-chills at the empty seats and heart-thrills where they see unbroken ranks of the audience. Only the leading man or the old-timer holds off in disdain or affected indifference, but give them a clear stage, and the glued eye steals a surreptitious glance. The arts want an audience. The poet may appear more indifferent than speaker or actor because the audience is not so immediate or pressing a need, but no poet will be content to soliloquize or issue closet poems for a select clientele. A poet does not wish to be a mere carver of bric-a-brac. He has a message, and he does not sing it to the empty air. If his audience is not now filling up the seats in front of his stage, he hopes that from years and centuries and cycles, he may gradually call enough listeners of his message to gratify at least his prophetic eye.

The poet mourns for his lost inheritance, when he was the bard who issued religious oracles, the minstrel who embodied his country's heroes in stirring verse, or the troubadour who sang of love and home and war. He is ill-content with the bottom of the magazine page when his ancestors were in temple and castle. Not the orator only, but the poet and all artists strive each in his own way to be popular, and the poet ought to feel the pulse of the people, if he would avoid the hieroglyphics of mere symbolism by thinking to himself, or become maudlin and incoherent by talking to himself. Homer talked to his fellow-men and kept his feet on earth and his head out of the clouds. He took the story-songs which the people liked, and in them he delivered his message. The epic after Homer grew conventional and artificial and retired into a closet. Then poetry went out again where the people were and took their songs, which, in course of time, etherealized into subtle lyrics and drifted into the closet. Once more the people were approached and their village masks and rude miracle plays were lifted by art into the drama. Will the drama of to-day succumb to the popular picture plays? Will it stereotype into a fossil and remain in a closet, or will it, as seems more likely, be rejuvenated by touch with the "movies" and display new forms of art. Pastoral poetry followed a like course, from the people to Theocritus, to Virgil, to Italian and French poetical shepherds and shepherdesses, who most likely could not tell a sheep from a goat.

Poetry, then, is not content with the closet; it insists on being abroad and in touch with the people. If its various species become conventional they are discarded for what the people like; if its forms lose their spontaneity by hardening into rigid moulds, the moulds are broken, and fresh forms are sought; if the language is transformed into fossil ornamentation, a Wordsworth will wish to have poetry frankly speak in the language of the people. Browning will rebel against the smoothness of line and ease of rhyme; Patmore will chafe at the shackles of verse which Whitman will utterly break; Kipling, following Thespis and Tyrtaeus and Theocritus, fares forth to life and comes back with new quarrying from the rough cliffs, ready for poetry's enhancing sculpture and polish. Then, again, art and conventionality and decay.

Poetry will be heard, and why should it not? The poet claims to be a seer, and have visions of the truth not vouchsafed to other men. He is on fire with his message. He will not be a mere revealer of nature and luxuriate in the asphodel meadows of sheer description, whose abundance too often means mental barrenness for the readers. He might poetize a star, as a painter paints it, "when only one is shining in the sky," content simply to reveal its beauty in its perfect being, its ontological truth and ontological beauty, we might term it. That will be a poem indeed, but he will see other truths in a star, truths of knowledge, intellectual truths, and he will manifest their perfection and beauty. Beauty is the handmaid of truth; the luster and resplendence of reality. The poet will reveal logical truth, and his audience will again

taste the fine flavor of the beauty we mean, and experience the delights of mental appreciation which are the proper and peculiar harvest of beauty. The poet is not yet content. There is more truth still in his star. "The heavens are telling the glory of God" and the poet will with the Psalmist see the law of God in the firmament on high. The poet will have visions of moral truth and will want his listeners to act in accordance with them. He will have recourse to the grandeur of eloquence. Then the good, which is the source of emotion and of all action, will be vested by poetry with appropriate beauty. The poet will reveal the beauty of joy, the beauty of desire, of hope, of love, of good, and thus he will reach with the help of eloquence to the heart of the people.

So have acted all the poets. Professor Murray would have us believe that the legion whose name according to him is Homer, expurgated Greek religion of many of its cruelties to teach a higher morality. David taught in his psalms and Isaiah in his prophecies and Job in his lamentations as well as Horace with his *aurea mediocritas*. Wearing the mask of apparent beauty and apparent good, come the evil teachers, Shelley with his revolt and atheism and Swinburne with his hedonism. The poets will have an audience, they will teach, not like professors, but rather like prophets. They lay open their truths to our intuition rather than to our reasoning powers. They do not drag us through a syllogism, but entrance us with a vision wherein truth and beauty are united. Eloquence will reach out its hand to poetry when eloquence is aflame with love of good. Then poetry will fascinate the mind with its high beauty and eloquence will capture the heart with its entrancing good, and like a chivalrous and fiery knight with his fair lady, they will attract the eyes of the world. Poetry will have its audience.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

REVIEWS

St. Clare of Assisi. By ERNEST GILLIAT-SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Partly as an inheritance from the romantic age in which he lived, partly as a result of his own paradoxical character, the story of St. Francis of Assisi, of St. Clare and others of his companions, has come down to us intricately interwoven with a tissue of what must be considered purely legendary. One result of this has been that there has arisen, outside the Church, a class of persons, who, having scant regard for saints as such, have nevertheless brought into being an esthetic and sentimental cultus of St. Francis and Franciscanism; a class to whom the beauty of holiness combined with sanctified common sense would make no very great appeal, a class whose leanings were more toward such medieval attitudes and pious antics as they might discern in the lives of those whom they patronize. Although the plain truth is that the saints, medieval or otherwise, were in their day no more romantic or medieval than a Wall Street broker is in his.

Mr. Gilliat-Smith's plan is to set down a critical life of St. Clare, for which purpose he has gathered together all the available evidence of contemporary witnesses and the later medieval writers, from which he presents the life of the saint in an interesting light. He has thought it best, in the interests of truth, to clear the ground somewhat first of all, and with this intent goes carefully into the alleged corruption of the Church at the time of St. Francis' conversion. It will be seen that the fact that there was in existence a remarkable and widespread spiritual and evangelical activity is a complete refutation to the charges of writers such as Sabatier, who would picture the Church as in a state of complete decadence when St. Francis stepped in to save her from extinction. The author sees no reason for believing that St. Clare belonged to the family of the Scefi, and finds sufficient proof in the death of her father, when she was about nine years old, to put out of court the romance that some ten years later he tried by force to prevent her taking the veil: so the story of the midnight flight to San Damiano is accounted for by other means than the wrath of an irate parent.

Mr. Gilliat-Smith is candid and honest, and does not disguise the fact that in some instances he "suspects" and "conjectures"; but of his impartiality in the interests of historico-critical truth there can be no doubt. This is perhaps his reason for being somewhat hard on Thomas of Celano, of his outspokenness on behalf of Brother Elias of Cortona, and of a perceptible diminution in appreciation of the lamblike qualities of Brother Leo, whose praises are in the "Fioretti"; while the Bollandists are laid under contribution to restore Brother Juniper to his (original) position of *jaculator* and not *joculator Domini*.

Of St. Clare herself the author draws an admirable picture, and her sanctity is none the less eminent because he considers her to have been a practical and strong-minded woman.

> In the first days of his generalship he [Brother John Parenti] fell foul of the Seraphic Mother in the matter of her chaplains and, like all who crossed swords with that redoubtable woman, he soon found himself shamefully worsted.

The story of St. Clare putting the Saracens to flight by appearing before them with the monstrance in her hands is vouched for by Thomas of Celano alone, and is not given in the bull of canonization of Nicholas IV or in any contemporary writer, and this inclines the author to the opinion of the above-mentioned Pontiff that the city was saved by the saint's prayers. The statement that St Clare was "tonsured" (page 53 *et al*) is somewhat perplexing, unless by that the author refers simply to the fact of the saint having her hair cut off when she received the religious habit from St. Francis. Mr. Gilliat-Smith denies with energy, the story of St. Clare and one of her nuns supping with St. Francis at the Portiuncula.

The second part of this book deals with the Rules observed by the Poor Ladies, and it is interesting to note how far the Rule was influenced by the Benedictine Rule. The Life is a very readable one and, in many respects, is apt to revolutionize the general ideas held regarding the foundation of the Franciscan Order; certainly, the author has succeeded in demolishing many of the pet ideas of those whom he terms "Franciscan sentimentalists," and has given us a work of great value to students on the life and times of St. Francis.

H. C. W.

The Graves at Kilmorna, a Story of '67. By CANON P. A. SHEEHAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35.

This, the last story written by Canon Sheehan, is simple, interesting in itself and serves to convey to his countrymen concern, hopes and fears excited in the writer by the present trend of things Irish. He divides it into two parts, which might well bear the titles of Ireland Patriotic and Ireland Political. The year '67 connotes the last abortive effort to overthrow the rule of England over Ireland. The trial and conviction of the hero for treason-felony gives Canon Sheehan an opportunity of putting before the public, in the "speech from the dock," the ideals and claims of Ireland, and ably does he avail himself of the occasion. The words of the judge, in passing sentence of death on the accused, state plainly and forcibly the position of England, and leave on the mind of the reader the realization that the days of physical force are over; and there is no escape from the conviction that ballots, not bullets, must free Ireland. The commutation of the death sentence into penal service in England gives the author an opening to expose the brutality exercised toward the political prisoner. The felon is pardoned, returns to Ireland, resumes

an honorable business, but takes no part in politics. Ideals have changed, principles have worked loose, education, always anti-national, has become shallow, religious influence is weakened and selfishness is everywhere. It is a sad picture, but Canon Sheehan leaves us one ray of hope, the life typified by Mount Melleray. The author has written well his last caution to Ireland. P. J. D.

Your Pay Envelope. By JOHN R. MEADER. New York. The Devin-Adair Company. $1.00.

Anti-Christian Socialism. By REV. C. L. DRAWBRIDGE, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $0.40.

Mr. Meader, formerly editor of the *Common Cause,* has confined himself in his work to the economic aspects of socialism. His refutation of the fundamental Marxian principles is clear and popular. Particularly happy is his answer to the soap-box orator's promise of fabulous pay for little work under the socialist régime. Conservative socialists are content with holding out the hope of a six-hours' working day and a $2,000 wage. In the rosy horizon of the socialist future, however, there are no limits set to the shortening of hours and the raising of wages. The arithmetical calculation by which such promises are established is simple, but erroneous. To the fallacy that under socialism there will be less work and higher pay Mr. Meader opposes the nowise unimaginable possibility of there being no salary at all, but rather a big deficit. The author's implying, however, that we may justly "get the industries away from their present owners" if only the workers could absorb all the profits is unguarded. The assumption, moreover, that "the worker is justified in not being satisfied with his lot," admits of limitation and distinction. So too, while insisting upon the necessity of labor organizations, there is evident need of discrimination in our approval of existing conditions.

While Mr. Meader has produced a book that will excellently serve to refute the economic fallacies of socialism, the Reverend C. L. Drawbridge has confined himself to another aspect of the question: the prevalence of the atheistic element in socialism. His method of first offering without any hint at a solution, the entire socialist argument against Christianity and only in the latter and shorter part of the work making his reply, may not be the most prudent for popular purposes. The book is well suited, however, for the educated Christian reader seeking to prepare himself to meet the arguments of socialism. Though not a Catholic clergyman, the author is Catholic in his point of view. The treatment of socialists is fair, restrained and sane and the conclusion that "socialists tend to be irreligious and anti-Christian and that the opponents of religion tend to be socialists" is entirely just. J. H.

Edward Rowland Sill, His Life and Work. By WILLIAM BELMONT PARKER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.75.

The subject of this biography was a New Englander who wrote good verses and taught school with success. Particularly interesting are the chapters which describe his undergraduate days at Yale: 1857-1861. The college was then a sternly Puritan institution, relations between professors and pupils were most unsympathetic, and since the dreary Calvinism that pervaded the place drove young Sill into a revolt against revealed religion, we may add one more to the losses the dour Genevan's system has cost Christianity. The "great revival" that swept through the country in '58 was especially enthusiastic, of course, at Yale. All the students except Sill and a few others "joined forthwith the church," but this book records that the ensuing "reaction was frightful. There probably never was at Yale such an orgy of dissipation as during the following autumn."

After graduating Sill took ship for California, and there became a banking clerk and postmaster. He then began the study of law, then thought of medicine, and then went to Harvard to be a Unitarian minister. That career he soon gave up, however, and meditated going on the stage, but became instead a schoolmaster, and a good one, in Oakland. A large portion of his remaining years were devoted to the cause of education in California as he was closely identified with the beginnings of the State University and of Berkeley. Here is some excellent advice he gave a young teacher:

> 1. Don't *care* in the faintest possible degree what the children *think* of your doings. (You may *think* as much as you please of what they *care* for. They have tender little hearts.)
> 2. Don't try to do (or have them) two days' work in one. Little by little, and the least things first, and *many times repeated.*
> 3. Their education consist mainly in *their working; not yours.* Sometimes the teachers that work hardest do the poorest work, on that very account. (Your work *out* of school, of course, helps them: but I mean, in.)
> 4. If you find yourself getting excited, or talking loud, or moving quickly (*i.e.,* hurriedly) just *stop,* and let the steam go down. Give the children something to do quietly, as a composition on "What I should like to have," or something, meantime.

Owing largely to his "liberal" religious opinions Professor Sill was obliged in 1882 to leave Berkeley. He at once devoted himself altogether to literature. He published a volume of poems, had a hand in starting the *Overland Monthly* and became a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic.* The last few years of his life Sill passed in Ohio, where he died unexpectedly in 1887. The selections the biographer has made from Mr. Sill's letters contain fine tributes to the teacher's high calling and show what excellent literary judgment the writer possessed. Though Mr. Parker's "Life" by being delayed ten years, has doubtless gained in many ways, had it been published in 1905, he probably would not have remarked that a certain "proposition was turned down." There are eight good pictures in the volume. W. D.

Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. By FRANK A. MUMBY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.00.

The beginning of the feud between the English and Scottish queens is recounted in this volume, forming as it does one of a series that the author intends to give to the public, to illustrate the history of England by means of contemporary letters. In these pages we find the hopes and fears not only of the rival queens but of those in the public life of that very complex but interesting period of English history. The reader is given an insight into the duplicity of Elizabeth's character, her procrastinating policy in the marriage question, and her selfish and unpatriotic attitude toward the succession, that only such documents can furnish. Then too, the trying position of the hapless Queen of Scots, the effect of French influence on her girlhood days, her rivalry with Elizabeth and her infatuation for Darnley, are seen in the views of the time and from the standpoint of the sixteenth century.

Although a few of the letters are based on prejudice they reveal some of the secret workings of the foreign and domestic policy of Elizabethan England. The diplomatic intrigues of the first years of Elizabeth's reign and the early links in the chain of events that led to the climax in the tragedy of Mary Stuart, can be followed step by step in the correspondence of ambassadors and courtiers who watched every move with tense interest.

Mr. Mumby has endeavored to present an impartial contemporary narrative of a very bitter period in the Empire's history. His notes and comments on persons and events as they are unfolded before us in four hundred pages are fair and bespeak careful investigation and research. His frequent reference to

Froude, however, does not add weight to the historical value of his work. On page 264 there is printed on the authority of Wright a resolution of the Pope's council at Rome in 1563, that is as ridiculous as it is false. It is the only stain on a clean piece of historical criticism. G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "The Lone Star Ranger," the book heading the list of January's "best-sellers," there are so many "bluggy" shootings that twenty years ago the story would have been bound in paper covers and sold for ten cents. The dime novel, however, was clean, which this book is not. "The Eyes of the World," already noticed in AMERICA, is a dangerous novel that manages to keep "popular," and "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" is a harmless tale of the Canadian Mounted Police. In "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," Mr. Oppenheim has written a novel which is no better nor worse than its many predecessors. He has undoubted power, which it is to be regretted he has again devoted to a story of marital intrigue. "The Pastor's Wife" can not be recommended, but in "Bambi," the last of the six on the *Bookman's* list, there is no great harm. In announcing "The Ragged Messenger" ($1.35), Bobbs Merrill Company are at pains to assure the public that no matter what may have been said of the author's previous volume, no charge of salaciousness can be brought against the present powerfully written work. In spite of their protest, there is a taint in the book which, if not exactly salacious, is far too realistic to make it a fit novel for any young person, or acceptable reading for any Catholic.

A "First Book for Italians," written by Bernard H. Burke, (Edward E. Babb & Co. Boston) is well adapted to its purpose. The lessons are so arranged that the beginner can easily improve his knowledge of English gradually and without fear of being confronted with any words which would be hard to pronounce and still harder to spell. The author's aim is to be as simple as possible. The double arrangement of the sounds of the alphabet, and the words preceding each lesson which are followed by their equivalent in Italian will help the student to learn our language rapidly. The book should prove of great value to our Italian immigrants.

The March *Catholic World* opens with a well-written paper by Dr. Edmund G. Shanahan, entitled "A Returning Caveman," in which it is pointed out that the boasted "after-Christian morality" owes all that is good in it to the influence of the Christian tradition on public opinion. There follows an interesting sketch of Cardinal Mercier's personality and career, by W. P. H. Kitchin; an examination of "Hamlet," by Father McNabb for autobiographical data regarding its author; a good picture of Paris in war time, by Charles Bans-san, in which he indicates the religious change that has come over France by this anecdote:

> Recently, Paris learned of the death of a young and talented writer, M. Ernest Pischari, killed at the head of the battery of which he was lieutenant. He was the grandson of Renan. He was a Dominican Tertiary, and had just resolved to enter a religious order when the war broke out. In the midst of his occupations, even in the army, he never neglected the daily recital of his breviary. The book his grandfather, Renan, had flung away he picked up and used faithfully. In the words of his own hero in "The Call to Arms," "he stood with his fathers against his father." We have here, it would seem, a picture of France herself, the France of to-day returning to her traditions, the Paris that rivets our attention, a calm Paris, a Paris no longer frivolous, no longer skeptical, a Paris that believes.

John Ayscough contributes a critical estimate of Swinburne, Hardy and Meredith; and Dudley G. Wooten reviews Mexico's history since she broke away from Spain ninety-three years ago.

A new edition has been published of Archbishop Landriot's "The Valiant Woman" (Burns and Oates, 2 shillings), a series of seventeen instructions he gave, when Bishop of La Rochelle, to the Ladies of the Society of Charity. The discourses are practical, reflect, as was to be expected, social conditions that prevail in France, and have been well translated by Helena Lyons.——In "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious" (Herder, $1.50), the Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S.J., has arranged a development of the Exercises that those who "make their points" privately will find of value. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Fathers Roothan, Meschler, Nonell, etc., and suggests readings, patrons, and the like, for each day of the retreat.

"The Elder Miss Ainsborough" (Benziger, $1.25), the central figure of a new novel by Marian Ames Taggart, is painfully unselfish, while her half-sister, younger by a decade, is selfish with an intensity which deepens with years. The fond devotion and self-suppression of the elder sister are potent factors in the spoiling of the younger. "Devotion is like most things," says their keen-witted old Aunt Huldah. "It needs mixing with sense." In the dear school of experience the heroine is gradually, and through many tribulations, brought to her senses. To supply the needful tribulation, the hero acts at critical moments with exasperating obtuseness. Through the adroit intervention of Aunt Huldah "The Elder Miss Ainsborough" is at last happily wedded. The story is simply and forcefully told and is worth telling.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Andrus & Church, Ithaca, N. Y.:
Millard Fillmore. By William Elliot Griffis.

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Elder Miss Ainsborough.. By Marion Ames Taggart. $1.25; Commentary on the Psalms. By Rev. E. S. Berry. $2.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Pro Fide: a Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion. By Charles Harris, D.D. $3.50; St. Clare of Assisi. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. $3.50; Practical Mysticism. By Evelyn Underhill. $1.00; Jesus and Politics. By Harold B. Shepheard. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Church and Usury. By Rev. Patrick Cleary. $1.10; The Curse of Adam. By P. M. Northcote. $0.75.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Kitchener. By Harold Begbie. $1.25; The Higher Individualism. By Edward Scribner Ames. $1.10; The Audacious war. By C. W. Barron. $1.10; Edward Roland Sill; His Life and Work. By William Belmont Parker. $1.75; Fantastics and Other Fancies. By Lafcadio Hearn. $5.00; The Early Church. By George Hodges. $1.75; A Reluctant Adam. By Sidney Williams. $1.35; Prescriptions. R. C. Cabot, M.D. Selected by Edith Motter Lamb. $0.50.

John Lane Co., New York:
A Playmate of Philip II. By Lady Moreton. $3.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
How Belgium Saved Europe. By Dr. Charles Sarolea, with a Preface by Count Goblet D'Alviella and an Appendix by Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Straight Path. By M. J. Phelan, S.J. $0.80; The Graves at Kilmorna. By Canon Sheehan. $1.35.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
The World of H. G. Wells. By Van Wyck Brooks. $1.25.

Neale Publishing Co., New York:
Poems. By Rev. Henry B. Tierney. $1.00.

Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton, London:
The Society of the Sacred Heart. By Jane Erskine Stuart.

St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.:
Salve Alma Mater: a Souvenir. $1.10.

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago:
A History of the United States for Catholic Schools. Prepared by the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration.

Survey Associates, Inc., New York:
The Middle West Side. By Otho G. Cartwright; Mothers Who Must Earn. By Katherine Anthony. $2.00.

Teachers' College, Columbia University:
A Comparative Study of the Intelligence of Delinquent Girls. By Augusta F. Bronner.

EDUCATION

A Model of Higher Perfection

"IT is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

The cold winds of investigation, our favorite indoor sport, have been bearing down of late upon our huge and efficient Commissions for the Relief of Indigent Colleges, our Punjab Medical Boards, our Institutions for Medical Research, and our other moneyed embodiments of modern charity and education. For a time, there was talk of low barometers and scudding rack, for the weather promised to be squally, and the harbor bar was already moaning. It appeared possible that the gentlemen, whose funds finance these modern charities, might be given an occasion of wailing with Mrs. Gummidge, that they were "lone, lorn creeturs," with whom "everythink went contrairy."

A VANQUISHED ÆOLUS

But the storm lifted, heading toward Chicago, with Mr. Walsh in the rôle of a vanquished Æolus. Again the skies are blue. Once more the soft winds of approbation, wafted by grateful beneficiaries, call with the voice of spring, and the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations lift up starry eyes in joy to the fretted vault. Oil and steel are looking up, too, in the markets of the world. A grand harmonious chaunt of love and rest and meek-eyed peace, led by those eminent educators, Messrs. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Starr J. Murphy, soothes and encircles our whirling orb. Their sole purpose in life is to do all the good they can, from Colorado and Kamtchatka even to the steppes of Tartary. In the effulgence of this nobility, let all carping criticism sink into ignoble silence. For the fate of the world is joy, when our paths are smoothed by hands that are perfect. The price of steel and oil may rise and soar, and be lifted, but the vulgar proceeds are for the uplifting of you and me. A new thing has obtained a place in the sun. Saints there are, who have given their lives for the perfecting of their kind. Few, if any, have engaged in trade for the same purpose. By day and by night, Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller with their miners, agents and operatives, toil for us. They work while we sleep. A sweetly solemn thought.

THEY FEEL IT MORE

Heading, as was remarked, for Chicago, the Interstate Commission has ceased from troubling the Models of Higher Perfection in New York. The Commission gave us nothing new, except the spectacle of the good Mr. Carnegie in the guise of a comic monologue artist, but it did a good work in retelling some old stories that need retelling. Likewise it brought into the field of ascertained knowledge the fact that Foundations with blanket-charters, and persons like Dr. Eliot, do not like to be investigated. They feel it more than other people.

Considering Dr. Eliot, it appears that many of his answers before the Commission were enveloped with an atmosphere of hurt surprise. The possibility that the omniscience of a President-Emeritus of Harvard might be questioned by a Missouri lawyer, seems never to have swum into Dr. Eliot's ken. For has he not written a book on chemistry, guided a University, given to the world an elective system which is fast being discarded? Has he not with infinite art compressed within the brief compass of sixty inches, the choice marrow of the world's best books, hazarding the absurd supposition that by feeding on it for a quarter of an hour daily, one may achieve an education? Has he not, moreover, told us upon what mental pabulum the budding intellects and tender imaginations of our seven-year-old children must be nourished? And has he not developed at least two new varieties of an ancient philosophic heresy, dubbing them, with all the pomp of bell, book and candle, "world-religion"?

DR. ELIOT'S CREDENTIALS

These are credentials not lightly to be eschewed. But in war time, passports are scanned with care. If elaborated, signed and sealed by the bearer himself, suspicion grows apace. Dr. Eliot has no greater admirer than the President-Emeritus of Harvard. The President-Emeritus of Harvard has no more devoted follower than Dr. Eliot. Great are the uses of advertisement, as none know better than Dr. Eliot and the President-Emeritus of Harvard. Hence, while an air of hurt surprise pervaded the answers of the President-Emeritus of Harvard to the Commission, its source and origin are to be found in a genuine wonderment that any should presume to question the all-embracing perfection of Dr. Eliot.

Thus, for instance, Dr. Eliot can not see what harmful influence may possibly be exerted upon an institution of learning by a bonded corporation which makes a specialty of introducing into religious schools, a new line of non-sectarian education and religion. He is led to this conclusion by the fact that this bonded corporation actually gave the Harvard Medical School a larger slice of financial pudding than this dear child of Dr. Eliot had asked for. Now, to be sure, a medical school, fathered by Dr. Eliot, is *sans peur et sans reproche*. Anything with which Dr. Eliot may connect himself is, by the fact, a sharer in his perfection. Mark Twain once wrote that information seemed to stew out of him, *i.e.*, Mark Twain, naturally, like the precious ottar of roses out of the otter. So too does perfection exude from Dr. Eliot. He has more than the magic touch once attributed to kings, and all of the king's present prerogative of being unable to do wrong.

HARVARD LOGIC

Again, he apprehends no peril in the fact that the legal restraints, noted in the charters of these bloated Foundations, are but loose and airy. They can not go wrong, he says, because men of the highest character, even such as himself, constitute the self-perpetuating Board of Trustees. Dullards may hold this the precise point at issue. These Foundations are in no sense a menace, because their directors and trustees are self-sacrificing toilers for the common good, argues Dr. Eliot. Similarly, the trustees and directors can not be a menace because, on their own testimony, and Dr. Eliot's, they are noble, unselfish laborers for the public weal. Into the hands of pundits, blanket-charters, charters loosely written, with powers vaguely defined, may be safely entrusted; charters highly dangerous to the State, were they, by some excursion into the impossible, granted to a Catholic Educational Association with an equal sum of money at its disposal. It is time to talk of more definite legal restraint, it is argued, when the event has proved that these blanket-charters have been abused. This, too, is an argument unapproved by common sense, and new in jurisprudence. It was elaborated in the brain of the genius who bids you not to worry about bolts and bars until by rifling your house, thieves justify the existence of locksmiths.

Interlocking directorates are frowned upon by the majority of economists and jurists, but Dr. Eliot thinks them of the highest value, when they include such persons as the President-Emeritus of Harvard. It is fairly clear that Dr. Eliot is accustomed to judge of all things by that ultimate standard of perfection which, he conceives, is himself. To read and write, says Dogberry, comes by nature. No merely human person, even by dint of labor and much midnight Standard

oil, could have acquired a tithe of the perfect knowledge which flows from Dr. Eliot, as waters from the rock of Horeb upon a parched and fainting world. Hence, it must be that Dr. Eliot is a kind of Superman, of whom perfection is a natural attribute.

DOGBERRY'S COMMISSION

Too long has the President-Emeritus of Harvard been accepted at his own valuation. At Harvard, he evinced a fine financial genius, and a keen sense of the value of advertising. He has a following not composed, notably, of discriminating educators, but of the snappers-up of unconsidered trifles. As a publicity agent, he would undoubtedly be of value to any large manufacturing or mercantile establishment. But as a dogmatizer—and who can dogmatize like Dr. Eliot?—on matters of religion and education, his commission is a fellow to that written by an immortal for the Second Watchman: "You are thought to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern." Under this commission, Dr. Eliot has been suffered to bear the lantern for many a year. But its brief taper was long since extinguished. P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

State Pensions for Widows

IT is probably true that Catholic teachers of morality lay greater stress upon obedience than upon any other virtue. Submission to lawful authority in Church and State they look upon as fundamental. "Fear God and honor the king," and "Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God, the things that are God's," are principles which the child imbibes in his first instructions.

It is only by a natural sequence, then, that Catholics are a typically peaceful folk, noted for a spirit of conservatism which at times has been interpreted as sluggishness, or indifference to the common good. And yet it is not indifference. Rather, it is conscientiousness. Religion does not necessarily impart a sense of civic and political values. Nor does it, except to those whose eyes have been cleared by years of deep and simple faith, give that delicacy of perception which, while it measures accurately the things that we must give to Cæsar, does not lessen the measure of our loyalty to God.

CONSERVATIVE CATHOLICS

It is precisely because of their loyalty to God and the State, therefore, that the average Catholic is disposed to view with disapproval the assumption by the State of any new or hitherto untried powers. The American Catholic, in particular, loves the maxim that a country is best governed when governed least. Bureaucracy, officialdom, even the necessary secrecy of a justifiable diplomacy, are abhorrent to his mind. He looks askance when he hears that by stretching the inter-state commerce clause of the Constitution, the Government now justifies its protectorate over the fish that migrate between Virginia and Maryland waters. Hence it is not surprising, that our average Catholic is disposed to look upon the bulk of what we are terming "social legislation," as socialistic, or as the expression of gross paternalism. Perhaps his view is correct.

PATERNALISTIC LEGISLATION

There can be little doubt, for instance, that certain measures adopted in many communities for the protection of children, are absurdly and unnecessarily paternalistic. They break down the sense of parental responsibility, a country's greatest asset, by shifting it to the State, normally the court of last, not first, appeal. Moreover, they weaken the moral fiber of the child himself. Certainly no child should be deprived of what is necessary for his physical well-being. No one wishes to see a child hungry or insufficiently clad. But even in the early stages of character-development, adversity has its value. The fact that a small percentage of school children in certain large cities are in need of food and clothing, is certainly no valid reason to throw upon the city the burden of supporting all, even those not in want. This is pauperizing child and parent alike. Moreover, after destroying parental responsibility, it opens a ready door, if not to actual dishonesty, at least, to something very like dishonesty.

Students of this question report that in some American communities, where meals are furnished either at actual cost, or gratuitously to school children, not a few penny-pinching parents will make use of these opportunities, not because they are unable to feed their children, but because they see no reason why they should make expenditures for this purpose when the community offers to shoulder the expense. If food, books, clothing, transportation are to be free at all, they must be made free to all the children alike. To set aside a certain number of the children as the recipients of public bounty, would be the last step in pauperizing. Reports, grossly exaggerated, of underfed or starving school children in New York, have been circulated throughout the country, and have been used as arguments for free meals. Yet according to the New York *Sun*, the number of children in need of assistance certainly does not exceed one per cent. of the total enrolment.

UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE OF THE PENSION ACT

But there are other forms of social legislation opposed, and probably unwisely opposed, by the average Catholic. One such measure is known as the Widows' Pension Law, now administered, apparently with success, in many States and communities, but vigorously fought in New York and other States. To its opponents, this form of public relief seems an unwarranted and wholly unnecessary extension of the paternal functions of the State.

Neither count of this indictment seems valid. Catholic philosophers and jurists hold that to provide for the individual in those things in which he can not suitably provide for himself, is not merely a possible function, but a strict duty of the State. It is this principle which justifies the appropriation of public funds for private relief. It is argued that dependent persons, in the present instance destitute widows, can not, without imperiling higher interests, provide for themselves. The higher interest in question is the preservation of the home upon which, in large measure, depends the proper training of the child. If by reason of the death of the father, the family's bread-winner, the mother is forced to leave a young family to seek work, it is obvious that the children are perforce abandoned to their own devices and, in many instances, especially in large cities, these devices are not good, either morally or physically. It may happen, however, that the mother may decide to break up the family by placing the children in institutions. Public institutions are supported from the public funds, private institutions by the contributions of the charitable. The Widows' Pension Law proposes to use these funds, which in any case ultimately come from the public, in such a manner as to enable the mother to keep the family together. In this there is certainly no trace of socialism, or of usurpation on part of the State of undue authority.

ACTUAL CONDITIONS

It will be at once objected, that this purpose can be better effected by private charity. In the ideal order, yes, and perhaps practically in some communities. But what if the burden is beyond the resources of private charity? That this is the case in many larger American communities, seems fairly plain. The actual facts have wrought a change

of heart in many an ardent opponent of this measure, which the New York General Assembly now has under consideration.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis, it is fairly clear that the private charitable associations can not begin to care properly for indigent widows seeking relief at their hands. The problem has been carefully studied, appeals have been made to the public, all funds have been administered with the utmost economy and, with each succeeding year, conditions have become more distressing. By reason of the smaller funds at their disposal, Catholic societies are even more hampered than the non-sectarian foundations. The majority, almost ninety per cent., of the dependent widows maintained by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, are Catholics. Most of these women have young families. What is to become of the home influence, infinitely superior to the best of institutions, if the mother is forced to seek work outside the home? Experience shows that in this case, one or other of two things happens, almost by necessity. The ordinary course is that the child becomes a truant, and truancy, as a New York Chief Attendance Officer witnesses, is the first step to irregular habits far more serious in their effects. The other course is that the child, or children, is sent to an institution. If it is a State institution, the Catholic child frequently makes shipwreck of his faith. If it is a Catholic institution, he will be well cared for, but it is quite impossible to reproduce home conditions even in the best of institutions. And a growing child needs the influence of these conditions almost as much as an unweaned infant needs its mother's milk. In any case, you and I foot the bill. Would it not be infinitely preferable to pay this money, under proper restriction, to the mother, and thus enable her to keep the family together?

THEORY AND PRACTICE

It is, of course, far easier, to justify the principle of the Widows' Pension Law, than to draft a suitable law, or to administer it properly, once it is put on the statute book. The drafting may take an era of unfortunate experiences with pseudo-widows and grafting or incompetent officials. Certainly, provision should be made that from its administration, the political organizations and the charity trusts be excluded with impartial thoroughness. This is no small task. But the underlying principle of the proposed law is sound. It is imperative that these dependent persons be assisted. Neither private charity nor the Church can render this help. The conclusion is obvious. What should recommend this proposed legislation most strongly to Catholics, is the fact that it is calculated to keep the family together.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Some weeks ago the Chicago *Tribune* saw the light, refused "Pastor" Russell's advertisements, and apologized to its readers for the few already published. This action was not based upon an objection to any religion which the "Pastor" might have at heart, but upon reasons stated in the form of a biography of the "Pastor," published in the *Tribune* in daily instalments. The biography was fairly detailed, and can hardly afford pleasant reading to the "Pastor" or to his devoted following. The *Tribune's* example has now been followed by the Chicago *Herald*. The New York *Evening Post*, however, while announcing daily at the head of its editorial column that

> the design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature

continues to publish the "Pastor's" advertisements.

On February 22 the Reverend Mother de Loe was elected General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, by the General Congregation assembled in Rome. The new Mother General was born in the Rhineland of a Belgian mother and a German father. Her family has long been distinguished for its interest in the welfare of the Church, one of her uncles, General de Loe, doing heroic service for Catholics during the *Kulturkampf*. Mother de Loe, who was educated at Blumenchal, Holland, has had a distinguished career. At twenty-six she was mistress of novices in Brussels; later, in 1889, she went to Italy, where she held various important offices, becoming first mistress-general of studies in an important convent in Rome, then superintendent of the same convent and mistress of novices, too, and finally, in 1896, Vicar of all the Italian houses. On the death of the lamented Mother Stuart, Mother de Loe became Vicar-general, and now the General Congregation has conferred upon her the high but difficult office of General.

Last spring, a lady pleaded, as a disinterested lover of art and morality, in favor of certain "uplifting" films which had proved too much for even New York's "broad-minded" censors. Her devotion was touching, until she sued the film company for her wages. At present this facile advocate is arguing before a legislative committee, for the abolition of capital punishment in New York. "Let there be no more taking of young lives at Sing Sing," she sobs, referring presumably, to the timely taking off of certain criminals, who labored earnestly to introduce the law of the jungle into the metropolis. This lady will do no good to any cause to which she may attach herself, or for which she may be retained. It is to be hoped, therefore, that she will plead long and earnestly for the abolition of the death penalty in the State of New York.

Retreats for laymen are taking a firmer hold on the people. This is evident not only from the growing interest manifested by the laymen themselves, and this in many cities, but also from the greater willingness to make sacrifices in order to foster the work that has been marked in many religious communities. Greater effectiveness is being obtained by more careful differentiation into groups. Thus, for example, one finds retreats for working men and for working girls, for school children and for school teachers, for Christian mothers and for Children of Mary. Professional and business men also have been given an opportunity to study their difficulties and obligations; but for the most part they have their three days of retirement together, and have listened to instructions on duties common to them all rather than on the needs peculiar to themselves. This year, however, in New York City physicians are to have a retreat for themselves alone during the week beginning March 21. This is the second annual retreat of the kind, last year's effort having met with most gratifying success, as it gathered together not only Catholic doctors, but some Protestants as well. It is especially fitting that such a retreat should be held in the chapel of a Catholic hospital. The plan that has been inaugurated at Saint Vincent's Hospital will no doubt be taken up in many another Catholic hospital.

"Why do Catholics object to the convent-inspection bills?" This question, usually put in bad faith, comes as a rule from the vulgar, or from the benighted denizens of the backwoods who still believe that the "revelations" of the notorious Maria Monk are true. Occasionally, however, the question is asked in good faith. To these it may be answered, that convents, and similar institutions, in-so-far as they are the recipients of a public trust, readily submit to examination and, as a

matter of fact, such examinations are common. Their private affairs, however, are their own, just as yours are. If a Catholic institution receives public funds for services rendered, no one objects to an auditing of receipts and expenditures, by the proper authority. If it receives the community's wards from the courts, it makes regular reports upon the care given these unfortunate children, and their progress. Further examination, touching the private concerns of the community, is of no concern to the public. Hostility to the Church and her institutions, the offspring either of unspeakable ignorance, or of a heart saturated with vileness, is responsible for the "convent-inspection" bills which, from time to time, appear before State legislatures.

It is part of the usual procedure of the General Congregation which meets for the election of a General of the Society of Jesus, to proceed, after the main purpose of the meeting has been accomplished, to the enactment of such legislation as changing conditions of the times seem to demand. In accordance with this practice the Congregation of the Society, which is now in session in Rome, has modified the external organization of the Society in a way which intimately touches the United States. With a view to facilitating the transaction of business, the Jesuits of the world are grouped together into what are called Assistancies, each of which is represented in the Curia at Rome by an Assistant who, after his election by the General Congregation, resides at Rome and takes a most important part in the government of the S ciety. Heretofore, at least of recent years, there have been five such groups, the English, French, German, Italian and Spanish Assistancies. Under the English Assistancy were united the Jesuits of Canada, England, Ireland and the United States. Of late, however, the Jesuits in the United States have so rapidly increased, their works have become so numerous and extensive, and their interests so important, that it has been deemed advisable to create a new Assistancy for North America alone. It is composed of the Provinces of the United States, known as California, Maryland-New York, Missouri, New Orleans and the Province of Canada. The representative of the American Assistancy is the Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, a man well known in the Eastern States, who has held almost every position of trust in the gift of the Maryland-New York Province.

In Holy Week of last year the rules and customs of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, based on the original rule of St. Vincent de Paul, were submitted to the Holy See. On February 19, the Sisters received from the Sacred Congregation of Regulars an authentic copy of the Constitutions, together with the Decree in Praise of their Institute and Constitutions. But one important change was enjoined. Hereafter the Sisters will take perpetual, instead of yearly vows. The zeal displayed by these devoted followers of Christ has done much to further the progress of the Church in the West. More than five hundred now call St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth, Kansas, "home." They labor in thirty-eight houses, located in the dioceses of Leavenworth, Kansas City, Lincoln, Denver, Cheyenne, Great Falls, Helena, and in the Archdiocese of Santa Fé. Our religious women are a source of untold blessing to any community favored by their presence. Their voices are not heard in the market-place, nor do they prattle the nonsense, and worse, of feminism. Calmly, gently, perseveringly, they pick up the duties left unfinished by a world that has no time for God and duty. It is their zeal and sacrifice alone, that make possible the thousands of institutions throughout the country where, day by day, the minds and hearts of little children are turned to God, where suffering humanity is soothed, and taught to bear with patience and, at last, to kiss the Cross. And so the fine and delicate, yet strong, skein of their lives is woven by days that tell of tasks accepted for God's children, by nights that speak in silent prayer to God, the Father of us all. The beautiful devotion of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, that has made their name a hallowed title throughout the West, will doubtless receive new impetus from the approbation which has been bestowed upon their congregation. May God's blessing rest upon them, strengthening their hands for the labors that remain.

Maryland, which was so prominent in the formation of an International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, has now placed the foundations for a successful State Federation. The Organization Convention held for this purpose at Baltimore, February 20 and 21, was attended by a large number of representatives from twelve Alumnæ associations of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. The object of the Federation, as Mrs. James J. Sheeran, Chairman of the Permanent Organization Committee of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, explained, is to render the different alumnæ associations throughout the Baltimore archdiocese mutually helpful and to unite them into a thoroughly organized body that can demand consideration for the cause it represents. With true Catholic instinct the speaker added:

> While we hope to encourage the social side of our alumnae associations, we, as Catholics, must have no false standards regarding class. The charity that is born of religion makes no favorites because of social standing. No matter where our Alma Mater may be, no matter who instructed us, we meet on the common ground of Catholic Higher Education. This is the call that bids every alumnae association to lend the force of its numbers to a general recognition of the work of our educators. We must become a proof that there is an immense body of Catholic women who have received the benefit of higher education. Do not ask, "What will the International Federation do for our individual alumnae association?" but rather, "In what way may our organization strengthen and support the rest?"

These are noble words, which should not be without their effect. On Sunday, February 21, a reception was given, at which His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons presided. In a well-deserved tribute bestowed by him upon our Catholic Sisterhoods he proposed that the aim of the new organization should be to deepen in each member love and gratitude for her Alma Mater, and to increase above all her knowledge and love of that greater Alma Mater, Mother Church. Addresses were delivered by Mgr. C. F. Thomas, Mgr. William A. Fletcher and Reverend William J. Ennis, S.J., President of Loyola College. Dr. Capen, of the United States Bureau of Education, representing Commissioner P. P. Claxton, offered the fullest service of that department and its cooperation toward perfecting still more the excellent standard of the institutions represented by the association.

Rev. Michael Martin, S.J., Professor of Canon Law in St. Louis University, died in St. Louis on February 23. Father Martin was born in Ireland, July 20, 1846, and was educated at St. Macarten's College, Monaghan, and at Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1870. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1885, and after a further course in theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, was assigned to pastoral duties in Cincinnati and St. Louis. In 1899, Father Martin was appointed to the chair of Moral Theology in St. Louis University, which he retained until 1910, when he was made professor of Canon Law. He was a frequent contributor to ecclesiastical magazines, and published "Notes on Slater's Moral Theology," and "The Roman Curia." Father Martin will long be remembered for his great learning, his exquisite courtesy, and his deep and simple piety.



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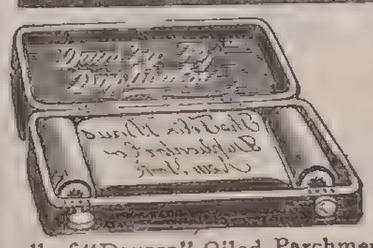
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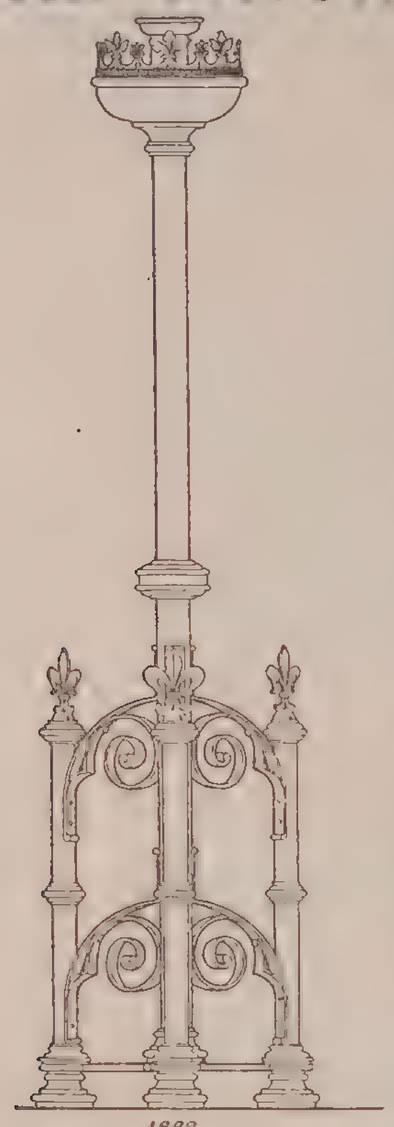
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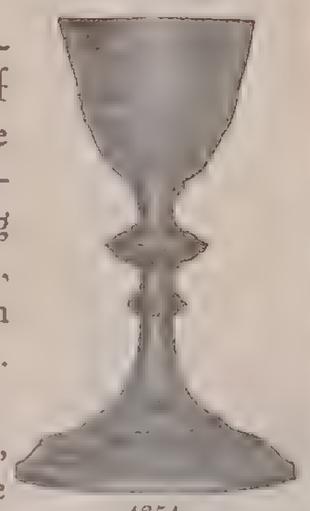
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CHRONICLE

The War.—The official reports from Paris and Berlin are so contradictory that it is difficult to form a correct judgment on the results of the week's fighting. It seems, however, that the French have made some slight progress along the dunes in Belgium, but have been obliged to fall back south of Ypres and north of Arras. The city of Reims has again been subjected by the Germans to a severe bombardment. In the Champagne district the French have made repeated and vigorous attacks and claim to have advanced at Mesnil and to the west and northwest of Perthes, where, however, the German resistance has inflicted severe losses. At Vauquois, in the Argonne, bitter fighting and heavy cannonading has resulted in some minor gains for the Allies. Violent engagements are reported from the Vosges and the Munster valley near Sulzern, from the region north of Verdun and west of Pont-a-Mousson. It would appear, therefore, that the advantage has been for the most part with the Allies, but in all cases it has been so slight as to leave the general line practically unchanged.

Bulletin, Mar. 2, p. m.-Mar. 9, a. m.

Success of the Allies

In the east something like a deadlock has followed upon the rapid changes that marked the end of February. Not that there has been any cessation of desperate fighting; in fact, from the Vistula to the Niemen, attacks and counter attacks have gone on almost continuously. With the exception, however, of the region north of Przasnysz, where the Russians have driven the Germans back toward the frontier and blocked the turning movement which for a time seems to have seriously threatened the right wing of the Russian army before Mlawa, neither side has gained anything like a decided victory. The Germans have concentrated their offensive mainly on the assault against Osowiec, which has so far failed. The Russians have been on the offensive at many points of the lines, west and northwest of Grodno, near Augustowo, east of Lomza, north of Przasnysz, and at Plock, but they have nowhere gained much ground.

Deadlock in Poland

Indications point to a general abandonment of driving tactics by the Germans. Apparently they are at present mainly concerned with the task of securing the territory they have won, and with strengthening their lines. These, as far as can be determined from the scanty information that is available, seem to run through the province of Suwalki, east of the eastern boundary of East Prussia, from Simno to the river Bobr. Turning west they follow the river Bobr, pass through Jedzabno, and continue in a direction that is more or less parallel to the southern frontier of East Prussia until they reach the Vistula at Plock. Unless the Germans can reduce the fortress of Osowiec, against which it is admitted they have brought up their heavy guns, no important change in the situation in North Poland is likely to take place.

Although both sides are agreed on the sanguinary character of the fighting of the week, Vienna and Petrograd give diametrically opposite reports of the situation in Galicia. Austria claims to have gained everywhere, Russia states that the Austrians have been forced back everywhere except in a few passes in the Carpathians. This probably means local but unimportant gains for both sides. Czernowitz is reported, but without official confirmation, to have been evacuated by the Austrians.

Galicia

The bombardment of the Dardanelles is slowly but inexorably proceeding. Thirteen miles of the strait have already been cleared of mines, and the Turks seem

The Dardanelles

powerless to prevent their removal. For several days the operations of the Allied fleet were interfered with by rough weather, but they have been resumed, and the work of demolishing the fortifications goes steadily on. The most powerful and recent ships of France and Great Britain and one Russian battleship are shelling the forts at the narrows by relays, and it is reported that Fort Dardanos, on the Asiatic side, has been silenced. Three French cruisers have taken up positions on the Ægean coast at a point opposite to the strong fort of Kalid Bahr, which is situated on the European side of the strait, and, under the wireless direction of warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles, are throwing shells across the peninsula and over the hills into the fort. Their fire is said to be accurate and to have caused considerable damage. Other French cruisers have proceeded further north along the peninsula and have entered the Gulf of Saros, where they have begun a destructive fire on the line of forts that stretches along the narrow strip of land at Bulair, and effectively bars any approach by land. These cruisers are thus preparing the way for the land invasion, which is said to be under the direction of the French, and which is expected to begin as soon as the forts have been destroyed.

The Turks profess to feel no alarm. They say that the outer forts were weak and their fall was not a surprise; the inner forts, however, so they claim, are impregnable. They state, moreover, that three of the cruisers of the Allied fleet have been badly damaged. The difficulties of the Turks are likely to be much increased, if it is true, as has been reported but without official confirmation, that a strong Russian fleet is on its way through the Black Sea to the Bosporus, with the purpose of bombarding the eastern approach to Constantinople and of locking the Turkish fleet in the Sea of Marmora. Another British fleet, the East Indian squadron, has begun operations against Smyrna. It is reported that the ships have already forced their way past the outer defences of the Gulf of Smyrna.

Austria-Hungary.—Both Austria and Hungary have, so far, passed successfully through the economic crisis of the war. Considerable provisions were at hand in the

The Provision Problem

latter country, which, it is said, was even able to send large quantities of food to Germany and Austria. Fortunately for the inhabitants, the fertile areas of land in Hungary are situated in the interior of the country, and not within the zone of the war. Great care has likewise been taken to prevent any shortage in food supplies. Thus a decree was passed long ago making it compulsory to mix wheat flour with flour made of rye, grain, potatoes and rice. Such was Hungary's precaution against a shortage. Austria, in a similar manner, has been able to provide food even for the needy portion of the population, owing to the manner in which the situation has been taken in hand by the people themselves. The question of the future is mainly an agrarian problem. It is asked whether the working forces will suffice for the tillage of the soil, since it is reckoned that three-fifths of the farmers and farm laborers are actually under arms. At present this seems a serious difficulty; in the end its solution may come from the labor of the women. It may be necessary, too, for the Government to give considerable assistance to the small farmer who, in many cases, has suffered severely. Reports indicate, however, that conditions are not as bad as painted by the press despatches.

France.—Although the financial outlay has been enormous, it can not be said, either that France is suffering at present from lack of funds, or that any financial stringency seems likely. Nor while the loss of soldiers by death and capture has been great, is this circumstance alone the source of the uneasiness which several learned societies have begun to discuss. The real evil, it is now recognized, is the effect upon the country within the next decade of the low birthrate from which France has long been suffering, coupled with the losses caused by the war. The war has brought to the fore a serious evil, hitherto of little interest to the public; in 1902, and again in 1912, the Government had appointed parliamentary commissions "to investigate the question of depopulation, and to recommend measures for combating the evils which threaten the extinction of the nation." Some of the published findings are extremely interesting. In 1801 the number of births in France was 1,007,000. One hundred and ten years later this number had fallen to 742,114. In 1897 the births exceeded the deaths by 108,000. Fourteen years later the deaths outnumbered the births by 34,869. "It is only France," writes a non-Catholic critic, "that makes war upon religion and which suffers in consequence this peculiarly distressing consequence." But with the revival of religion a brighter day will surely dawn for the Eldest Daughter of the Church, and if France, through her baptism of blood, is led back to the Church, the price which she is paying for her redeeming may well be counted small.

The Real Evil

Germany.—The most important domestic problem facing Germany at the present moment concerns the food supply plans. Systematic attempts were made from the very beginning of the war to conserve or multiply the provisions of the Empire. The danger of shortage, however, did not seem sufficiently imminent to disconcert the people seriously. From the first the Catholic Volksverein directed its energy to an educational campaign, warning the people to be sparing and teaching them, through its voluminous literature, practical methods of economy. That a critical stage has not even yet been reached may be judged from the recent official announcement of the Minister of Agriculture, that there exists no

Meeting the Hunger War

reason for panic. Gauging the situation by the present distribution of flour and bread, he claims that there is not merely a sufficiency of food at hand for the future, but that a surplus will be left over for an emergency. It is admitted, however, that it will henceforth be necessary to prevent all waste and to increase home production to the utmost extent. In a recent publication, officially approved, the case is thus stated: "We are a people in the position of an individual who has heretofore had considerable income, and who learns, by a sudden misfortune, that with careful husbandry he can get along with much less." The following are some of the suggestions given:

> Meat consumption must be reduced, puddings, cheese and skimmed milk replacing it. The crops of beans, high in protein, should be increased and the number of pigs, which consume much food that man needs, reduced three and one-half millions or twelve per cent.; the number of cows, one million or ten per cent. Breadstuffs should not be fed to animals, nor should grain be used in manufacturing white starch or alcohol. The principal crops to be sown are beans, peas, potatoes, beets and seed corn. The Russian prisoners, mostly agricultural workers, must be employed on the 20,000 square kilometers of unused moorland. Cream and butter production is to be reduced. People will be healthier if they return to the comparative vegetarianism of their forefathers.

It is recommended that these and similar measures be carried out by new laws, careful administration and adequate instruction of the people. Maximum prices may be fixed where large consumption is desirable, and minimum prices where storage is preferable. It is certain that the Government will promptly take all necessary precautions.

Great Britain.—An important speech, which may be taken as voicing, in a measure, the views of the Government, was delivered at Bangor, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd George. The speaker noted with surprise that not even yet did the people of England seem to realize the seriousness of the struggle in which they were engaged. He warned his audience that while ultimate success was assured, the victory could not be won without a long struggle. It was within the power of the people to prolong the conflict by sloth and heedlessness, or by vigorous action to hasten the end. On the labor difficulties the Chancellor said:

The Chancellor's Speech

> It is intolerable that the lives of Britons should be imperilled for the sake of a farthing an hour. During war, Government should have the power of settling differences, so that the work shall go on. I do not believe the parties involved will refuse to comply with the urgent command of the Government that there should be no delay. Industrial differences are inevitable, but we can not afford them now.

Drink, said the Chancellor, was doing England more harm than any foreign enemy. It was not proposed to check this evil by the drastic measures employed in France and Russia, "still we have great powers to deal with the question, and we intend to use them in a spirit of moderation and wisely, but quite fearlessly."

Ireland.—Statements have been issued, on the authority of Mr. Redmond, that more than 200,000 Irishmen at home and in Great Britain have enlisted for the war. Mr. Arthur Griffith has cabled official statistics contradictory of these figures, and maintains that the recruiting efforts of the Irish party has failed. The recruiting lists given in the Irish papers are very meager, and the London *Times* accounts for the slackness in enlisting by the increasing demand for agricultural laborers. The fact that Carson's recruits have not yet gone to the front, that they are listed last in the new regiments, that their whereabouts is a mystery, is also given as a reason for indifference in Nationalist quarters. The suppression of a number of papers, the rigorous censorship of the remainder, and the establishment of martial law to deal with disloyal utterances, would suggest that there is not as much unanimity as is claimed officially. The Gaelic League seems to have maintained neutrality and to be thriving vigorously, and Irish trade has benefited by the war in many ways, especially in the reopening of the port of Queenstown. This was condemned before the war as unsafe, but a new Commission has found it eminently safe for the largest vessels. The danger of German submarines has made it necessary for the large Cunarders and warships to seek anchorage in Queenstown harbor.

Home Conditions

Mexico.—Reports from Mexico were never more alarming. Battles are of frequent occurrence; pestilence has broken out in many places and grim famine is abroad in the land. The national capital is in most desperate straits: many commercial and industrial houses have closed their doors; money issued by Villa, to the extent of some 50,000,000 pesos, has been nullified by Carranza; people are penniless, and there is no relief in sight. Carranza and his horde are living up to their base reputations. Their vindictiveness is worthy of untutored savages. General Obregon has sent more priests into exile because they could not give him money; as late as March 6 other priests were still in prison; this General frustrated the activities of an international relief committee and has threatened several times to evacuate the city and permit the unruly mob to solve their problems in their own wild way. Even the children have felt the "gentle" hand of Carranza; not long since he discharged the teachers of the Federal district, throwing 36,000 pupils out of school; he also sent adrift some 12,000 Government employees. Rule or ruin is his principle; ruin is the result. The American papers, long silent in a most sinister and inexplicable way on Mexican conditions, are beginning to open their columns to authentic reports. The March *Metropolitan* prints a temperate article, supported by references, from the pen of Colonel Roosevelt, and the conservative Boston *Transcript* recently gave place to a lengthy account of murder and rapine. Impartial witnesses agree in their estimate of

Anarchy, Pestilence, Famine

the character of the two men, Carranza and Villa, who are the direct cause of Mexico's present misery. Our readers may draw their own conclusions from these words of Senator Fall of New Mexico:

When Carranza entered the City of Mexico, in the face of protests from foreign representatives and our own representatives he proceeded to punish without hesitation, by shooting to death, I am afraid to undertake to say how many of the more prominent citizens of that republic who remained within the city or whom he could seize in whatever quarter under his control, without trial. The so-called court-martial proceedings of either faction in Mexico consist in one man sitting in his office or at his desk or in his chair, or leaning up against the wall, and ordering a file of soldiers to go and arrest another man and shoot him. Man after man, delegates of the republic, senators, members of the standing committee on legislation, were shot down—assassinated. The police force was discharged; the courts were closed; the streets were paraded by soldiers, so-called, of the Carranza army; business houses were closed and the seals of foreign embassies placed upon them for their protection; and armed bands of rioters paraded the streets of the City of Mexico. That was the so-called Carranza Government.

Of Villa the Senator says:

I have denounced him before as a bandit without conscience, as a bloody murderer for hire, and I have known of him personally for years. When Mr. Villa went into the City of Mexico at the time Gutierrez went in as President, he visited a hotel in that city known as the Hotel Palacio. The proprietor of the hotel is a French reservist who had joined his colors and is now fighting for his country in France. . . . He left his wife, a young French woman, in charge of the hotel. I am not going into all of the details. I do not want, as I said, to arouse passion, but I want the people to be informed. Suffice it to say that Villa, with a file of soldiers, dragged that French woman from her home, took her screaming down the street in his automobile and kept her for four days—Villa himself, personally. That was no act of his irresponsible officers or vandals. These facts are verified.

Horrible as this is, it is surpassed in sheer brutality by crimes narrated in affidavits in possession of the editor of AMERICA. This further sketch of conditions from an unpublished affidavit may be of interest:

I repeat that never in any revolution has Mexico witnessed such barbarous excesses as in the present uprising and I speak as one having experience, for as a child I was present at the first revolution of reform headed by Comonfort. I saw the revolution against Maximilian . . . and indeed in none of these have I witnessed anything that could be likened to the present. . . . In the Republic of Mexico it is the current belief that this revolution has been fostered and helped with arms and money sent by Americans and furthermore that those leading this revolution have infamously deceived the President of the United States. If the President could only know what the Constitutionalists are actually doing in Mexico, if he could only see their work independent of any political movement—moved only by a purely humane motive, he would do his utmost to put a stop to this barbarous warfare. When asked what is to be expected from Carranza, he replied: Of Carranza we have to expect the same as of Villa, and from Villa the same as of Carranza and from both of these the same as from the devil!

It is understood that our Government has sent a sharp note to Carranza, deprecating in the severest manner the conduct of Obregon toward Mexico City, which is now isolated from the rest of the world. Should the Carranzistas leave the capital, no doubt Zapata will slip in again. What will then happen remains to be seen. The approximate number of foreigners in the city is as follows: Americans, 2,500; Germans, 1,800; Chinese, 2,000; Turks, 2,000; French, 1,900; Spaniards, 12,000; Cubans, 14,000; English, 1,000; Italians, 700; Japanese, 500; other nationalities, 800. Naturally the respective Governments of these people are much exercised over the gloomy outlook, and pressure is exerted on Carranza from all sides. So far the effect has been far from gratifying, and there is little reason to hope for anything better. Carranza is an intolerant demagogue wedded to a blind tyranny, which will always find expression in acts of oppressive violence and vindictiveness.

According to late despatches, Monterey has fallen into the hands of Carranza's army, and 2,000 troops have been sent by Gonzales to Monclova to assist Herrera, the Carranzista general. Fierce fighting is reported from Yucatan. The Constitutionalists are advancing on Merida, the State capital. These reports, however, are all from Carranza's news bureau.

Another Republic

Portugal.—The inevitable has happened in this little country. The republic founded on brutality and blood has split in two. For some weeks past trouble has been brewing; first the usual resignation of the Cabinet was announced, then came reports of riots in the streets of Lisbon, and now the press despatches announce that a congress of democrats, in session at Lamego, has set up the "Republic of Northern Portugal," with General Antonio Z. C. Barreto, a name suggesting Celtic ancestry, as President. There has been no harmony in the country since the King was dethroned. The Royalists clung to their old ideals, the religious-minded detested the impiety of the present régime, and the Radicals found the Government too moderate to suit their tastes. There has, too, been added dissatisfaction over the Government's attitude toward the European war; the storm which has been gathering has broken; just how violent the tempest will be it is hard to say. The situation, however, is grave; people are fleeing Lisbon, fearing riots; Socialists and Radicals have held meetings and promulgated decrees against the Government; townships have refused to obey orders sent out from Lisbon, and most significant, perhaps, of all is news that comes direct from the capital to the effect that the Republican Directory will convene to examine the text of the letter of resignation of the Portuguese Minister in Paris, who refuses to serve any longer under a dictatorship. A cruiser has been sent to Oporto, in view of possible riots at the funeral of Cardoso, whose assassin has committed suicide. Thus the Republic conceived in iniquity drags out a monstrous existence in sin, and the poor people pay the penalty.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Colossus of Terrorism

ON March 2 a callow youth, one of fifty or more distinct anarchist groups said to be in existence in New York, was caught placing a bomb in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. He belonged to the Circolo Gaetano Bresci, named after the assassin of King Humbert of Italy. The bomb was placed by him where he believed it would tear open the tombs of the two former archbishops of New York. Thus he meant to show his contempt alike for them and for the Church they represented. Such is the statement attributed to him, and it may be relied upon at least as an interpretation of the anarchist's point of view.

To understand perfectly any group of men we must understand the ideals that inspire them. These ideals will find their concrete expression in the heroes whom they honor. That the assassin Bresci's name was chosen by the circle to which the youthful criminal belonged is significant. More significant by far, however, is the worship bestowed by the united anarchist movement of the world upon another man, the founder of modern anarchism and the father of terrorism, Michael Bakounin. A year before the present event the centenary of his birth was celebrated at Webster Hall, in New York. "The great hall and gallery were packed," the Ferrer Association bulletin wrote, "with workers who assembled to pay tribute to this great man who gave his life to the cause of the oppressed." A glance at his doctrine may possibly convey an idea of the principles which, more or less, inspire the men who glory in being his followers.

Bakounin was possessed of one single idea: destruction. Constructive work of any kind in the cause of mankind or of the laboring classes themselves was to his mind the betrayal of the supreme purpose of the revolution. It "hinders pure destruction." To destruction alone the revolutionist's life must be vowed. In conjunction with Sergei Nechayeff, he thus expresses his concept of the true revolutionist:

> He has only one aim, one science, destruction. For that, and for nothing else, he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and sometimes medicine. With the same object he observes men, characters, the situations and all the conditions of the social order. He despises and detests existing morality. For him everything is moral that helps on the triumph of the revolution, everything is immoral and criminal that hinders it. Between him and society there is war—war to the death, incessant, irreconcilable. He ought to be ready to die, to endure tortures and with his own hands to kill all who place obstacles in the way of the revolution. (*Revolutionary Catechism.*)

A long series of revolutionary documents were produced by him in conjunction with Nechayeff, precisely as Marx and Engels collaborated in the formulation of the socialist theory. Robbery is idealized. The brigand is "the wrestler in life and death against all this civilization of officials, of nobles, of priests, and of the crown." Thus, in "Words Addressed to Students," Russian youths are exhorted to follow the example of the great brigand chief, Stenka Razin. Organized assassination is insisted upon and the "Propaganda of the Deed," later so clearly taught by the anarchist Kropotkin, is plainly formulated, though it is not given its distinctive name. In the passage, "Words have no value for us unless followed at once by action," is contained the germ of Kropotkin's principle: "A single deed makes more propaganda in a few days than a thousand pamphlets." It matters not what is destroyed, anything that stands in the way of revolution must go. "One deed begets another." The freedom of action given here may be judged from Bakounin's program for the International in his "Secret Statutes of the Alliance":

> We wish to destroy all States and all churches, with all their institutions and laws, religious, political, juridical, financial, magisterial, academical, economical and social, in order that all these millions of poor human beings, who are cheated, enslaved, overworked and exploited, may henceforth and forever breathe in absolute freedom, having been at last delivered from their masters and benefactors, whether official or officious, whether associations or individuals.

The Revolutionary Catechism divides the present "unclean society" into various classes. Of these some are to be destroyed instantly, others are to be granted life for the time being in order to drive people into revolt by their acts of oppression, still others are to be used as tools and thus compromised. Women are similarly divided into various categories. "The most valuable element are women who are completely initiated, and who accept our whole program. Without their aid we can effect nothing." Finally every effort must be made to intensify the existing miseries of society in order to drive men to desperation; for it must never be forgotten: "Our task is terrible, total, inexorable and universal destruction."

There is one cold ray of satirical humor in the events that mark the life of Bakounin himself. Bakounin's collaborator, Nechayeff, the very embodiment of every diabolic crime and immorality, finally applied Bakounin's principles to Bakounin himself, robbed him of all his documents and disappeared. For such a practical application of his own doctrine the old master was not prepared. He still approved of Nechayeff's purpose, but found the means used by him "detestable."

Though nothing less than the complete destruction of the present "filthy society" was premeditated by Bakounin in his writings, plottings and revolutionary activities in Russia, Bohemia, Prussia, France and Italy, and indeed in every thought and word of this Falstaffian revolutionary colossus, yet his rage may be said to have all been centered upon two objects, God and the State. The emancipation of the people could not be thought of until both had been destroyed. To abolish God and to

annihilate every State throughout the world was the one supreme object his followers must ever keep in view. Over and over and over he continued to repeat the same thought until it became the one mad refrain of his speeches and writings: the Church and the Government must be destroyed everywhere and every way.

The idea of diabolical obsession is seldom so vividly suggested as in the case of Bakounin. He pretended to deny God, but passionately adored Satan. The contradiction implied in this condition of mind did not in the least perplex him. Satan was the one supreme ideal of every revolutionist, "the eternal rebel," as Hunter quotes the saying, "the first free-thinker and emancipator of the worlds." The revolutionary proletariat of Paris became for him "the modern Satan, the great rebel, vanquished, but not pacified." It was more important than all principles and programs "that the persons who put them into execution should have the devil in them." Such, in his "Secret Statutes," was his instruction to the International. "Although an avowed and militant atheist," we are told, "Bakounin could not subdue his worship of the king of devils, and had any one during his life said that Bakounin was not only a modern Satan incarnate, but the eight other devils as well, nothing could have delighted him more."

To return to the incident with which we began. Whom are we to blame: the youthful criminal, the Russian colossus of iniquity, or some other hidden cause? The answer is not hard to find. It is the smug teacher of our times, with a glib tongue dispensing rationalism and infidelity from our worshiped chairs of learning, and the so-called higher critics, destroying the foundations of Christian belief in popular schools of divinity, who prepare the way for the criminal. Here are the real criminals, whether they advert to it or not. It was the atheistic philosophy imbibed at the world's famous universities that formed both Marx and Bakounin, who were men of learning and refinement, versed in the sophisms of our materialistic schools. It is thence that godlessness is spread through all the classes of the people. In the wake of infidelity follow socialism and anarchism, as well as the destructive and oppressive liberalism of our wealthier classes. After these the deluge. Not education, but religion, is the one solution. Of this we need no better demonstration than that which is offered here.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

A Marriage Trial

WHENEVER it is announced that the Church is about to pass, or has passed, judgment on the validity of a marriage, as happened lately in the case of Anna Gould, of New York, and Count Boni de Castellane, of Paris, people take scandal at her action and way of procedure. They pretend to see a contradiction between her doctrine regarding the indissolubility of marriage and her practice of holding such trials, falsely assuming that the aforesaid trials have for their object to decide whether a certain marriage is to stand or be dissolved. The doctrine of the Church, however, and her practice, far from being in opposition to each other, go hand in hand; and an unbiased critic can convince himself of this by examining dispassionately the Church's attitude.

First of all, in trials concerning Christian marriages already consummated, the Church never undertakes to decide whether a valid marriage should be annulled, but only whether there is sufficient ground for declaring that a certain marriage was never valid, but rather was null and void from the beginning, lacking one or more of the elements which the divine, or competent, positive law require as essential to a matrimonial contract. A concrete case, like that of Gould-Castellane, will make this point clearer. Anna Gould and Count Boni de Castellane were married in New York in March, 1895. After eleven years they separated; Anna Gould obtained from the civil court a sentence of divorce, and Count Boni, having lost all hope of resuming married life with the woman in question, entered his case in the Supreme Court of the Roman Rota for adjudication. Now, in applying to Rome, Count Boni did not ask that his marriage with Anna Gould might be annulled, but that it should be declared null and void from the beginning, and this on the plea that at the time of their wedding Miss Gould had not given that consent which is necessary for the validity of a Christian marriage. This has been the real subject of discussion in the three consecutive trials of this case, as may be seen from the way the three sentences have been formulated. The Church does not sit in judgment with the object of annulling marriages duly contracted, but only for the purpose of deciding whether a marriage was ever duly contracted. Moreover, as a rule, the Church takes up such cases only in answer to the call that her subjects, by her authority, have the right to make when they wish to have their freedom legally established. But to have that freedom established conclusively is not an easy task, as the Church, far from proceeding lightly in this matter, takes all possible necessary precautions in order to avoid passing a final sentence which might be unjust.

Thus the old rule *in dubio standum est pro valore matrimonii* (in case of doubt the validity of a marriage holds good) is held so sacred in matrimonial courts, that the judges can not in conscience pass a sentence in favor of the invalidity of a marriage, unless from the proofs offered it is truly evident to them that the marriage lacked some element necessary for its validity. In order to make it more difficult for the court to pass an erroneous judgment, Benedict XIV decreed that in every trial which deals with the validity of a marriage, an official called *Defensor vinculi* must take part. His duty is to defend the matrimonial bond, both by presenting whatever evidence he can gather in favor of the validity of the marriage in question, and by attacking the proofs which are brought forward against its validity. No session is valid

unless he is present, or, at least, unless the acts of a session are submitted to him for inspection.

These regulations were not deemed sufficient in the eyes of the Church for safeguarding the indissolubility of marriage. Hence, it has been further decreed that in case either the first or second trial terminated in a sentence that declared a marriage invalid, as a rule, another trial in appeal must be held, in which the sentence already given against the marriage must be tested. The persons involved are not free to marry again before two different courts have each passed a sentence against the validity of the marriage. Even then they are not free, if, in spite of two such sentences, the *Defensor vinculi* feels bound in conscience to appeal again. This is partly illustrated by the case under consideration. After the first sentence had sustained the validity of the marriage, the second reversed the first and declared the marriage invalid; but the *Defensor vinculi* appealed against this second sentence and a third trial was held, in which, contrary to the judgment passed by the court in first appeal, the first sentence was confirmed.

The mention of all these regulations should be sufficient to show how anxious the Church is to protect the matrimonial bond. But are these regulations strictly observed? Here we must remember that the Church entrusts such cases to those judges only who from the standpoint both of honesty and learning are fully qualified for their office. In fact, the court to which a matrimonial case must be brought first is the court of the local Ordinary (Bishop or Metropolitan). If the first sentence is given by a Bishop, the case goes to the Metropolitan; if, however, it was given by an Archbishop, the case is then sent to the nearest Metropolitan. If a second appeal is necessary, the case is carried to the Roman Tribunal of the Rota. The Sacred Roman Rota is a college of most worthy ecclesiastics, vested with ordinary judicial power to settle cases which come in appeal to Rome. Bishops, therefore, Metropolitans, and the members of the Rota, are the judges to whom the Church entrusts the decision of matrimonial cases. As a rule, a case must have been tried first, at least once, by the local Ordinary before being brought to the Rota, but in particular cases it may be carried before the Rota immediately, if the Roman Pontiff so decrees—and this happened in the Gould-Castellane case. The Rota is a college of ten judges, but usually each trial is carried on by three only, and these, after having passed their sentence, are succeeded by three others for trial of the same case in appeal, and so on. Sometimes, however, a case is examined and decided by all the judges. This happened twice in the well-known case of Reid-Parkhurst. When Mary Reid appealed from the sentence that had sustained the validity of her marriage, all the judges of the Rota confirmed the first sentence and declared once more that the invalidity of her marriage had not been established. From this sentence her lawyers endeavored to enter a second appeal, but their appeal was not admitted by the Informant Judge, and the decision of the Informant Judge was sustained by a sentence which, this time also, was pronounced by the members of the Rota gathered in full session.

How conscientious the judges of the Rota are in fulfilling their delicate office may be seen by consulting the acts of that Roman court which are published regularly in the official pontifical bulletin, the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*. The very case of Gould-Castellane is to the point.

The first sentence issued in this case was in favor of the validity of the marriage; that sentence declared that the invalidity had not been sufficiently established. The evidence supplied by Count Boni to prove the lack of the necessary consent on the part of Anna Gould at the time of their wedding was found to be insufficient and open to objections. At most, the evidence would have proved that Miss Gould had erroneously *believed* herself free to have her marriage dissolved in case Count Boni would have proved unfaithful to her, but it in no way proved that she *intended* to contract a marriage with the Count, *on the condition* that she would be free to have the marriage dissolved under the aforesaid circumstances. In other words, she may have erroneously thought her marriage dissoluble, but her intention was to contract a *true* Christian marriage. These were the *facts*. Now, in point of *law* it was argued that such an attitude of mind could not affect the validity of her marriage because her absolute and predominant intention was to contract a *true Christian marriage*.

The court in appeal reversed the first sentence. Having instituted further examinations, doubts were cleared and the testimony adduced by Castellane appeared to the judges to be above reproach and sufficient to prove that Miss Gould, besides erroneously *believing* that she was contracting a marriage, which under certain circumstances would leave her free, also *intended* to contract a marriage of this nature, and *no other*. Having these *facts* in view, it was argued in point of *law* that the intention to contract a marriage of this nature made the matrimonial contract null and void, because, according to Catholic doctrine, a marriage which is not absolutely indissoluble is not a valid marriage. In view of the evidence presented at this second examination, the judges who decided the case in appeal were surely warranted in giving the sentence as they did. They could not have given a different one. The disagreement between the first and second sentence should not surprise any person of good common sense, for everybody knows that in a second trial of the same case the evidence in favor of one or other of the two contending parties may receive additional strength. Besides, when the judges are different, it is not strange that the sentence also may differ without detriment to the reputation for honesty and sound judgment of either court.

The court in second appeal has just issued a sentence reversing the sentence passed by the court in first appeal

and has again decided that there is not sufficient ground for declaring the invalidity of the marriage. Even if this last sentence were favorable to Count Boni's contention, there would not have been reason either for accusing the Rota of having been unjust to the lady involved, or for insinuating that the court was more anxious to please the noble and the rich than to follow the dictates of reason, and to conform its judgment to the requirements of law and right. But the very fact that this last sentence has been contrary to Count Boni's contention is, of itself, a refutation of any charge against the honesty of the Roman Court.

Final sentences, issued by the Roman Rota, declaring certain marriages invalid, are not wanting; but such sentences were issued irrespective of the economic and social standing of the interested parties. Peasants' marriages have been declared invalid. On the other hand, sentences which have repeatedly sustained the validity of marriages are not restricted to cases of poor persons, otherwise we would not find such cases as the Reid-Parkhurst, mentioned above, and the present case of Count Boni de Castellane. HECTOR PAPI, S.J.

"The Wearing of the Green"

LONG before I became a Catholic, long before I dreamed that I should ever cross the sea and tread the streets of New York, the very name of its great Cathedral of St. Patrick seemed to have a significance above every other building in the world. The thought of St. Peter's at Rome, of St. Mark's at Venice, of the Cathedral of Milan, or of the Three Kings at Cologne, draws the mind to something that has sprung from a romantic past; but from a past that has flowed along more or less peacefully, changing with the ordered current of the passing centuries. St. Patrick's makes its appeal on quite different grounds: it is a building unique among all the buildings of the world. It is not wrapped around with a complacency adorned with the glamour of the ages; neither kings nor nobles are laid to rest within its aisles and chapels; nor do its archives tell of the benefactions of lords and counts such as many an ancient cathedral boasts, rather it is adorned with the nobility of labor and the gifts of love that labor wrested from the earth. But the appeal of St. Patrick's is that it is a voice crying out, and crying, can not be silenced. When the Home Rule Act was placed on the British Statute Book there uprose the slogan "Ireland a nation once more"—supposing Ireland to be synonymous with the Irish people. But St. Patrick's cries out not that Ireland is a nation once more, but that Ireland has never ceased to be a nation.

Deeper down than the foundations upon which the Cathedral's massy pillars and arches rest, more enduring than the living rock of Manhattan on which it is builded, is the sea of Irish blood poured out from the days of Henry Tudor who first sought to draw aside Ireland's faith, down to the blood of '98; and the persecutors, although it be without honor to their name, are the primal founders of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Ireland's young men were given to the sword, her daughters were turned homeless upon the highways, and her elders languished in prisons or died of starvation. And through the long, weary years, in secret places, in the dens and caverns of the mountains, by the lonely seashore or lake side, she kept the light burning, steadily and clear, so that the gusts of persecution scarce caused it even to flicker. Of the remnant, some few escaped to Europe and attained the honor denied them in the land of their birth, some crossed the seas to America, and with them they carried that for which they had resisted even unto blood, the Faith. This is what "the wearing of the green" in New York, and in all America, means on St. Patrick's Day, or it means nothing.

The bands are playing, there are processions and gatherings and marchings, and with the throng there marches, keeping step by step, a great company of shades. And yet not shades; but rather a multitude of witnesses, who, having passed through the baptism of blood, now march erect, clothed in white robes and holding palms in their hands. A throng whose joy is as the joy of those who triumph; whose silent passing can be heard above the tramping of countless feet, above the blare of trumpets, above the rattle of drums. Lips that once whitened with pain now echo an unending Alleluia; the arms once torn and shrivelled upon the rack-tree now are raised in benediction; the feet that trudged wearily through bog and swamp, that fled from the merciless pursuer, and at last took the path that led to the throne of the gibbet or the scaffold, now walk in heavenly places.

Such are the sons of St. Patrick, whose very march along New York's Fifth Avenue is a divine charade, masking eternal memories of faith and loyalty; whose every movement upon the seventeenth of March is an unfolding of the great deeds their sires performed in the days that are long past. The traffic policeman raises his hand to check the rush of oncoming vehicles, and in the days of persecution in Ireland his fathers offered their breasts as a living target for the swords and bayonets of the priest-hunting soldiery. When the crowd of worshipers, each wearing his little sprig of green, passes through the great doors into the Cathedral, their passing and their Cathedral are the Canaan which was bought when their fathers rotted in the prison dungeons of Ireland, starved on the roadside, and drained the cup of suffering to the last drops rather than betray the Faith which was St. Patrick's heritage to them. The priests who overflow the sanctuary like a living tide are the fruits of that harvest, reaped from the blood, the sighs and the tears of the multitude of priests who were hunted through Ireland like savage beasts, whose lives were of less value than the life of a sheep, who were outlawed as though they were robbers and felons, and through the bitter years preserved undimmed the sacred fire which

St. Patrick kindled. And when, raised high on his Metropolitan's throne, the Cardinal of New York, clothed in the shining scarlet of a Prince of the Church, blesses his children, it is but a consummation of that eleventh day of June in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-one, when the Venerable Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland, after having been betrayed by suborned and lying informers and unjustly condemned to death, ascended the high scaffold at Tyburn, and before the eyes of London dyed the sacred purple with the purple of his own life blood. The holy body, maimed, mutilated, and disemboweled was sown as the seed of that great Church which was to spring up and flourish far across the Atlantic.

These are the sacred memories of which the "wearing of the green" is but a sign and a symbol. And in their train comes the vision of distant green fields and deep lakes, of bright moonlight glinting upon the white walls of thatched cottages, and the glow of the evening lamp through the red-curtained window panes; of the merry laughter of maids and young men and the sound of the fiddle as they follow their innocent amusement on the village green; of the chimes of the church bells, the measured beat of the waves as they break on the seashore, of the song of the thrush and the blackbird; of the sweet scent of the turf fire or the gentle perfume of the hawthorn. And when the vision has passed, and the hustling realities of twentieth century Manhattan chase away the days that have been, there yet remain the tiny spray of shamrock and the figure of St. Patrick standing high above the altar in his cathedral: the pledge and the token that Ireland has never ceased to be a nation.

HENRY C. WATTS.

Holland and the Holy See

AFTER the battle of Leipsic in 1813, when the Netherlands had been established as an independent State, its general Government at once entered into diplomatic relations with the Holy See. At that period the Pope's sovereignty was still generally recognized throughout Europe, while the separation of Church and State in Holland was not enacted till thirty-five years later, under the Constitution of '48. At first a chargé d'affaires carried on the diplomatic intercourse till, in 1827, a Dutch minister plenipotentiary was accredited at the Vatican. During his incumbency the terms of a Concordat between the two Governments were outlined, and in 1829 the Holy See erected an Apostolic Internunciature at The Hague to discuss the details of this document. Owing, however, to the political disturbance of 1830, which ultimately resulted in the separation of Belgium from the Netherlands, the Internuncio was recalled in 1831, and further negotiations were suspended by mutual agreement. During the interval between 1831 and 1841 the Papal Government continued to be represented at the Dutch Court by a chargé d'affairs. In the latter year another Internuncio arrived at The Hague, but repeated failures to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the existing difficulties caused him to take his departure shortly afterward. Seven years later the *ad interim* officiating chargé was again replaced, this time by the Internuncio, Mgr. Belgrado, during whose tenure of office the hierarchy was re-established in Holland, in 1853. Though some friction arose in connection with this far-reaching step on the part of the Holy See, nevertheless, in the same year, the Dutch Government sent a special envoy to Rome to acquaint the authorities there with the existing religious conditions of the country. As a result there was placed upon the statute book the present law regulating church corporations which, for one reason or other, has practically become a dead letter.

Though the Concordat was never ratified, nevertheless both Governments continued diplomatic relations with each other. Among the churchmen representing the Holy See at the Court of Holland since 1853 were Vecchiotti, Oreglia di San Stefano, Cattani and Bianchi. During Bianchi's term, while the Catholic Count Du Chastel was Ambassador at Rome, the final suppression of the Dutch embassy took place in November, 1871. The Liberals at the time controlled both branches of the national legislature and were still in the heyday of their power. In September of the previous year the Pope's temporal power had been overthrown by the Italian invasion of Rome. This gave the Liberals a welcome chance for moving the elimination from the foreign estimates of the annual expenditures for the support of the Papal embassy. By a scanty majority of six votes (39 to 33) the amendment was adopted. At this the Catholics of Holland naturally felt highly indignant; they publicly voiced their disapproval by a petition to the then reigning King, William III, that the embassy might be retained. Though close on to 400,000 signatures emphasized their appeal nothing came of it, and on February 4, 1872, Count Du Chastel was recalled. What caused Catholics additional chagrin was that it fell to the lot of one of their number, Baron Van Herwynen, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Liberal Cabinet, to be charged with the execution of the decree. It is on record that this diplomat seemingly never recognized the propriety of resigning his office immediately. In spite of this unfriendly treatment at the hands of the Liberal Administration, the Holy See has ever since continued the Internunciature at The Hague and diplomatic intercourse with the Dutch Government has never been entirely suspended. Matters were permitted to follow their customary routine till May, 1899, when the Dutch Government at the suggestion of the Czar of Russia invited the nations of the world to the first Peace Conference at The Hague. Italy's refusal to agree to the admittance of the Pope's representative caused the latter to recall the Internuncio, leaving a chargé to attend to the business of the office. Queen Wilhelmina, it is reported, realized very acutely the unpleasant position in which Italy's petulant attitude thus placed her, and personally dispatched a friendly letter to the Holy Father to which His Holiness sent an immediate reply. Both these documents were read and recorded at the closing session of the Conference. Upon the death in 1902, of Mgr. Tarnassi the Holy See refrained from naming his successor, and up to 1911 a chargé d'affaires again filled the gap. During the latter year Mgr. Tacci, Papal Internuncio at Brussels, was likewise appointed to the Internunciature at The Hague, and in this manner the diplomatic relations between Holland and the Holy See are carried on at present. Meantime the Queen had done everything possible on her part to conciliate the Vatican and to smooth over the ruffled feelings of her Catholic subjects. Both in 1902 and 1908 Her Majesty sent a special embassy to Rome for the purpose of congratulating the Holy Father on the occasion of his two respective jubilees.

Part of the permanent platform adopted in 1896 by the Catholic group in the Dutch Parliament reads, "that the suppression of the Dutch embassy to the Holy See is strongly disapproved and deeply regretted by Catholics, and that both for the honor and the best interests of the country they do

insist upon its restoration. Now that England deems it to her advantage to maintain an official representative at the Vatican, and since Turkey likewise is said to entertain a similar opinion, the Catholics of Holland decided to bring the question to the fore again. With an extra parliamentary Administration in power, it was thought that conditions looked quite favorable for obtaining redress of grievance on this point. Consequently in the Second Chamber Dr. Nolens, leader of the Catholic division, called the attention of the Cabinet to the subject, and Mr. London, head of the Foreign Office, courteously signified his willingness to consider the matter. A well-known author and publicist, Mr. Paul Goulmy, recently advocated, in a lengthy article in the Rotterdam *Maasbode,* speedy restoration of the Dutch embassy at the Vatican. Despite all this, however, the Government finally decided that action in so important an affair is momentarily inopportune. Thus the solution of the problem is once more deferred.

V. S.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been sometimes amused and more often angered by the articles I read in Catholic periodicals regarding the "baneful" influence of the Y. M. C. A. on its Catholic members. The three strongest arguments against those of our faith joining the organization seem to be these: No Catholic can hold office; he gives bad example; he supports a Protestant enterprise. Now I am a graduate of a Jesuit college. I belong to the swimming team of the Y. M. C. A. in Philadelphia, and I have not yet lost my faith. Moreover out of the twelve members of the team, eight are Catholics, and so is the captain and the coach. Indeed there is not a club or society in the city to which I could go and meet so many of my Catholic friends. Nearly all the members of our church sodality are enrolled and a great number of Catholic college students. Therefore Catholics can hold office and it appears the only bad example they can give is by their healthy and robust appearance to inspire other Catholics to join an organization which will improve them physically. The head of the physical department told me personally, he is forbidden by the laws of the society to talk religion or to permit those under him to do so. Since I joined the Association, several years ago, I have heard no talk about religion except among the Catholics themselves. If you knew how much personal coaching and attention we receive in return for the small dues we pay you would see that the Y. M. C. A. supports us rather than we the Association.

Observe that I speak only of the athletic department of the Y. M. C. A. It is really the only place I can go for physical relaxation. There are three all-the-year swimming pools in this city. One is public and unfit for swimming; the second belongs to a German club and has a bar and the cleanest and best equipped is that of the Y. M. C. A.

Now let us examine the Catholic clubs in this city. There is the A. O. H. whose members must be of Irish descent. It has sick and death benefits and gives a yearly ball in a second-rate hall during which liquor is always served. Sufficiently exciting for an athletic fellow of twenty-five, isn't it? Then there is the I. C. B. U., a pool-room sort of a club with sick and death benefits attached. It is designed to provide its members with a financially solvent death rather than a longer, healthier life. Now take the K. of C.—More benefits living and dead; weekly inundations of tickets for amateur theatricals which are the despair and shame of the educated. Much good work is done, such as giving dinners to orphans and professorships to colleges. Though there are 100,000 Knights of Columbus in Philadelphia, not a single council owns a club house with a gymnasium or swimming pool attached.

Should not something be done for Catholic young men who are fond of athletics? We equip them with the finest education attainable; our colleges send out the pride of American manhood, virile and ambitious, mentally and morally capable of coping with the strongest. From the combat with the business world where shall they turn to refresh their tired bodies? Surplus energy too must be worked off and mental strain can only be cured by physical exertion. If our Catholic clubs and societies do not provide gymnasiums or swimming pools, where shall we go?

Philadelphia. LEO PAUL MCCLOSKEY.

THE foregoing letter was evidently sent to AMERICA as a sort of challenge. It suggested an inquiry into the condition it so aggressively defends. The New York Y. M. C. A. took a census of the religious affiliations of its members in 1912, which disclosed that, in the various branches in Manhattan and the Bronx, from 29.5 per cent. to 32.8 per cent. claimed to be Catholics. As the total membership of these branches at that time was upward of 17,000, it follows that there were then in these two boroughs alone about 5,000 Catholic young men and boys associated with the Y. M. C. A. There are more of them now, and conditions are probably the same in Philadelphia and other large cities throughout the country.

The Y. M. C. A. welcomes Catholics to its membership, it holds them eligible for all privileges in local branches, even for certain paid positions connected with athletic work; but against them it lays one restriction which goes to the very root of the matter: it refuses Catholic members the right to vote for the trustees who control the destinies of the Y. M. C. A., and, naturally, does not permit them to hold places on this board. Unitarians and Jews have the same privileges, and are placed under the same restrictions as Catholics. Thus eligibility for full membership in the Y. M. C. A. is determined by a religious test. Catholics are not excluded from this standing, as Unitarians and Jews are, upon the ground that they are not Christians, but on the ground that they are not Evangelical Protestants. Even if the Y. M. C. A. denied, which at least as far as its principal officers are concerned it does not, that it is a religious organization doing a religious work, these constitutional disabilities laid upon members not of the Evangelical Protestant sects would clearly establish its definite religious character.

The attitude of the Y. M. C. A. toward Catholics may fairly be expressed thus: "We are glad to have you join our association; we value the prestige that comes to us from having you increase our ranks; we appreciate the help we derive from the dues you pay; we enjoy having you use our swimming pools, gymnasiums, and libraries—in which last you will find no Catholic books or periodicals; we open to you even our Bible classes and prayer meetings, if you are disposed to use them;—but you must remember that this is a religious organization; that, because you do not belong to some Evangelical Protestant church, you do not pass our test; and, therefore, that we can not admit you to full membership."

A Catholic can not accept these terms without sacrificing loyalty and self-respect. If a man is to be denied essential privileges on the ground that he is not an Evangelical Protestant, it is not possible for him to accept other privileges which are granted only upon the understanding that for this purpose his religion shall be mutually ignored. Catholics can do this only when they fail to recognize, or refuse to admit, that the Y. M. C. A. is a religious organization, which restricts their membership upon religious grounds. Its ideals, its purposes, its methods, its resources, its zeal, its energy, its very life—all are drawn from the spirit of Evangelical Protestantism. No man in authority in the organization will deny it. Catholics should clearly understand that in the spirit which gives life to this association, no Catholic ever can have part. He remains a stranger in a strange land.

This correspondent, however, will probably condemn this view as being extremely narrow. He will deny that Catholics are made to feel like strangers, and will maintain that the Y. M. C. A. does not consider itself primarily a religious organization. A Catholic who does not feel like a stranger when discrimination is made against him on religious grounds, either has had the vision of his Faith distorted by the hypnotism of external hospitality, or else, for the sake of certain material benefits and pleasures, has deliberately paid the price in self-respect and loyalty. Moreover, the Y. M. C. A. does consider itself primarily a religious organization. It has gone into court in various parts of the country and claimed that its property should be exempt from taxation on the ground that it is a religious organization doing a religious work. While it is true that the association has also maintained in court that it is an educational organization, it has done so only after the court has denied it the religious status it demanded at first. In its effort to establish itself upon the reservation at West Point, the association reversed its usual proceedure and claimed to be an educational society, because admission would not have been granted to a distinctly religious organization. The Y. M. C. A. was at first exclusively, and it remains now chiefly, an organization which aims, by various attractive means, to bring young men under the influence of the Evangelical Protestant religion. This principle will be admitted by officers of the association when the question is put to them squarely. It is affirmed in their constitution when it gives voting power only to Protestant members; and it is denied, or glossed over, only by overzealous workers who wish to banish religious scruples in the hesitating prospective member, or by Catholic associates who wish to justify themselves in accepting favors from one hand of an association which, with the other, penalizes them for being Catholics.

To the young man who takes delight in gymnasiums and swimming-pools, this may seem a somewhat abstract and academic question, for he finds it in his heart to reply that, as far as the Catholic member is concerned, the primarily religious character of the association lies beyond his field of consciousness, and that concretely and actually the Catholic is never bothered by any attempt at direct proselyting. This position is the last ditch of defence. After all it were better that Catholic members should be subject to direct proselyting, than that they should be constantly under an influence, not recognized for the thing it is, yet inevitably inimical to their religion. A direct attack upon their faith would rouse their dormant loyalty and self-respect, and drive them out of the association; but so long as they can not or will not recognize that by association with the Y. M. C. A. they are making concessions and submitting themselves to influences dangerous to their faith, they find, like our correspondent, sufficient grounds for defending themselves after they have assumed a position which is untenable and dangerous.

Opposition to his faith will set a Catholic upon his guard, and impel him to avoid occasions that are dangerous to it. The greatest danger to the religious faith of a Catholic is that spirit of religious liberalism which holds that one religion is as good as another, for it destroys positive, saving faith in any religious belief. In a world saturated with materialism it is extremely easy, though extremely illogical, for a young man to argue that, if one religion is as good as another, one religion is as bad as another, and from this, when the fit is on him, he can without much difficulty assume the position that there is no good in any religion at all. Yet it is only by a practical application of this dangerous principle that it is possible for the religious services of an institution which outwardly appears to be a young men's club to be made "broad" enough to take in, as they are intended to do, members of all shades of belief and unbelief. Moreover, it is only upon an affirmation of this principle that the Y. M. C. A. can find any grounds for appealing to Catholics to disregard religious differences and become members, though at the same time it denies this principle and actually asserts that one religion is not as good as another when it refuses to give Catholics a vote because they are not Protestants. Yet the denial of this principle is to be preferred to the affirmation of it. For, in denying that one religion is as good as another, the Y. M. C. A. simply places Catholics under a stigma in an association they never should have joined, but in affirming the principle as a means of doing its own kind of religious work, the Y. M. C. A. is creating an atmosphere which subjects Catholic members, and all others who have definite religious belief, to an insidious process of attrition by which their faith is in danger of destruction.

The Catholic Church regards her young men as the flower of her flock. She rejoices to see in them that Catholic instinct, that jealousy of Catholic honor which is the surest safeguard of their faith. She looks very wistfully to find in them that spirit which makes them prompt to answer her call for service in the Catholic cause. This instinct and this spirit can not be developed and fostered in the atmosphere of the Y. M. C. A. The Church does not expect a Catholic young man to take the stand, and to use the arguments to which this correspondent has given expression in his letter. Such a letter is certainly not the fruit of the training received in a Jesuit college. It is the natural result of several years' association with the Y. M. C. A.

"Where is the Catholic young man to go?" There lurks a measure of reproach in the very asking of that question. Are our young men weary of waiting for their gymnasiums and swimming-pools? Are they now willing to purchase these pleasures at the sacrifice of a principle for which their fathers and forefathers gave the last full measure of devotion? They should remember that Catholic resources of energy and money have been constantly expended in building and maintaining churches, parish schools and colleges by which means Catholic young men of to-day have received the Faith, and have been equipped, as this correspondent claims, with the best education obtainable. Is the Church to be reproached by her own sons because she can not do more for them now? Perhaps some day, not so remote that "an athletic young fellow of twenty-five" may not live to see it and share in its labors, there will arise all over our country club-houses for Catholic young men, modeled, at least architecturally, on the best examples of the Y. M. C. A. But if that day ever comes, it must come as the result of the zeal and the service of Catholic laymen. When Catholic young men—especially those who have had the advantage of a college education—cease demanding of the Church service she has not the means to render; when, seeing her need, they no longer turn their backs upon her to accept bounty from the hands of strangers; but, with hearts full of Catholic devotion and loyalty and zeal, say to her, not, "Serve me!" but, "I will serve thee!" it will be very easy to answer the question: "Where shall our Catholic young men go?"

NELSON HUME.

COMMUNICATIONS

Regulating the "Foundations"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I fear Mr. Mitchell read into my words more than they contained.

What I wanted to convey was the idea that our Government was quite strong enough to deal with these Foundations in the light of their *acts* and that unless these acts infringed the law or contravened public policy the Foundations themselves could hardly be considered as the "menace" or "peril" to our institutions that Mr. Walsh seemed to think they were.

I offered no suggestion as to the "breaking of strikes" being either good or bad; all I said was that the use of money to break strikes was not now unlawful nor was it likely

to be unlawful in the future. If the Foundations use unlawful means, such as Mr. Mitchell describes, the law can be invoked to restrain them or punish them, can it not?

I quite agree with Mr. Mitchell's remark as to the desirability of a united effort by all to remove the causes of industrial unrest. I may perhaps be allowed to suggest that the work of the Industrial Relations Commission *might* be a little more fruitful of good results if the Chairman were a trifle less violently partisan.

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

A Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am keenly interested in the Catholic daily discussion and I hope that something crystallizes out of it all. Our minds, now convinced of its need and advantage, should be bent on ways and means of starting it. Can we get no wealthy Catholic nor any body of wealthy Catholics to risk the venture? To buy a daily in one of our large cities and to run it, not as a professedly Catholic paper, but in such a way as not to offend our Catholic faith and morals, would seem to me to be the safest kind of a business risk. In the first place, the paper would in all likelihood retain its original circulation; then, with the approval of the hierarchy, clergy, Catholic leaders and Catholic societies, there is no reason why this paper, especially in cities like New York, Boston, Chicago or St. Louis, should not in a short time, under proper business management, become the largest daily in the city. Moreover, a daily, healthy in sane principles, "sensational," too, but not with the morbid sensationalism of immorality, would appeal, I am sure, to numerous healthy-minded parents outside the fold who wish to have in their homes a paper not dangerous to the innocence of their children. It is easy to predict for the wealthy Catholic who puts this work on its feet great financial success, and to forecast that within a decade or two we may have great dailies in all our large cities. Will the Hearst for the Catholic daily please step forward? Or will some one please find him for us?

St. Louis. A READER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The contributions to AMERICA on this subject have been interesting though of varying value. The most complete, and I think the most valuable, after the opening article of Dr. Flick, was the well-considered statement, evidently founded on experience, of Mr. Michael Williams. But there are other journalists whose experience lead them in some respects to opposite conclusions. Admitting the necessity of a Catholic daily, Mr. Williams is convinced that such a journal, which can not cater to the passions of the public, has no chance of financial success until a sufficient number of readers have been inoculated with a taste for decent and honest journalism; and therefore that a sure foundation, namely plenty of money to start with, is the prime necessity. The present writer has had long experience on both secular and religious papers, and he has come to the conclusion that money is not the prime necessity, and that the public are not only not so given to sensationalism that they will disrelish what is sane, wholesome and true, but that the latter is the very thing they are thirsting for.

Take the daily papers of New York City to-day. Who knows better than the journalist that in them real news and honest news is never to be counted on, that such is an exception rather than the rule, and that a large proportion, probably the vast majority, of their readers are aware that the pabulum fed them is largely made up of adulterated or unadulterated lies. Such readers, and recent experience has multiplied their numbers and their yearning, are ripe for a paper that will tell the truth, give real news in due proportion, and express sound, or at any rate honest, opinions on every subject of importance, unswayed by advertisers, monopolists, politicians, or any other external influences.

I was talking recently on this subject with an experienced journalist who owns a very successful Eastern paper, which is also distinguished by its rather unusual respectability. He is a Catholic who is stronger in faith than in practice, but he became greatly interested in AMERICA when it was first shown to him about two months ago. Analyzing carefully every part of it, he said it approached the ideal more nearly than any other American publication. He pointed out some editorials which were so frank and true that no metropolitan daily would dare publish them. The Chronicle he considered a model in compression, clearness and impartiality. There was more real news in it than in the seven daily issues of—and he named five leading New York dailies. The departments covered everything, and each was well done. In its 26,000 words there were few that were superfluous. Now, he said, get out a daily in that fashion, with the requisite adaptations, and you will have a paper that will give a vast number of people what they are consciously or unconsciously longing for, and will surprise them and others by its delicious novelty.

For the majority of readers are not so hungry for sensational and scandalous and yellow-colored news as editors seem to think. One proof of this is that since editors began to paint their pages yellow they have to depend on the advertisers, not the readers, for financial support, and frequently failing in this, have to draw on the inexhaustible millions of their monopolistic owners. Their contents have cheapened with their prices. Glaring headlines and melodramatic scandals bore, with the result that the average reader turns over to the sporting page or some matter of business interest. Their columns, home and foreign, consist largely not of news but of the offal of news; and much of it is evidently manufactured in the offices. Their editorials are flimsy, arbitrary, contradictory, brazenly asserting or denying to-day what they denied or asserted a week or a month ago, anything but the consistent expression of sound and considered views on the questions of the hour. They do not express their mind, for they have no mind to express. That belongs to their owners or their advertisers, and these have their minds focussed only on their own interests, which are not the interests of the public. Now AMERICA knows its own mind and has the ability and the courage to express it. It has also a sound estimate of what is news and what is not, and has the courage to include the one and exclude the other. A daily paper so conducted, always with the requisite adaptations, would be a long felt want that would capture the public by its very novelty.

But the adaptations required would be considerable. In the first place it should not be called, nor be in any formal sense, a Catholic daily. What we want is a paper, established within daily reach of every district in the United States, that will give honest news and honest views in readable fashion. Get together three or four Catholic men of journalistic experience, of wide information and sound Catholic instincts, who know their own minds and will be swayed by no influence from expressing them, and you have the essentials for the success of a great and good American paper. A large number of Americans of all denominations, vastly larger than surface observers take thought of, are yearning for just that kind of paper. They won't quarrel about its political views, national or international, provided they are normally non-partisan and always honest; and whatever its views, they will be satisfied if its news, home and foreign, is as true as is fairly ascertainable, and proportioned according to decency and value. There is a growing revolt against the unreliability, the partisanship, the lack of principle, the catering to indecency and to moneyed interests, of the average daily; and this is the moment for an honestly independent and able paper.

It is men, not money, that will make such a paper. Some of

your correspondents seem to think that money is the whole question. On the contrary, it is almost negligible. I know one man who is anxious to turn over unconditionally $1,500,000 to such a paper the moment he is assured that it has intrinsically a fair guarantee of success; and he understands by success the right kind of men at the helm. Given the men who have the requisite Catholic character and literary power and possess, or know how to supply, the supplementary business qualities essential to financial success, all the money needed will be easily obtainable. Convince even ten bishops that an enterprise, so manned and planned, lacks but financial backing for the launching and, as far as finance is concerned, it could be launched in a month.

The details of control and theological advice could be easily worked out. Briefly, a daily paper that would meet Catholic needs should also meet the needs of all decent Americans and, having to deal largely with secular affairs in secular fashion, should be run by laymen. Instances would occur where philosophical and theological and other expert advice would be needed, and should be had and hearkened to; but ordinarily it would be a layman's paper. The editors and managers, being Catholic, its tone would be fundamentally and unconsciously Catholic, and when the occasion occurred, which would be comparatively infrequent, it would take frankly the Catholic attitude on morals and dogma and historical and literary interpretation.

It would do all this, and be at the same time the independent expression of the editors' minds and purposes, taking from them its life, color, character and distinctive individuality. Hence it would be inadvisable to take over any of the existing secular dailies, all of which have traditions more or less objectionable. It will have to be its own ancestor.

Such a paper would live and vitalize immeasurably Catholic thought and activities; and last, but least, it would pay.

Palm Beach, Fla. MICHAEL MCDERMOT.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I through your columns say a word in defence of Catholic laymen? Among your correspondents—particularly those who are writing about the Catholic press—it has become, it seems to me, quite popular to blame the Catholic layman for all our troubles. These writers take particular delight in alleging that the Catholic layman is unwilling to stand up and be counted a Catholic, that he will not get out and fight for his Faith, that he will not support his fellow Catholics in their various efforts, that he will not generously respond to the calls made on him by various Catholic institutions. Personally, I have met but few Catholics who, when the occasion demanded that they do so, failed to make their Catholicism known. The only ones I have ever met who failed when tried were Catholic politicians who were Catholics—and then very loud ones—only when they felt that it meant votes for them. Thank Heaven, I have known only a few of them.

The churches, the schools, the colleges, the hospitals, the asylums and other institutions built and maintained by Catholics seem to me to speak very eloquently not only of the industry and self-sacrifice of our good priests and nuns, but as well of the generosity and self-sacrifice of our laymen.

If the average Catholic weekly newspaper is not what we would like it to be—and I believe that "A Perfect Fool" (who is by the way not so much of a fool after all) is more nearly correct in his estimate of these publications than is Father Corbett—the blame is to be ascribed to the managers and editors of these publications rather than to the Catholic public.

We do not to-day need a Catholic daily. Even an endowed daily such as Mr. Williams describes would prove a failure. I question, moreover, if a sufficiently large endowment could be raised for such a publication. We do not need an endowed diocesan weekly. But we do need a number of real Catholic diocesan weekly newspapers, newspapers which will publish the news of the dioceses in which they are published. Most of our Catholic weeklies attempt to cover too much territory, and so spread themselves out too thin.

In the homes of many good Catholics the diocesan weekly is never taken out of the wrapper in which it was mailed. Why? Because the paper does not publish the news of the diocese—the news in which the subscriber is particularly interested. The other day I obtained one of the best of these weeklies, published in a great archdiocese. Out of nearly forty-seven column-inches on the first page, just exactly three column-inches were given over to news of the diocese. I found the diocesan news on the fifth page. Out of forty-one columns of reading matter in that issue, there were four columns of editorials, none of them about anything very near home, twenty-seven columns of general news, and about ten columns of the news of the diocese. The general treatment of the local news indicated that the editors felt that it was of but little, if any, importance. A few Sundays ago, I heard a priest refer to the intended visit to the parish of the subscription representative of the diocesan weekly. He very frankly admitted that the publication was not what it ought to be, but urged the people of the parish to subscribe for it in the hope that it would be improved. Finally he said that it was the duty of the parishioners to support the weekly, but it seemed to me that he felt that it was an unpleasant duty. The sheet for which he so openly apologized was one which Father Corbett said did honor to its editor. That diocese should have a publication for which no one need apologize. If the editors will give us Catholic weekly newspapers that are interesting and readable, the Catholic public will in return, if properly approached, give a willing and generous support. With the right sort of circulation, both as to quantity and quality, that such a publication should have, it would be no difficult matter to obtain desirable and profitable advertising. From such a publication, a Catholic daily can reasonably be expected to develop.

New York. FRANK L. DEVINE.

The Purchase of Alaska

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Here is an item of information which is not generally known and which you may wish to make use of in your paper. George Hazzard, of Tacoma, who visited Juneau some time since, made the statement that Abraham Lincoln's great Secretary of State, William H. Seward, conceived the idea of buying Alaska from Russia seven years before the purchase was actually consummated, and that his attention was first called to the idea by a Jesuit, a member of an Order that has contributed greatly to the civilization of this Territory.

> It was in 1860 at the Merchants' Hotel in St. Paul that Colonel Allen, proprietor of the hotel at the time and for many years afterward, introduced William H. Seward to a Jesuit priest. The introduction was made just before Mr. Seward was to address a meeting during his campaigning tour in the interest of the presidential candidacy of Abraham Lincoln.
>
> Seward became so interested in the marvelous story of the Jesuit missionary that he was late at the meeting and had to be reminded that he was expected to address a large assemblage that was anxiously awaiting his appearance. Seward went to the meeting and with the priest's story fresh in his mind, predicted that the United States would purchase "Russian America" and cause its development into a great section of the Republic. Mr. Seward lived to negotiate the purchase himself and to visit the place. That he was well pleased with the work accomplished is testified to by the circumstance that shortly before his death he wrote that the greatest act of his life was the purchase of Alaska, and the second greatest act was the attestation as Secretary of State of the Emancipation Proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln.

This, I think, is a piece of news that will give pleasure to many of your readers.

Douglas, Alaska. T.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"The Enemy of the Poor"?

ALMOST amazing statement was made by a criminal when questioned by the police as to the motive that had induced him to attempt to set off a bomb in the Catholic Cathedral of New York. He is reported to have said that he hated the Church because he believed it was the enemy of the poor. There have been many charges brought against the Church, but this last calumny is the most gratuitous of all. The very contrary has been the standing reproach that non-Catholics have always been ready to fling in the face of the Church. Her devotion to the poor Italians of New York City in particular has kept more than one possible convert out of her ranks.

A prominent man in the city with strong leanings toward Catholicism, but with very pronounced repugnances against the sacrifices involved in "going over to Rome," has made it his practice for years, whenever his Romeward tendencies became too insistent, to attend services in the Italians' Catholic church. The sight of the poverty of his prospective coreligionists and the character of the art with which the pastor had catered to the tastes of his poor congregation were very effective antidotes for his passing fervor. He found he went back to his fashionable and exclusive congregation quite cured. He could sit among the rich, if not altogether at peace, at least, without a shock to his esthetic sensibilities, for there was nothing about the fellow-worshipers who frequented the chapel he attended that could offend his artistic and aristocratic soul.

In no Catholic church in the world could he have the same security. Since the days of Christ there has been one clear, cogent mark of the Catholic's place of worship. In it the poor had the Gospel preached to them. In every quarter of the globe her devotion to the poor has been a clamorous proof of her divinity. And now from that same poor Italian church, a church that is eminently the church of the poorest of the poor, to the sacred edifice that is known the world over as the Cathedral of the poor, there comes an Italian anarchist with a bomb in his hand, because, forsooth, he believes that the Church hates the poor. A startling piece of psychology, surely! There is strange persuasiveness in the anarchistic eloquence that can tell men, and make them believe, that black is white.

Bread for the Needy

THERE is a beautiful story told in Holy Writ of a great throng, some five thousand strong, not counting women and children, whom Our Lord found fasting on the northeastern shore of the Lake of Galilee, and whom He fed in the midst of the wilderness with bread of His own divine making. He did not form them into a line, but this was because of the exquisite delicacy of His kindness. He did not bid them stand shivering, confessed to the world as beggars, to receive His beneficence from the hands of servants. He made them sit down, friends and acquaintances together, and then He and His disciples ministered to them with their own hands. They were His guests, they were invited to His feast; not for a moment did they think they were the objects of charity. This is the beginning of our modern charity, or, at least, of the best of the spirit that animates it.

Pagan Rome threw bread to her citizens, but she did so in disdain, contempt and fear, lest the rabble should rise in revolt and extort it by force. The motive of our gifts to the poor is far different: it is Christian. It is imbued, at least for the most part, with the spirit of Him who is the first of many brethren. It springs, though this is not always appreciated, from fellowship with Jesus Christ. Perhaps this is not realized even by Catholics as fully as it should be. Honor to whom honor is due. No one doubts the generosity that has prompted the sending of ships laden with food to the hungry across the seas. Every one applauds the sympathy that doles out the loaves to the unemployed in our own cities. But the breaking of bread to the multitudes, lest they faint by the way, did not originate yesterday nor the day before, it goes back to the time of Christ. Like many another work of mercy, it had its inception in the Sacred Heart of the Saviour.

Is It Merely Folly?

COMMENTING on the plea recently made in favor of the liceity of putting to death the old and those incurably ill, one of our leading dailies combated the proposition on the ground that it is against common sense. The position thus adopted is correct as far as it goes, but it illustrates the unchristian character of our public press. We used to be told that murder was wrong because it is forbidden by the divine law, both natural and positive. The Fifth Commandment of God was put before us as the final and unalterable expression of the Sovereign Master's will with regard to the life of His human creatures. Our life, so we were taught, was a

sacred thing of which no individual might deprive us, save in the single case of unjust aggression against which the taking of our life was the only means of self-defence. Murder was declared to be an unholy violation of two rights: the inalienable right inherent in every man to live all the days and years of his divinely appointed term of existence, and the absolute right of the Creator to be served by the creature of His hands until He Himself in His own inscrutable designs had given death permission to supervene. An awful and eternal sanction was held up before all as a warning against any infringement, no matter on what provocation, of either of these rights. God was a jealous God, who would exact a terrible retribution. This was in the past the custom of all writers. Such teaching now seems to be regarded as old-fashioned. The new learning has provided a substitute for it in the form of the dictate of common sense, a substitute that is hopelessly inadequate, as the writer of the editorial in question knows perfectly well. Can it be that the reading public has grown so far away from God, that even the most obvious of His prerogatives can not be vindicated?

Compromising

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us an evening paper of Wilmington, Del., containing an account of a building fund campaign launched by the Santa Maria Council of the Knights of Columbus of that city, whereat the speaker is reported to have expressed himself thus:

> No one who has considered it can doubt the usefulness of fraternal organizations when they are based on good principles and possess a membership of upright and worthy gentlemen. Such an organization not only promotes the welfare of every member of it, but it helps to improve and lift up the whole community. We all recognize that in this country the Masonic craft has promoted upright living in the community and has benefited personally the men who belong to it. Similar good things may be said of other fraternal organizations, such as the Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Improved Order of Red Men.

Now, we do not "all recognize that the Masonic Craft," nor its Odd Fellow and Pythian cousinship, "has promoted upright living in the community," however much it "has benefited personally the men who belong to it," which is quite a different thing. The moral system of Masonry, as explained by Albert Pike, the supreme authority, is largely in character and wholly in motive, the antithesis of Christian morality. Nor does experience show that Masonry as such has uplifted any man's morality. But the implication in the speech of the Wilmington Knights' speaker that Masonry and its kindred societies are "based on good principles" is a more serious matter. The Roman Pontiffs for two hundred years have condemned Masonry precisely because it is founded on false principles subversive of Christian Faith and morality. Pope Leo XIII specifically condemned not only Freemasonry, but two of the other societies lauded by the spokesman of Wilmington. Pope Pius X made the "Battle against Freemasonry" the prayerful purpose of every Catholic and, in reply, Masonry's Sovereign Grand Commander at Washington called upon all American Masons of every rite to unite with all Protestant Americans against the purposes of Rome. The Knights of Columbus were instituted mainly to carry out these purposes, and they are doing it well. The speech at Wilmington was contradictory both of their principles and of the solemn declarations of the Church they guarantee to support and defend. The speaker's further declaration that the recent attacks on the Knights of Columbus are as false as the charges brought against Masonry in the anti-Masonic agitation was equally unjust to his Order. The oaths and charges of Masonry as published by John Quincy Adams and others were not, and can not be, repudiated. To put the bogus Knights of Columbus oath on the same level with them is to authenticate that document.

There have been other recent attempts to conciliate Masonry. They are all equally futile; even when not made at the expense of truth. As the *American Freemason* frankly admits, there is an essential antagonism between Freemasonry and the Catholic Church. The organs of Masonry teem with this antagonism, and their enmity is growing precisely as our numbers grow. It is true that a large number of American Masons do not share it, for reasons previously stated in AMERICA, but the Order, as such, is irreconcilable to the Church. Catholics should show charity to individual Masons, whether friendly or hostile, as to all other men; but they can have no more sympathy with Masonry itself than with any other false system. Charity is patient and kind and all-embracing, but does not compromise with principles.

A Distressing Situation

SOCIALISM is meeting with many disenchantments in the present war. What is apparently causing the greatest anxiety to a German socialist, in the Freiburg *Volkswacht,* is the general reawakening of interest in religion. While the comrades are fighting at the front their wives, he laments, are manifesting a piety at home which is becoming truly disquieting. "They run to church, not only twice on Sundays, but attend early Mass on weekdays, and are present at rosary devotion every evening." Such unexpected developments, he says, could never have been even dreamed of before by those who had previously known these women. "They are thus proving untrue to their husbands with whom they have shared suffering and joy, and will share them again, if fate so decrees."

This distressing condition of affairs might indeed suggest serious consequences. But apparently there is little danger that conjugal felicity will suffer because of it, even should the husbands return safe from the field. We may gather this from the subsequent warning addressed to the men themselves. It is true that the *Volkswachi*

writer does not find fault with all the comrades: only with some whose sad decadence has evidently come under his notice. "It is no great glory that a man who went to the front three months ago, a determined rationalist, should now write letters home which are simply unctuous with piety. It matters not whether they are directed to the priest or to his own people, for these missives can be used by the priest in the interests of his Church, and held up to the people as model letters." Things, indeed, have come to a pretty pass! The German socialists deserve our tenderest commiseration.

Our New Statistics

THE 1915 edition of the "Official Catholic Directory" of the United States, published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, is as rich as usual in interesting statistics, which indicate the Church's steady progress. The Catholics in this country now number 16,309,310, an increase of 241,325 since last year, and a gain of nearly 4,000,000 over the figures of 1905. It is the amiable custom of Dr. Carroll to deduct fifteen per cent. from our numbers to allow for the infants who, in his opinion, are not yet Catholics. For he has decreed that it is not Baptism, but some other Sacrament—Matrimony, possibly, or Extreme Unction—that admits a person into the Church. But Mr. Joseph H. Meier, the compiler of the "Catholic Directory," maintains that our grand total of 16,309,310 is really a conservative estimate. Ten per cent. should be added to represent the "floating" Catholic population, of which no record is kept.

Other statistics of special interest given by the "Catholic Directory" are these: The priests of the United States fall but six short of 19,000, of whom 4,986 belong to Orders and Congregations; three hundred and ten churches have been established during the past year, making 14,961 altogether; there are 6,770 young men preparing for the priesthood in our eighty-five seminaries; 229 boys' colleges are maintained, 680 girls' academies, 284 asylums housing 45,742 orphans; and 5,488 parishes are provided with parochial schools, which are attended by 1,456,206 children for whose education the State does not pay a single dollar.

The United States census places the Catholic population of the country at 12,000,000, and asserts that in nineteen of the forty-eight States a majority of the people professing religious belief are Catholics. The compiler of the "Catholic Directory" makes no comparisons, but names thirty "banner States" with large Catholic populations, New York leading, with nearly 3,000,000. Pennsylvania, Illinois and Massachusetts have about a million and a half each. After perusing the foregoing statistics this thought will doubtless occur to the reader: If each and every one of those 16,309,310 children of the Church were always practical and consistent Catholics, what a strong bulwark they would be of all that is best in American civilization!

If I Were You

PUT yourself in his place. It is a healthy and holy exercise. You will find it harder than you imagine. You must be willing to leave the contented home in which you now live and go into a strange land. You are satisfied with your own views of things. You might like to have another's lungs, liver or digestive apparatus, but what of an exchange of your likes and dislikes for his? They are the chains which hold in check many a man who has an idea of faring forth from his own place and occupying another's. Then, again, you will be going to a place where a foreign language is spoken when you endeavor to put yourself in his place. A red flag is a red flag in the dictionary, but it does not mean the same to a bull and a bullfrog. It is a challenge to the one and a charm to the other. In the dictionaries of the soul, where definitions have been made by life and experience, no two words mean the same. Home is translated heaven by you, but home may be translated otherwise in his place. Philosophers have held that no two angels are alike. You will appreciate that truth when you try to get into his place. In the sum total of all they have experienced and are, no two souls are alike.

You begin to see why putting oneself in another's place is not a popular form of amusement. Great actors give a lifetime to the study of some dramatic character which they are to impersonate. Not all are complete successes at such interpretations. Insight is lacking or sufficient sympathy or adaptability. "How can we get papa out of that little hole?" inquired a child anxiously of her mother, on hearing her father over the telephone. It is the opposite problem which confronts you when you try to put yourself into another's place. How can I get into that hole? And in a true sense you never can. The insistent tide pushes its way into bays and creeks and recesses; the air presses down on the world and fills every nook and cranny; ether with more imperious pressure goes where water and air can not go and swathes and permeates the universe, but however close all these widespread elements come to what they engulf, they have yet only put themselves around or near another's place, not in it.

"If I were you," says old wisdom to young ardor. "But you are not," replies young ardor, "and you never can be because you have forgotten what you were at my age." "If I were you," says the teacher to the pupil. "But you are not and can not be," replies the pupil. "You had dreams once of what you would say and do to pupils when you were a pupil and had at the time an unsympathetic, isolated and insulated teacher. You failed to note down your grand program for the amelioration of the tutorial department of life, and now it is too late. You have gone far away from his place and do not know the way back. And you really don't want to come back or recall what you would now term the callow, utopian dreams of unsophisticated experience." Alas!

That it should be so! We often say, "If I were you," but we mean, "If you were I." Selfishness, prejudices, antipathies of all kinds, national jealousies, professional jealousies, family jealousies, these and a hundred other busy agents, are at work intrenching themselves with barriers never dreamt of in the most deadly and ingenious warfare. You are you and I am I, and a lifetime of siege can not carry either impregnable fortress.

The supposition, "If I were you," is incapable of full realization and often has an echo or undertone of arrogance. "If you were I," is a better supposition, because you know fairly well your place, and you know what you would like others to say and do to you. Act towards others as though they were another you, and you will find that you and they differ, indeed, as the angels are said to do, yet you will discover, too, that both you and they, with all your idiosyncrasies (See the doctor at once!) have a common nature, which is angelic. He who gave us the Golden Rule, of which you have just had another version, performed the most stupendous of all miracles to break down an infinite chasm of separation which lay between divinity and humanity, and the approachableness of the Word made flesh filled the early Christians with wonder. "That which was from the beginning," they cried, "we have heard, we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled." No one has ever tried so marvelously to put himself in another's place and no one has succeeded so infinitely well as He who was from the beginning.

LITERATURE

Literature and Weather

AS all the world is aware, no true Bostonian will ever express an opinion regarding the quality of to-day's weather till he has read the *Evening Transcript.* Yesterday's atmospheric conditions he will discuss with enthusiasm, to-morrow's probable temperature he may timidly forecast, and he is sometimes ready to prove that last week's humidity was greater than that of the corresponding period thirteen years ago. But no power on earth can make the loyal citizen of St. Botolph's town commit himself to any statement about the weather of to-day until he has carefully studied in the seclusion of his home, after night has fallen, the *Transcript's* first editorial.

He may then learn on infallible authority that to-day, for instance, "was fair," that "the temperature was high for the season," that there "was no rain up to midday," that "in the open it was a little warmer than yesterday, though the wind was higher," that the "day has been bright and pleasant," or that it actually "snowed last night." Not infrequently valuable information of this kind is imparted with a literary charm that makes the news all the more welcome. After a glowing description, for example, of the unprecedented mildness of a January day, the *Transcript's* seer throws a prescient eye on the meteorological conditions that are likely to prevail in Boston next June, takes thought, and sternly represses his emotions, saying:

> This prodigality of poetic praise is rather extravagant because what will there be left to say, when the green leaves come again, the roses bloom and the honeysuckle diffuses its fragrance around the front door? Wintry conditions may sometimes justify heroics but rarely lyrics, and even now we may be drifting away from the conditions that have inspired these outpourings.

On another evening, however, he scorns restraint, puts spurs to Pegasus and offers the reader this:

> Nearly a week has elapsed since we have been permitted an unobstructed view of the moon and the morning star. The former luminary is now at the gibbous stage, and will not attain full effulgence again for many days to come. The light of the latter is said to be dimming, but the loss was not sufficient to lessen appreciation of its beauty this morning after its long seclusion. It was one of the bright touches of the beautiful purple dawn whose rich tints were the reward of the early riser and the habitual observer. After enduring life under a canopy of darkness for so long, the morning light and its accompanying spectacular effects have been doubly welcome.

The *Transcript's* weather chronicle is also rich in reflections of a hopeful, optimistic character, for the prophet is always confident that to-morrow is sure to be milder and brighter than to-day, and he is an adept at displaying to advantage the silver lining of even the darkest cloud. Bostonians are reminded, for instance, that:

> We have the most of winter behind us and there is always inspiration in following the beckoning finger of the reopening season. . . . Fortunately cold weather does not stay long when the sun is every day mounting higher, and by to-morrow we may expect a milder temperature. . . . There have been two ways of looking at the recent storm. One was to grumble at its undoubted physical discomforts. Another was to enjoy Nature in her rarely bejeweled aspects.

But the cautious reserve practised by *Transcript* readers whenever to-day's weather comes up for discussion certainly tends to make the men of Boston, it must be owned, less amiable and affable than are the natives of some of our other large cities. The genial Baltimorean, for instance, will break an important business engagement just for the pleasure of enlarging eloquently on the balminess of the city's climate as he accompanies for several squares the inquiring stranger. Even the tense-faced Gothamite has been known to forget Wall Street for a moment and actually grow lyrical when the salubrity of New York is his theme, and as for the Metropolis of the Middle West, "it is a matter of common knowledge" that the most lofty flights of her poets have been inspired by Lake Michigan's refreshing breezes. Indeed, unless weather were a grim reality, or a pleasant one, as the case may be, some of the finest passages in our literature never would have been penned. Even the author of the "best seller" to eke out his needed 300 pages of printed matter has more than once been forced to run in a "gripping" description of atmospheric conditions that intensified the heroine's distress or the villain's hate.

Unquestionably the value of weather as the theme of a literary masterpiece is very high but as a subject for sustained conversation a day's barometric and thermometric changes are even richer still in matter. Men who widely differ from one another in age, race, education, religion, and even in politics, are constantly observed to agree perfectly regarding the atrocity of a day's temperature, and the bitterest commercial rivals will often be found to have but one opinion about the timeliness, say, of an April shower. Even in a period so wearing on the affections as is the present, the most violent "pro's" and "anti's" will pleasantly discuss the mild winter we have had and thus discover how many tastes they have in common. Consequently they part, as a rule, with feelings of profound respect for one another's judgment.

Brilliant social triumphs, moreover, lie within the easy reach of all who can bring to the quotidian appraisal of the weather a certain freshness of expression and novelty of phrase. This, however, is a rare accomplishment for, since the world began, so much has been said, and excellently said, on that familiar subject that no one but a genius can now give a strikingly original description of a day's meteorological phenomena. But where there is no difficulty there is no praise, and those who

devote their lives to seeking new terms in which to give an analysis of the prevailing weather, will not only merit the blessings of posterity, but even now will be rewarded by becoming social stars of the first magnitude. Such a man is the salvation of dull dinners and the solace of the perplexed hostess. A subject which has hitherto served merely as an introduction to what are considered more important topics he will invest with such charm and interest that guests will listen to him like three-years children. He will be the acknowledged lion of every social function he attends.

Such a genius will be highly successful in guiding conversation aright, and in preventing awkward pauses. Who has not experienced how many an embarrassing situation a cleverly inserted remark about the weather has saved? But owing to the jejune and commonplace character of the average man's observations on this large subject, there is great danger of the conversers' interest soon flagging. Here would come our gifted proficient's opportunity. For his comments on the weather will be so entertaining, novel and recondite, his searching questions will so stir the deeper feelings of his hearers, he will descant with such glowing enthusiasm, upon the wind and the rain, the clouds and the sunbeams, that the company he graces will joyfully listen to him for hours and hours.

But, best of all, this adept in weather lore would be a zealous promoter of kindness and charity. Just as Blessed Thomas More was wont to protest, when the fair name of the absent was being rended, "Be that as it may, I maintain that this house is well built!" our social meteorologist will exclaim when another's reputation is threatened with extinction: "What finer weather could there be than that we had yesterday!" or "To-day's humidity is the greatest for fifty years, as the following statistics will prove." He will then launch himself on the full stream of his eloquence and discourse so movingly on the blessedness of sunshine or the value of humidity that his enchanted hearers will leave their neighbor's name ungored.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Straight Path; or Marks of the True Church. By the REV. M. J. PHELAN, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $0.80.

Those who heard this eloquent Irish Jesuit defending the claims of the Church during his recent visit to the United States will be glad to know that some at least of his impressive sermons have been put into permanent form. The little volume of 174 pages treats of a subject that is by no means new, but is ever useful. Unity, holiness, catholicity and apostolicity are shown by passages quoted from the Old and the New Testaments to be essential characteristics of the Church that Christ founded. These four marks are then proved to be luminously distinctive of the Church that is called Catholic, and to be conspicuously absent from all of the other churches that claim to be Christian. This forms the first part of the volume. The second part is devoted to a study of the infallibility of the Pope, its meaning and its actual inherence, as an inalienable prerogative, in the successor of Saint Peter. The last chapter consists of an historical retrospect on the trials and triumphs of the papacy. The treatment throughout is clear, logical and convincing. A chastened and restrained Celtic imagination by its flashes of color lightens the pages that are nevertheless philosophically severe. A careful avoidance of anything like controversial bitterness makes it a book that one could put without misgivings into the hands of even sensitive non-Catholics; while its careful prose, its evident sincerity, and its frequent appeals to the Scriptures are calculated to propitiate educated, well-read seekers after truth. It is to be regretted that the limits which the author set himself, necessitated brevity of treatment. For Catholics who are familiar with the doctrines, this no doubt is an advantage; but for prospective converts more expansion would have been preferable. J. H. F.

Émile Verhaeren. By STEPHAN ZWEIG. Translated by J. BITHELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.00.

Not every reader of this monograph, in which the Viennese poet-critic studies the ideals, the methods and the influence of the Belgian writer, will unconditionally surrender to its facile enthusiasm and flattering verdict. A hero-worshiper, Stephan Zweig kneels with unquestioning faith and evident sincerity at the shrine of the author of "Les Aubes," "Les Villes Tentaculaires," "Hélène de Sparte," "Toute la Flandre," "Les Blés Mouvants." Nor is he alone in his fervid devotion. Such eminent critics and writers as Ellen Key, de Régnier, Berjussow and G. Brandes join in the homage. Our critic proves that some of that homage is justified. We may not call Émile Verhaeren the greatest of living poets, or a song-smith of the noblest breed. But we ungrudgingly admit that he sounds a note of vibrant power and originality, that his utterances are spontaneous, personal and vehemently modern. Few living poets have so imprisoned in the rhythm of their verse the whir of the loom, the roar of the red-lit iron-mill, the din of the steaming city streets, the clatter and confusion of the tawdry theater or the crowded inn. Neither Maeterlinck, Lemonnier, von Lerberghe nor Rodenbach have so faithfully etched the jarring contrasts of a Flemish landscape, the pendulous lace-work of lofty spires mirrored in the sluggish river, the sand-dunes and mounded dykes, the cloisters of gray convents, the tints and blooms of Belgian fields and farms. With keen and dramatic analysis, too, Verhaeren can bare the secrets of the soul. But two elements are generally lacking in the Belgian work, without which there can be no supremely great poetry, genuine nobility of feeling and faith. In his verse, rugged, tortured, muscular as a statue of Rodin, there is, especially in the earlier productions, a Rabelaisian undertone of repellent coarseness and sensualism. It reminds us most unpleasantly of the too-evidently emphasized vulgarity of certain canvases of Jordaens, Teniers and Jan Steen. To this disheartening materialism is added Verhaeren's recurrent cry of revolt against the creed and the ideals which have made his country's true greatness, the creed of his boyhood, when a pupil of the Jesuits at Sainte-Barbe in Ghent, "he wept and prayed before the altar, with folded hands." He has fashioned for himself strange gods, science, progress, industrialism, liberty, the religion of a perfectly realized self. He has tried to "chisel a new face of Christ." If he turns away from the Christ of the Gospels and the Catholic Church he will lose the highest gifts of poesy. A purer, more tender note seems of late to have glided into his song. The tragic sorrows of his beloved Belgium may deepen it to a really spiritual and religious harmony. Then only will he give to the world the full measure of his great and undeniable powers.

J. C. R.

Pulpit Themes. Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri. By REV. FRANCIS SCHOUPPE, S.J. Translated by REV. P. A. BEECHER, M.A., D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Eloquence, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

The aim of the Maynooth Professor of Sacred Eloquence has been to offer not so much a translation as a "transvaluation" of Father Schouppe's famous book of sermon outlines, which has passed through fourteen editions on the Continent. Throughout a wide experience in the study and examination of homiletic literature he has always been of the opinion

that the present work is the best of all that have passed under his notice. He is not partial in his estimate of Father Schouppe when he says of him: "A profound theologian and distinguished Scriptural scholar, he had withal a rare gift of imagination, which enabled him to turn his learning to account in applying it to everyday life." Father Schouppe's outlines are richly suggestive of thought, while often interfused with a warmth of feeling and a wealth of comparison and imagery which enforce his doctrine. The translator, if we may so call him, has given to the book whatever further amplification or application that came to mind in his own study of the text. The work is thus given the freshness of originality without losing its own peculiar merit. The book will supply thoughtful laymen with solid food for reflection, and priests, for whom, of course, the work is chiefly intended, will find in it suggestive outlines for discourses on the great truths of faith. A good index arranges the volume's contents according to the Sundays and principal feasts of the year.

J. H.

The Unknown Guest. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The future, the past and the present viewed in the light of eternity trouble the mind of Maurice Maeterlinck; nor is this all; this "quietly profound thinker" now rehearses his doubts, theories, suggestions and insinuations regarding clairvoyance, haunted houses, fluidic asepsis, veridical apparitions, and the miraculous cures at Lourdes. The ultimate force, psychic, subliminal, fluidic, or what you will, back of all these, Maeterlinck calls the "Unknown Guest." He sets aside "religious hypotheses" because they begin "by calling for an act of adherence of blind faith" and the "profound thinker" stirred to the depths of his intellectual greatness by the mathematical genius of an "educated horse" can not find it in his power to make such a "blind act." He gazes into the limpid antelope-eyes of the trained equine scholar Muhamed seeking a sign but sees none; he witnesses the wonderful feats of the animal and concludes that very probably a new spirit is passing over the world. Man he classes with the Elberfeld trained horses. Noble conclusion of a mind unshackled by the narrow dogmas of "so-called revealed religions"! We live, suffer and die without knowing why, and these horses raised by man from their immemorial sleep, in the author's opinion, do the same. No doubt M. Maeterlinck feels honored in thus sharing the wisdom of quadrupeds for he allows himself to be introduced to the learned horse "Hans" as its "uncle." He is welcome to the compliment.

J. S. H.

"The East I Know." By PAUL CLAUDEL. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

This book is a translation, excellently done, of Paul Claudel's "La Connaissance de l'Est." The author is well known to the French public as a poet and dramatist, and this book will introduce him to American readers. M. Claudel here gives a series of sketches of the East where he spent some years in the French consular service. He has great skill in word-painting along with a happy gift of calling up familiar images, often very homely, which bring his scenes vividly before the mind's eye. "The plain with its field resembles an old stained-glass window with irregular panes set in a network of lead." "As on wall-paper the same scene is repeated, so on every side we see great wooden vats with men who, face to face, beat ears of corn against the sides;" are two of his similes, but, taken from their setting, they show but imperfectly the author's powers of description. In reading the book, however, the feeling is often one of disappointment, for though the imagination is fed and the fancy tickled, there is too much vagueness in the majority of the sketches and the reader feels that he is not fully repaid for the time spent. When M. Claudel's dramatic works appear in English dress they will doubtless be widely read but "The East I Know" will hardly be popular with Americans.

J. M. K.

Pro Fide, a Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion. By CHARLES HARRIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50.

To the Christian public Dr. Harris's able defence of the Christian Revelation will doubtless prove a source of strength and consolation, and the more so, as in these days of bustle and progress both authors and publishers, in their mad desire for creating and editing novelties, show scant consideration for the sacred and solidly grounded traditions of the past. There is more solid argumentation in a single chapter of "Pro Fide" than is usually found in a rationalistic book from cover to cover. Dr. Harris founds his conclusions on arguments; the typical liberal of the day basks complacently in the mists of hypotheses, and waves aside his adversaries with the Horatian *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.* Still, depite its great merit, the "Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion" has its defects, as for instance the philosophical presentation of the infinity of God, the hasty and almost disdainful treatment of Papal infallibility and the insufficient investigation of the religions of Australia. For these reasons it can not be called entirely acceptable to the Catholic or the ethnologist.

J. T. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The ancient and oft-repeated calumny that, according to Jesuit teaching, the end sanctifies the means, has been revived once more. So the Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., Professor of History at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has laid it low—for a time. Under the title "The Jesuit Myth," his paper appears in the current *Catholic Mind.* In response to many requests from our readers, Father John J. Ford's convincing article on "Capital Punishment," long out of print, is republished in this number and is followed by Father Fisher's brief comparison of the Church's Index with the war's censorship.

"Early Conversions to the Church in America" is the title of a book that Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, the editor of "Some Roads to Rome in America," and "Beyond the Road to Rome," now has in preparation. The work is designed to cover the period from 1607 to beyond the middle of the nineteenth century, and will be confined to sketches of converts who are no longer living. As the book will require a great deal of research, the editor is eager to secure the cooperation of AMERICA's readers, so they are invited to send to her at 5000 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, short biographies of converts or brief accounts of conversions and, if other matter is lacking, mere names and dates will be welcome.

The title of "Instructions d'un Quart d'Heure," by the Abbé J. Pailler (Paris, Pierre Téqui) is a fair index of the book's contents, for the volume contains fifteen-minute expositions of the Christian doctrine. For Lent there is a series of instructions on the Sacrament of Penance, and during the rest of the year the other tenets of Catholicism are clearly explained. The volume, which has already passed into its thirteenth thousand, is the garnered fruit of forty years of priestly activity and the instructions are neither scoldings nor entreaties, but brief explanations of the Church's teachings.

"The Ladder" by Philip Curtiss (Harper, $1.30) is a fictional autobiography in which is set forth the varying fortunes of one Franklin Connor from the time he was a friendless, penniless boy of sixteen until he becomes rather well provided

with this world's goods. In early years he was a profane, worthless boy, no better than the low company that he frequented. In later years it was the circumstances that changed rather than the man himself, so that the title "Ladder" is not altogether apt. Mr. Connor seems to have been put through some phases of his life just that the author might have an occasion to touch on certain questions. "The Ladder" is less a story than a collection of essays on various phases of American life. "Having once tasted blood we become regular scenicides," says Mr. Connor, speaking of the slashing of the play he had dashed off. The author could have profitably subjected his book to the same treatment and called in some friends as "chaptericides"!

"Problems of Community Life, an Outline of Applied Sociology" (Crowell, $1.00), is a very hard book to read, because Seba Eldridge, the author, has eliminated the verb from his vocabulary. He writes like Gertrude Stein, or Walt Whitman in his less lucid moments. To do him justice, possibly a dozen verbs, neuter, colorless things, may be found in the course of one hundred and eighty pages, but for the most part, one is forced to consider such impressionistic paragraphs as this: "Education as a primary function of life: educational import of productive processes, consumption standards, social intercourse modes, and other institutional forms, and of individual acts independent of institutional guidance." After nearly two hundred pages of this, the suspicion arises, that Mr. Eldridge sent the index, and not his book, to the publishers. These gentlemen say that the work is indispensable, but for what, we frankly confess we do not know. The author seems to advocate a number of pagan practices high in favor with the extremist camp of modern sociologists, but this may be only a seeming. Perhaps he merely lists them. The only impression definitely conveyed by the book, is the author's utter hatred of verbs.

Here are some recent five-cent pamphlets suitable for the vestibule book-rack: "Find the Church" (Loyola University Press, Chicago) is a clear and well-reasoned guide which Father William Poland, S.J., has prepared for those who ask, "Where does the name 'Church of Christ' belong?" and "How shall we get the doctrines taught by Christ?" The argument is addressed to those who believe Christ divine and that He has established a Church. In "The Roman Catholic Church: for What Does She Stand?" (Catholic Truth Society, Pittsburg), Dr. Thomas F. Coakley proves that the Church is the defender of the Bible, of certainty in religion, of the home and Christian education. "The Forbidden Fruit of Mixed Marriages" (St. Joseph's Printing Office, Collegeville, Ind.) is the title of an earnest warning and appeal Father Godfrey Schlachter, C.PP.S. gives young men and women who are inclined to seek a life-partner outside the Fold. "Elementary Questions Concerning the Roman Index of Forbidden Books" is a handy leaflet issued by the Mission Press of Techny, Ill.: "Hints and Aids to Happiness for Catholic Patients in Hospitals," written by a chaplain of Cook Co. Hospital, Chicago, gives excellent counsels on how to profit spiritually by sickness. W. Thornton Parker, of Northampton, Mass., has prepared a devotional pamphlet called "The Stations of the Cross for the Sick and the Dying" ($0.10); The America Press has printed on a convenient leaflet the Holy Father's decree about Peace Sunday and gives the text of the prayer he prescribes ($0.20 a hundred), and P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, are the American agents for the sale of Cardinal Mercier's now famous "Pastoral Letter" on the war in Belgium ($0.10). "Catholic Belief and Practice" (Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee, $0.15), Father James E. McGavick's excellent little book of instructions, in which nearly 150 subjects ranging from "Advent" to "Vigils" are explained, is now in its seventh edition. Kenedy is publishing an attractive series of St. Patrick's Day postal cards bearing appropriate and musical verses by Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. The lines entitled "Machree" are the best. ($0.20 a dozen.)

The countless admirers of Gilbert K. Chesterton will be relieved to hear that he is slowly recovering from the serious illness that laid him low. Writes the London correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript:*

> Mr. Chesterton was taken suddenly ill some weeks ago with congestion of the lungs, and from this developed dilation of the heart—a combination of troubles which, in a man of great physical weight, who has not taken particularly good care of himself, always gives rise to grave anxiety. When I say "good care of himself," I mean simply that "G. K." has good-naturedly allowed all the editors of Christendom to burden him with commissions and that he has been altogether too anxious to keep his literary and other engagements to think of his health. Nor has he paid much attention to friendly words of warning. He has just kept on producing and producing, as much from the sheer pleasure of writing as from a legitimate desire to benefit financially from an assured literary position, and when he got physically tired of dictating or correcting page-proofs he went out and talked. During recent years, he has been at the beck and call of any one who, on the ground of public helpfulness, asked him to make a speech, and he frequently took part in "debates" with Bernard Shaw, Hilaire Belloc and others, helping to fill halls with laughing hearers, and getting little or nothing out of it for himself. In other words, he has been a wilful boy—a big-hearted, capricious boy—full of the joy of intellectual living, and gaily wanton in his expenditure of strength. To many of his friends the wonder is, not that he is prostrate now, but that the inevitable has not happened sooner.

That Mr. Chesterton had a "stroke," however, is denied. Though it will be some time before he is well enough to take up literary work again, we may feel sure that he will make excellent "copy" out of his convalescence.

BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Co., New York:
A Historical Introduction to Ethics. By Thomas Verner Moore. $0.80.

Andover Press, Andover, Mass.:
The American Indian in the United States, 1850-1914. By Warren K. Moorhead.

Century Co., New York:
War Brides. By Marion Craig Wentworth. $0.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Appetite of Tyranny. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb. $1.50.

M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin:
Pulpit Themes: a Translation of Schouppe's Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri. By Rev. P. A. Beecher. 7s. 6d.; Thomas Davis, the Teacher and Thinker. Selected and edited by Arthur Griffith. 3s. 6d; History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By James MacCaffray. II Vols. 12s. 6d.; The Life of St. Fechin of Fore. By Rev. John B. Coyle, C.SS.R., 6d.

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The American Girl. By Anne Morgan. $0.50; The Ladder. By Philip Curtiss. $1.30.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.:
Chaucer and his Poetry. By George Lyman Kittredge.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Are We Ready? By H. D. Wheeler, with an Introduction by Major-General Leonard Wood. $1.50.

Princeton University Press:
The Scotch-Irish in America. By Henry Jones Ford. $2.00.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Man Behind the Bars. By Winifred Louise Taylor. $1.50.

G. Arnold Shaw, New York:
Visions and Realities. By John Cowper Powys. $2.00.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
Cicero of Arpinum. By E. G. Sihler. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Buying Opinions?

NO charge has been repelled with greater heat by the barons of finance than the accusation that they are in the market for opinions. Many students of current history, who have never formulated the charge definitely, have uneasily questioned the influence of certain huge Foundations upon education and philanthropy. They protest too much, for one thing, these Foundations, and despite their ready disclaimer of hostility to religion, it is in the record that no school or association may receive their aid, and retain its distinctively religious character. This plan of action may not be precisely the same as buying opinions, but, as we know, human ingenuity has devised more than two or three ways of killing a cat.

POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY

It has been said in their defence that, after all, a man has a perfect right to use his wealth as he pleases. This anarchical statement is in no sense true, and can hardly be urged in seriousness, except by the mentally and morally irresponsible. One may as well claim that a man has a perfect right to use his dynamite as he pleases, or his motor car, or his intellect, or his fists. Power is strictly conditioned by responsibility, and responsibility implicitly affirms the truth that we are not morally free to do as we wish, even with what we call our own. It implies that there is a tribunal to which an account must be rendered. Ultimately, this tribunal is God. Proximately, however, our responsibility is to law, right custom, and even to reasonable public opinion. Dismissing the ultimate tribunal from the discussion, there is reason to believe that these Foundations create their own tribunal of responsibility, and acknowledge subjection only to the powers which they themselves form or control.

EDUCATIONAL PROSELYTERS

Even though we may not admire, we can respect an organization which draws its vitality from a great principle. But an organization which owes its being to money, is sustained by money, and is not above the suspicion of using money as the chief argument for the propagation of its purposes, is despicable. While it is plain that Mammon was the least exalted of the hosts that fell, it is almost equally plain that his spirit largely dominates the souls of men. St. Ignatius surely knew human nature when he represented the enemy as instructing his recruiting agents to foster the love of money in all whom they would gain to their standard. It is a bait that lures. True, there are men and institutions that are never requested to name their price. No one dreams, for instance, of asking a Catholic college to exchange its old chapel for a new laboratory. Nor is the proposition put so bluntly to any institution which holds that religion has its place in the intellect and works of man. Fundamentally, however, the program is that made familiar by those missionaries who proselyte with soup. "We do not ask you," they say in effect, "to sever your allegiance to any creed. That is quite your own concern. The 'sectarian' college has, in the past, done excellent work in education. Even to-day, in certain localities, at least, it serves a useful purpose. But we can not support, or in any way aid, a 'sectarian' school. Definite religious belief must necessarily shackle the mind in its search for truth."

IRRESPONSIBLE STANDARDIZERS

More than once has the Carnegie Foundation protested that it is not working for the destruction of the "sectarian" school. Of course, no such purpose is mentioned in its charter, and it is true that the Foundation has never, so far as is known, definitely marked out a "sectarian" college for immediate destruction, although at times, it has "advised" that certain colleges be closed or "merged" with other institutions. Crude, direct methods would defeat themselves. The Foundation conceives that its purpose may be effected more securely by quieter and apparently more innocent means. And hence we have a private corporation, responsible to no Church, responsible only in a loose sense to the State, seeking to establish and impose upon all schools and colleges, its own standard of excellence, subsidizing the while those institutions which willingly accept it.

"A TENDENCY TO EVIL"

Speaking at a meeting of the Association of American University Professors, held in New York last month, Dr. Josiah Royce of Harvard was bold enough to question the educational value of this purpose of the Foundation. In his opinion, "standardization" as it exists in this country to-day, is "a tendency to evil." It is founded on the principle, false in pedagogy, that we must "all take on the same standard as to our customs, as to our plans, as to our knowledge, as to our investigations, as to our naturally diverse opinions." Far from being "scientific," as is claimed, this excessive standardizing reduces "by external pressure" all schools to a dead level, and thus is apt to "degrade and disgrace educational life."

> Precisely in those regions of our life where individual judgment and initiative are needed, we do not need the same standards. Whoever tries to force the same standards on us in these respects, tends to make us what the old-fashioned Chinese scholars are said to have been. . . . Any institution or foundation, whether benevolent or not in its intentions, becomes a just object for careful and considerate criticism in case its nature or its tendencies show that it is liable to over-emphasize the standardizing disposition. Whatever foundation has large control of financial resources . . . should welcome close and constant scrutiny of the relation of its work to the motives which are prominent in forming the spirit of scholarship and of investigation, *in guiding the lives and ideals of the teachers*, and *in controlling their private and personal fortunes*. (Italics inserted.)

These plain words were spoken with particular reference to the activities of the Carnegie Foundation. If the standard which this Foundation seeks to impose, is to include a supervision of the "lives and ideals of the teachers," it is fair to argue that the Foundation, having done its best to expel religion from the school, now proposes to adopt as a logical necessity, the rule of recognizing as "acceptable" teachers, only those men and women who are willing to sell their creed for a salary.

THE DOMINATION OF MAMMON

"Funds of gigantic proportions, administered by trustees of broad powers," writes the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, "have almost as great potentialities for evil as for good." Only those who do not wish to see, or whose eyes have been bandaged with Mr. Carnegie's bonds, can deny that the Carnegie Foundation is seeking to control higher education in America, as the Methodist Bishop Candler writes, and further, that the Foundation is determined that neither in the schools nor in the lives of the teachers, as far as it can secure this end, shall the Christian religion have any part. Its ideals are purely and frankly materialistic. Speaking of a proposed law, the outcome of a Carnegie Foundation "research," the Burlington, Vermont, *Daily News*, thus criticizes what appears to be the one aim of this Foundation:

> We object to the bill because it represents a thoroughly materialized concept of education. It aims at the

realization of the Carnegie Report, and the highest ideal embodied in that Report is "economic efficiency." . . . Culture is measured only in terms of material gain. Moral, spiritual and esthetic culture have no measurable value whatever in the Carnegie mind. The child is only an "economic unit," the method of his education must be "purposeful motor training," the aim is to make him "economically productive," and the end of it all, is not to make men but to make money. . . . The publication of the Report was followed by a continuous campaign of proselytizing for its adoption, directed and financed from the office of the Foundation. And now it is the avowed purpose of the Carnegie forces to allow no obstacle to prevent the passage of the bill through the legislature. What are we going to do about it?

Some years ago, the New York *Journal of Commerce* wrote, that as a mechanism for controlling academic opinion, there had been nothing in the history of education comparable with the "board system" of subsidizing learning. Time has confirmed this opinion. A financial system, with its own rules, customs and standards, subject to review only when the cumbersome machinery of the law has been set in motion, and possibly, not even then, with a directorate interlocking with the directorates of other moneyed Foundations, now seeks to dominate education in the United States from the kindergarten to the university. It is the domination of Mammon.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, PENCE

Let it be allowed that Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller have never adopted the crude and inefficient bagman method of parading the streets, offering to buy old colleges. But in view of their activities, past and present, it is pertinent to note that the general purpose and methods of these Foundations are fixed by the men whose names they bear, to whom alone they are ultimately responsible. They will hardly deny that it is their aim to control the educational program of the country. Are we ready to take our educational creed from these barons of finance, and thus admit that, after all, the cynical Dombey was right when he said that money could do everything? For it is fairly plain that the sole credentials of Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller, as educational directors, are such as can be neatly printed on any adding machine.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Drifting

"YOU just knock that chip off my shoulder," says Bishop Greer to the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, A.B., S.T.D., "I just dare you to."

"S'posin' I do?" one may imagine Dr. Grant replying. "S'posin' I do; what'll happen?" "Well, you just knock it off," rejoins the now heated shepherd of the New York diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, "and then see what you get."

Such, in the language of belligerent boyhood, is the *casus belli* between the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, and his Right Reverend Father in God.

DR. GRANT AND MARRIAGE

Dr. Grant's difficulties are rooted in the circumstance that he is an amateur sociologist. Being, as it would seem, rather an ill-balanced person to boot, he has uttered and written more than his allotted share of foolish things. While it is the fate, if not the privilege, of all earthly pilgrims to play the fool from time to time, public opinion looks to see as little motley as possible in the pulpit. Dr. Grant has often disappointed this public expectation, but a Lenten noon-day "sermon" preached a few days ago, puts this reverend gentleman beyond the generous pale of what is loosely termed Christian morality. This occasion was deemed fitting by Dr. Grant to attack the indissolubility of Christian marriage, substituting for it, what ordinary folk would name, even if Dr. Grant does not, "trial marriage."

This gentleman's estimate of his own ability may be readily gauged by the fact that he deems himself fully competent to revise the Ten Commandments. One of these, he holds, is merely a survival of a barbarous period in which wives were bought and sold like cattle. This Commandment, he continues, fixed the opinion, which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, and indeed until the beginning of the last century, that woman was a chattel and nothing more. In the disorder of coveting another's wife, no idea of spiritual wrong was involved, but merely the concept of property damage.

THE CHURCH AND MARRIAGE

To remind Dr. Grant of the unchanging position of the Catholic Church on the dignity of womanhood would probably be futile. It would be useless to suggest to a person of his mentality, her immutable stand, founded on the Gospel, in the matter of divorce. It would be losing one's time to recall to the memory of this Doctor of Divinity, those magnificent passages in which St. Paul, discussing the relations of marital life, bids the head of the family to love his wife, not only as his own body, tenderly, considerately, but even with a love approaching the love borne by our Divine Saviour to His peerless Bride, the Church. These are reflections which mean nothing to Dr. Grant. Rejecting history and the Holy Scripture, he finds his guides in "the poetry and romance of the Middle Ages," which he grossly misreads, and in "The Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce." His first authority proves that "the vast majority of marriages were arranged by relatives of the contracting parties, without reference to love." The second pleads for a "wider extension of the divorce laws." The argument is somewhat muddled; but Dr. Grant's point seems to be that the true concept of marriage, besmirched by the corruptions of Rome, lay hidden until brought to light and cleansed by the Royal Commissioners. This Report, therefore, especially since it is thoroughly Protestant, should rule the counsels of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

With his authorities cited, Dr. Grant rises to the height of his argument:

> Marriage is founded on the affection of two persons for each other. With the disappearance of such sentiments disappears the only ground for marriage. . . . If the only basis for marriage is love, why, in the event of that love being changed to loathing, should the marriage continue . . . Take a sane and fearless attitude on this question of divorce, and do not let yourself be put down by sneers or shrugs.

"Marriage for 'love'!" comments the New York *Sun*. "In the blunt phrase of early morning Broadway, 'highball marriage.'"

DR. GREER AND FREE SPEECH

It is cheering to be able to add that Doctors Manning, Houghton and Gilbert, of the Episcopal Church, promptly disavowed this barnyard morality. "These words," said Dr. Manning, "plainly and unequivocally teach free love. You can put no other construction upon them. They are an outrage against good citizenship as well as against religion." But the comment of Dr. Grant's bishop, the important phase of the matter, is another lamentable confirmation of the drifting of many modern religious leaders from the old standards of righteousness.

Dr. Greer approached the admittedly awkward crisis with the air of one who knew his duty and was determined to do it. Dr. Grant's opinions, he said, were in decided opposition to the mind and the law of the Episcopal Church. He had never read a sermon in which such views were expressed. He did not believe them common in the Church. At the same time, it must be remembered that Dr. Grant was quite free to express his opinion of this law and to agitate for its change. "Mr. Grant is free to say anything he

wishes," the Bishop is quoted in the New York *Sun* and other papers, "but should he proceed to the extent of performing a marriage contrary to the canons, that would be quite another matter." "Say what you like, but just knock the chip off my shoulder, and see what happens to you." Dr. Greer has hardly met the situation with the firmness and vigor which might have been expected from the local head of a large and respectable religious body. From an Episcopal pulpit, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church gives utterance to language, rightly condemned by a brother clergyman, as an outrage on civilization and religion. Whether he meant it or not, and to the present he has not retracted it, is little to the point, for the scandal is a fact which still remains. And yet, his ecclesiastical superior feebly takes refuge in the absurd statement that Dr. Grant is free to express his opinions as he wishes, even, so it would appear, from the pulpit of a Church over which Dr. Greer exercises jurisdiction. The principle defended by the Bishop is more deplorable than the single act of Dr. Grant. If the control exercised over the clerical members of the Protestant Episcopal Church has fallen to this depth of impotence, then the pulpit statements of that Church own as little restraint, at least in Bishop Greer's diocese, as the enunciations of any convention of blasphemers, or of any conventicle of "Holy Rollers."

A Free Press and a Free Stage

Much publicity has accustomed us in this country to Hull House frothing and I. W. W. raving. The metropolitan press boasts that it is a forum of "free speech." In the hospitable pages of the New York *Tribune,* for example, "General" Rosalie Jones is allowed to prove that "family life is nearly always a handicap, that home is no place for children, that they should be sent to baby farms in the country." Mrs. Marion Wentworth is invited to plead for the emancipation of woman, by telling of her war-play "that all New York sobbed over," a play in which the heroine commits suicide, rather than fulfil her part of the marriage contract. Mrs. Leta Hollingsworth, Doctor of Philosophy, is then given her page to show that the home is a "myth," that "the care of children should be relegated to experts," and that a married woman is forced to choose between the duties of her state and her proper intellectual development.

Is It Mere "Raving"?

Is all this mere "raving," feverishly tossed into the world, and then forgotten? To assume this to be the truth, would be a dangerous error. Foul and ugly as these theories are, they blazon the pages of the newspaper and the magazine. They tell the story in many a best-seller. They are the lure of the play that runs to crowded houses. They have a strong appeal to the morally weak, to the man or the woman, hesitating at the gate of iniquity, seeking a justification for sin. The bright light of their tawdry cleverness soothes the stirring conscience of those in whom emotion is stronger than intelligence, while the glare points out the easy, yet respectable path to iniquity. "What I say three times is true," is the psychology of mobs and advertisers. And the story of modern sin, otherwise modern culture, has been told not three times, but is told daily, by sufferance of "free speech."

Dr. Greer will hardly stretch the easy tolerance of "free speech' to include the scandals of the problem-play and the printed page. But for Dr. Grant's misuse of the pulpit the Bishop has, apparently, no word of rebuke. Dr. Grant may say what he wishes, provided he does not translate his words into action. When asked, according to the New York *Times,* what action would be taken, should an Episcopal clergyman openly preach "free love," Bishop Greer repelled the question by replying that he did not care to deal with hypotheses. "We won't cross that bridge until we come to it."

The One Defender

The unmistakable present drift of things is toward the dishonor of Christian marriage. With the drift moves much that passes as religion. It is simple fact that the one force which, by insisting on the divine institution of the Sacrament of Matrimony, strives to turn the drift is the Catholic Church. Of no human origin, with no human interests to placate, without fear she confesses Christ before a faithless, scoffing world. Hers is no policy of expedience. It is but an unfaltering adherence to the principles of Christ. These alone can turn the restless, wandering souls of men to the paths of peace and righteousness.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A decision of the highest importance, rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States, affirms the constitutionality of the Oregon labor law. This law fixes an eight-hour period for women employed in manufacturing and mercantile concerns, but excepts graduate nurses in hospitals and women engaged in restaurants, boarding-houses, harvesting and fruit-canning. The decision establishes the principle that to reduce a woman's hours of labor to eight, is not an improper exercise of the State's police powers. The constitutionality of the Massachusetts ten-hour law, and the Ohio law fixing the maximum at fifty-four hours weekly, were upheld in previous decisions.

The following beautiful prayer, composed by Cardinal Newman, seems particularly appropriate in these days of stress at home and war abroad:

> May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy, may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

Like so much that the great Cardinal wrote, the English of this prayer is like a strain of music. But in its spirit of unfaltering trust in God, our Father, lies its rare beauty.

That very solemn journal, *Punch,* is responsible for the statement that the following order was issued to the English troops in Flanders. Dendrologists and observers of equine habits may question its accuracy, but it will fill the heart of the zoophilist with joy:

> Though on occasion, it is necessary to tie horses to trees, this should be avoided whenever possible, as they are sure to bark, and thus destroy, the trees.

What has become of the association which proposed to open public subscriptions, looking to a better hospital service for the "horses at the front"? It is to be hoped that these strange persons have lapsed into permanent silence.

Catholics and Prohibition, a four-page leaflet published at North Evans, New York, is much exercised over the attitude of the *Month* and AMERICA on the subject of enforced prohibition. The *Month* is characterized as a follower of "British Jesuit ethics, guided by the brutish instinct for success in war." AMERICA, having advanced the banality,

> prohibition, as a general policy, can hardly be defended, ethically or economically, except in the rare instance in which a community is so wedded to the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors that all other remedies are ineffectual,

is accused of "even less common sense" than the *Fortnightly Review:*

> If the Jesuits of New York know of another effectual remedy for the plague of intemperance, they ought to

bring it forth, instead of condemning the only effectual remedy now known.

The remedy against intemperance in words as well as in drink, which AMERICA would recommend, is a persevering use of the means of grace appointed by Christ. AMERICA also believes, that the habitual utterance of such strangely-conceived statements as "we do not even admit that alcoholic drink is a creature of God; it is concocted by human depravity, inspired by the devil," is, unless it be excused by invincible ignorance, an intemperance fully as reprehensible, to say the least, as intemperance in the use of intoxicating drink. Furthermore, the lack of charity evinced by the insinuation, that the efforts of the clergy of Arizona directed against the recent prohibition law are founded on "palatal, private and personal reasons," rather than on "concern for the Mass," shows plainly to what intemperance in the use of language leads.

"The trail of the serpent," reports the Pittsburgh *Observer*, "has been discovered in the legislatures of two States." In Texas, a bill has been introduced, providing that every child between the ages of eight and fourteen, shall attend the public school, unless he is being educated at home by a competent tutor, or in a private or parochial school approved by the county superintendent:

> This makes the superintendent of each school district, comments the *Observer*, the sole judge of the efficiency of private and parochial schools, and gives him the power of preventing any child from attending a school which in his judgment does not meet the requirements of the bill.

In Missouri, a bill whose paternity is easily discernible, provides for the inspection of

> all public or private hospitals, reformatory homes, houses of detention, convents, asylums, sectarian seminaries, schools or institutions by the commissioners of the counties in which such institutions are situated.

It may be mentioned that there is little danger that either of these bills, or a similar measure, pending in Iowa, will become a law. The same may be said of the Bible-reading proposition now before the New York Legislature.

A correspondent writes the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, proposing to fuse certain modern financial methods with the spirit of the Society. The following answer should be studied by all charity workers, volunteer or professional:

> The spirit of the Rule is, never to allow the expenses of the Conference to get into arrears, but also not to lay up. . . . The works of the Conferences being entirely optional, should be from day to day; besides, nothing is more Christian than to trust one's self to Providence, and to count upon its inexhaustible care, when the work is undertaken for God. To make a reserve, to have before us a disposable capital which we never touch, to lay out beforehand a budget as in a relief association, are proceedings essentially contrary to the spirit of our Society. When it has anything, it gives bountifully and with a generous heart; if it has nothing, it appeals to the charity of its members, to that of their friends, of the public; and up to this day, God has never permitted that this confidence should be deceived.

There is an other-worldliness in this, a kind of divine recklessness, found only in true Christianity. Too often, perhaps unwittingly, does a certain condescension mar the work of charity. To be allowed to help those who can not help themselves is a privilege; for in the broken body, typical of the soul within, timid and forlorn after years of the world's hard usage, Faith sees the bruised and weary Saviour on His way to Calvary. Education without God may sometimes assume a fair exterior, but organized charity without God is, to all who have caught Christ's concept of charity, nothing less than repellent. The greatest need in the whole field of modern charity and sociology, is a generous infusion of the spirit of Jesus Christ. To exemplify the spirit of Christ is the purpose of the great St. Vincent de Paul Society. It should be in every parish in the United States. Particularly is it needed in the large cities, where the sacred name of charity is often used to veil a system of proselytizing among poor Catholics and Catholics of foreign birth or parentage.

Music has long been one of the potent allies of the Church. To the Mass and other ecclesiastical functions have been given a dignity and a charm and an added power to raise the heart to God by the medium of sound. The best in all the arts has constantly been pressed into the service of divine worship. Frescoes, marbles, incense, flowers all have their place in the Catholic Church, but her readiest road to the heart is perhaps through the ministry of music. Knowing this she has encouraged not only our Palestrinas, but our Elgars. Not only to the strictly liturgical function, but to the oratorio as well she has assigned a place in Catholic life. This has been the case from the time of the good St. Philip. And although the oratorio has been appropriated by the Anglicans and Lutherans as a semi-religious service and has even been taken over by the stage as a purely musical product, it has never ceased to be the original and the constant possession of the Church. Our readers will not be surprised therefore to learn that for ten years and more there has been a Catholic Oratorio Society in New York City. In pursuance of its annual custom, it will render this year, on March 26, "The Atonement," a modern work by the late S. Coleridge Taylor, which describes with intense color and emotion the Passion of our Lord. The purpose of the society, which has His Eminence John Cardinal Farley for its founder and the Right Rev. Bishop Cusack for its president, is to make young Catholic musicians ambitious to develop their gifts and employ their talents in a religious atmosphere, to purify their ideals by teaching them the highest in art, to check the desire to follow the cheap, demoralizing stage, and to create a demand for great Catholic artists and composers. Madame Kronold, who has been the inspiration and directress of the work, can not be given too much credit for the success which has hitherto crowned the movement.

Judge E. H. Gary may be fairly said to be what is considered a "successful man." His advice on how to attain success is therefore of interest, and "lying abed in a sunny room in a hotel," he thus dictated his views to an ubiquitous reporter:

> First, a young man should be thoroughly honest, frank and sincere. Second, he should be considerate of the interests of others. Third, he should have a good education. He must know the fundamentals, particularly grammar, spelling, arithmetic, geography and history. After these, the more he knows in other lines, including the classics, so much the better. Fourth, he must be careful in looking after his health, physical and moral.

This is "a power of good advice," as they say in certain rural districts, but doesn't it smack a little of old Polonius? Here is another bit of advice, set forth in homely fashion by a great American:

> Do not worry, eat three meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my young friend, I reckon these will give you a good lift.

The second clause in this plan to attain happiness is not applicable to all during Lent. But apart from this phrase, the suggested program is a tribute to Lincoln's knowledge of human nature. All of us can not be successful, in Judge Gary's sense, but even without this sort of success it is possible to be happy.

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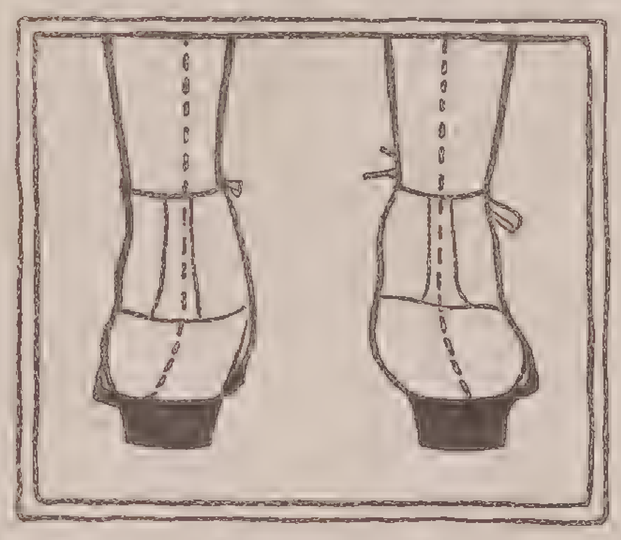
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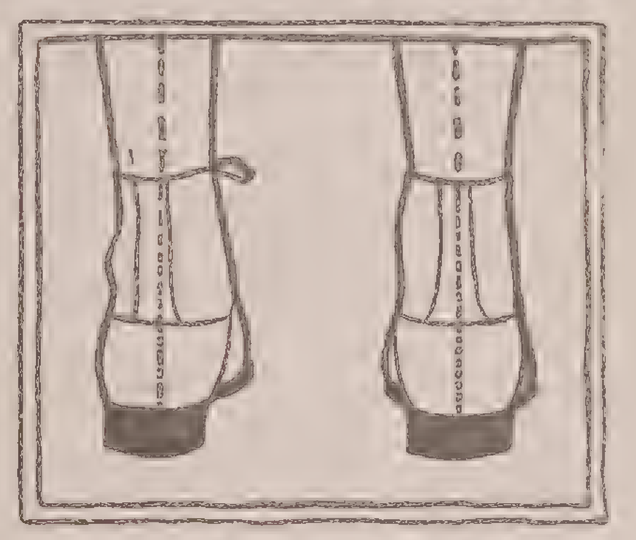
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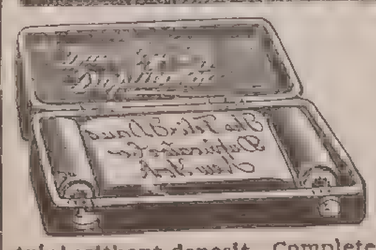
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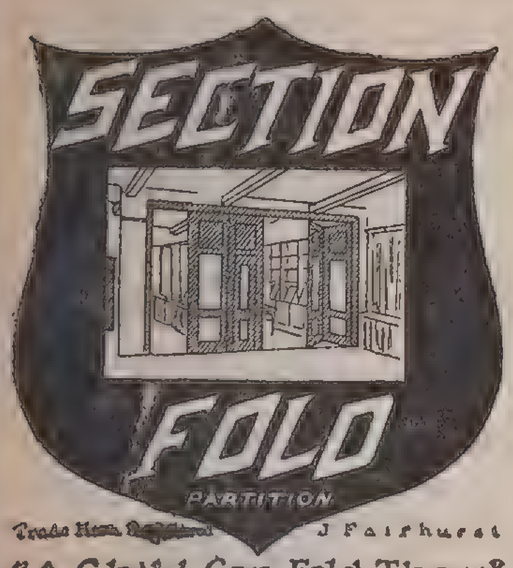
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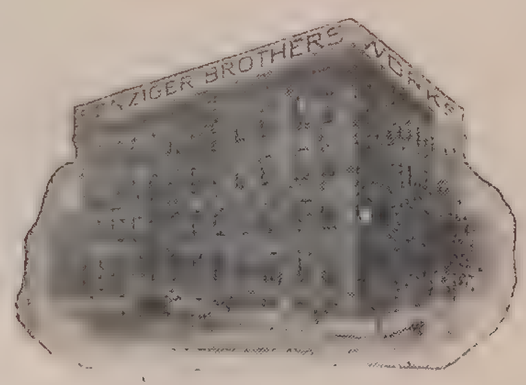


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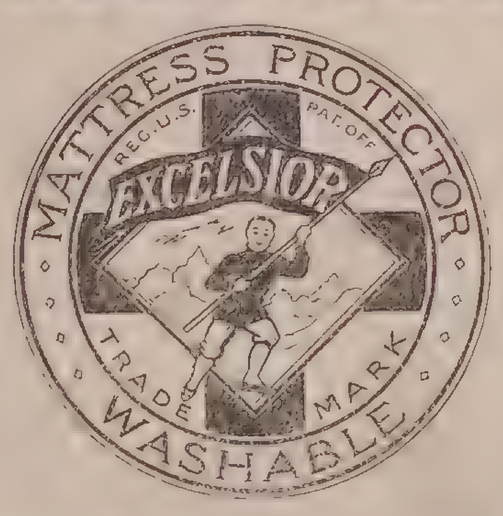
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CHRONICLE

The War.—There have been two principal theaters of operations in the West. The British, assisted by French artillery, by desperate efforts have succeeded in driving back the Germans a distance of two miles. Their victory has given them possession of Neuve Chapelle, and has brought them to the outskirts of Aubers. This gain is important both because it represents the greatest amount of territory won in France by either side since the beginning of trench warfare, and also because it gives strategic advantages which the Allies are said to believe will probably lead in the near future to the evacuation of La Bassée by the Germans. It is also thought to be the first step in the active campaign of the spring, so long promised by the British, and to be the prelude of a battle soon to develop in the vicinity of Lille. The Germans are reported to be massing troops at that place, apparently in anticipation of a determined drive by the Allies. The vigorous and uninterrupted attacks by the French in the Champagne district, with their constant though slight gains in territory, are declared by the French to have accomplished their object, which was to keep German troops from being transported to the east. Germany, on the other hand, states that not only has the campaign failed, but has also resulted in French losses out of all proportion to the amount of territory gained. A general advance by the Allies all along the line is reported in late dispatches, especially at Vauquois and near Dixmude.

Bulletin, Mar. 9, p. m.-Mar. 16, a. m.

British and French Successes

In Poland there has been intermittent activity, resulting, so it is claimed, in the capture of large bodies of troops. The offensive has been taken alternately by Germans and Russians, but without producing any marked change in the situation. The local successes, which are claimed by both sides, have been unimportant. Petrograd and Berlin put the number of the captures in tens of thousands, but apart from this are content, for the most part, to record that they have repulsed all attacks of the enemy. The new advance on Przasnysz, which the Germans say is being made in large numbers and with success, is explicitly declared by the Russians to have been checked. In the Carpathians adverse weather conditions have prevailed and have prevented any movements of importance. The Austrians have been on the offensive in many places, but have gained no great advantage. The Russians claim to have carried the Austrian positions at Lupkow and Smolnik.

No Change in Poland

Reports from the Dardanelles are somewhat conflicting. The Turks declare that the fire on the inner forts has been ineffective, while the British and French official reports state that two more forts have been destroyed. Seventy minesweepers are said to be at work on the mine fields, and the bombardment of the fortifications is steadily proceeding. The British commander is said, though the report is without official confirmation, to have predicted that the forcing of the strait would be an accomplished fact by Easter, provided the land forces, which are cooperating with the fleet, can continue their advance.

The Dardanelles

When the German cruiser, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, after roving the seas for many months, during which she was able constantly to elude the warships of the Allies and sink many of their ships, finally slipped unannounced into Hampton Roads for repairs, it became known

The William P. Frye

that she had captured and sunk on the high seas the William P. Frye, a sailing vessel and trader, owned by American citizens and flying the American flag. She was carrying a cargo of grain from Seattle to Liverpool. The German captain destroyed the ship and the cargo, both of which were peaceful and ought to have been immune from attack. The reason that he assigned for his act was, that he judged the cargo, which was destined for an enemy's port, to be contraband. At first our press showed great indignation, but this attitude has given place to the more temperate view that it was an error of judgment, based on the Declaration of London, which, however, the United States had repudiated. It is reported that Berlin will disavow the action of the captain, Thierichsen, and, without waiting for any demand by the United States Government, will, of her own initiative, offer full reparation.

The progress of the Allies toward Constantinople has caused a ferment of war fever in the Balkans. Greece, Rumania and Bulgaria are all eager to share in the spoils.

War Fever in the Balkans

The opposition of King Constantine, of Greece, to the popular agitation for entrance into hostilities, headed by the Premier, Venizelos, led to the resignation of the entire Cabinet. M. Zaimis tried to form a new Cabinet, but failed. The present Cabinet, with M. Gounaris at its head, has intimated that neutrality will be its policy, but has given the Allies assurance that it will not be hostile to their interests. To prevent the fall of the new Cabinet the Parliament has been prorogued for a month. The Government of Rumania has been given power to proclaim martial law. Bulgaria is casting longing eyes on Adrianople; and it is reported that the opposition of King Ferdinand to the popular will has resulted in a ministerial crisis, ending in the resignation of M. Radoslavoff. Bulgaria's position is especially difficult.

The British Admiralty reports that during the first six weeks of the blockade declared by Germany in the war zone decree, there were 2,872 arrivals and sailings of ships

Losses at Sea

of all nationalities recorded at the ports of Great Britain, and 8,734 arrivals and sailings of ships of all nationalities at the ports of the Empire. These figures do not include vessels used by the British Admiralty for military and naval purposes. Of these vessels fifteen were sunk by the Germans. From the beginning of the war up to March 10, the British losses in trade vessels amounted to 137. On March 14, the German cruiser Dresden was attacked by three British cruisers off the coast of Chili and sunk.

Austria.—A strong pastoral letter by the Prince Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Dr. Friedrich Gustavus Piffl, has been published in the *Wiener Diözesanblatt*. The

The Cardinal's Pastoral

ethics of war and its religious aspects are presented from their Catholic point of view. "The world war," he says, "has by the power of God been turned into a world mission, in which God Himself is preaching the first sermon upon the reality of His existence, and is pointing out to us once more the forgotten ways of salvation that lead to Him." He recalls a comparison, made by St. Thomas of Aquin, between the death of a soldier in a just war and the death of a martyr where the love of God inspires both. In a strain of solemn fervor and patriotism he encourages the faithful: "Reconciled to God and abandoned to His holy will, we shall look forward with firm confidence to the outcome of the war. We can rely upon the justice of our cause; for right is upon our side." He ends his pastoral with a reference to the peace-loving disposition of the aged Emperor, who, he says, yielded only to the extreme necessity of finally opposing the machinations of the country's enemies. "Should political assassination," he asks, "have been given the last word and should the Fatherland, with its more than thousand years of glorious history, have been allowed to sink into ruin?" The main object of the great Austrian prelate was to speak words of consolation to his flock and to inspire them with confidence for the future.

France.—The priests and Catholic laity of the country continue to pour out their blood in defence of France, while the anti-clerical "bloc" remains in Paris to conduct

The "Bloc" and Religion

a contemptible campaign against the Church. The radical papers are given over to particularly offensive insinuations to the effect that patriotism must be set against Roman tendencies and such like twaddle. The Holy Father's benevolent and prudent attitude of strict neutrality combined with paternal sympathy for those affected by the war has been represented as hostility to French interests. The *Temps,* in a scandalous article, carps at the Pope's allocution and attempts to raise an issue by asserting: "What we know to be sure is that certain people, Catholic and up to this time deeply attached to the Apostolic See, have become hesitating and discontented and they are asking themselves whether the war game of the Vatican may not force them into open rupture." In one instance a journalist hints that the Holy See's attitude is assumed for a monetary consideration. In view of the theft of supplies intended for the French soldiers, this comes with particularly bad grace. There are bitter attacks on German Catholics, as if they were the cause of the war, and a Paris despatch to *Popolo Romano,* in describing the confiscation of the Pope's prayer for peace, seems to take it for granted that the prayer was eventually allowed on condition that peace with a French victory was the gift to be asked of God. This agitation received a slight check from Cardinal Gasparri's plain statement of the Pope's neutrality made to the editor of the *Éclair*.

It is clear that an organized attempt is being made to put enmity between the Catholics of France and the Holy See. The effort will be fruitless. The wonderful reac-

tion in favor of the Church and the prelates still continues. The heroic bravery of the priests in battle, their ministrations in the trenches and in the field have awakened the Frenchman's sense of chivalry. Devotion to religion and to the priests was seldom greater. Men flock to the churches both in the villages and the large cities, and in some places the churches have been the scenes of great enthusiasm. It is probable, too, that the contemptible Government, which has never represented the majority of the French people, will soon have its eyes opened. The seizure of so many of the Eastern Catholic institutions by the Turks should warn them that on the day of final settlement the Holy See's power will be felt.

Germany.—Germany continues to be agitated about the importation of arms and ammunition from the United States. It is the one cause which has contributed more than any other to arouse sentiments of dissatisfaction. In the criticisms pronounced two different views are expressed. The first admits that there has been no technical violation of neutrality, but that our action is equivalently a denial of our avowed desire for peace. An American correspondent, writing from Europe, can not see how, "for the profit of a few manufacturers and the employment furnished a comparatively small number of laborers, we should be willing to have the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of European workingmen go on unabated." Another view reckons our action as a violation of neutrality. This opinion can be understood best from letters like the following, written from the front:

German Views of the United States

> We soldiers read with indignation in the papers sent us from home how American industry is providing the Allies with murderous instruments and powder. For six months we have now been fighting, in defiance of death, against a world of foes, in this war which has been thrust upon us. Long ago we would have overcome the opposing forces if peace-loving America had preserved her neutrality. We German soldiers had formerly thought better of the Star-Spangled Banner.

Other causes have likewise contributed to strengthen the impression that America has shown herself unfriendly to Germany. Maximilian Harden, in one of his latest articles, calls upon the people to bear with this good-naturedly, as a matter of fact, and not to disturb themselves about it. A change, he says, can not come about over night. It is evident, on the other hand, that there is no feeling of real enmity underlying the present irritation. Desire of establishing the best relations between the two countries is uppermost in the souls of all. But the exportation of arms to the Allies inevitably excites a certain degree of bitterness.

Great Britain.—Quite naturally the war still continues to engage British thought and energy almost completely. Enlistment seems brisk; apparently the recruits are drawn from all classes of men. The *Times Supplement*, under date of March 2, reports that up to December 31, 1914, 219 officers of the Board of Education had joined the colors; 37 had been "seconded" to the War Office or other departments for special service; seven inspectors are at present giving part-time service, while 5,729 teachers have gone to the front. These figures, large though they be, are not complete. The London County Council states that by June 30 there will be an actual deficiency of 441 teachers in London alone. Up to February 25, 2,000 Anglican ministers had volunteered as chaplains. An alumnus of the Oratory School, Edgbaston, states that out of 430 pupils, past and present, between the ages of 18 and 40, 250 cast their lot with the army and navy. Of these, 16 have been killed and 20 more have been wounded; seven are in command of battalions; one of those killed died in command. This means that there is one colonel to every seven boys now at the Oratory School. The Dacia incident and the Ship's Purchase Bill did not seriously affect the attitude of the Britons toward the United States. Two of the more prominent reviews, the *Spectator* and the *Outlook*, were somewhat violent in their denunciations. The *Spectator*, generally calm, quite forgot its cold dignity and talked like a dowager in high dudgeon. The *Outlook* is even more vehement. It declares that the United States seeks to outrage neutrality, thus becoming "the supporter of those who are marching through broken treaties and the shattered traditions of humanity toward their goal of universal military dominion." It speaks of "deadly outrage upon all international law and precedent," denounces the President as an "amiable doctrinaire," who has prated of arbitration and of the brutality of war, "but now, when the test has come, has fallen to the bottom of the pit of evils" by becoming "the tool, the dupe, at once of those fellow-citizens whose sole concern is to make money out of the agony of half-mankind, and of German agents, whose single business it is to create trouble for the Allies." Then follows these and other sinister words:

War Items

> Let our Cabinet decline absolutely to discuss the subject any further with the United States except in association with our principal friends, among whom Japan has an important place, for Japan also has a deep interest in the duration of the strife, and as a sea power has a right to be consulted.

Perhaps the *Outlook's* temper would be calmed by reading the tirades in the German papers against the exportation from America of arms and ammunition to the Allies.

Ireland.—The Defence of the Realm Act, which empowered the authorities to try by summary courtmartial any person suspected of saying, writing or doing anything deemed injurious to his majesty's forces and to sentence to death or imprisonment persons convicted of such offence, has been in active operation in Ireland. John Hegarty, of Cork, one of several Post Office officials

Prosecution of Sedition

dismissed for being an officer or member of the Irish Volunteers, was removed to Dublin by motor and court-martialed for having "seditious literature" in his possession. William Buckley, a County Cork Gaelic teacher, was courtmartialed in the Cork military barracks on like charges, and a large number of others in various parts of the country have been similarly tried for "sedition," which generally means the expression of views opposed to enlistment, or the possession or distribution of anti-recruiting pamphlets, the New York *Irish World*, or such other suppressed or prohibited papers as oppose special recruiting. The act has been recently amended, on the ground that "it rendered every one liable to be court-martialed." The amendment gives "an accused British subject a four days' option of being tried by a civil tribunal," but it is announced that the penalties remain the same and the original powers are only suspended, not surrendered. One of the seditious pamphlets gives an account of an attempt alleged to have been made on the life or liberty of Sir Roger Casement by Mr. Findlay, British consul in Norway, with a photograph of the consul's signed agreement to pay $25,000 for his capture. The Norwegian Government brought the matter before the British Foreign Office, and the consul was recalled. Sir Roger is said to be strongly urging on Germany that the most effective way of permanently weakening England, in the event of a successful issue for itself, is to set up an independent Government in Ireland, and the "seditious" Irish are supposed to be in sympathy with this object. Whether these are numerous or insignificant is impossible to ascertain, owing to the present vigilant censorship of newspapers and letters.

Mexico.—The news from Mexico is dismal in the extreme; riots, loot, murder, lies sum it up. On March 11 four Spaniards and one Swede were killed in the capital, and several Spanish ships were looted. Pillaging had been in progress ten days. Our Secretary of State warned Americans to leave Mexico City, and for once, in a long time at least, Carranza agreed with him and advised a general exodus of all foreigners. Three American newspaper men added a whimsical touch to the situation by cabling that no means of transportation could be had. Conditions became so bad that the "friendly representations" of our Government became "a stern admonition" to Carranza. The old gentleman was not disturbed. He answered jauntily, attempting to read the State Department a lesson in official etiquette and denying most of the allegations made against his régime in Mexico City, thereby contradicting our "special agent," the Brazilian Minister, and the International Relief Committee, whose members, he says, are tainted with Huertista ideas and sympathies. Thus the value of Carranza's reply can be tested. Later in the week Obregon slipped out of the city and Zapata slipped in. The monkeys were at play once again. A tragedy followed quickly, however. An American citizen was killed at close range, in his home, by the advance guard of Zapata's troops. At the time of the murder the American flag was flying over the victim's house and the Brazilian seal was on the door. A few days before the murder the victim's wife wrote to her mother. After repeating the well-known facts about the abominable lust of the Constitutionalists she proceeds, in part, as follows:

More Deviltry

> The conditions in Mexico City are unbelievable. The Zapatistas are all around the city, and have done everything that the Carranzistas could not accomplish to make us uncomfortable. They have dammed up the Viga Canal so that the farmers can not bring in vegetables or fodder from Xochimilco, and as the city sewers are flushed with the water of the Viga, things are becoming pretty odoriferous. They have also cut the water supply from Xochimilco, so that people who have no wells get only an hour's supply of water daily, in consequence of which we fear an epidemic of contagious diseases. They make raids, constantly, on the nearest suburbs such as San Angel, Mexcoac, San Pedro and all the small towns along the Viga, so that the storekeepers in these places never know when they are going to lose their entire stock, and several of them have been killed for remonstrating. They will not allow any charcoal to come into the city, so that many of the poor people are unable to get fuel, and they have chopped down every pole of the street-car line which runs along the Viga and have burned them up.

Meantime, religious conditions are not improving. Palavicini is out with new decrees, forbidding Catholic colleges and schools; priests are still in prison; and the great church of St. Brigid, in Mexico City, has been maliciously desecrated by the socialists, to whom Carranza gave it over. The Archbishop of Mexico City, who is now in New Orleans, is quoted by the press to this effect:

> Conditions in Mexico are to-day more deplorable than at any period in the modern history of the republic . . . and the cry of her millions of men, women and children who have suffered too long from the ravages of banditry and disorganized revolution should appeal to the humanitarianism of Christian people everywhere, more especially of the United States. Catholics, as well as other Mexicans who are imbued with any degree of patriotism, will welcome any efforts that may be made by the Washington Government and by the American people to help us to reach a solution of the present chaotic situation. But we do not want to see armed intervention.
>
> Unfortunately, the great moral force of the American Government has not served to improve conditions in Mexico, although we doubt not that President Wilson and his co-laborers acted at all times with conscientiousness. His purpose to maintain the peace of the country and to abstain from actual warfare with Mexico I most heartily indorse, but events have shown that the men who are now at the head of armed forces in Mexico are not capable of establishing an orderly government, and President Wilson should direct his energies toward finding a solution otherwise than through the present disorganized and, in some cases, anarchic forces so ruthlessly ruling various sections of the republic.

Meantime the Protestants have taken over the Church of Los Dolores, in Orizaba, three hours by rail from Vera Cruz, and have also opened a school in the former residence of the priests, *Los Josephinos*.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Lodge and Immortality

SIR OLIVER LODGE, physicist and president of the London Society of Psychical Research, has declared his belief in the reality of a future life. The world of science turns to him an ear quivering with interest. For Sir Oliver is a scientist *par excellence*. In his latest work, "The Unknown Guest," Maurice Maeterlinck expresses himself like Lodge. The literary world strains with attention. Maeterlinck is a superb writer.

Two thousand years ago a humble Galilean told of immortality; told of it with incalculably more authority than the two mentioned celebrities dare affect. Do men of to-day need Sir Oliver's knowledge or the Belgian litterateur's pen to convince them of the veracity of that which was said by one who proved himself to be God? It is a bitter evidence of the wide lack of genuine Christianity that the learned and cultured should hang on the words of two mere men in preference to those of Christ.

Anent a future life, the statements of Maeterlinck at most are worth little. He has no stronger argument to back them than the philosophers who went before him. The value of Sir Oliver's view can be better apprised when he publishes the "scientific reasons" which prompted it. Plainly it will do religion no harm, if science actually succeeds in corroborating a primary religious teaching. But assuredly men are doing themselves harm by doubting the survival of personality until science proves that they ought to believe it. Besides, notwithstanding the English knight's certainty that such proof is at hand, it certainly seems to be far distant.

That wonderful psychic phenomena are constantly taking place, our own James H. Hyslop has kept us Americans well informed, as did Professor William James before him, and as will countless other scholars after him. But, before we attribute such doings to discarnate souls, it must be conclusively demonstrated that they are not attributable to natural causes. And the high complexity of man's nerval and psychical make-up seems wonderful enough to explain many of the ghostly wonders which researchers prefer; if accurately and completely understood it could probably clarify all, or mostly all. The brain, with its millions of neurons, each with its cylinder axis and dendrites, each with its gemmules—such subtility bids us appreciate the immense relation of the slightest physical shock to man's psychical constitution and the facility with which abnormal states of mind may arise; the possibility of unlimited sub-consciousness and even unconscious influence; the sweep of vagaries and the confusion of images. Truly, self is the solution of prodigies. And our present knowledge of self is, at best, very far from complete. If our scientists would finish with the world of men before they plunge into that of spirits, we could conscientiously give them more credence.

It appears, however, that they think they have quite vanquished the visible world. Like the Macedonian of old, they look for a new realm to conquer. The infinitesimality which the microscope has brought into science's ken, the tremendous distances which the telescope has opened to her eye, the wireless mystery of which she has become mistress, all these tend to imbue her with the belief that further advance into the region of the supersensible is feasible; in fact, that communication with souls is not a chimera. But why does she not realize that, in proportion to her departure from the sensible, she incurs the uncertain, and approaches the unknowable! What biologist but finds more mystery in a single cell than he would ever have dreamed of, if the microscope had never been invented! Astronomers have got to Neptune, but they are nonplussed at Mars. The knowledge of ether which physicists lack would fill libraries. And yet science thinks to pass the *flammantia mœnia mundi* and penetrate the supernatural world—to bring spirits at her beck! No; science has not yet reached the end of an atom, much less the beginning of a spirit. It is pathetic that our savants, knowing so much, should be so imprudent, and that, knowing so little, they should be so proud.

"To honor science," Münsterberg has the frankness and courage to say, "is to respect her limitations: she is not and can not be, and ought never to try to be, an expression of ultimate reality." If men are as honest with themselves as the German professor herein is with them, they will admit that, with regard to the existence of a future life, science makes more promises than she at present can, or is ever likely to, fulfil.

Indeed, up to date, she has given no stronger argument for immortality than would have been offered had she never existed. True, spiritism presents us with a bouquet of wonders. But such marvels used to sprout long before the Fox girls of New York saw fit to cultivate them for "religious" purposes. Tertullian, back in the third century, tells us of séances, "table-rappings," materializations of the souls of the dead—and fraud. Saint Augustine, whose mind was somewhat bigger than those about us to-day, held the simple and altogether sensible opinion that prodigies take place in opposition not to law, but to our ignorance of law. A good indication that he was right is that the more science progresses, the more the occult recedes. Our knowledge of ether and hypnotism has driven away not a few spirits; it will be interesting to see whether Sir Oliver's promised "scientific reasons" will bring them back.

If the authenticity of only one post-mortem visit were established beyond parley by science, and if the uncanny visitant proved his identity beyond a doubt, scientists could rightly claim a conclusive argument for immortality. Down through the ages phantoms have "gibbered and squeaked"; and nowadays, since spiritism became a fad, they are said to be making more noise than ever. Raupert, the Catholic researcher, attributes such

manifestations to diabolical agencies. If he is right, then the task of proving immortality, which science has set itself, is hopeless. If he is wrong, it is for science to accomplish the Herculean task of sweeping away the great doubts and difficulties which cluster thick on all spiritualistic evidence.

The alleged messages from the spirit-land are, for the most part, drivelling and inane. But that spirits actually come from the Great Beyond to inform us, their wretched brethren incarcerated in the flesh, about "jack-knives, skull-caps and pen-holders," seasoning their nonsense with an occasional and accidental bit of trivial truth, is too junky for even the most unsqueamish to swallow. Though fact is science, no one cares to eat of "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner."

Can we conceive of broad-browed Aristotle retracing his course on the "darksome bourn," to bring unto mind-weakened mortals the painful platitude that "perseverance triumphs"? The spirit of Bossuet, it is reported, talks such puerile things that even a bumpkin would be ashamed thereof. Corneille's poetry, as transmitted per medium, has degenerated into amazing doggerel. Surely, if the other world possesses no better beings than "Prince Ouran," "Pelham," and "Rector" (celebrated "controls"), we had better relinquish the desire for a future life; for anything is preferable to an association with such insanity. It is into such a mad-house that Sir Oliver would lead us. Thank God, Christ has promised us better things!

The intelligence of spirit-messages is notoriously in inverse ratio to the ignorance of mediums. The souls of the world's greatest men frequently talk like street-gamins; when they are invoked by a medium of parts, however, their diction is of a much better order. This would show that the medium himself or herself is guiltier of the message than any spirit.

Your average medium is a bundle of nerves. High sensitiveness is, of course, a primary requisite for communion with supersensible realities, but also a property which resides in debilitated, sickly bodies. Such give rise to no end of queer mental states. Science lays too little stress on this important truth. Besides, mediums are generally too clever for scientists. To many people, the fact that a Crookes, a Tyndall, a Humboldt, a James, and a Lodge have professed communication with the other world is irrefutable evidence that they have done so. But, as Münsterberg observes, men used to the plain truths of a laboratory, are very apt to be blind to the deceptions outside one. Nature plays no pranks; mediums do. A realization that marvels are a matter of bread and butter to mediums should give our savants a very long and careful pause.

After all, the great hindrance to a scientific demonstration of life after death seems to be the very method by which science hopes to effect such demonstration: spiritism. For spiritism is an Acheronian stream whose miasmatic fumes overcome those who approach, slowly and subtly rob them of right reason, and render them useless to the science which they purposed to enrich. It is an enchantress, a hypnotist, that sways with ever-increasing facility such minds as submit. The illustrious Lombroso is a sorry example of its spell. One has but to read his fervid last work to see how science may be marred by obsession. We naturally wonder whether Sir Oliver's case is not a repetition of Lombroso's.

Thought, especially in the form of dream or hallucination, has always been a puzzle to man. It is inevitable that, even from scholars, it should frequently receive a supernatural interpretation. But the age of witches is no more, which shows a very significant decrease in this frequency. And there is every reason to hold, even in blindness to such a scientific light as Lodge, that progress in psychological knowledge will so elucidate the strangeness of secondary personality as to close the age of mediums. Even our present limited knowledge of this natural, though abnormal phenomenon, suffices to indicate not that the door of another world has been opened, but that the door of new psycho-pathological institutes (not to say lunatic-asylums) needs to be opened.

Sir Oliver, for a modern scientist, is happily unique. Unlike the masters of Bunsen-burners and oxyhydrogen blow-pipes, he has not foolishly and incongruously torn God from the skies. But it is to be feared that his damage to religion will exceed his services, if he persists in spreading a view of immortality, so favorable to so questionable and dangerous a doctrine as spiritism. Every one knows that the more serious spiritistic communications are often both immoral and blasphemous.

But the intense and wide-spread interest in a future life, as evinced by the zest with which the assertions of the English physicist and the Belgian scribe are being followed at a time when the unspeakable European catastrophe could justly be expected wholly to occupy men's minds, is a sign at once healthy and consoling. For a long time men, with various material schemes, have been so busy building their heaven on earth that they have given little thought or care to the ultimate future. In the European upheaval, however, they see their hand-made paradise crumbling and crashing away. In distraction and despair they are fleeing to scholars' promises for comfort. How much more solace they would receive if they would only revert to Christ! It should not be difficult to make them understand this. Now is the psychological moment for God's priests strongly to urge evangelical claims; for men's minds, keen with the strenuous exercise of modern thought, and their hearts, yearning more than ever for things eternal, are precisely in the state to acknowledge and accept the Truth. The united efforts of the clergy should be powerful enough to supersede even so towering an authority as Sir Oliver Lodge's, and to exalt the Galilean above mercenary mediums and reported spirits. In this is a labor of love which will be rewarded a hundredfold.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

A Polyglot Diocese

IF St. Luke could take his stand in the diocese of Pittsburgh to-day, he might well apply to it the words he used in the Acts of the Apostles in reference to Jerusalem on the Feast of Pentecost: "There were dwelling there devout men out of every nation under heaven." And the sacred writer's description of the amazement of the multitude, "Because that every man heard them speak in his own tongue," is still verified in the ten counties of Western Pennsylvania, where the inspired utterances of the great Evangelist are read Sunday after Sunday to the assembled congregations in no fewer than seventeen languages. In addition to this, many different dialects are used, some of them almost rising to the dignity of a separate tongue. Every quarter of the world has sent its representatives. There are English and Germans, French and Belgians and Italians, Slovaks and Poles, Slovenians and Croatians, Bohemians and Russians, Bulgarians and Lusatians, Lithuanians and Magyars, Rumanians and Syrians. It does not seem an exaggeration to say that Pittsburgh is the Pentecostal diocese of America. We have Catholics all the way from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the burning sands of the Sahara, and far beyond; from China, Egypt, Arabia and the Islands of the Pacific, from pagan India and infidel Turkey, from Catholic Spain and Protestant England. Any Sunday morning in the majestic cathedral at Pittsburgh, for instance, one can see dusky negroes lisping the quaint dialects of the sunny South, almond-eyed Japanese from the far-away gardens of Nagasaki, and olive-skinned Castilians from the blushing vine hills of their own delightful Spain. There are freshly-baptized Jews from the local tobacco factories on Center Avenue, as well as Syrians, speaking the self-same language as Christ Himself, and who were Catholics at a time when history seems just emerging from the night of antiquity. There are well-groomed American converts, impetuous and eager in their new-found faith, but who, as yet, have had no opportunity to suffer for their religion, while they worship side by side with Catholic immigrants from southeastern Europe, swarthy men, with military tread, and muscles of iron, whose history is bathed in glory, for it was their sires that saved Europe from the Turk, drenching the fairest plains of the earth with their heart's blood that the Cross of Christ might be unfurled as the standard of western civilization. It is not for nothing that the Slav wears the Cross publicly on his coat, for he has been in very truth the Athlete of Christ.

Including the Slavs of the Greek Ruthenian Rite, nearly 300,000 Catholics in the diocese of Pittsburgh do not say their prayers or go to Confession in English. In other words, about three-fifths of the diocese speak a foreign language, for the latest issue of the "Catholic Directory" gives the Catholic population as 500,000. Among these half a million Catholics there are, according to statistics published recently by Bishop Canevin, 70,000 Italians; 65,000 Poles; 45,000 Slovaks of the Latin Rite; 8,000 Lithuanians; 8,000 Croatians; 6,000 Slovenians; 4,000 Magyars; 4,000 Bohemians; 2,000 Belgians and French; 2,000 Rumanians; 1,500 Syrians, and 30,000 Greek Ruthenians.

In proportion to the total negro population, there are few cities in the country having a larger proportion of Catholic negroes than Pittsburgh. There are 18 Italian parishes and 6 Italian missions, in charge of 22 Italian priests. There are also 78 separate parishes and 25 missions for the various Slavonic races, in charge of 112 priests. Many priests of the diocese must be able to speak four, five and six languages and dialects, in order to take care of their many-tongued flocks. Every seminarian training to become a priest of the diocese is required to learn, as an integral part of his course, either Italian or one of the Slovak tongues.

The difficulties encountered in thus preaching the Gospel in the diocese are paralleled only by the labors of the early Apostles of Christianity. The many thousands of immigrants working in the coal mines and at the coke ovens, and in places far distant from established churches, have imposed a gigantic burden on the bishop and priests of the diocese. To make due provision for their spiritual welfare, and to instruct the children in their religion, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has been splendidly organized and officered. It is a body of the laity, old men and young, maidens and matrons, under the direction of the clergy, who go out into the remote villages and hamlets on Sunday afternoons searching for Catholics, gathering in the children and adults, teaching them catechism, and preparing them for the sacraments. In many instances their work results in the organization of a flourishing parish, and the erection of a church and school. These lay missionaries now have under instruction over 4,000 children in this diocese, who would otherwise be lost entirely to the Faith. To equip the teachers for their work properly, a school for catechists has been established, with a graded course of two years, leading to a diploma. If Christianity flourishes in after years in Pittsburgh, no small measure of its progress will be due to the energy and zeal and generous sacrifices which these devoted lay missionaries are making to spread the kingdom of God on earth. May their number increase!

Conditions in one parish may be cited as typical of the obstacles encountered and overcome by sheer hard work and everlasting persistency. It stretches for eleven miles up and down the river, along both banks, comprising ten different villages and hamlets, in which more than fifteen languages are spoken. In one locality the office of the mine superintendent serves as the Sunday school room; at another village the kitchen of a dwelling is used as the place of assemblage; at a third point, no building at all being available, the zealous pastor may be seen in favorable weather on the banks of the flowing river, a few inches from the water's edge, instructing

his youthful flock, as did St. Paul when he met Lydia and her companions on his first European missionary journey. At a fourth place a stable is used, and the hospitable beasts of the field again give room, even as they did to Christ Himself, on the first chilly Christmas night at Bethlehem long centuries ago.

So striking are the resemblances, that it is not such a far cry after all from Jerusalem and the days of the Apostles, to their successors, the zealous bishop, priests and people, "devout men out of every nation under heaven," who, in this twentieth century are obeying literally the command to "teach all nations" in this polyglot diocese of the western world.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

End of the World? Not Yet!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If I presume not, may I ask you to publish an article on the fulfilment of the prophecy of our Lord as recorded in St. Matthew, chapter xxiv? The portents that distress us to-day: wars, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions: the corruption in the body politic, the unrest and dissatisfaction among different peoples, seem to point to the fulfilment of this prophecy. And if St. Matthew is read in conjunction with Second Thessalonians, chapter ii, the conviction gains force. A certain noted "Pastor" is forever preaching on this subject with a dogmatism that is leaving an impression on many minds. For this second reason an article in AMERICA would be valuable.

New York. H. F. O.

WITH the unexpectedness of the deluge, of a thief in the night, and of a snare, will the event of final doom crash upon the listless world. These parallels, sketched by the Evangelist, are three distinct comparisons emphasized by Our Lord Himself, whose words the Gospel mirrors. And yet there are those who seek the year and the day and the hour; pseudo "Pastors" who point out the time with minutest precision; false prophets who would entice us to believe that God has taken them into His confidence, and revealed to them all that is worth knowing. As if the deluge might be caught in a reservoir! As if the midnight thief were to come courteously announced! As if the snare could be detected and labeled before it is set—and then advertised!

But do not the portents of the day breed terror? Ten nations engage in colossal warfare. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions shake the pillars of the earth. There is unrest in the body politic, while the murmurings of dissatisfaction between capital and labor are ills that rack the industrial and social fabric in a manner for the present irremediable. Some, indeed, are terrorized, but terror is prejudicial both to reason and to faith. It was to calm this state of mind in the Apostles, and to correct a false judgment underlying it, that our Lord once passed in review calamities such as these and disrobed the whole category of anything approaching even a remote necessary connection, save one of priority, with the date and day of judgment. Wars and rumors of wars, strife among nations, seditions, pestilences, famines, frightful sights and great prodigies from heaven were designated by Him as "the beginning of sorrows"—"the beginning" not in a chronological sense, but in the order of intensity. These are the things that "must needs be" (Mark xiii, 7), and every century has its share of them.

One degree above this material "beginning," or least of sorrows, is the moral hatred, the political and social persecution to be meted out to the elect because of their adhesion to Christ. Higher still rank scandals, mutual hatred and reciprocal betrayals within the body of the faithful. Next come defections and apostacies, false prophets and the deception of many, as by schism or heresy; while the climax is reached in the doleful comment on religious indifference: "because iniquity aboundeth, the charity of many will grow cold." (Matt. xxiv, 6, 12.) In what epoch of Church history are not all these evils chronicled as facts? They are in the mystical body of Christ, the mystery of the cross and the stigmata luring stalwart souls through faith to the top of the narrow way. But as Christ has given it to be understood "the end is not yet." In St. Paul's conception much still remains to be made up through the sufferings of the saints for what is wanting in the Passion of Christ.

Why, then, be alarmed at the magnitude of the present war or the complicated character of social relations, since turmoil and travailing are inseparable from racial as from individual expansion? This is a point toward which history, philosophy, science and the doctrine of original sin must ever converge. The paramount difference between the present and the past lies at bottom in unprecedented material growth, and in this, as in every form of progress, the influence of Christ's admonition is a steadying one: "See that ye be not troubled." "He that shall persevere to the end shall be saved." (Matt. xxiv, 6, 13.)

The phrase, "to the end," expresses an extreme or consummation of perseverance. Just as the enumeration of specific ills which, historically, occur either simultaneously or in rotary order and succession, serves chiefly to show that our Lord knew what He was talking about when He bade His listeners to "take heed" and let "no man deceive them," so the accumulation of these ills is described "beforehand" to furnish some idea of the extent and height and depth to which their patience, fortitude and magnanimity must go. Perseverance must place them on a pinnacle that will remain unshaken amidst the fiercest shocks, and being, as it is, the indispensable condition of each individual's salvation, it is far more worthy of their reflection and ambitions than the cosmic mysteries of God's providence with which they were unduly preoccupied. "If, therefore, they shall say to you (at any time): 'Behold, he is in the desert,' go ye not out: 'Behold in the closets,' believe it not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so will also the coming of the Son of man be." Instantaneousness and visibility will be its preeminent characteristics. (Matt. xxiv, 3, 26, 27.)

The destruction of Jerusalem was but the inaugura-

tion of a series of tribulations to be ages long, and uniting alpha with omega as intervening letters in a huge but finite scheme. Meanwhile, the Gospel will be preached to all nations and will strike root in the hearts of the meek. The monstrous guillotine of the heedless world, the ruthless machinations of Antichrist, will be prolific in bloody slaughters, but these will augur only, as the rainbow did of old, that something heavenly, something like the luxuriance of a sub-tropical "summer is nigh, even at the doors." Such is the sacred symbolism of the fig-tree. A newer covenant is thus sealed in the Gospel kingdom with its prodigies of perseverance and the hope of personal redemption. (Matt. xxiv, 32, 33.)

It is "immediately" after the completed cycle of "those days" that "the sun will be darkened, and the moon will not give her light, and the stars will fall from heaven; and the powers of heaven will be shaken." This graphic description need have no reference to astronomical disturbances, as may be seen in the Old Testament, where the same highly-charged metaphors are applied by Isaias to the fall of Babylon, by Ezechiel to the destruction of Egypt, and by Joel to the much-mooted locust-plague. What the passage really imports to us is an emphatic and absolute suppression of any hint as to how many hundreds of thousands of "those days" are to elapse before the cycle will be over! One thing is certain. The present "generation," begotten of Christ through grace, will last till the "end of time," when the cycle will cease; and then the *re*-generation in glory at the second coming will occur; but "of that day and hour no one knoweth, not the angels in heaven, but the Father alone." It may even eventuate that, as at the Deluge and the Incarnation, "the times of the gentiles" shall have tired men of war and caused them to settle down to universal peace and voluptuousness. Thus will they be found "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," till the Son of Man will come and "take them all away." (Matt. xxiv, 29, 34, 36-39.)

Hence the momentous lesson that has resounded unceasingly from the time of its first utterance until now: "Be ye also ready, because at what hour *ye know not* the Son of Man will come. . . . Blessed is that servant whom his lord, when he cometh, will find watching." (Matt. xxiv, 42, 44, 46.)

Whenever sensational doctrines are drawn from our Lord's words by reputed "Pastors" or "Evangelists," it is only an indication of unsound faith, absence of authority, or the need of being taught. A colloquy with the Thessalonians is then in order. That people also once thought "the day of the Lord at hand." They were deceived, and the Apostle rebuked them for having forgotten things "he had told them of" before. Among those things was the warning: "Ye yourselves well know that the day of the Lord shall so come as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, 'Peace and security,' then shall sudden destruction come upon them, as pain to a woman with child." (II Thess. ii, 2; I, v, 2, 3.)

In a word, whenever our Saviour was confronted with the idle question of time, He evaded it, or stamped it as impertinent and presumptuous. Even on the day of His Ascension, He reminded His disciples who remained inquisitive to the last: "It is not for you to know the times or the moments, for the Father has chosen to keep such secrets in His own Power." (Acts, i, 7.)

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A Humble Suggestion

IN the March *Atlantic Monthly* a writer who has chosen to remain anonymous utters some thoughts that deserve attention. "Whither?" is the bitter cry of a soul which is sick of materialism, sick of the modern *weltanschauung* and starving for faith. The words in which the age is indicted for its blindness, its deafness, its worship of the flesh, its ignorance, its pride, deserve to be read and pondered, for it is true-talk that they speak. Coming, moreover, at a time when the modern materialist has seen his world smashed and his theory of "Progress and Peace" proved bankrupt over night, when he is wringing his hands and waiting like an hysterical woman over the "horrors" of war that hurt so much, and blaming everything for "failure" except his own philosophy, it should profit him to read these words:

> In the great hush that has fallen upon the nation, is it not well for us to stop and ask anew whither our progress has been tending? What words have those who have been taught to live and breathe and think in terms of matter wherewith to voice this awful stirring of the soul? People cry out that the Dark Ages will come again through this fearful slaughter, this waste of resource, intellectual and spiritual. Have not the Dark Ages been with us for decades? For mankind, more and more stripped of the deeper faith, the larger hope, more and more cut off from the finer part of his own nature, what darker ages can there be than these shadowed by *the dreary positivism, undiscussed and undefined, but merely assumed,* of our day? Many a thinker must see, in this present awful crisis, not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event for which a train of political causes had been laid but also one of the natural results of our ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conception in the last fifty years is appalling; to such an end the Gospel of the Perfect Brute legitimately tends. (Italicization mine).

It is an accurate diagnosis acutely made. We have the Dark Ages with us now, here and now, with our Edison, our Darwin, our telephones, our wireless telegraphy, and all! And the darkness is in the *"positivism, undiscussed and undefined but merely assumed"*—a very superstition of positivism in fact—into which men have fallen. Was ever so besotted a superstition epidemic before in the history of men's thought?

It is babbled in the nurseries—or almost so; it is certainly chattered in the schools. It is assumed almost *a priori* among those who make pretence of—shall I say?—at least, suburban culture. And, of course, it is *de*

rigueur with all who rank themselves above that grade on the intellectual scale. And the joke is that its victims complacently regard themselves as "rebels," modestly drape the mantle of "courage" round their shoulders and turn an undaunted face toward a world which thinks as they do! They "boldly defy" a public opinion which applauds them! They "bravely abandon" beliefs which even the "man in the street" has learned to call "outworn creeds," and the multitude visualizes itself, each one, standing in the bare isolation of honest intellectual integrity, calmly fronting the heavens with folded arms, mute—oh, no! not mute, but vociferously assuring heaven and earth that he "can no otherwise." *Rebels,* forsooth! It would take Dean Swift himself to do justice to them.

I wish to offer a suggestion to our Catholic colleges which came to my mind after reading the article from which I have quoted, and the making of which is the purpose of this article.

My suggestion is this—that they should unite in offering a prize, to be competed for annually, for the best statement and refutation of the case *against* the Catholic religion on "scientific" grounds, or, as the writer above quoted would put it, on *positivistic* grounds. The prize should be large enough to attract writers of "mature" mind, to the end that all possible arguments should be brought into action. After some five or ten years the winning papers should be carefully collated, and the case built up against the Church should be carefully examined again with a view to a more complete refutation, if this be required.

If such a case so made and so answered would not flutter the "rebel" dove-cotes—from the "intellectual" heights down to the day-schools—I am badly "mistook in my judgments." A more direct method of dispelling some of the fog of this particular superstition does not occur to me. Why not hang out our shield at the tent-door? Why not ask people to give a reason for the unfaith that is in them. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

The Forward March of Russia

THE study of race-growths is interesting in these days, when the destinies of nations are being fought out on two battle lines, each stretching across Europe. One of the most significant results of such a study is a realization of the colossal proportions which Russia assumes on the ethnological map of Europe. The subjoined table, showing the increase of population in the principal countries of Europe, in the period between 1480 and 1900, leads to some highly suggestive conclusions:

	Population in 1480	in 1780	in 1900
England	3,700,000	9,561,000	41,220,000
France	12,600,000	25,100,000	38,800,000
Germany	800,000	5,460,000	56,000,000
Spain	8,000,000	9,960,000	18,000,000
Russia	2,100,000	26,800,000	111,800,000
Austria-Hungary	9,500,000	20,200,000	47,100,000
Italy	9,200,000	12,800,000	32,000,000

These figures, which are compiled by a Slavic ethnologist, Rudolph Vrba, indicate the dominant importance of Russia as an ethnological factor in the great struggle of the races to survive. And this increase in the population of Russia has been achieved in the face of a rate of infant mortality that is the highest to be found in the vital statistics of the nations of Europe—45 per thousand to 32 in Germany, 20 in Great Britain and 18 in France. Even at this rate of waste of human life, Russia has shown for the past decade an average excess of 1,700,000 births over deaths—an increase unparalleled by any of the great nations of Europe. The inevitable introduction of sanitation, the elimination of the periodical famines which are a feature of Russian life even to-day, and the establishment of higher standards of material well-being than those now prevalent in the empire of the north, could easily double the rate of growth shown by the statistics of the Russian census-takers.

If the battle of Teutoburg, in which Varus lost his legions at the hands of the German tribesmen, was a decisive event in history, marking the beginning of the decline of Roman military power; if the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo demonstrated that the world was to be largely English; if the surrender of Napoleon III registered the verdict of destiny against French domination of Europe, the birth statistics of Russia might well rank with these events as an indication of race-domination by sheer increase in numbers. If the white race, in the light of the past two centuries, is destined to rule and populate all the continents with the possible exception of Asia, the question of the future mastery of the world, with the exception of America, becomes ominous in view of the prolific increase in the population of Russia, already the most numerous white race in existence.

Nor is the population of Russia itself the sole resource of Russian nationalism. Into the plans of the Russian empire builders enters a large auxiliary population of Slavs, aggregating more than fifty millions, self-governing or constituting parts of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires. These nations, whom Russian statesmen regard as an ultimate part and parcel of the Russian host, are the Bohemians, the Poles, the Croatians, the Servians, Slovaks, Slovenes and Bulgarians. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, through the medium of the Slavic Benevolent Association of Moscow, Russia has been conducting a vigorous and enterprising campaign of education among all these peoples, impressing upon them the doctrine which the Russians have designated as the Panslavistic movement, but which in all its essential features is a vast project for propagating and strengthening Russian influence over all the other Slavic nations with a view to a future absorption.

In order to understand the methods of Russian propaganda, it should be kept in mind that Russian nationalism is closely bound up with the Russian Church. From the outset of its activities the Slavic Benevolent Society of Moscow took on a distinctly religious and especially anti-Catholic character. It aimed to bring up Slavic youth from foreign countries to be Orthodox as well as Russian. It set its face firmly against any form of dissent, whether in the direction of Lutheranism or Catholicism. Thus, in 1876, when the Bulgarian people, then still under Turkey, had broken with the Patriarch of Constantinople and had entered into negotiations with the Vatican in what is known as the "Uniat" movement, the Benevolent Association, now centered in St. Petersburg, and known as the Slavic Benevolent Association of St. Petersburg, expended millions of roubles in a successful effort to prevent the proposed transfer of allegiance from the Eastern Rite to the Western, of a people who could no longer endure the exploitations of the ignorant and rapacious Greek hierarchy.

By this time the methods of the Association, which included among its membership all the high officials of the empire and enjoyed the open patronage of the Czar, Alexander II, had become undisguisedly ecclesiastical. A study of the annual balances of the association, as published in the Russian Encyclopedia, shows that three-fourths of the expenditures of the organization were devoted to the building or repair of Orthodox Churches outside of Russia, to the publication of church books

for non-Russian Slavs, to the support of missionaries, many of whom were sent to Galicia, Slavonia, Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina, where the population is largely Catholic. The Abyssinian mission, with its alluring invitation to the Coptic Church to give its adherence to the Holy Russian Synod, is a conspicuous instance of a feverish religious propaganda which has dotted the entire Near East with Russian Churches, shrines and chapels, established and supported with funds from St. Petersburg..

Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and the Austrian provinces furnished the chief fields for this proselytizing endeavor. The Bulgarians, however, proved inapt pupils, because of their antagonism to religious or political dictation from St. Petersburg. Accordingly, after they had refused, at the end of their victorious war against Turkey in 1912, to accept Russia's mandate and surrender to Servia the Bulgarian territory in Macedonia which had been conceded to Bulgaria under the terms of the ante-bellum treaty with Servia, the Bulgarians were solemnly read out of the Slavic race and were denounced in the official press of St. Petersburg as Tartars and heretics.

Since 1912, the Russian Orthodox propaganda has been largely abandoned in Bulgaria. But it was continued with redoubled energy in the Austrian provinces and in Servia. One of the sinister events which shortly preceded the outbreak of the present war was the uncovering of a vast political conspiracy in Galicia under the guise of missionary endeavor. Among the persons arrested and convicted at the trial in Hungary, that followed the disclosures of the police, were several Russian priests and monks who, under the veil of religious instruction among the Catholic Ruthenians, had sown sedition and had sought to lay the foundations of a movement for political union with Russia. Count Vladimir Bobrinsky, a member of the Douma and a former president of the Slavic Benevolent Association, was shown to have been in charge of the movement. He publicly admitted his own connection with the propaganda and confessed that an attempt was made to alienate the Ruthenians from their loyalty to the Catholic Church, although he denied its political character.

One of the striking racial developments of the war has been the refusal of the Austrian Poles to heed the appeal which the Russian Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch, as commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, made to their race consciousness as a Slavic people. Far from lending their aid to the Russians, the Poles have remained loyal to the Austrian empire, and many of those who have been captured in the course of the operations in Galicia are expiating their loyalty in exile in Siberia—an exile which has lost none of its horrors despite the professed reforms in Russian administrative and punitive methods.

The opposition of the Poles to Russian rule is the outcome of their bitter memories of religious proscription on the Russian side of the frontier, where the use of the Polish language in public has been repeatedly made a penal offence and the Catholic faith, the historic faith of all the Poles, has again and again felt the heavy hand of persecution, even in this century. The Austrian Poles have learned from experience that religious persecution is repugnant to the spirit of Austria's civilization. Their continued adherence to the political organisms of which they are a self-governing part furnishes a convincing demonstration of the deeply intolerant character of Russian administration —an administration which has spared no effort, either of force or cajolery, in its age-old campaign against the Catholic Church. Perhaps better than any other race which has come under the widespread activities of the Russian propaganda, the Poles know that political subjection to Russia means religious subjection to the Russian church. Neither have the Poles forgotten the slight value of any Russian pledge of religious or political liberty.

The military operations of Russia are now frankly directed at the acquisition of Constantinople, the city which rivaled Rome as the religious capital of the world. Something of Russia's religious fervor for the capture of the ancient metropolis of Constantine can be learned from the fact that in 1877, when the Russian army was warned away from Constantinople by Great Britain at the end of the Russo-Turkish war, the Czar's soldiers wept at the sight of the forbidden domes of St. Sophia. Now another Czar is making a new and far more likely attempt to seize Constantinople, with its traditions of church leadership and mastery. If he succeeds, the Orthodox Church, blown to a white heat, will begin a fresh and far more ambitious campaign of proselytism. A challenge to Rome for the spiritual leadership of the world would not be improbable in view of the intense spirit of Russian Orthodoxy. EDWARD A. RUMELY.

Williams Reads St. Thomas

"WHAT is that ancient lore you have in your hands so much of late?" said Williams to my Uncle Dion, as the priest waved him to the vacant armchair before the blazing hearth in the cozy rectory library.

"That," answered the amiable, kindly-eyed pastor of Farnsborough, fondling the dog-eared volume on his knees, "is the 'Secunda Secundæ,' the brightest particular gem in the crown of him who bridged heaven and earth and exalted human reason to the stars: St. Thomas of Aquin, Prince of Theologians and Glory of the Middle Ages."

This was the old man's season for St. Thomas, for he was professedly a man of three books—the Bible, Shakespere and the "Summa Theologica"—a trilogy which he had been reading in unbroken rotation for forty years. "In the Book of books" he used to say, "I read the ways of God with men and hear His voice; in the pages of the master dramatist I read the ways of man with men and study the history of the human heart written in a manner unsurpassed elsewhere in profane literature, while in St. Thomas I find the great synthesis—Humanity reconciled to Divinity, and Divinity made intelligible to Humanity."

"Middle Ages, eh," sniffed Williams, with just that dash of deliberate cynicism which he knew would surely provoke their regular Friday night discussion. "Dry as dust, then, I suppose."

My Uncle Dion paused before answering, just long enough to produce from somewhere among the folds of his soutane a goodly-sized bone snuff-box, curiously intagliated and bound with tarnished silver. "Dry? Maybe," he answered, gazing reflectively off into space for a moment, and delivering on the end of the box the preliminary tap after the fashion of all orthodox snuff-takers. "But so is the dust of diamonds and the king of metals, unalloyed gold." Here a generous pinch of his favorite "Highland Heather" was duly transferred from the tip of thumb and forefinger to those innermost penetralia where dwelt his own, genial, intellectual self. "You know," he added, again fumbling for his soutane pocket, "you used to call the Bible dry until you really read the text for the first time last year, instead of Dr. Eliot's latest theory or Professor Puffendorf's most recent conjecture."

There was a mild asperity in his voice now—if, indeed, the mellow tones of my Uncle Dion could ever be so qualified—and there was certainly a hint of gentle triumph, too, that was not lost on the visitor. Williams smiled.

"Hoist with my own petard," he admitted gallantly, for he was an honest sceptic, though at times an ironical one. A graduate of a quarter of a century before from a well-known State University, he was, as a natural consequence, a philosophic waif and a theological iconoclast, thus proving a worthy foil for the priestly zeal and shepherd-like instincts of my Uncle Dion, who, for his part, was as orthodox as the penny catechism. The spiritual nakedness of this otherwise cultured, sensitive and finely-moulded soul had gone as straight to the old saint's heart as did the poverty and material distress down by the railroad; while Williams in turn, though living at opposite poles of thought, had been as spontaneously attracted to this unassuming

rural dean. And well he might be, for my Uncle Dion was one of those ruddy-cheeked, white-haired heralds of Faith, Hope and Charity such as Mother Church alone seems able to perpetuate. Hence this strange comradeship.

"Well, then," resumed Williams, in the half-bantering, half-serious tone under which he usually hid his desire for enlightenment, "if your St. Thomas is such an oracle, what does he say to this latest enigma that is plaguing the minds of religious derelicts like myself." Here he drew the evening paper from his pocket, found two paragraphs which he had previously underlined and read them aloud: "A Belgian priest was found after the bombardment, wandering aimlessly among the smoking ruins of his parish church and muttering incoherently about 'the God who failed.' He was led away tenderly to the nearest hospital." Williams lowered the paper for a stealthy glance over the top. No answer from across the hearth-rug. He read the second item, an extract from the letter of an Englishman to his sister, September 9, 1914:

> At the present time the dogmatic religionists would be better employed in considering the failure of Christianity. The spectacle of the Christian peoples fighting each other like savages, and each calling upon God to help them, and believing that God is helping them in their atrocities, would be ludicrous but for the pain and misery and horrors entailed. We have had two thousand years of Christianity, and the result is so bad that perhaps humanity will begin to see the futility of priest-ridden religion for progress and civilization. Let us consider humanity, and leave priestcraft and church-craft alone.

There was real challenge in the reader's voice when he finished, for the paradoxes of Christianity were an old stumbling-block to him as they were to the Greeks and Romans before him. "There is my gauntlet," he concluded, dropping the folded newspaper on the rug between the two chairs. "Will your St. Thomas take it up?"

My Uncle Dion had remained absolutely motionless during the reading and the subsequent impassioned tirade. It was the fall of Williams' battle-gauge that finally startled him into activity. His hand dropped mechanically to his pocket, out came the snuff-box, which was gently tapped as usual, the pinch extracted, the box restored—all in silence. But the apathy was only external. His mind was racing through the pages of St. Thomas. At last he spoke:

"Your Englishman was, doubtless, a hyper-sensitive soul thrown off his balance by scenes of unwonted suffering. But unlike the Belgian curé, he was not properly administered to, and so has retrograded some fifteen or sixteen centuries and gone over to the Manichæans with their panic philosophy. Now let me see," he continued meditatively, turning the pages of the "Summa," . . . "War, strife, bloodshed and the rest. It ought to come somewhere in the Christian virtues and their opposites." He stopped at the Fortieth Question of the "Secunda Secundæ," and began to expound the three conditions which St. Thomas postulates to justify a recourse to arms, *viz.*:—legitimate authority, a just cause, and a right intention on the part of the belligerents.

"But what if I admit all that," interposed Williams, after listening for a few moments. "I have been reading that literature you lent me: AMERICA, *The Catholic Mind* and the rest. . . . It is not the ethics of war that gives me pause; it is the ethics of your God that appals me."

"Tut! Tut!" replied my Uncle Dion with a deprecatory motion, "we are coming to that directly. I had first to burn some bridges behind you. Your chief quarrel then, is with the Providence of God, is it not?" The old man had another volume on his knees by this time—the first part of the "Summa." He opened it to the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Questions, where with characteristic terseness, clearness and profundity, St. Thomas discusses the tremendous problem of physical and moral evil in their relation to the Mercy and Providence of God. He construed the Latin as follows:

> There are two orders to be observed in Nature; one by which creatures are governed among themselves, as for example when parts are ordained to form a whole, accidents fitted to substances, and every completed unit directed unto its proper end. The other order is that by which all created things are referred to God. . . . These orders differ so essentially that disorders which may be tolerated in one can never happen in the other. Particular orders may be disturbed, but the universal, never. There is a world of difference, therefore, between the conduct of him who has the care of some particular order and Him Who in His right hand conserves the order of the entire universe. The guardian of the particular rightly strives to exclude all disarrangements and deformities from the sphere of his jurisdiction; but not so that universal ruler, who may, in virtue of his eminent sovereignty, permit great deordinations, even cataclysms, in some particular order, to the end that the greater good of the universal be not impeded. . . . For by the corruption of one creature another is often generated and so species are preserved. Now, God is that universal custodian of all creation, hence, in His Providence, He at times permits grave evils to afflict individuals or groups of dividuals for the sake of the greater good of the entire organization. For if all evils were anticipated or removed from the world, great good would be prevented, too. The king of beasts lives only by the slaughter of other animals, nor should we have the heroic virtues of the martyrs if we had not the persecutions of tyrants.

"There is much deep reasoning there," said Williams, quick to appreciate the pregnant content of the passage. "But your St. Thomas has not much comfort for the heart of humanity; he speaks only to the intellect."

"On the contrary," answered my Uncle Dion, "there is much essential poetry hidden in this philosophy, if we will merely paraphrase it.

"For St. Thomas warns us here that you and I, and kings and princes, and tribunes and chancellors and statesmen, and—paupers, are, all of us, but so many players in a gigantic drama, more than world-wide, in which the protagonist is God. Nations, as well as individuals, have their parts, their lines, their entrances and exits. But simply and precisely because the setting of this drama is wider even than this wide world, embracing all that swims in ether—planets, suns and star-dust—and extending through time up to the very shores of eternity, no human eye can view it in its entirety, no finite mind grasp its full significance We are limited to our own petty orders, to the brief act or scene in which we live and move and play our part. Even of our own humanity, than which nothing is more intimate to us, we see but fragmentary segments, viewing life as it were through a tapering arch, and hence knowing nothing of what goes on above, below or on either side. No single lump of human clay, no matter how feverish its activities, no, nor the sum total of all the countless generations that have walked this earth, has ever lived all life or solved its every problem! Truly, then, did the poet sing, with perfect imagery:

> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
> Forever and forever when I move.

"But not so with the Eternal Mind. His all-seeing eye sweeps the whole range of created being, for His is the universal charge, not only of this planet, to our slender intellects so stupendous, but of all those mighty systems in one of which this whirling sphere is but a paltry, fifth-rate satellite! The evils then, which are disfiguring a goodly portion of this painful earth to-day may portend naught but chaos and the breakdown of all order, human and divine, to the horror-stricken eye behind the arch, for it sees not the relation these bear to the world-wide organism that lies beyond its ken. The deaths, the bloodshed and destruction that now crowd our little arch of life may mean the very existence, conservation and progress, physically or spiritually, of generations yet unborn.

"In the physical evolution of the individual, there sometimes occur crises when nothing will avail but blood-letting, not the blood of goats and bullocks, but his own. Nations too, may become glutted in body and spiritually impoverished through their pride, greed, luxury, dissipation, irreligion and infidelity. Then comes blood-redemption and the scourge of God. That is admittedly the history of the deluge, of Sodom and Gomorrah, and perhaps in our own days, of St. Pierre in Martinique."

"But," objected Williams, "not all who have suffered greatly have so offended. There are two small nations of Northwestern Europe that straightway rise before one's historical eye in confutation of your theory. Both, I am told, have been passionately devoted to your Catholic ideals, and hence, by that same token, the great masses of the population may be supposed to be guiltless of the deep personal and political corruption which you allege in vindication of the Deity. Yet one of these peoples has been the Niobe of nations for seven centuries, the other for seven fearful months."

"Aye," broke in my Uncle Dion. "I know. And that is Calvary in its two most sacrificial aspects—holocaust and abandonment. As His rain falls on just and unjust, so the arrows of His wrath sometimes find innocent victims. But in such cases they come not as chastisement for sin and disobedience, but as purging fire to precious gold, that that which was pure may be purer still. Vicarious suffering, too, has that never entered into your philosophy? Why man, had the world had no Nero, Caligula and Domitian, where should be that cloud of white-robed witnesses, the *ingens multitudo* of Tacitus, with their inspiriting heritage for us, the progeny of their souls' travail? *Ibant gaudentes!* The sands of the Coliseum were empurpled for upwards of three centuries with the best blood of slaughtered saints, but in those pools germinated the seeds of Rome's and the world's redemption. For that thrice-consecrated earth cried to Heaven for vengeance and mercy, and mercy came in the whirlwind of destruction that followed in the wake of Alaric and his Goths. Down crashed the enervated and rotting city of the Cæsars, crumbling into ashes 'neath the chastening fire and sword, only to emerge from the flames, like the fabled Phœnix, rejuvenated and transformed into the City of God, earth's central shrine.

"He brought good from evil then: He is the same God to-day. Messina, San Francisco, Ireland and Belgium had their heroes, known and unknown, and their spiritual triumphs, not less—perhaps even more—than their victims. He is a mighty Alchemist, the Alchemist of the Universe, Who alone is potent to dip poor mankind

> . . . Into the crucible of Time,
> To emerge after long fumes of pain and horror,
> More nearly fused into one Humanity.

or

> Pour blood and burning tears and misery
> And waste and famine out upon the earth,
> Yet in a year or a yoke of years
> Transmute them into human betterment."

There was a considerable pause. Williams was the first to speak: "Your Thomas of Aquin, Prince of Theologians, was an optimist," he said. "You mean he was a *saint,* which signifies to view all things *sub luce æternitatis,*" answered my Uncle Dion, accompanying his words with a gesture that was as significant of the end of the argument as it was characteristic of your confirmed snuff-taker.

You may remember that he had been balancing that last pinch of snuff between his fingers for almost a quarter of an hour. But like a real connoisseur, he had never lost it, nor his consciousness of it. Up and down it had flitted, backward and foreward through the pages of St. Thomas, now here, now there, but never quite out of his mind. To be sure, there were several moments when it seemed on the verge of being ultimately and properly bestowed, but something always intervened. But now, when all was said and done, he solemnly closed the book, and like an anxious lover detected in some momentary negligence, gazed for a moment half-apologetically at the tips of his fingers; then, on the wings of two long-drawn-out inhalations that betokened exquisite pleasure, he consigned that much-traveled pinch to its last resting-place. EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholic Press Association

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may interest your readers to know that a Catholic Press Association already exists, and has been in full working order for some three or four years. So far as I can ascertain, its activities are limited to syndicating: (1) a weekly cablegram from Rome; (2) a London or European letter of the usual type, and (3) the weekly opinions of "Our Washington Correspondent" on political matters from the Irish-American point of view. It can not be said that very many of our Catholic weeklies accept this service and, it must be confessed, no one can very well blame them. The C. P. A. does not make the slightest attempt to influence the daily press, never bothers to contradict the many egregious errors in the dailies of the city in which its activities are conducted and, in general, it appears to go comfortably to sleep between the dates of its annual conventions. It is, however, significant of the state of our Catholic weeklies that so few people seem to know of the existence of the Catholic Press Association.

New York. A PERFECT FOOL.

A Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is with special pleasure that I have been following the expressions of opinion given in the columns of AMERICA regarding "That Catholic Daily." It appears to me that the most significant and weighty utterances, thus far, were those of Mr. Michael Williams in the issue of February 13, 1915. I particularly appreciate the emphasis he lays on the fact that a Catholic daily must be endowed, because it is out of competition with the secular press, commercially speaking. It is also "illuminating" to know that a metropolitan daily's cost of production is from $8,000 to $12,000 daily, or some $3,650,000 per year. That's worth knowing. Especially striking is the following sentence: "No Catholic paper can gain a large amount of advertising unless it has a large circulation, and it never will have large circulation, and never ought to have large circulation (in the modern, metropolitan sense of the word 'large') while human nature remains what it is." That certainly should prove an enlightenment to many well-meaning friends of the Catholic daily. In connection with this discussion it is instructive to note the "Program of Practical Press Development and Extension" as it is being expounded to the readers of his three papers, the *Catholic Tribune,* the *Katholischer Western,* and the *Luxemburger Gazette,* by the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Nicholas Gonner, of Dubuque, Iowa:

> We are adhering firmly to our clearly explained policy of making no leaps or bounds in the dark, but to continue pleading for a natural, steady development, step by step. The next step to be undertaken is, therefore, to ascertain the extent of the support which we may expect in the publication of issues of the *Catholic Tribune* twice a week, enabling us to issue a Sunday edition to all those readers who are willing to assist. If we can succeed in this effort, we would then furnish, in place of one weekly issue of twelve pages for $2.00 per annum, two semi-weekly issues of eight pages each, or sixteen pages every week, for $3.00 per annum. Such readers as prefer to

continue receiving twelve pages once a week, of course, do so. "Success in this case means pointing out, by our example, the way of development for every other Catholic weekly." The semi-weekly publication in question will be undertaken only in case "a reasonably large demand" is made evident by the subscriptions promised in advance.

Does it not appear that Mr. Gonner's policy of *steady* development should commend itself for the safeness and soundness of the manner of procedure he advocates?

Techny, Ill. PRESBYTER TECHNICUS.

State Support for Schools Undesirable

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would you permit me to enter a protest against Mr. Edward Feeney's plan to obtain State aid for our parochial schools? I have read his letter with great interest. It is perfectly just, reasonable and logical. It is, I am well aware, the opinion held by many Catholics. Yet it seems to me that both he and they have overlooked several points, one of which is the non-Catholic attitude of mind toward things Catholic. Mr. Feeney seems to assume that the majority of our non-Catholic citizens are ready to acknowledge the failure of our public school system. In one portion of his letter he would almost appear to indicate that the public is ready to recognize that the failure of the schools is due to a lack of religious training. That the public is dissatisfied is quite true, but only in so far as the schools have failed in a material way. If the education of Johnny Jones is sufficient to enable him to retain a position offered him by Mr. Business Man, then all is as it should be. If Johnny can't retain it, then something is wrong with the schools. Do you really think that Johnny's socialistic father, and Johnny's mental-science mother are any more willing to acknowledge that Johnny's failure is due to a lack of religious training than is Johnny's atheistic employer or religiously indifferent teacher? Certainly not. It may be that Johnny has adenoids or is a trifle sub-normal; but that there can be any possible connection between badly done work and general irresponsibility on the one hand, and a lack of the knowledge of God on the other is too much for them to admit. I grant that some sincere Protestants do realize that a godless school is a danger, but they are, comparatively speaking, very few.

Let us grant that the public, say, of New York would be quite willing to cut down their $50 per capita to $25 in order to turn over the other $25 to the private schools of the State. Could we, who in spite of our wonderful 16,000,000 are in a decided minority, dictate terms to the majority? Could we tell them exactly upon what terms we could receive the State's money, and (a more important point) could we be quite sure that no laws inimical to the future safety and freedom of our schools would be made? One objection to State aid for Catholic schools is the effect such aid would have upon our Catholic people.

We are giving the public school child free pencils, free pens, free ink, free paper, free books, free lunches, free nurses, free doctors and dentists; public playfields, play teachers for those public playfields, vocational training and vocational guidance. Everything is done to save the child worry, care and expense. What is the result? The more we have given, the more the children and their parents demand, the less grateful they are, the less the child gives in return and the less power of giving he possesses. He is rapidly becoming less robust mentally, and less able to accomplish things. He is unwilling to make any sacrifice whatsoever, no matter how good the end may be.

Now, here is a danger, and a grave one, to our children and their parents. When any one begins, unnecessarily, to depend upon another, whether that other is an individual or the State, for his necessities and his luxuries, his manly self-reliance is gone, and we have left a vertebrateless creature, a parasite. Then comes a willingness to temporize when a matter of principle is at stake. It is only by our poverty and self-denial, and our independent parochial school system that we may ever hope to raise up a generation of honorable, self-reliant, God-fearing, American Catholics. Our Government, as it is, is too paternalistic. Socialism has seen to that. Socialism will also see to it that we receive State aid for our schools. I have heard it advocated by socialists very recently. They can see our danger though we can not. Socialists will also see to the ultimate secularization of our schools. Just give them time and opportunity. All we need to do is to continue the forceful (?) policy we have so consistently pursued.

In conclusion may I ask if we have any reason to expect a greater measure of justice in the future than we have received in the past or than we are now receiving? Does Mr. Feeney really dream that a yearly examination by the Regents of the State University would satisfy all the atheistic, socialistic and anti-Catholic forces at work in our country? What is the price we must pay? An excellent secular education, says Mr. Feeney. We are already giving that free. What is the price? Before we put ourselves and our children in the hands of our enemies, it might be well to find out how many of our 16,000,000 can be depended upon to support Catholic rights at the polls. We need a strong, wise body of intelligent laymen just now, not to get us new rights, but simply to safeguard the ones we are supposed to possess.

Seattle. A TEACHER.

Catholic Children are Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As children are not counted in the statistics of the Methodist, Presbyterian and other churches, why object to Dr. Carroll's deduction for children in case of the Roman Catholic Church? The amount he deducts may be open to question, and the taking of the census of 1913 is objectionable, but some deduction gives a better comparison with other religious bodies.

Sandusky, Ohio. A. M. P.

[The first duty of a statistician is to report objective facts, not to arrange them for "comparison." Catholic children are Catholics. Statistics which omit them are, therefore, false. What the Methodists and Presbyterians may do, has not the slightest bearing on the case.—*Editor of* AMERICA.]

An English Easter in the Seventeenth Century

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following passage occurs in "Oddsfish" (p. 176) the last novel of the late Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson: "It was in May that Mr. Hamerton had come to us, for Easter that year fell in that month." I thought that the earliest possible date for Easter is March 22, and the latest April 25. Can you tell me how this rule is to be reconciled to Mgr. Benson's May Easter?

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. O'R.

[Mgr. Benson was in error. In the year in question (1680, see page 227), Easter fell on April 21, according to the calendar of Catholic countries, where the Gregorian reform, or New Style, had been adopted. England at that time still followed the Old Style, and according to its calendar April 11 was called Easter, although the actual day observed was the same as in Catholic countries. The error probably arose from supposing that the Old Style date was ten greater than that

in the New Style, whereas it was ten less. The first day of the New Style was the day following October 4, 1582. This day was called October 15 in the New Style, while those who still adhered to Old Style called it October 5.

The inverse of the above statement is, however, sometimes true. Russia is the only large country now using the Old Style. In 1910 our Easter fell on March 27, but the Russian Easter fell in that year on their April 18, which was our May 1. In 1907 our Easter was on March 31, but the Russians observed it on their April 22, our May 5. In these cases it will be seen that there was not merely a different date but that the two styles observed Easter on really different days. This happens rather frequently.

The following point may be of interest. Although March 22 is in general the earliest possible date of Easter, yet as our ecclesiastical tables are arranged it can not come earlier than March 23 in the present and the two following centuries. The Easter of 1913 was as early as it is possible for it to be until the year 2200. In 1915 the Russian Easter falls on their March 22.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. JOHN T. HEDRICK, S.J.]

The Extent of Bigotry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On noting Mr. Ronald's objection to my article entitled, "Ludicrous Anachronism," I was struck with the largeness of his proposition: "The spirit of intolerant bigotry is as rife in our land to-day as ever in the history of the past." Naturally I sought for the proof; and in the number of instances cited must confess that I did not find it. It will not do to lay at the door of bigotry what formally springs from a source other than specific hatred for Catholics; nor can we saddle upon the whole nation what is not the attitude of at least a determining part. In a word to be bigotry, a thing must injure Catholics, as Catholics; to be "as rife as ever in our history," its extension must be such as to justify our attributing it to Americans in general. There is, however, in my opinion, not an instance given by Mr. Ronald which does not fail to evidence one or both of these elements. Some of them are truly against Catholics, as Catholics, but fail in the necessary universality. Others vindicate their proper extension, but have not been shown to be against Catholics in as much as they are Catholics.

Suggestive films, for instance, are an injury to Catholics but good Protestants and all other upright people are likewise hurt. Filthy papers may be welcomed because of their filth, or because they assail Catholicism; if the reason is their anti-Catholic filth (a thing hard to determine) my objector has yet to show that representative American opinion approves of so vile an attack on one body of citizens. If bigotry opens the mails to the *Menace,* protests by several Protestant ministers and the several indictments already obtained against its publishers do not facilitate Mr. Ronald's task of showing that Americans in general either believe its columns or sympathize with its designs. As for "priests of God and consecrated women . . . being openly insulted in the streets," I wonder how universal is this and whether even in its rare occurrence public opinion sanctions it. "Why thousands of Americans crowd each other from the box office of theaters where the sacred character of Sisters is made a wretched plaything," Mr. Ronald himself has answered. Or at any rate he has not made clear that it is hatred of Catholics and not looseness of morals that accounts for the crowding he decries. Most of us I think, in view of the fact that Catholics have risen to lofty posts of trust in the country, will agree that public opinion repudiates discrimination against Catholics, because and in as much as, they are Catholics. If it sympathized with the impersonation or insulting of nuns, or the boisterous villainy of the *Menace* or believed the Guardians of Liberty, I can not see how it could tolerate a Catholic Governor, a Catholic Secretary to the President or a Catholic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Of course we must not argue from this that Americans are loyal supporters of the Church; nor does it follow that they are bigots, because they do not rise and demand the suppression of the *Menace* or the disbanding of the Guardians of Liberty. A thing to be not-white need not be black. An American is not shown to be a bigot, merely by the fact that he is not an active friend of the Church. From non-Catholic Americans we ask but fair play. We can in justice give them no less. Now rapid generalizations that would saddle upon Americans in general the narrow viewpoint of a few relics of the Know-Nothings is hardly fair play. I admit that bigotry is rising here and there in the country, but I deny that Americans in general are in sympathy with the movement. Between the two extremes of opinion, "bigot" and "friend of the Church," is the mean, "non-bigot." If this seem too optimistic, it may be well to remember that optimism is likely to be a relative term. Schopenhauer, for instance, thought we were all too optimistic, while I am tempted to return the compliment to Mr. Ronald. For if the Catholic Church in the United States had no subtler undercurrent to contend with than suggestive films or the open vileness of the *Menace* we should have far less reason to fear than we now have. And hence Mr. Ronald, I should say, is "too optimistic" at least in this: that minimizing the greater danger he calls into prominence the lesser. This perhaps accounts for the peculiar relation his instances bore to his own proposition and mine; the relation respectively, to the one, of an obvious *non sequitur* and to the other of great irrelevance. GEO. D. BULL, S.J.

Bad Taste in Society Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The action of "Society Catholics" in making up theater parties in Lent and taking their young people to resorts that openly cater to indecency reflects little credit on their refinement, good taste or piety, and stirs the gorge of their coreligionists to voice an indignant protest. The vogue of society people for novelty in amusement blinds them to many things. Little by little there has come about a very visible decadence in social standards of good taste, modesty and good manners which the "old families" were once so united in upholding. The efforts of the Catholic Theater Movement in repressing certain desreputable amusements were met with the argument that "the people called for such amusement." It would seem that a Catholic woman should blush with shame to be quoted as a patroness of such resorts. Moreover, men and women may drift away from the Catholic spirit and cast into open disregard the parental restraints of Mother Church, but the obligations and duties she imposes are founded upon divine precept and may not be ignored without drawing down sooner or later upon themselves and their children the anger of a just God.

New York. A CATHOLIC WOMAN.

Fair Play for Austria and Prussia

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to confront with a few facts from history an article, "The Condition of Peace," printed in the issue of AMERICA for February 20.

From the years 1848-1866 Austria fought in Italy for what were her own rightful possessions. She also fought for the Papal States. She was defeated in 1859. The Papal States were then annexed by the new kingdom of Italy. Austria did not recognize Italy, she did not make peace; but there was merely an armistice, lasting till 1866. Before the war broke out anew in 1866, Austria ceded her Italian possessions,

known as Venice, to Napoleon III, with the understanding that he should turn them over to Italy. The Papal States, however, were to be restored to the Pope in case Austria should be victorious in the war. What more a single power could do for the Pope is hard to see. Austria was beaten once more, not indeed in Italy, but in Germany, her fight for the Papal States being one of the causes of her defeat on German soil. In the year 1870 Austria was absolutely unable to do anything against any foreign power.

If it had not been for Austria, whom the writer of the article calls "that master-meddler in the discipline of the Church," there would not have been left one Catholic in Germany after the so-called Reformation. To Austria the Church owes the preservation or rescue from Protestantism of one-half of the German people.

Austria fought, almost single handed, for three hundred years against the Turks and saved thereby the whole of Christianity from the dominion of this enemy of the Church. One ruler of Austria, Joseph II (1780-1790) was a master-meddler in the discipline of the Church, but he ruled only ten years over Austria.

"Prussia typifies heresy," says the writer. This Prussia pays to every priest, to every bishop, to every cardinal a salary, which makes collections unnecessary, collections which, to my own personal experience, keep many away from the Church here in the States. This heretical Prussia looks to it, that every Catholic child, from six to fourteen years of age, receives two hours of religious instruction every week; these two hours of religious instruction are compulsory in all schools except the university. The priest in charge of this instruction has the same rights as any other teacher. Where there is a sufficient number for a Catholic school, a Catholic school is established, the pastor acting as inspector. Every Catholic child has to attend Mass on Sundays and at least once during the week, absentees being subject to the same punishment as absentees from class-hours. This heretical Prussia does not call the priest, nor the subdeacon, to the colors, while the Protestant minister has to serve in the army. What the "heretical" Emperor has done for the French priests during this war, every one ought to know. These few facts I should like to see in print, that both the writer and the readers of the aforesaid article may have an illustration of how Prussia typifies heresy, and how Austria is the master-meddler in the discipline of the Church. I am neither a Prussian nor an Austrian by birth, but I stand for fairness.

Chicago. L. J. G.

Newman's Famous Libel Suit

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *Outlook* for March 10, I find the following passage:

> Cardinal Newman was brought up in England for trial for defaming Father Achilli, who had left the Roman Catholic Church for the Protestant communion as Cardinal Newman had left the Protestant Church for the Roman Catholic communion. He was convicted of a libel and was mulcted to the extent of 12,000 English pounds, or $60,000.

Apart from the obvious fact that the reasons which wrought the change in Newman, were quite different from the motives which turned this "profligate in a cowl" to the Protestant Church, and I am not aware that any Protestant Church is now anxious to claim him, may I point out that Father, not Cardinal, Newman was not "mulcted to the extent of 12,000 English pounds" or anything like it. Ward, in his "Life of Cardinal Newman," states that "the costs and expenses of the trial," quite another matter, reached that sum. And the real results of this miscarriage of justice are thus put by the same authority:

In a leading article, The *Times* spoke of the three days' proceedings as "indecorous in their nature, unsatisfactory in their result, and as little calculated to increase the respect of the people for the administration of justice or the estimation by foreign nations of the English name and character." "We consider," the article added, "that a *great blow has been given to the administration of justice in this country,* and that Roman Catholics will henceforth have only too good reason for asserting that there is no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries." These remarks represent the opinion of the educated public. Dr. Achilli was no longer in the public eye an innocent martyr whose testimony against Romanism was unimpeachable. Evidence which could not for the moment prevail with the jury against the wonderful anti-Catholic bigotry of the time, gradually sank into the public mind and had its effect. . . . Achilli's teeth were drawn; he ceased to be an effective champion of the Protestant religion; and he shortly disappeared from the public view. (Italics inserted.)

This passage indicates clearly, the biased mentality of the *Outlook* writer, who does not hesitate to put on a par, the great Cardinal, and a profligate friar who spoke "not only against the Catholic faith, but the moral law."

New York. JOHN WILTBYE.

Temperance Against Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The exceptionally clear, comprehensive, and dispassionate presentation of the subject of "Temperance against Prohibition," which appears in your issue of March 6, deserves the widest possible publicity. It is an appeal not merely to "sensible men of good will," to whom it is directly addressed, but also to those who may, perhaps, neither claim nor deserve that meritorious designation. All men of intelligence should recognize to what serious extent their rights and personal liberty are jeopardized by prohibition—that most pernicious type of folly, which is well characterized by the author of the article as "midsummer madness," and is now rampant under the gross misnomer of "reform." However far the condition of society in the "dark ages" may have been inferior to the exalted civilization which so-called "reformers" claim for the present day, the "dark ages" can not, at least, be denied the merit of having been exempt from the perversions of intellect and the errors of intention which are to-day manifested in "Higher Criticism," "Christian Science," "Socialism," and last, but by no means least, "Prohibition."

That a very large percentage of those who are seeking to inflict prohibition upon this nation are thoroughly honest, conscientious, and actuated by the worthiest motives, is undeniable; but they have either been ignorant of the actual conditions which bear upon the question of how best to promote the cause of true temperance, or have been deceived by the misrepresentations of a small minority, consisting of paid agitators. These agitators make it a matter of business to gain their subsistence by efforts to convert the well-meant intentions of the advocates of temperance into a fanaticism which ignores the rights, not only of "the liquor interests," but also of all other citizens, and which, as has been shown in numerous instances, increases, instead of diminishing, the evils which it claims, in season and out of season, that it is intended to prevent. The acme of trespass upon personal liberty and constitutional rights has been reached in the recent enactment of prohibition legislation in Arizona, under which the practice of the Catholic religion in that State has actually been made contrary to law. And unless the "moderate element in American public life," mentioned by the author of the article to which I have referred, as well as the voters who can move that element to proper action, stem the tide of folly and fanaticism, similar legislation will elsewhere be enacted, and the author's belief that "a quarter of a century hence will see the

United States a nation of drug-fiends," will find its realization in the degradation of our country.

No law has ever been made, and no law ever can be made and enforced which will prevent the indulgence of a natural appetite, which, within proper bounds, is neither improper nor harmful; and one of the many detrimental results of legislation to that end, has been to inculcate in the minds of many whose rights have been trespassed upon, a demoralizing contempt for law in general. The regulation of the liquor traffic, and the prevention of the serious injury resultant upon the abuse of liquors, is, however, entirely practicable, and legislation to that effect would be enforceable without involving confiscation of property, violation of vested rights, or undue limitation of the personal liberty of the citizen. Moreover, "the liquor interests" would not only not oppose such legislation, but would find it to their advantage to give their active support to its enforcement. Unfortunately, however, regulation would not redound to the advertising schemes of the self-constituted "reformers." But it should not for that reason fail to receive the hearty support of every one who advocates the only approach to "prohibition" that would be either right or effective, *i. e.*, the regulation of the sale and use of liquors by such fair and reasonable legislation as will command the approval and support of all who are advocates of "temperance." I earnestly urge your readers to heed and take action on "Temperance against Prohibition," and if, in so doing, I make myself an advocate of "the liquor interests," let professional prohibitionists "make the most of it." Regulation can prevent a man from injuring himself and society by excess; but even if it should fail to do so, a stupefied and helpless drunkard is a less dangerous element than a drug-crazed and murderous maniac.

New York. J. SNOWDEN BELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Intemperance can not be checked and prohibition averted by the means and methods of the article "Temperance against Prohibition" in AMERICA of March 6. Drink is not the gnat some would imply; it takes more than a gnat to arouse the self-sacrificing enthusiasm that possesses the advocates of prohibition, and urges them to unreasonable extremes. Men do not lose their reason for a gnat. If this "gnat" were strained out, the "camels of iniquity" would shrink to very diminutive dimensions. Superintendents of penal and charitable institutions state that drink, directly or indirectly, brings nine-tenths of the inmates to these institutions; and bishops attribute to the same source nine-tenths of the trouble they have in the administration of their office. My experience of thirty-nine years in the priesthood, of more than thirty years as an active member of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and of twelve years in the Priests' Total Abstinence League, and as an officer in both Associations for the same length of time, corroborates the testimony of these civil and ecclesiastical magistrates.

The urgent need of legislation to prevent the abuses connected with the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the United States is far from manifest, unless we are prepared to accept the contention of those who advocate prohibition; nor is it clear that practical Catholics generally would approve of the strictest enforcement of such legislation. Appealing to legislation for the cure of every evil is the great mistake of the day. There is entirely too much legislation. What is needed is the enforcement or the repeal of the laws we have. Enforcement of the law does not depend wholly on the police, it must have as its foundation respect for law and authority. Too much has been written by those who profess to fear that Catholic temperance workers may go too far, that readily lends itself to quotation against genuine temperance work and in favor of drinking. The Church has ever insisted on respect for law and authority; and if her admonitions in regard to temperance had been as generally observed as they are neglected, it would have reacted favorably on the public, intemperance would have been kept under fairly good control, and the movement for prohibition might not have been inaugurated or at least not have acquired its present momentum. The movement, however, is not going to be overcome by ridicule and pleasantry, but it may be directed by sympathetic reasoning, for these people are desperately in earnest, even if their zeal is unreasonable. But the continuation of the Mass does not depend on this movement being overcome or controlled; though if it is not controlled, Catholics may be inconvenienced in some places. But who will be to blame? If Catholics had followed the admonitions of the Church, such danger would not have arisen.

Pastors were told by the Council of Baltimore to keep their people away from the saloon, and to get such of them as were in the dangerous liquor business out of it, and to make every effort to root out the vice of intemperance which gives scandal to non-Catholics and is both an obstacle to the spread of the true religion and a perpetual incentive to sin. They were never to cease crying out against the vice and whatever leads to it; for to them the Council looked for the spread of sobriety. The late Pontiff hoped that not only bishops, priests and men of religious orders but also laymen would become members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, since those who abstain entirely from all intoxicating drink are worthy of all praise. Priests especially should be conspicuous as models of abstinence. As regards the laity, the Council declares the zeal of total abstainers to be according to knowledge, and commends their societies to the fatherly care of pastors. Those who can not get out of the dangerous business must not sell on Sundays, nor to minors, nor to those who they foresee will abuse drink; and they must not allow sinful language in their places of business. Much more might be cited from Councils and Pontiffs, both as regards priests and people. If these admonitions had been conscientiously followed, conditions would be such as to preclude the danger the writer of the article apprehends from prohibition. To follow these admonitions and induce their readers to follow them should be the work of Catholic writers and leaders, instead of ridiculing and denouncing the extravagances of those who have not an infallible teacher and guide. Let there be a little more Christian charity and respect for the wish of the Church in this matter.

Scottsdale, Pa. M. A. LAMBING.

Witches Not Burned

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I call attention to a slight error in the article entitled "A Ludicrous Anachronism" in the issue of February 20? I refer to the sentence in the first paragraph in which Cotton Mather's probable words in the event of his appearance at the present time on Broadway, are related. "'Papist' he might say, or 'witches' and of these words, the former for him would be nimbused with all that a bitter Puritan age had laid at the door of Catholics, and the latter would be redolent of the times and environment that made possible Salem and its stake." The inaccuracy to which I refer is the inference to be drawn from the word "stake." This is, evidently, that witches were burned in Salem. Such was not the case. They were tortured in a variety of ways; one was pressed to death with stones and the rest were hung. Hence the name which still clings to the place of execution, "Gallows Hill." I call attention to this error because it appears with such frequency that it might be catalogued with the supposed Jesuit doctrine "the end justifies the means"—or placed in Dr. Walsh's list of historical "Dont's."

A SALEMITE.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Minimum and a Menace

SINCE the Day of Pentecost dawned on the earth Catholics have been under the constant necessity of going without a great many things. First of all, they had to do without places of worship, then they were driven underground, and counted it but a small thing to have to forego life itself. They had to go without civil rights, without education for themselves or for their children, without food, without possessions, without honor and respect; but even in the blackest days, under the most severe and tyrannical of the penal laws and proscription acts, they never had to go without the Mass. The Mass is the minimum, yet, if the present trend of the latest prohibition laws be taken as indicative, we may not improbably find ourselves in free America called upon to go without the Mass.

Of the nineteen States which are now "dry," Utah, the last to establish State Prohibition, may well typify the menace to our religious rights that faces us. The Wooten State-Wide Prohibition Bill, which passed the House by a vote of 40 to 5 on March 2, prohibits specifically the manufacture of wine for sacramental purposes, the Bill becoming effective on July 1, 1916. Mark the effect. With the importation of wine forbidden, its manufacture penalized, is the Catholic priest to be forced into the disgusting rôle of a smuggler of contraband, or to resort to the low device of illicit distilling, or is the holy Mass to be abandoned altogether in the State of Utah? The conditions admit of no other alternatives so far as the outlook implies at present. Attempts to refer the matter of this Bill to a vote of the people were defeated by 45 to 9; how, then, are the 13,000 Catholics of Utah to help themselves; are they to be forced out of the State, and with such a beginning what assurances have Catholics of the other eighteen "dry" States that they too may not have the same experience under a system of State Prohibition?

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court has taken the homely beer under its protection, and in the Kirmeyer case, where this beverage was delivered in Kansas against the Prohibition law of that State, Justice McReynolds declared the decision of the Supreme Court to be as follows:

> Beer is a recognized article of commerce. The right to send it from one State to another, and the act of doing so, are interstate commerce, the regulation whereof has been committed to Congress, and a State law which denies such right or substantially interferes with or hampers the same is in conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

Is the gratification of what is after all a mere appetite to be afforded more consideration than the most sacred and solemn act of worship that the Catholic Church knows? If the Catholic pastors of Utah and Arizona, observing that the children of this world in their generation are wiser than the children of light, copy their wisdom and their strategies so that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice may not cease altogether, may we expect the Supreme Court to decide that "Altar wine is a recognized article of commerce"? One thing is certain. The matter has now passed beyond the bounds of ethics and economics; it has become a menace to the most vital of all rights, religious rights. What the ferocity of Nero, the cruelty of Julian, of a Henry or Elizabeth Tudor failed to effect, the freak legislation of prohibition extremists is on the high way to accomplish. In the days of the direst persecution there was a minimum; that minimum was the Mass, and now, under a system of freedom and toleration, the Mass is threatened.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

THE children who had the happy thought of writing the following letter are only one out of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of groups that are crying to Him whose mercy is above all His works, for peace, peace that the world knows not of:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some time ago our pastor received a communication which was immediately sent to our directress, suggesting a crusade of prayer among the children of the school for peace in Mexico as well as in the European countries. We, the children of SS. Cyril and Methodius School, those of us who have made our first Holy Communion, under the auspices of pastor and directress, have formed a band and each Thursday and Friday, since January 28, we have received Holy Communion in a body for the intention requested. We mean to continue this practice until June, 1915. We number about one hundred and fifty, ranging from nine to fourteen years of age. The younger children of our school recite special prayers at their visits to the Blessed Sacrament and hear Mass every morning. We wish the other parochial and private schools of America would join us.

THE CHILDREN OF SS. CYRIL AND METHODIUS SLOVAK SCHOOL.

This is not the first case in which the Saviour has perfected praise out of mouths of little ones. Long ago, on

a certain Sunday, as He wept over the people of Israel, because they knew not the things that were for their peace, He found His consolation in the love and devotion of children. We may well believe that for their sake He would even have spared their parents, had not their hard hearts been set on murdering their Friend of friends. Will He save the world to-day from the full measure of its retribution because of the entreaty of our Catholic children? No one that knows His heart can doubt it.

"Here's a Sitiwation"

THE National Educational Association offers a prize of one thousand dollars for the best essay on "The Essential Place of Religion in Education, with an Outline of a Plan for Introducing Religious Teaching into the Public Schools."

The title, though lengthy, is encouraging. By those who framed it, it was meant to affirm that religion, true religion, has a place in education. But a subjoined explanation dashes hope. This religion "is to be defined in a way not to run counter to the creeds of Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jew." It is, therefore, a denatured, devitalized, spurious religion. The divinity of Christ, for instance, runs counter to the creed of the Jew, and must, therefore, be omitted. But the omission runs counter to the creed of the Catholic, and of many a Protestant. Whether you omit this truth or include it, you run "counter" to some one's creed. "Here," as the Grinder remarked, "here's a sitiwation for a cove."

As is fairly obvious, this competition is open only to the gentlemen who once proved, in a learned essay, the Objective Identity of Opposites, and to his lineal descendants. To widen the field of competitors, it is respectfully suggested that the title be amended to read: "The Essential Place of Heresy in Education, with an Outline of a Plan for Introducing Heretical Teaching into the Public Schools."

A "Comforting Assurance"

UNDERTAKERS are now printing announcements like the following:

> A new and better way of burial. The more modern undertakers recommend an outer receptacle of moisture-proof cement composition reinforced with steel. The —— vault is a comforting assurance against the wet, unsanitary old-fashioned grave.

What a solace it must be to the dying rich man of to-day to know that after his soul has gone to judgment his body will not be consigned to the "wet, unsanitary, old-fashioned grave," but by being entombed in an "outer receptacle of moisture-proof, cement composition, reinforced with steel," will long be preserved from the ravages of death. Should Dives' life, by the by, chance to be one of extraordinary holiness, a tightly-sealed sepulcher may prove a great convenience to the promoter of his cause. As this newly-invented "outer receptacle" will now become, in all probability, the "correct thing" for funerals, the "high cost of dying" will be lamented more tearfully than ever.

Leaving this life for another world would be an unostentatious and inexpensive proceeding if men of means felt greater concern about where their souls are to be forever than the interest they show regarding the place their bodies are to lie for a comparatively short period. To a Catholic, provision that is made for a hundred requiem Masses ought to be a far more "comforting assurance" than is the prospect of avoiding a "wet, unsanitary, old-fashioned grave." But as the poor are now as eager for a splendid funeral as the rich, these expensive "outer receptacles" will doubtless have a large sale, and the undertaker will prosper. Meanwhile, however, the souls of those whose mortal remains have been interred so securely, may long be kept, owing to the pagan vanity of their relatives, from entering the place of refreshment, light and peace.

The War's Cost

MR. SAMUEL, the President of the British Local Government Board, who is reputed to be a master of figures, remarked not long ago that any one who makes a present of one thousand pounds to the Allies' war-fund can have the comfort of knowing that his gift will meet the vast armament's expenses for just one minute and a half. Mr. Samuel's hearers were left to compute for themselves the value to England of a patriotic offering, say, of only five pounds. Great Britain alone is said to be spending more than £1,000,000 a day on the war. Germany, it is calculated, used 120,000 shells daily for a time, at an average outlay of $10.00 a shell, though some of the big shells cost $500 each. A Connecticut firm is said to be providing England with $25,000,000 worth of cartridges, and another American agent received orders for war supplies which came in all to some $150,000,000. After allowing for exaggerations these figures will give some idea of the present war's cost reckoned merely in dollars and cents.

What the great conflict is costing in things far more serious than money may be gathered from the report that scores of eminent artists, scientists and authors have already fallen in the French and German armies. Add to that the misery and wretchedness of the invaded countries, the starving people, desolate homes, and ruined churches; reckon up the dreadful toll of killed, wounded and missing, which some compute at 6,000,000 up to February 1; then recall the crippling or total stopping of missionary activities at home and abroad the war has caused, and some faint conception may be had of the disasters the present conflict has already brought in its train.

Can not the prayers of Catholics put an end to these

horrors? On Peace Sunday, March 21, if all the children of the Church will come before God's throne with clean hearts and glowing faith, and plead there earnestly for a cessation of hostilities, imploring Him in the words of the Pope's prayer to "Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons; pity the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster," He will mercifully hearken, let us hope, to our prayers and give the world peace.

Women and Children First

AS if in answer to a recent query in AMERICA, a correspondent writes the New York *Times,* in behalf of the "Blue Cross." This society is in great need of cotton, alum, linseed, surgical bandages, and rugs, not for wounded soldiers, but for wounded horses. At the same time, the Red Cross and other societies appeal for funds to help them feed starving women and children.

"Women and children first," was once the first article in the creed of chivalry. Now, it would seem, it must be revised to include the horse. This is zoophily run mad. Let there be not talk of horses, when what once were men lie writhing unattended on the field, and gaunt mothers and wan, wasted children hold out pleading hands for bread.

Billion Leaflet Campaign

"TO make possible socialism in our time," a billion leaflet plan has been devised by the *Appeal.* This, it argues, would mean ten leaflets for every man, woman and child in the country. They are to be struck off by "the same press that prints the *Appeal,* at the rate of 25,000 an hour." Ten thousand two-page leaflets can thus be sold at the price of $2.50, express or freight extra. To attract the casual reader the first of the leaflets will be headed, "Socialism Exposed." With this bait those who would otherwise keep aloof from socialistic literature are to be caught. The billion copies must be distributed between April 1, 1915, and election day, 1916. Such is the plan. It may not succeed entirely. Socialist plans, like others, "gang aft agley." Yet it will, at least, succeed in part. The very output of leaflets is itself a success. The following are some suggestions from a comrade in Erie, Pa., for their distribution:

Divide your ward into districts of about 100 houses each. Assign one comrade to each district.

Start out early Sunday morning. Six o'clock in summer is a good hour. Get around just after the newsboys and milk man.

Examine each house carefully to find where best to place the leaflet.

WHERE TO PLACE LITERATURE

1. Under the lid of the mail box, or in the wire holder, leaving the heading of the leaflet in plain view.

2. Inside a Sunday newspaper. Open the newspaper lying on the porch and slip leaflet inside.

3. Or slip the leaflet under the door.

DON'T DO IT

Don't throw the leaflet loose on the porch.

Don't fold the leaflet too small. It should show up prominently.

Don't wait around for some one to go with you. Do the work yourself.

Don't be afraid of making a noise walking over the porch. Nobody will hurt you.

Don't put leaflets out of sight inside a mail box. Leave them prominently displayed.

We quote this as an instance of the methods pursued by socialism to carry on its propaganda, and of the willing activity of the host of comrades upon which it counts. The same methods are used and the same readiness is displayed in every country. The complete ruin of the International, the practical repudiation of fundamental principles, the failure of theory after theory, the Babel of confusion within the party, all these, and a hundred other deterrent reasons, will not serve to cool the enthusiasm. The sowing of the tares, the spreading of revolution, will continue unhindered. The Christianity of the Church will be combated as before, insidiously or openly, in the name of a man-made, revolutionary Christianity defying the Church and the Commandments.

The question naturally suggested by this spectacle is of intense importance. It should be applied individually and personally to ourselves: "What are we doing to make possible the one thing which alone is of supreme consequence, the coming of God's true kingdom in our time?" The vast possibilities of the propaganda of literature for this purpose must be more perfectly and practically understood by us. Truth, no less than error, has need of it.

Euphemia and the Euphemists

EUPHEMIA is a country whose discovery dates back before the dawn of history. The Greeks named the land and sent large colonies to it. The geographical boundaries have never been clearly settled. South of Euphemia lies a very thickly populated nation called Mendacia. The Euphemists are such great friends and allies of the Mendacians that they have not gone to the trouble of surveying their respective territories, or of establishing definite boundaries. To the north, however, is the land of Sinceria, not at all friendly to its southern neighbors and sharply divided from Euphemia in landscape and climate. Euphemia is a land of shady valleys and heavy mists, whereas Sinceria is a bracing, mountainous country, swept bright by stiff winds.

The first point a traveler would notice in Euphemia would be the silence of all the children. They may occasionally be seen, but never heard. The *enfant terrible* is either gagged to silence or packed off to school amid the hills of Sinceria, until the period of self-consciousness dawns. This custom was first introduced when the King of Euphemia was paying a visit to one of his subjects. A particularly well-behaved child said to him,

making a pretty curtesy: "Your majesty is a wonderful man." "Why do you say that?" asked the charmed King. "Because mama told me to," replied the child, who was rushed off that very night to a boarding-school in Sinceria.

The stranger would notice one odd fashion of Euphemia: its partiality for the color white. For furs the Euphemists favor sheep's clothing. Everything in Euphemia is kept white-washed, and as no weather-proof enamel has been as yet invented there, the process of applying new coats of white, when the former application is soiled or scaling off, has to be continually carried on. For this reason most of the inhabitants know something of the art. All the sepulchers even are whitened. It should, however, be noted that the Euphemists themselves never employ the terms, grave or sepulcher. They refer to the ultimate-resting place and the ancestral mausoleum. An exception to the prevailing color-scheme of mother-of-pearl, which is Euphemistic for white, is found in a substance once styled rouge, but now known as rose-talcum. The rose-talcum is worn over the universal smile that is a national trait of the Euphemists. An inhabitant, since ostracized, likened the smile to patent-leather or vaseline.

The language of Euphemia is especially worthy of note. The merchants are skilful in its use; the lawyers and doctors are more expert still in Euphemistic, but if a stranger wishes to hear the language spoken in its purity, he must mingle in the first society of Euphemia. He will note that perfection when his car stops at the porte-cochére. The attendants at the entrance will inform him of the unavoidable absence or most delighted presence of the occupants of the mansion. "Houses" are obsolete in Euphemistic. He will receive missives, or even epistles, couched in the exquisite vocabulary of regrettable previous engagements, or of supreme felicitations. Should he finally succeed in gaining admission into the inner circle, he will notice that sin and vice are vulgar terms. At times, however, the white-wash has an unhappy propensity for flaking off, and the once ornate nomenclature, as in the case of "saloon," must be replaced in turn by "restaurant," "café," "cabaret," and "cafeteria." Euphemia is sensitive to any lack of respectability. Euthanasia and kleptomania are well-known substitutes for sordid terms. People in Euphemia are "frank," "daring," or, perhaps, "indiscreet." They incline to new thought esotericism and cosmic affinities, and by this and similar parlance, especially by incompatibility of temperament, they gracefully drape over a multitude of sins—hush!—the term they used is not sins but foibles, or better, atavistic tendencies.

It was one of the famous heroes of Euphemia who reduced the practice of cleaning the outside to a fine art when he rid himself of cowardice, injustice and brutal murder, by the simple process of washing his hands. It was the same Euphemist who asked, "What is truth?" Euphemia has never heard the answer.

LITERATURE

A Magic Carpet

WHAT a thrill of excitement must have passed over the fortunate person of Bagdad whose good luck it was to make the acquaintance of the magic carpet. He simply sat down on the carpet, wished to be in a certain place, and ere the wish was formulated he was there. From all that we learn about the story the only limit to such traveling was that it was confined to contemporary events. But there is no need to lament the passing of the days of magic carpets, we have our own magic, and a magician from Boston, who carries us to scenes quite as wonderful as those the Bagdad traveler saw, and in some instances quite as problematical; nor need we stir one inch away from our own fireside. In fourteen locked chambers, "The World's Story" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) contains the history of mankind from the days of the earliest civilizations, passing with majestic sweep through the ages, on and on, never stopping, until time turns in on us and we come back to America in season for the Gettysburg celebration in 1913 and the Panama Canal.

Here is no solitary journey, taken with the company of a dilapidated *cicerone* mispronouncing words and names to his heart's content in a rusty, weather-beaten voice, breaking in with inconsequent remarks in season and out. The magician has summoned to his command some five hundred and fifty of his jinn—good, bad and indifferent, after the manner of jinn—and bound them with unbreakable fetters by the magic spell of the printed word. So chained, they can not escape or refuse to obey when the potent charm of opened pages calls them from their retreat.

The company leads off with Confucius, and with him are Kubla Khan, and Jimmu Tenno the first Mikado of Japan; the great leaders of the Old Testament, and the early Aryans, who lived in the far distant ages in India. The early picture writers of Egypt have their story to tell. Homer is there, Demosthenes, Plato and the loquacious Herodotus. There are the Latins: Horace, Catullus, Virgil. There are the ancient monks, Abbots Adamnam and Aelfric hailing from the Celtic monasteries of Scotland and the North, and following in a later age Froissart the Chronicler, Benvenuto Cellini, Sir Walter Raleigh; a host from every civilized people inhabiting the globe from long ago down to our own day.

Among such a company, each with the prevailing prejudice of his time, each with his own message, and, in many an instance, each with his own axe to grind, to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. The modern historian—taking modern history in its technical meaning—who is not a Catholic is, as a rule, notoriously biased and singularly unfair when he, or she, is moved to touch upon some Catholic theme. Just here is where the Catholic traveler, who thinks of setting out to explore the fourteen chambers that contain "The World's Story," will wisely take stock of his company, lest on the way he fall among thieves. The entertainment which such writers as Hume, Gibbon, James Anthony Froude, and the airy Voltaire—to mention but a few—may afford is more than counterbalanced by the inaccuracy of their statements, and their deliberate perversion of the truth when that truth happens to be Catholic. On a magic journey, just as on any other journey, there are risks; and the mental bruises are not so easily eradicated as the bruises of the body, and are far more harmful. So too, a jinnee being a thing of the shades you can not hit back.

We begin our journey then, with Confucius, whose delight it is to carry us back to the year 2356 B. C., when Yaou, the model emperor, ruled China. In that same land some centuries later we meet the Franciscan missionaries; first of all Brother John of Corvino, who labored alone for eleven years. Then the

Jesuits who, in the sixteenth century, won the hearts of the Chinese by their exquisite tact, and led them by the way of knowledge to the Faith. Japan, if the shades are to be believed, apparently never at any time had received missionaries, and India is strangely silent as to the heroic labors of St. Francis Xavier, of whom the Malabar Christians derive their origin; while in darkest Africa there shines but one little light, even the Protestant missionary, Mungo Park.

From Africa to Rome is a hasty flight, and the letter of Pliny the Younger to the Emperor Trajan arrests our attention for a moment. "The Christians," says Pliny, "declared that the sum of their guilt or their error amounted to this, that on a stated day they had been accustomed to meet before daybreak and to recite a hymn among themselves to Christ . . . when this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and meet again to take food. . . ." He asks the Emperor's advice and Trajan writes:

> You have adopted the proper course, my dear Pliny, in examining into the cases of those who have been denounced to you as Christians, for no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down to meet a question of such wide extent. The Christians are not to be hunted out; if they are brought before you and the offence is proved, they are to be published.

From Trajan the story of Rome is carried down to the Edict of Constantine, and ends with a burst of glory at the court of the magnificent young Byzantine Emperor Justinian.

The splendor of Rome continues through Italy, passing by Charlemagne, and in the whirl of life are St. Francis, the great popes and the artists, with Galileo in his old rôle; but the fall of Rome and the usurpation of the sovereignty of the Pope are altogether too optimistic not to arouse the suspicions of the wandering Catholic who may have other ideas as to the equity of this page of history. After passing in review the whole tale of French history, the coronation of Charles VII at Reims, the death of Joan the Maid; after having flitted airily across Spain, where, by the way, they show you the long-suffering Torquemada and the Inquisition as a sort of bogey, and a somewhat overdone bogey at that, the magic carpet whirls the traveler through Eastern Europe and Turkey, with a brief stop to view the fall of Constantinople and the triumph of the Crescent over the Cross.

On and on, through Germany, with a sly peep at Luther and the Reformation, a hurried rush through Switzerland, and then the Netherlands. A wise traveler will discount all he may be told regarding the Inquisition, and make a few inquiries concerning the terrible Jesuits and the wily Franciscan who engineered the assassination of William the Silent, Prince of Orange.

Great Britain and Ireland have their tale to unfold. Who would have thought, however, that King Alfred the Great was a Catholic and went to Mass: the historians are always silent about it. St. Thomas of Canterbury suffers in his reputation because opinions as to the idea of a prelate differ. And with Friar Roger Bacon in disgrace as a magician, and Bishop Stephen Gardiner slyly lurking in the shadows as a bloody papist, nothing less than the sunny presence of Good Queen Bess will light up the dismal picture. "The Lady Elizabeth," says Heywood, who possessed a pretty wit, "was born on the eve of the Virgin's Nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's Annunciation. Even that she is now in heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps"!

At last, having traversed the globe, and having seen all the glory of the world go by, and having, incidentally, learned the fallibility of historians, the traveler returns home to his native America, with just one little stop in Florida where they show a "bigoted *Romanist*"—a delicate compliment, that, to Catholic readers!—one Philip II of Spain. Then home to the ring of the telephone, the crash of the steam shovel, and the crackling of the wireless. The fourteen closed chambers have yielded up their secrets, and the five hundred and fifty jinn have done their best—or their worst!

H. C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

The New International Encyclopedia. Second Edition. Eight volumes, from A-Arabic to Enteritis-Foraker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $5.00 a volume.

This edition of the "New International Encyclopedia" has been revised in every article, we are informed, and is printed from type entirely reset. The completed work will be considerably enlarged and will consist of twenty-four volumes. Of the three original editors two have died, Daniel Coit Gilman and Harry Thurston Peck. The third, Frank Moore Colby, has undertaken the responsibility for the second edition in conjunction with Dr. Talcott Williams. As the reviewer assumes that the editors of the "New International" would like to have a Catholic's opinion of the work's treatment of religious questions, the following remarks are confined to such topics: It is plain that no conscious discourtesy toward Catholics was anywhere intended by the editors, while the names of several Catholic writers are given who are held responsible for certain matters directly and exclusively Catholic. But the manifold subjects of general religious interest are contributed, as a rule, by men who are apparently far removed from orthodox Christianity. In some articles the writers have at least confined themselves to objective statements of mainly non-Catholic views. In others, however, this is not the case.

As the first illustration, the question of the origin of man may be taken. Thus under "Adam" we learn that "The first three chapters of Genesis is a composite production embodying various tales or myths." Turning to the long article on "Evolution" we are met with the *ipse dixit* statement: "The proof of man's origin from some other primate is now past dispute. In fact no scientist now doubts man's descent, less directly from all lower forms of life, and more immediately from a common ancestor with the anthropoid ape." Life itself simply sprang into being by spontaneous generation, "the materials for the formation of the first bit of living protoplasm being ready at hand." We next find that religion has evolved in a similar way: from materialism to polytheism and thence to monotheism.

Coming to the many articles bearing upon the Scriptures, it is plain that higher criticism or similar novelties are of prime importance here as representing the popular theories of the day. Of the Book of Daniel, for instance, it is stated that Bertholet has "shown" that "much of the apocalyptic material of the book has a foreign origin in Babylonian and Persian mythology." Of two other of the inspired books of the Old Testament it is asserted that one is a product of Oriental scepticism and that the other espouses the rationalistic tendencies of the later Sadducees. Of "Elijah" we are told that "an old storm myth, in which the rolling of the clouds is taken as portraying the storm god himself riding in his chariot, may have been incorporated into the story of the old prophet." The prophets themselves, under the term "Demoniac," are described as men who, in spite of their "high moral ideals," believed themselves possessed by a spirit, and no exception is made of Our Lord who "attributes His own work to a spirit working through him that must not be blasphemed." He is thus treated with commiserating indulgence for having innocently fallen under the sway of His age's superstitions. Actual obsession is not, of course, admitted, since demons are "a late Jewish and Christian development" of pagan mythology and do not exist, as we are informed in another place.

In such statements there is doubtless no intention of attacking religion, but the reader is simply given to understand that these are the last words of wisdom on the subjects in question. We are passing through an era of materialism which often retains the name of Christianity and our encyclopedias reflect the spirit of the age. The article on "Christianity" would seem to ignore the only Christianity the Church has ever known, but gives space to chronicling every mental aberration of the modern university professor. We are told apodictically that Christ founded no church, but that Christianity, as independent of the Jewish church, was launched by Paul. It took over many Jewish elements; it borrowed from Greek philosophy and was influenced by Greek theology. The sacerdotal tendency transplanted from Judaism and strengthened by Augustine, finally culminated in the papacy. Hence the Catholic Church!

The positiveness of unproved assertions like the foregoing, the array of apparent evidence, the reference to rationalistic authorities and the frequent ignoring of orthodox views as not worthy of scientific consideration will necessarily leave the seeds of doubt or total unbelief in the minds of the average reader, for no one but a Catholic specialist is fitted to refute the errors scattered broadcast in a single article as evident or established "facts."

As an instance of another kind a passing reference should here be made to a treatise of many pages found under the term "Ethics." The dogmatic conclusion of the writer is that there is no common chief end or *summum bonum* for mankind, but that each man has his own chief end which may sometimes vary from week to week, as in the growing boy. "The *summum bonum* is a serial system of ends which are, each in its turn, the most desirable ends capable of pursuit." So the author goes on through several columns, telling us that "Responsibility is a means employed to maintain an organized society," and that "Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, as moral ideals, owe their ascendency in large measure to the magnetism of their founders." Morality, in a word, changes like our diet.

As a final illustration, take the article "Charities." It is here surely that the Catholic Church with her countless religious Orders devoted to the relief of human misery, stands first and foremost. The only consolation given us, however, in the article is the statement that in the early Christian Church "a reckless system of charity developed," which was either wisely suppressed or which, during the Reformation, "lost" most of its property and was unable to continue the support of a large number of "undeserving poor." Private charities, says the "New International," should be confined to those forms of relief still in the experimental stage. Moreover, "The first effort to systematize charitable relief was made in New York in the year 1842, by a committee of philanthropic citizens organized by Robert M. Hartley." Apparently the writer of that article has never gotten beyond the literature of his own little coterie of modern commercialized social agents. There is a world of wisdom, however, that has not yet been absorbed by their philosophy. J. H.

War Brides. By MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH. New York: The Century Company. $0.50.

The Appetite of Tyranny. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

What is Wrong with Germany? By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

Can Germany Win? By AN AMERICAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

How Belgium Saved Europe. By DR. CHARLES SAROLEA. Philadelphia: J. B Lippincott Company. $1.00.

The Audacious War. By CLARENCE W. BARRON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Here are half a dozen books bearing on the present war. "War Brides" is a short play in one act, every word of which is a protest against war. The principal character of the group of desolate women who are left in their peasant home to work and grieve and wait, becomes crazed by the suspense. Losing that self-control and self-repression with which the weaker but braver portion of mankind has always borne its sorrows, she breaks out into agonized protests. She is woman personified; and with elemental crudeness, but with fearful force, she voices the torture of heart that is the portion of so many hundreds of thousands of wives and mothers and daughters through these, their weary days and endless nights of enforced idleness. The play, which begins sadly and ends horribly, is a startlingly vivid picture of the price that woman has been forced to pay for the caprice and the hatred and the ambition of man. The conviction is irresistible that her lot is harder than his. Her stand against war would be adamantine. Not the man in the field, but the woman in the home knows the meaning of war.

In "The Appetite of Tyranny" Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written a book that few of his admirers will applaud. In spite of its literary value, its clever sarcasm, its intensely personal note, its crystal clearness, and numerous other qualities that one instinctively associates with the author's name, this last volume will add little to his reputation. It is so pitilessly unfair, so undignified in its abuse, so clearly prejudiced that no one but a most bitter partisan will treat it seriously. Whatever truth there may be in Mr. Chesterton's animadversions on certain racial characteristics and aspirations of the Germans, he has spoiled their effect by exaggeration. In fact to the very end one hopes that Father Brown will turn up and set matters straight. Unfortunately the little priest does not appear.

The spirit and treatment of the question in "What is Wrong with Germany?" is quite the contrary of Mr. Chesterton's. Written by a man who for many years has been publishing books on German affairs, it is sane and temperate throughout. It starts with the assumption that Germany is entirely in the wrong in the present struggle, and endeavors to prove that the European catastrophe is the natural outcome of a number of hidden but powerful psychological tendencies that have long been at work among those who have been deliberately shaping Berlin's policy. The author shows a surprisingly wide acquaintance with modern German thought and aspiration, and is content for the most part to let German leaders speak for themselves; he is confident that in this way he convicts them on their own testimony. The book is cold and judicial, and although it is a severe arraignment, it is always dignified and courteous.

"Can Germany Win?" as is clear from its title, is an attempt to forecast the outcome of the war. Basing his opinion on statistics of a very varied and detailed kind, the author declares that the Germans are very strong in resources, much stronger than Englishmen, at least those who have not yet gone to the field, are inclined to believe. What he says on Germany's food supply throws considerable light on the present much-discussed problem of the possibility of Germany being starved by the Allies. His final answer is that Germany can not win, but he predicts that her defeat will cost Great Britain far more than she suspects. The book, although written by an American, is frankly English in its sympathies, but bears the stamp of first hand, accurate and extensive information. Its value, however, is somewhat lessened by the fact that the author's name is withheld.

"How Belgium Saved Europe" is extremely sad reading. All the horrors of the story, with which the public is familiar,

are rehearsed graphically by one who passed through them all. Liége, Namur, Brussels, Louvain, Malines and Antwerp are successive stages in the history of what the author calls the "Martyrdom of Belgium." There are chapters on atrocities, on "The Hero King," on the Belgian people, on the sufferings and prospects of the refugees and on the debt that the Allies owe to the Belgian resistance. It is heroic Belgium from beginning to end.

"The Audacious War" treats of the first six months of the war from a business man's point of view, and records and interprets facts in the light of their commercial causes and results. The standpoint taken throughout is finance. A great deal of useful information, not otherwise easily available, is presented in brief and intelligible form. J. H. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The March *Month,* which the war has kept from reaching us till now, opens with an interesting paper on "The Beginnings of the London Oratory," by the Rev. J. R. M'Kee, who quotes some hitherto unpublished letters of Father Faber. "Ecclesiastical Miracles" are discussed by Father Sydney Smith. James Britten examines and praises Neale's "Hymnal Noted." John Ayscough, Father Martindale and Mary Samuel Daniel contribute stories. Naturally there is a great deal in the editorials about the war. Regarding Russia's persecution of Catholics, the editor observes:

> The neutral onlooker sees in the eastern theater of war (German and Austrian papers take care that he does) abominable oppression, on the part of one of the Allies, of the civil population, even more atrocious than that of Belgium, because directed against conscience as well as against person and property. He does not read of any condemnation of this conduct on the part of England or France. . . . She (Russia) has many apologists at present in England—Professor Vinogradoff, Mr. Stephen Graham, Mr. Wells, and others—who are eloquent about her essential spirituality and capacity for the highest form of civilization. If these gentlemen would explain satisfactorily why in Galicia she is practising the lowest form of barbarism, then the cause of the Allies would recover that valuable moral support which her present conduct is forfeiting.

With a hundredth part of the million pounds a day England is spending to maintain her "personal liberty," notes the *Month,* "slums could be abolished, old age endowed, education improved, industries promoted," etc. and the editor looks forward hopefully to getting "Christianity and its sanctions behind our conventions and treaties."

The *Catholic Convert,* edited by Stuart P. West, published by the New York Catholic Converts' League, and "devoted to the movement back to Holy Mother Church," is a bright little magazine which began publication with the present month. The *Convert* will devote itself to articles of special interest to converts, will give to all its readers a better knowledge of the Church's mission to the world. Catholics born and bred within the fold, know little of the trials, mental and physical, to which many an earnest soul seeking the truth, is subjected. "Cut off on his conversion by his well-to-do father, as is the custom," a phrase picked from an account in the *Convert,* shows the further difficulties which often await him after being received into the Church. The Convert League has done good work in helping cases of this kind, and it is hoped that the *Convert,* by making such efforts known, will extend the field of the League's usefulness.

Those who like this sort of thing, to paraphrase an ancient critique, will probably be pleased with Conan Doyle's new book, "The Valley of Fear." (Doran, $1.25.) Attended by the faithful Watson, grown in ten years even more stupid, if such a devolution be possible, the great Sherlock stalks through its pages, only to be foiled, it would appear, by the machinations of Moriarty, the prince of crime. The story within the story, an old device with this teller of tales, is a page from the history of a western mining town under the domination of a very active and bloody secret society. The ethics of this part of the adventures of Sherlock are a bit askew, but in fairyland one need not too curiously examine principles to see if they be four-square.

"Alsace and Lorraine from Cæsar to Kaiser" (Putnam's, $1.25), by Ruth Putnam, is an admirable account of the always varying and often thrilling vicissitudes of the long historical life of perhaps the most contested and contesting territory and people in Europe. Celtic, Roman, Frankish, Teutonic, governed by native or foreign princes, the prey or barter of every Continental power that happened to be uppermost, the Alsatians and Lorrainers, whether their speech be German or French or mingled patois, always preserved their individuality and exercised an industrial, educational and religious influence far out of proportion to their numbers. Assailed by heresy on all sides they never abandoned the faith they received from the Irish monks, and to this day are distinguished by the number of their missionaries. Their story, adequately told, necessarily recalls much of the history of Europe, and the author's book is both adequate and interesting. It is one of the few volumes occasioned by the present war that is as impartial as it is opportune.

From the Charles E. Merrill Co., New York, have come three new volumes of their neat "English Texts" series. Mr. Frederick Houk Law has furnished with introduction and notes, a dozen of Poe's tales and eleven of his poems; Mr. Claude M. Fuess has done as much for thirteen "Selected Short Stories" ranging from Scott's "Wandering Willie" to Kipling's "Wee Willie"; and a book of "Selections from American Poetry," edited by Charles Robert Gaston and Julian W. Abernethy, contains Poe's "Raven," Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," Whittier's "Snowbound," followed by poems from the works of Lowell, Bryant, Emerson, Holmes and Whitman. The critical and biographical sketches are quite adequate for classroom purposes.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
Roma. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Part VIII. $0.35; How to Help the Dead. Translated by Mary H. Allies.

Catholic Education Press, Washington, D. C.:
History of Education. By Patrick J. McCormick.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Valley of Fear. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.25; Making the Most of One's Mind. By Joseph Adams. $1.00; History. By R. H. Gretton. $0.40; The Epic. By Lascelles Abercrombie. $0.40; Satire. By Gilbert Cannan. $0.40; Comedy. By John Palmer. $0.40.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York:
Essentials of English Speech and Literature. By Frank H. Vizetelly. $1.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Types of Teaching. By Lida B. Earhart; Chief of Contemporary Dramatists. Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. $2.75; Angela's Business. By Henry Synor Garrison. $1.35.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Poems. By Robert Hugh Benson. $0.75.

John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia:
Emmanuel. By Archbishop John Joseph Keane. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
L'Homme au Masque de Fer. Alexandré Dumas. Edited by E. A. Robertson; Out of Work. By Frances A. Kellor. $1.50; Germany, France, Russia and Islam. Translated from Heinrich von Treitschke with a Foreword by George Haven Putnam. $1.50; Can Germany Win? By an American. $1.00.

World Book Co., Yonkers, N. Y.:
In the Land of the Head Hunters. By Edward S. Curtis. $1.20.

EDUCATION

Recent Currents in Education

"THE horrible and wretched plaege," writes dear little Marjorie Fleming, "that my multiplication gives me you cant conceive it the most Develish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure." So wrote Scott's "bonnie, wee croodlin doo," more than a century since, confiding her sorrows to pages that have made the world sweeter.

BUILDING A CURRICULUM

Could school boards and harassed superintendents write as well as eight-year-old Marjorie Fleming, they would call the task that besets them, a "horrible and wretched plaege, a most Develish thing, what nature itself cant endure." For their lot is to build a curriculum for our schools, and their well-meant labors are usually rewarded with major maledictions. Like the Deacon's shay, their careful programs go to pieces all at once when tried; but, of course, unlike this famous vehicle, they never attain the age of a hundred years.

The world is so full of a number of things, we are wisely reminded by R. L. S., that we should all be as happy as kings. But the sequence does not seem to follow, at least not in Denmark. This number of things such as plumbing, and painting pictures, and the practice of medicine, and chauffeurring, to coin a handy phrase, makes us wish to fit our children to partake generously of the cultural and financial benefits which they may return. We feel our personal unfitness for the task, and so we throw it on the school, the George of our present era.

WHAT IS A CURRICULUM?

Now, as is well known, a school attains its purposes through its curriculum, and a curriculum, as a small boy, proud of his ability to toss about thus carelessly, your quadrisyllabic word, once told me, is things you study. Perhaps it is. Speaking philosophically, one may allow that this is its material cause. But my youthful informant was ignorant of the doctrine of Final Causes. A great many industrious curriculum-builders are in like case. Many topics of study they inscribe in their curricula, but they do not seem to know what the result of the frequently curious combination will be, or should be; or else, they are trying to effect a number of essentially different things through the agency of one cause. The exacting public demanded that the schools turn out paper-hangers and poets and printers and painters, and almost everything else except preachers and pugilists, full-panoplied upon the world. The school, always ready to oblige, looked about for means. For years it had tottered along on one fairly comprehensive curriculum, now found, in the light of these new demands, utterly lacking. Hence in response to the call of the public, experts devised a series of alternating curricula for the grammar school, admirably adapted to meet the special gifts, and evolve the hidden talents of Johnny and Esmerelda. The methods of the trade-school and the technical school, almost infinitely varied in their scope, have thus invaded the grades. But with even these the public, or a loud-talking section of it, is not wholly satisfied. Our boys and girls, it is asserted, are not trained "to meet the demands of practical life." Our curriculum-makers, yet panting from the toil of unremitting labor, may thus be excused for the mild profanity of terming their task, "a more Develish thing than 8 times 8 and 7 times 7."

THE SCHOOL "SURVEYOR"

Sluggishness is the last vice that can be predicated of our school authorities by any one who wishes to remain within the bounds set by the Eighth Commandment. Of late years they have gone so far, some of them, as to call in the aid of professional "school surveyors." These individuals, whose function is to study the mental, moral and physical wants and needs of families and localities, and to report their findings as the basis of a new curriculum, are in great favor with Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, director of the Russell Sage Foundation, and with all who take their opinions from this master. But the loving attitude with which they were once regarded by practical teachers and school officials, seems fast turning to a spirit of cold disdain. Within the memory of living man, certain surveyors from Columbia and other institutions of learning, "laid out," as the scientific phrase runs, the city of New York. Incidentally, too, they "laid out," in the sense of the slang phrase, a goodly array of the teachers of Manhattan and environments. But these ladies and gentlemen replied in a book which, it must be allowed, was a hit, a very palpable hit, making the learned surveyors look decidedly foolish. More recently, before the National Education Association, Dr. Maxwell of the New York schools, and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago, said some most cutting and sarcastic things touching the work of these hapless surveyors. The utterances of Dr. Maxwell were not transmitted by the Associated Press. But the doughty Mrs. Young, smarting under the realization that "many were longing to survey us. I heard it on every side. Everybody wanted to survey us. Even the university right within our limits wanted to survey us," remarked in high dudgeon, that it was time the "school survey was thrown into the discard." Ferocious Mrs. Young!

AN AXE TO GRIND

But it should not be hastily concluded that the school survey is not a most valuable aid in educational work. The results of any project are conditioned by our accurate knowledge of what we want to do and how to do it, together with skill in using the available means. The value of a sane school survey thus becomes apparent. But it is useless, or rather, decidedly harmful, when conducted by a parcel of cranks who are determined to make the facts fit their prejudices. A man with an axe to grind does not readily win confidence, unless he hides the axe and, even then, he is always in danger of being found out.

Perhaps the efforts of the curriculum-makers and the unwearied school surveyors might be blessed with a larger meed of success, did they permit themselves to reflect that the proper end of education is to train the child's intellect as well as his fingers, to make a man out of him, not a mere economic unit whose chief merit is that he readily meets with profitable employment, and can turn all his circumstances into money. Vocational schools and trade schools have their place, and it is an honored place, in any general scheme of education. But they should not be allowed to occupy the whole stage.

MR. TAFT'S PROPOSAL

Just at present we are crushed with wrecked curricula, "sequential groups," "allied units" and "psychological considerations." The New York *Sun* suggests that "abracadabra" might be added without harm to this "allied group," since in any case, "curriculum is the beginning, middle and end, the process and aim of American education." Mr. Taft thinks that order will never evolve from this chaos until we have established a National university. This is equivalent to adding another to the long list of discredited curriculum-manufacturers and school surveyors, and entrusting to this public body a power which makes it far more dangerous to education than its predecessors. The Bureau of Education has not written a glorious autobiography. It made a notable mess of its efforts to standardize the colleges, not, as the Boston *Transcript* thinks, because it has no official power, but because, from the first, it sought to impose upon the colleges the views of a self-appointed expert, as the last word in educational wisdom. Mr. Taft would confer upon this Bureau the authority to investigate and standardize the schools, to grant

teaching certificates after competitive examination, and, in brief, to determine the whole scope of education in this country. To entrust such power as this to any but an archangel, would be a highly dangerous proceeding.

The establishment of a National university means the rise of despotism in education. It will strongly entrench another enemy of Christianity, for the one thing which may be prophesied with absolute certainty, is that this school will be "non-sectarian." Practically, this means that it will be irreligious. There is no middle ground.

MILITARY METHODS

If we are not alert, we may yet have in this land of the free, a system of education, interpreted by decisions of the Supreme Court, and enforced by military methods. For the present, the National University Bill is dead. But it is sure to be revived for the inspection of the next Congress. Perhaps it would be well for you to ascertain the views of your representatives in the House and Senate on this highly important matter.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Woman's Place

"WOMAN'S place," remarks Mr. Cecil Chesterton placidly, "is in the home." And the philosopher relapses into contemplation of the lucidly obvious. "But," he continues, "most of the arguments against suffrage are bosh. Women have as much intelligence as men, if not more. They show it by staying at home." Which is a characteristic thesis of Chestertonian philosophy—a bit confusing at first, like a fan of light suddenly thrown into your eyes, but useful, when properly shifted, to illuminate pitfalls along the road.

"SLAVE" OR LEADER?

We are not minded to weave an argument for or against the vote for women. That would lead to endless controversy by correspondence, and while paper and stamps are fairly cheap, time is not. But the statement may be allowed that "Women in Search of a Vote," seem to fall into two classes. A typical member of the first class is described by a writer in a current magazine. "A man," he reflects, "gives a woman all his love, all his thoughts, gives her his name and his home; only asks to work his brains out for her, only asks to see her happy. And she calls it 'charity,' calls herself a 'slave.' Give them the Vote," he concludes, "it's all they're good for." Fortunately, women of this class are not numerous. Unhappily, the few among us are very, very noisy. They claim to be the head and front of the "crusade" for the emancipation from the thraldom of man, of millions of women who would be shocked to learn that they are in a state of bondage. If they are the head, it may in charity be supposed, that they are a fever-racked head, a head in a delirium, which says very many unmeant, irresponsible things, and strives to break perfectly good lamp-posts and windows. But there is another class of seekers. Earnest, sane, usually well-balanced women compose this class. Able for the most part to take an unbiased view of life, they calmly plan to extend the right, or privilege, or burdensome duty of voting, to women. They do not think that they are either slaves or objects of charity, but they are well aware that there are many evils in the world, and they believe that they have been born to set them right.

REFORM THROUGH LEGISLATION

These women see, perhaps with keener vision than men, man's usual inhumanity to man, and particularly to woman. They know that it is always woman who bears the greater burden of man's wastrel life. Their ears are more open to the timid cries of the oppressed, to the sound of the weeping of little children, cheated by greed of their childhood. They can see tears trickling through closed fingers, pressed close to faces that would hide their shame. Because of her capacity for suffering in silence, woman can more easily recognize silent suffering, and if in relieving it she is more "emotional" than man, she is likewise less cruelly cautious. She sees the superficial wounds at least, on the body of humanity, wrought by intemperance and ruthlessness; and to heal them, she proposes to transfuse into public life, some of the sympathy and mercy which she has long exercised as an individual. That, mainly, is the reason why she seeks the vote; not as something particularly desirable in itself, but only as a means of doing wider good. But, it would seem, she purposes to reform the world not so much by the influence of her example, as by legislating evil out of public life.

STATUTE-MADE GOODNESS

The motive is excellent. But will the vote remedy the untoward conditions which by universal confession, exist in modern society? It is true that gross exterior disorders, suffered and fostered by men who make it their business to take advantage of the defenceless, can be most readily and completely done away with by the pressure of law, properly enforced. The validity of the principle so often enunciated by Leo XIII, that the State must protect the individual in those things in which he can not protect himself, is beyond question. But if forced, it becomes paternalism, if not tyranny, and to determine its applicability in a given case, is often a matter of extreme difficulty.

Often, the easiest way to dispose of a complex social question will be to pass a law about it. Quite as often, this is the worst possible method of curing the evil with which the law is concerned. Men should be temperate, just, merciful, in all things, but if they are not, statute law will not make them so. The evil lies deeper. It is rooted in the disorderly will, which legal enactments do not directly influence. At best, statute law can exercise upon the will only external pressure. It can impart to the will, *per se*, no internal, confirming motive.

INDIVIDUAL REFORMATION

Women have been notable sinners; it must be allowed, in embracing the theory that the social millennium is to be wrought by the State Legislature. Women in public life do not understand, apparently, that if you reform the individual, the community will reform itself, that the worst way of reforming a man is by hedging him about with laws which he is disposed to break, and that the only hope of reforming him lies in inducing him to put a motive into his life, strong enough to control his disorderly will. Thus do they mistake the province of the art and science of government. Their enemies argue that this characteristic error, betokening a lack of a certain variety of practical understanding, is of itself sufficient to warrant the exclusion of women from public life. In this, there is no attempt to force a solution of the vexed matter of the alleged "inequality" of the sexes. The contentiousness which has attached itself to this question is ridiculous. One might as well ask whether a linear yard were better or larger than a peck of potatoes. But the question does bring us back to the assertion made by Mr. Chesterton, that woman can do most good by staying at home. The seeming asperity of this statement is softened when St. Francis de Sales' explanation is added, that this is not because she is man's inferior, but because God seems to have wished it so.

THE PROTEST OF FEMINISM

"I could understand woman's protest," continues Mr. Chesterton, "if she complained that the walls of her home were too broad. I can not understand her when she complains that they are

too narrow." For the walls of a home are as broad as the interests of the little lives growing up within their shelter, and its duties so manifold that few except the Saints fulfil them. What is the work of a mother's life? To be a help-mate to her life's chosen partner; to cooperate with omnipotence in the conservation of our race; to nurture and watchfully to protect the delicate, tender organism of the growing child; to turn the soul of the little one, this image of God, put into her care by God Himself, as the Body of His Son is put into the keeping of the priest, to high and holy thoughts, that will make him a man by whose presence the world will be bettered, and in the end a citizen of heaven: this is the glorious and exalted mission which God has given to mothers.

That a woman should cast a ballot, or interest herself in the public affairs of the community is, in itself, an indifferent matter. But that she should be entangled in an infinity of political and social questions, until at last she comes to believe that single-hearted devotion to her home and to her children is selfish and narrowing, is the culmination of that feminism which is destructive of the State and, in its nature, of morality as well. That even Catholic women are not free from these pernicious delusions, is proved by the fact that Catholic women, not many, thank God, have advocated them.

CLEANLY AND PURELY

"What good," asks Kathleen Norris, in that splendid little book, "Mother," "is learning or elegance of manner, or painfully-acquired fineness of speech, and taste, if you're not going to instil it into the growing plants, the only real hope we have in the world? . . . She doesn't strive (the motherly mother) to express herself through the medium of poetry or music or the stage, but puts her whole splendid philosophy into the nursery—launches sound little bodies and minds that have their first growth, cleanly and purely, about her knees."

It may be all very well for the "emancipated" woman to compose symphonies, or paint souls or, by her civic exertions, make her community another Spotless Town. But if she is content with this, her ideals are deplorably low. To care for "sound little bodies and minds that have their first growth cleanly and purely about her knees"—this is a more glorious work than to build a Parthenon, or to charm the world with the music of the chant of the morning stars as they sang together. They are the great conservers of the human race, these strong mothers of sublime self-sacrifice. There is something in their devotion that is almost divine. It is like God's love, tender and sheltering; our solace in this vale of tears, our reward exceeding great, in the world to come.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Pessimism on the part of social workers, fused with sentimentality, makes it increasingly difficult to state the true factors in present-day economic and sociological problems. Nothing is commoner than the vague yet impressive statement, that "millions of young women are employed in shops and factories." In a recent article in the *Woman's Home Companion*, Miss Ida Tarbell applies the critical test to this and similar exaggerations. According to the last census, there are just about eight million women and girls of all ages "from ten to a hundred," engaged in gainful occupations of all kinds: teaching, dressmaking, clerking, secretaryships and business. Only about one-fifth are "in shops and factories," and of this one-fifth, about one-half are "young women," that is, are under twenty-one years of age. Miss Tarbell finds that the average girl does not work over three years in the shop or factory. Then, in eight cases out of ten, she marries. While Miss Tarbell's views on the propriety of divorce in certain cases can not be accepted, she is quite clear that the vast majority of these girls stay married. These findings may be a trifle optimistic, but a little optimism is a sovereign corrective of the pessimism which seems to guide the pen of the average magazine writer on matters of sociology or economics.

Since March 1, when the federal statute prohibiting interstate commerce in certain habit-forming drugs went into effect, provision for the proper care of "drug fiends," has become a serious question in many parts of the country. In St. Louis, it is said, about twenty persons presented themselves at various hospitals for treatment in the first week of March. This treatment while simple and inexpensive requires a minimum quarantine period of from ten to fourteen days. On March 6, Governor Dunne of Illinois in a proclamation, designated seven State institutions in which the treatment will be given without cost. In Chicago, it is reported that the County Commissioners, to meet the emergency, will pass a special resolution authorizing the hospitals of the city and county to offer the treatment free of charge. It is now pointed out by experts in the United States Bureau of Chemistry that interstate commerce in several exceedingly dangerous narcotics can not be checked by the Harrison law. According to Dr. Bastedo of Columbia University, one of these drugs, which was unaccountably left off the proscribed list, is used in large quantities in the preparation of patent medicines.

The following letter was recently addressed to the Sister Superioress of a military hospital at Bethune by the Queen of England:

> I have learned through Dr. Martin of your noble and heroic devotion to our brave and unfortunate wounded soldiers, and it is with a heart full of gratitude that I beg you to accept my warmest thanks. I pray that God may reward you for the angelic care which you have lavished on our poor soldiers, and I shall never forget that it is to you. Madam, that they undoubtedly owe their life and the restoration of their health. I beg you, Madam, to accept the assurance of my highest esteem.

Meanwhile the Protestant Alliance, possibly as an offset to this and similar commendations, is striving to raise once more the old cry of "inspection of convents where England's daughters are held in chains." The Alliance, it is reported, while not strongly represented at the "front," is preparing a gallant army to repel the minions of the Pope, who, they assert, will presently swarm into England, under the leadership of Sir Henry Howard, the British Envoy at the Vatican.

Learned studies on the question of women in factories and the trades have been published, but until recently, little had been written on the subject of an occupation which engages most of the time of fifteen million women in America. The scene of this occupation is that chemical laboratory commonly known as the kitchen. The Syracuse *Post-Standard*, after protesting that "the kitchen needs no advocate and no defender," proceeds to assume the unnecessary rôle. "Good food makes happy homes, keeps families united, accomplishes wonders in keeping men from drink, and children from breaking down under the stress of modern education. Upon it [good food] hang the issues of life." The epicure! But impressive figures are to follow. In this workshop, "hundreds of millions of dollars worth of material, more or less raw, are made into a product which sustains tens of millions of human brains and bodies," in addition to a bone for the growing pup, and something suitable, a fish, perhaps, for the cat. Yet no workshop has received so little attention from the modern efficiency engineer. No factory would tolerate the primitive arrangements of most kitchens, "designed stupidly," as a recent Government Bulletin reports, "with no convenient access to pantries, store-rooms, cupboards, refrigerators, and

dining-rooms." This Bulletin, "The Farm Kitchen as a Workshop," offers a number of suggestions to promote "efficiency" in the kitchen. It is to be hoped that "efficiency" in the kitchen is a more tolerable thing than what is usually styled "efficiency" in education. But if it is not, it will not be suffered long to encumber that domestic shrine. It will be house-cleaned out of existence. Unfortunately, no equally efficient method can be readily invoked to expel "efficiency" from the schools.

The Federal Industrial Relations Commission has come to New York, and has departed. Those who expected that the "revelations" made at its sessions would be "sensational," share their disappointment with many who thought that these "revelations" would be worthless. Mr. Walsh made one grievous error when he allowed Mr. Carnegie to conduct one session of the Commission, but in other respects proved himself a sane and able investigator. In an interview, published in the Kansas City *Star,* Mr. Walsh remarked that, although the Government had not yet concluded its investigations of the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, this much "seemed certain: The Rockefeller Foundation is entirely without the realm of Government control."

> As an interlocking system, it beats anything the railroads or banks ever devised. Whether its enormous powers are such as can be permitted safely in the hands of any authority less than the Government of the United States, is a question which will form an important part of the Commission's forthcoming report. I am inclined to believe that these powers can not be exercised under the American theory of government.

With this last statement, Professor Kirchwey of the Columbia Law School is in accord. Mr. Walsh took advantage of his interview to state an anomaly in connection with these Foundations, which has occurred to many.

> Mr. Rockefeller could not tell the Commission why he did not use his profits to pay a living wage, instead of using them in the distribution of a charity which many Americans have come to look upon as a menace.

It is suggested that Dr. Eliot be called upon to give this explanation. If he can not, the world may rest assured that a solution of the matter is not possible to the mind of man.

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* notes twenty-four varieties of belief and practice current among High Church Anglicans. He derives these varieties from those advertising columns of the *Church Times,* wherein ecclesiastics of the Established Church publish their "wants and their qualifications." Here are the specifications laid down in some of these advertisements:

> 1. Not extreme. 2. Moderate High Church, with broad sympathies. 3. Vestments, but moderate. 4. Daily Eucharist, linen vestments. 5. Bachelor priest. 6. Evangelical, loyal to vicar. 7. Moderate, Eastward position. 8. Definite views. 9. Moderate High Church. 10. Sound Churchman. 11. Churchman, five points. 12. Eastward position, lights. 13. Catholic. 14. Thorough Catholic, daily Eucharist. 15. Liberal Evangelical. 16. Catholic, no vestments. 17. Catholic-minded. 18. Definite Churchman. 19. Evangelical Catholic. 20. Earnest Churchman, moderate views. 21. Catholic views, six points. 22. Strong Churchman. 23. Linen vestments.

Advertiser No. 24 seems to have a poor opinion of his brethren. He shares the suspicions of Catholics, that the adherents of the other twenty-three varieties are only "playing at being Catholics," by dressing themselves in vestments, and swinging censers:

> 24. The whole Faith taught and practised, no Anglican or High Church compromises; the Mass supreme, reservation and incense.

When some years ago, the Prig suggested that the best way of finding out the religious views of an Anglican community, was to consult, not the reading matter of their publications, but the advertisements, he was thought, and was said, to be most cruelly satirical. Perhaps; but the *Tablet* correspondent has shown that the method of the Prig will really show what varieties of doctrine, opinion, fancy and practice flourish in the Establishment.

The legal measures recently taken against an anti-Catholic publication, have, in general, met the approbation of the public. But a religious weekly, published in New York, while disclaiming belief in the charges circulated by that vile publication, seems to suggest that some explanation concerning convents is due the public. If this publication is seriously seeking information, it may be suggested that the "Catholic Encyclopedia" can be found in any public library which has emerged from the Stone Age. But the general public can not, and in all probability does not, think it incumbent upon Catholics to review this mass of slander. The Duke of Norfolk once refused to take the chair at a meeting of Catholics who proposed to protest against the slanders of a notorious "ex-priest," because in his opinion, such a meeting would indicate that his fellow-citizens took this unclean bird seriously:

> It is because I thank God with all my heart that in His mercy I am a Catholic; because I glory in belonging to the old Faith; because I love and reverence our priesthood as I do, that I decline to be driven to bay by accusations which no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe.
>
> Thank God, two of my sisters are nuns. Thank God, one of my wife's last acts in this world was to found a convent. Am I wrong in thinking that Sheffield would be ashamed that I should have to defend their fair fame before my fellow citizens?

"Accusations which no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe." These words are commended to the consideration of a Southern college professor who, in the *Presbyterian of the South,* writes his approval of the high regard for truth current among defamers of the Church.

In his Cincinnati speech, ex-President Taft is reported to have recommended the establishment of a National University. It is particularly needed, he thinks, to secure for the grade schools, "proper scope, efficiency, thoroughness and economy." In other words, Mr. Taft believes that this proposed bureaucratic university is the only power that can force upon the schools a "standard." From Mr. Taft the country has come to look for opinions well-reasoned, and expressed modestly but convincingly, and the ex-President rarely fails to live up to his reputation. In the present instance, while his usually clear judgment may have failed him for once, comment might be more fitting, when what Mr. Taft really said has been ascertained. But the New York *Sun,* a journal usually found on the side of common-sense in educational matters, speaks right out in meeting to the following effect:

> Build up the Bureaucracy. . . . Put the iron collar of standardization, uniformity, dull and deadly, on the schools. Swell the megalomaniacal Bureau of Education into "a national university." If schools are to be standardized, why not colleges? How would Professor Taft like to have the Barnacles and the Tite Barnacles of Bureaucracy fumbling and fuming over the New Haven institution where he occasionally lectures?

After all, is the Government to do everything for us? Can nothing be left to the initiative and skill of the individual citizen? If the educational and sociological cranks with whom the country is infested are allowed to go much further, there will soon be less home rule in the United States than in Ireland. It is about time for a return to some realization of the constitutional principle, that powers not expressly granted to the general Government are reserved to the several States.



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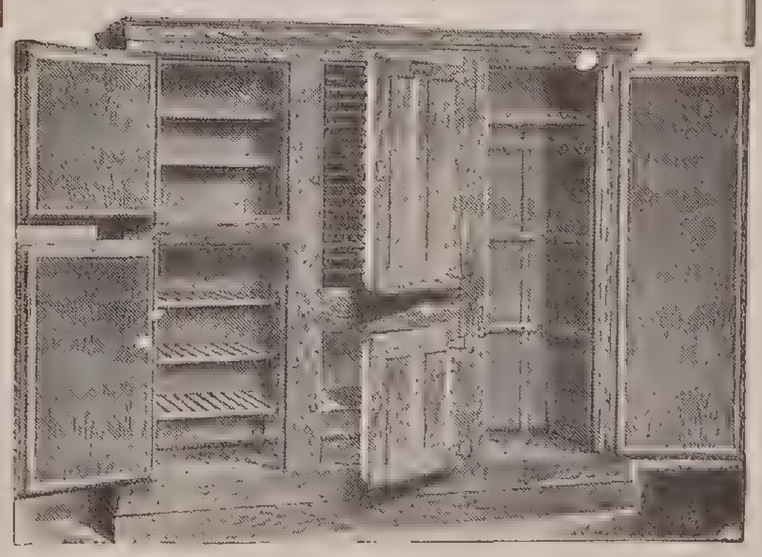
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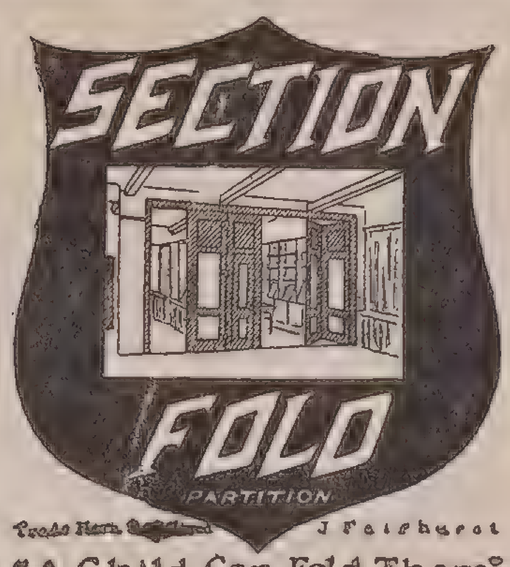
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CHRONICLE

The War.—Steady though slight progress is reported to have been made by the Allies in the western theater of the war. The Belgian army has been pushing forward along the Yser, but elsewhere fighting has been confined to artillery and gunboat fire. South of Ypres the British have gained, lost and regained ground at St. Eloi. They seem to have consolidated their new positions. The French have been successful north of Arras at Notre Dame de Lorette, and in the Champagne district, in the vicinity of Perthes, Souain and Mesnil. In the Argonne and Lorraine, notwithstanding severe engagements, the situation is practically unchanged.

Bulletin, Mar. 16, p. m.-Mar. 23, a. m.

Belgium and France

The battle line in Poland remains what it was a week ago. In spite of many engagements neither side has gained any notable advantage. Osowiec has shown no signs of weakening under the German bombardment, and the advance on Warsaw is as remote as ever. The Russians captured Memel, a city in the northeastern corner of East Prussia; the Germans retook the place, however, on March 21, after a battle near the city, followed by sharp fighting in the streets. Poland is again being made to suffer the awful ravages of war. Germany has carried out her threat to exact the threefold reprisals, mentioned in our German chronicle, from the Russians. Report has it that already 95 Polish towns and larger villages have been destroyed, and 4,500 smaller villages have been devastated, of which 1,000 have been burned. These figures come from Petrograd.

Poland

The campaign in Galicia, though marked by bloody fighting, has not undergone any serious modification. Many battles have been fought; in most cases, however, the details are meager and too uncertain for an authentic report. Przemysl, the Galician fortress, fell to the Russians on March 22, after a heroic defence of many months against great odds. The ammunition of the Austrians gave out, and a sortie was attempted; this failed, however, and the garrison surrendered.

Galicia

After a temporary lull operations were again resumed in the Dardanelles on March 18, when the allied fleet entered the strait and began a bombardment by direct fire on the inner fortifications, and especially of fort Kalid Bahr. The Turks replied vigorously, and are said to have disabled two cruisers. Floating mines, according to the British Admiralty reports, proved even more effective. Set adrift in the swift current, they were carried down stream into the area that had already been cleared, and resulted in the sinking of one French and two British battleships. Reports from Berlin and Athens differ as to the extent to which the fortifications have been damaged. In spite of the losses of the Allies, the attack on the strait is still continuing.

The Dardanelles

The negotiations that have been under way between Italy and Austria seem to be barren of results. No result has been forthcoming from the pressure which for some time has been brought to bear on the Dual Monarchy apparently by both Germany and Italy. Austria is firm in her refusal to cede the provinces of Trent and Triest, although there seems to be a disposition on her part to give up both places when the war is over, in case Italy continues her policy of neutrality to the end. The frontier is too valuable from a military standpoint, so it is reported, for Austria to think of parting with it at

Italy and Austria

present. Meanwhile the Italian newspapers are talking of Italy's sacred aspirations toward national unity, of her obligation to profit by her actual military and diplomatic advantages, and of the opportuneness of the moment of departing from what she calls her long-continued policy of self-sacrifice in the interests of peace. There are many indications that Italy is preparing for war.

During the week the correspondence between the United States and Germany, France and Great Britain was made known. It consists of five notes. The Order in Council was also sent by the Allies to Washington. The outcome is simply an utter failure on the part of the United States to effect any modification of the conditions which are seriously interfering with the trade of neutral nations, and especially the trade of the United States. Germany agreed to accede to the American suggestions, but conditioned her agreement on certain concessions to be made by the Allies. France and Great Britain have not only refused to adopt our plan or make the concessions, but have published the details of the reprisals by which they declared some time ago they intended to reply to the war zone operations of the German submarines. France and Great Britain have proclaimed what is practically a blockade of an unprecedented type. Germany is to be cut off from all commerce. No goods of any kind are to be allowed either to enter or leave Germany. No merchant vessels carrying goods destined for German ports, or for neutral ports but for German use, or carrying goods that are German property or of German origin, or goods laden at a German port, are to be allowed to proceed on their way. They must discharge all such goods in a British port, except in the case where the vessel receives a pass allowing her to proceed to a neutral port, which is to be specifically designated. Large discretionary powers are given to the officials of the prize courts to deal with such goods as shall have been discharged, in order that the demands of justice and the interests of neutrals may be safeguarded. The sphere of operation of the blockade is restricted to European waters, including the Mediterranean. The United States is certain to make representations, perhaps, however, only when occasion arises, both in the interests of her trade and also as a protest against the arbitrary setting aside of the rules of international law. Her voice, however, will have no other effect than to lay the foundation for the recovery of damages when the war is over, and to free herself from any appearance of acquiescence in the action of the European Governments.

Blockade of Germany

France.—A bill to raise the limit for the issue of the Treasury defence bonds by one billion francs was unanimously passed in the Chamber of Deputies on March 18. The Minister of Finance, M. Ribon, took the occasion to lay before the House a statement of the financial conditions of France. The great difficulties which in the beginning faced the Treasury are now being successfully overcome. The manner in which the people have taken the defence bonds has surpassed all expectation. "If it is possible to administer wisely the finances of the country," he said, "the merit is that of the entire people. It is the little savings in the woolen stockings which have come to the aid of the country. The gold has come in the beginning not from the large cash boxes, but from pocketbooks. The river is composed of little brooks." The national defence bonds had yielded up to March 12 the sum of 3,862,000,000 francs. Alongside the prospect of larger expenses, owing to such new operations as the expedition to the Dardanelles, he believed that there were reassuring indications of a restoration of the business of the country. Besides the increase in direct taxation, the revenues from indirect taxation are being increased, while the customs deficit is diminishing. The foreign trade statistics of France for the first two months of 1915 show a decrease of 632,000,000 francs as compared with the statistics of 1914, while the decrease of the first five months of the war was at the rate of 820,000,000 francs a month. These figures are taken to indicate a revival of trade. A discussion was likewise introduced into the Chamber of Deputies concerning a new law for the protection of owners in the case of securities lost through the occupation of French provinces by the Germans. It was said that the total value of such securities is so important as to constitute a formidable loss to French investors.

Financial Betterment

Germany.—A stormy scene took place in the Reichstag March 20. It was occasioned by the military reprisals determined upon to end the acts of Russian vandalism said to have taken place in East Prussia. The German official announcement stated that during the first invasion 10,000 houses had been burned, 2,000 non-combatants murdered and 4,000 carried off into Russia; and that during the second invasion 4,000 of the 15,000 civilians who had remained in the province until November were either murdered or dragged away and no fewer than 81,000 private dwellings systematically plundered. Valuables and furniture are said to have been sent to Russia by rail. About the same time it was stated that bands of Russians had again broken into the northeast section of the province and burned houses and villages. In reprisal German military authorities declared that for every German village destroyed three Russian villages must be given up to the flames and that for the damage done in Memel Russian government buildings must be laid low. The Socialist Representative Ledebour declared that he was horrified at this decree and Liebknecht shouted "It is barbarism!" This episode called forth an uproar in the House. The Nationalist leader Bassermann answered that such reprisals were indeed to be regretted. "But if the Russians set fire right and left and violate our women, are we then to demand that our military officers must not take such measures as will put an end to this inhuman warfare."

German Reprisals Discussed

The Centrist Gröber then rose to say that military authorities should not be hindered from taking the strongest measures which international law permits, if forced to such a course by Russian acts. Ledebour's criticism was declared unconstitutional and Herr Scheidemann, in the name of the Socialist party, stated that the speaker had made these remarks on his own responsibility and that he alone was to be held accountable for them and not the party. The Vice-Chancellor and Minister of the Interior, Herr von Delbrück, thought it was not becoming his position to take farther cognizance of the remarks than to say that they were "insulting and directed against the illustrious leader of the German army." The war, he said, was "offering new proof to the enemy of the economic and moral invincibility of the German people." It was evident, therefore, that the Reichstag considered itself justified in leaving to the military authorities all decision regarding the morality of the reprisals in question, which were looked upon as precautionary acts.

Great Britain.—The attitude of the United States toward British reprisals is causing much discussion. Some of this is heated and some calm. The general condemnation of Great Britain's action by our own papers is noted with regret and the opinion is ventured that our position is founded on a misapprehension. The more important British papers declare that it is England's purpose to respect the rights of trade "as far as the manifold necessities of their own military position allow." The claim is set forth that, though at first blush England's reprisal-measures may "be regarded as a departure from old practice," yet they "can be reconciled with fundamental principles of international law as applied to the wholly new state of circumstances which have arisen in the present struggle." Americans are reminded that "the adjustment of old principles to new conditions is of the essence of legal progress." A case in point is the doctrine of the continuous voyage elaborated by us in the "Civil War." The apologists for the reprisals set forth that in the present struggle the forces are largely conscript armies, and thus the old distinction between armed forces and the civil population is obliterated. The "army is the people in arms, and food for the people is necessarily to a great extent food for the army." Moreover, the German decree of January 25, putting all grain and flour under Governmental control, makes the German Government the consignee of all, or practically all, the imported foodstuffs. Then again, Germans, it is urged, should not object to the British measures, for two of their Chancellors, Bismarck and Caprivi, defended the seizure that England is insisting on. No reliance is put on any guarantee that Germany gave or would give, for England, it is stated, has no reason to believe that promises would be kept. The *Times* closes a singularly well-written article on the subject with these rather remarkable words:

America and British Reprisals

Under the guidance of men like Bright and W. E. Forster, who understood the greatness and the value to mankind of the ideals for which the North was fighting, the British democracy did not scrutinize too closely the acts of a kindred people struggling for its life. Therein they showed the large wisdom and the large generosity of their race. May they not hope today, when they have been plunged against their will into a conflict yet more deadly, for aims which are not less high, that America will do unto them as, in the day of her visitation and of her trial, they did unto her?

A recent *Times* has a striking editorial on a communication from a British officer "who has been much in contact with the French." The gist of the officer's message is that "France is at war as a nation," and that England must realize that she is "not less in for it" than France. This premised, the officer insists that it is most important "to inflict a decisive defeat on the enemy in the field before the next harvest restores their strength and confidence." The *Times* declares that this plain warning is very badly needed, for "the nation as a whole does not realize that it is at war as the French nation does." The House of Commons gets a drubbing for wasting time over trifles, and is reminded that to wrangle over boys on farms and such like incidents is unreal and ridiculous. The continual danger of strikes is causing much uneasiness, especially since "important munitions of war urgently needed by the army and navy" are apt to be held up, with consequent danger to the safety of the soldiers and sailors. "How are we to fulfil our obligations to our allies," exclaims the paper, "if they (employers and employees) persist in keeping up the sordid quarrels of which they are so fond in times of peace?"

Doubts and Difficulties

Ireland.—Speaking at a National Volunteer demonstration in Belfast, Mr. Dillon defended the wisdom of Mr. Redmond's policy in advising Irishmen to fight with England in the present war. The glory and military knowledge Irish recruits would win would prove an irresistible power at the back of the Irish Party in any struggle that might be forced on them in the future. And they were prepared for such a struggle:

The Nation Indivisible

> Assembled in the Celtic Park of Belfast to-day we tell all whom it may concern that, while we are willing to travel on the road to conciliation, always on the condition that other parties enter on that road to meet us, we will never consent—and I say it here in the face of you, the Volunteers of Belfast, who may yet have to make good my words—we shall never consent to divide this island or this nation, and we shall never consent to allow any section, clique, or faction to rule the people of Ireland.

He added that the opponents of Mr. Redmond's war policy were "cranks and soreheads," though he admitted they were numerous. His further statement that the majority of Irish-Americans supported Mr. Redmond in the matter is not in accord with their newspaper organs and public pronouncements. The usual St. Patrick's Day banquets and speeches under the auspices of the Irish Party were discontinued this year.

Two bacon and meat supply factories, established a few years ago in Tipperary and Wexford, have doubled their output in the last year and declared handsome dividends. Other industries, especially in textiles, have also prospered during the year, with the result that there have been many recent prosecutions for the sale of bogus "Irish made" materials, and the adulteration of inferior British or foreign goods with Irish. The stress caused by the war and the increased demand by the War Office for food and clothing materials, occasioning both a large rise in prices and considerable fraud, are accentuating the sufferings of the poor in many localities. Generally there is no lack of employment, but employers in town and country can not afford to pay the wages which the inflated prices of coal, food and other necessaries make needful for decent living. Meanwhile the Government has withdrawn its usual grants for national libraries, museums and various other public purposes.

Industries and Indigence

Mexico.—This week the story of Mexico is the same as it was last week. There were battles and robberies and murders and taxation and protests and promises of amendments and all those other atrocities and stupidities to which the civilized and intelligent world is trying to accustom itself. Mexico's cause seems hopeless. A private letter, written from Mexico City on March 15, throws a lurid light on conditions under Obregon. The writer, an American of five years' residence in the capital, first pays his respects to the leaders of the factions, insisting that the outrages narrated in our papers have actually taken place, and then proceeds as follows:

The Week and a Letter

When I walked down the Avenue Juarez the other day the street was filled with hundreds of the very poor clamoring for bread; in front of the hotel which is the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of the garrison of the city, there were scores of Yaqui Indians drawn up, rifles ready, as if they meant business; around the corner a squadron of Yaqui cavalry waited, rifle on thigh; two armed automobiles stood in the middle of the street, their guns commanding the broad thoroughfare; they looked solemn and impressive in their dull gray paint, soldiers peering through the loop-holes. I thought to myself of the terrible havoc they were capable of spreading among a crowd of unarmed people—they looked so exceedingly, so terribly business-like. And then my eyes wandered upward to the balconies crowded with laughing officers (doubtless jesting together about the helpless demonstration of the suffering people of this city), and then higher still to the place where the red, white and green tricolor of Mexico blew from the staff and I saw that the flag was in tatters, and it seemed so symbolic, the flag of their country torn and trampled under foot by the smallest percentage of the population (even as it was actually trampled under foot at the Convention of Aguascalientes a few months ago by the representative of Zapata and his followers who referred to it as a rag), the country starving and in ruins and these men dashing up and down the principal avenues in stolen automobiles, levying extraordinary taxes on merchants and others. . . . You will have read in the press of the scores of outrages committed by General Alvaro Obregon since his advent in our midst as ruler of the destinies of the half million souls that are here. No doubt the versions as they reached the United States were garbled, but they can not have exaggerated the terrible condition of affairs which exists in Mexico City, since Obregon and his 25,000 Yaqui Indians occupied the city. . . . You have heard of the arrests of the Catholic priests after he had invited them to the Palace to confer with him as to the best means of relieving the necessities of the poor, who were on the verge of absolute starvation. . . . I have not space sufficient to tell of the manner in which he tried to arouse the masses to rise up and sack the city, when he was refused the money. . . . He seized one of the principal churches of the city and converted it into a club for the local branch of the I. W. W., which is perhaps one of the worst products of the revolution. . . . His men sacked churches in different parts of the city and carried off all the silver and brass ornaments, candlesticks, chandeliers, etc., on which they could lay hands. His continued imprisonment of the priests has made Mass impossible for over a fortnight. Paid gangs of ruffians picked from the ranks of the I. W. W. attacked processions of women marching in an orderly protest against the treatment of the clergy.

The Yaqui cavalry charged assemblages of men. He permitted, encouraged demonstrations of the I. W. W., who marched through the streets calling on people to rise up and destroy property, to sack and to loot. His officers cheered to the echo speeches made by the leaders of the I. W. W., in which people were told that "Christ was a mere invention of the Mexican clergy who used the myth to exploit the ignorance of the poor." They cheered men like Salazar when he called upon the people "to attack the churches and tear down the silver images of Christ."

Rome.—Antonio Cardinal Agliardi died in Rome on March 20, in his eighty-second year. The dead prelate had a most distinguished career. Twelve years after his ordination he was sent to Canada, in a minor official position, and on his return to Rome was made secretary to the Propaganda. In 1884 Leo XIII created him Archbishop of Cæsarea, and sent him on a diplomatic mission to India in that year, and again in 1887. Later, in 1889, he was Nuncio at Munich, where he served till 1892, when he was transferred to Vienna. In 1896 he was recalled to Rome and elevated to the rank of Cardinal. It is reported that it was he who suggested that perhaps the belligerent nations would rest on their arms during the conclave which elected the present Pope, thereby testifying to the peaceful mission of the Holy Father. Cardinal Agliardi is the fourth of the Sacred College to die during the present pontificate. The others are Cardinals Ferrata, Di Pietro and Tecchi. There are now twelve vacancies in the College. The Holy Father still preserves the utmost neutrality. His position, difficult by its very nature, has been made doubly so by the bitter attacks on him, emanating principally from France. Apparently there is an organized attempt to make French and Belgian Catholics discontented with the Vatican. Maeterlinck's impudent tirade overreached itself; its very insensate bitterness opened the eyes of many to the truth, and the speech of the wandering Fleming, who years ago forgot the doctrine of Christ which he would now teach His Holiness, has deeply offended many people.

Items of News

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Psychology of Gambling

IN common use, but rarely understood in its technical and proper sense, the phrase "psychology of gambling" merits attention and study. Psychology deals with mental processes as such, and the use of the term in connection with gambling suggests an examination of mental processes and emotional forces which come into play when man is engaged in games of chance. Man is a composite being. He is possessed of a soul, which we rather describe than define when we say that it is the "principle by which man lives and knows and desires." Likewise he is possessed of a body containing material forces and supplying material energy as an auxiliary for his many and varied mental operations. The rational soul is gifted with intellect and will, the former having for its object truth, the latter goodness. Emotional forces are found also in man, and play an important part in his mental, moral and physical well-being. By the proper exercise of rational control man is enabled so to coordinate his mental faculties and emotional forces as to effect a harmonious development of all his powers. A proper exercise of the emotions, in conjunction with other powers, moves the strong to help the weak; the wealthy to assist the needy, and the fortunate to provide for the less favored. An unbridled sway of the emotions leads to wanton destruction of life, liberty, happiness and property. Within their proper sphere and under a control wisely regulated the emotional forces are valuable assets, contributing largely to man's complete growth. When, however, they are allowed unrestrained sway, they prove to be serious hindrances, endangering, and ofttimes actually destroying man's solidarity.

Man is by nature a creature of thought. From a storehouse of ideas he forms his judgments, standards and principles. We are all character builders, whether consciously or otherwise, and the problems attending our intellectual and moral activities frequently call for highly concentrated application and study. Continued mental effort is arduous and can not be exercised indefinitely. To a greater or less degree restraint is exercised by the will over the emotional forces, while the attention is focused upon problems of thought. The rest we seek after hours of mental exercise is imperative for mental recuperation, and is needed to afford the emotional forces freedom from the inhibitory pressure exercised over them while we are mentally engaged. Released from marked restraining pressure, the emotions seek an outlet for expression; and the relaxation so sought is not healthy, unless it be rational.

The fatigued mind does not necessarily find relief only in a cessation of activity. Often a change of occupation is amply sufficient. To this may be traced the fact that gaming has been accepted generally from the earliest period of history as one of the most widely-known means of mental relaxation.

Gaming, as a healthy means to an end, namely, mental rest and relaxation, needs no defence from a psychological standpoint; but continued participation in games of chance for the game itself, and for the pleasure afforded, is undeniably harmful. It destroys the mental stamina of the participant. The old adage, "anger sharpens the mind," has its limitations. Anger does not sharpen the mind in a rational sense. It rather distorts the vision, it magnifies the nature and extent of the alleged injury, and renders one incapable of analyzing conditions. A rational examination of the subject of disturbance is possible only before the dispassionate tribunal of reason. So, too, it is with the gambler. The ever-increasing desire for personal gain causes him to see upon a distorted retina only the outcome of a particular game, it blinds him to all else save his immediate personal triumph. The emotions are unrestrained and the rapid transition of feeling from one extreme to another presages mental, moral and physical deterioration on the part of the participant. From the standpoint of psychology alone, therefore, the gambling practice is reprehensible. No man can indulge in the practice of gambling habitually, and some men not even occasionally, without losing that "sound mind in a sound body," which is a fundamental requisite, demanded by the laws of psychology as a condition for healthy, normal progress.

From the moral standpoint, and in the earlier periods of history, healthy participation in games of chance had the approval and the encouragement of the nations of antiquity. Incorporated in the religions of the ancients, as well as in the laws of the people, chance continued to be an element of religion, law and sociability, until the decline of the nations of antiquity. The vicious gambling practices which came into vogue were subsequently condemned and prohibited, but without effect. With the advent of Christianity gaming practices were not distinguished from gambling, but were condemned and prohibited by early churchmen because they were considered, in themselves, outgrowths of paganism. In the spurious treatise "De Aleatoribus," attributed to St. Cyprian, the keynote of opposition of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the practice was voiced in the main thought of the treatise, *"esto potius non aleator sed christianus,"* and consistent with such view the Synod of Elvira (probably 305 A. D.) set forth the first declaration of the Church against the practice, as an organization.

With the overthrow of paganism as an organized opponent of Christianity, there were adopted gradually by the writers on morals, the distinction between gaming as a healthy pastime and gambling as a vicious outgrowth of gaming. This distinction, first appearing in the writings of Saint John Chrysostom, and repeated by John of Salisbury, was developed in its fulness by Saint Thomas Aquinas, who as the Prince of the Schoolmen needs no introduction to a student of scholas-

tic theology or philosophy. The healthy aspects of gaming were set forth by him in his treatment *De Ludo.* His position is simply this, that gaming as a means to an end is recreative and useful, since it affords a proper field for the activities of the tired mind or wearied body. Gambling, however, the saint calls a vicious outgrowth of gaming, and, since it entails an *immoderatus amor habendi,* it is a practice to be avoided by all. (*Summa Theologica,* 2-2, Q. 118, Art. 1-8.) Gaming as a means to recreation is quite different from gambling indulged in for itself. The former is good, the latter is evil. The analysis of the subject from a psychological and ethical point of view, as presented by St. Thomas, suggests fundamental principles, which could well be applied with effectiveness to any problem concerned with the practice of gambling. From the psychological, ethical and sociological standpoint the practice is one which should meet with whole-hearted condemnation from sensible people in all walks of life.

LESTER B. DONAHUÉ, PH.D.

The Young Man and Diplomacy*

DIPLOMACY is not yet a career in the United States, but approaches it more nearly than ever before. Despite the losses in personnel consequent upon changes of administration, and the waste of public money involved in training a man to a difficult profession, only to throw him aside when he is fitted for his task, the American diplomatic service has steadily progressed in efficiency during the past twenty-five years. The need of a corps of experts in international affairs is becoming daily more evident to the thinking American who understands his country's relation to the rest of the world and the vast changes brought about by the world-war. Thus, the present administration, in spite of general belief to the contrary, has so made appointments that the majority of our diplomats now charged with the enormous and delicate task of caring for belligerent interests in Europe and of safeguarding our own, are tried men chosen for past services to the nation, irrespective of political party.

Our diplomatic service is, as has been observed by several able writers in recent magazine issues, our "first line of defence." It is in theory, and is becoming in practice, a body of highly-trained experts. Its work is not primarily political and in this sense different from the consular service—an error of public opinion which has always hampered the senior branch. The two branches can no more be separated than, to use a homely example, the sales manager for a district and the agencies of his firm throughout that district. The manager may have more to say about the policy of the firm or company than the local agents, but they work together, each on his own line.

The diplomatic representative of the United States is the guardian, in the land to which he is accredited, of his country's interests. He must be alert, highly-educated and well balanced in judgment, cool, fearless, appreciative of the point of view of others, tactful, patient and quick-witted. He must have first of all a thorough knowledge of the principles on which our Government was founded, and of the development of our national institutions, good and bad. He must be widely versed in the national and sectional life of our country, and understand our varied interests in their true relations at home and abroad; he must know those forces which have made us what we are, and are now creating a nation, and which in our generation are reacting upon Europe and the rest of the world. It is not sufficient for him to be merely a patriotic American, though it is essential that he be so, for the glamor of European life is great. He must understand the country to which he is accredited, as well as he does his own; moreover, he must understand what outer forces may affect his usefulness in his immediate sphere. He must be, in a true sense, a historian, and go to the very foundations of international intercourse. It is, in my opinion, not essential that he belong to the political party in power, for he is serving the nation, not a party or a State or a section of the country, still less a person, be that person the Secretary of State, the President or a political leader. Least of all is he serving private commercial interests. To the national representative are given aides from the lower ranks of the diplomatic service, and from the navy and army, as well as commercial experts. These officials, sharing in different degrees in his privileges, form his intelligence service. They are his ears, eyes and hands, and submit their observations and deductions to his judgment. They can be of the greatest assistance in his work of protecting and extending American interests, or they can, and sometimes do, through lack of understanding of their duties and hearty cooperation, hamper his work intolerably. Under our present system of appointment to specific posts, too often, still, through political influence, it is difficult for the State Department to come to the assistance of the nation's representative and change or withdraw such an inefficient subordinate. Around this group of officials revolves the consular corps, spread through the country in its principal ports and places of commerce, specializing again in matters of commercial interest and guarding the immediate and local personal or business interests of their nation. The consular service can not be separated from the diplomatic service. It is an integral part of the same national intelligence bureau. Consuls should take their general policy from the diplomatic representative, who in turn is responsible to the President through the Secretary of State.

Assuming that we have a young man, presumably a college graduate with some years of professional or business life in one of our great centers, and a sound knowledge of languages, ancient and modern, who fully realizes the qualifications necessary to represent his

*The twenty-ninth of a series of vocational articles.

country eventually; assuming that he has been formally presented to the State Department as a candidate, has passed his examinations and has received his commission from the President, under the Seal of the United States, appointing him "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," to be a junior Secretary of Legation or Embassy, he will, for at least thirty days be attached to the Department of State for special instruction. He will then proceed to his post by the shortest route, reporting his arrival and drawing on the Department, when authorized, for his traveling expenses at the rate of so many cents a mile. He will report at once to his chief of mission, who will assign him his special routine duties. The daily work of every legation and embassy is divided among the secretaries. There is even in the smallest missions, a vast deal of correspondence: letters concerning business opportunities, complaints, requests for an infinite variety of information, consular correspondence, passports, personal interviews with resident and traveling Americans (the most exacting and critical of all people), preparation of correspondence with local officials or with the Foreign Office, despatches and code cables to and from the State Department, reports on special subjects for the Department, for Congress, for Commissions or Chambers of Commerce, for the Department of Agriculture, of Labor and Commerce, etc., all these make a full day in the dullest season, and in times of stress may overwhelm the most strenuous worker. I venture to say that no European service could have stood the strain suddenly thrown upon ours by this war, under the same conditions. When our young secretary has been assigned his normal work, he makes, with his chief, his official calls on the Foreign Office and principal officials, on the Dean of the diplomatic body of the capital, and exchanges calls with every member of each foreign embassy and legation. Next he will be invited by the official world, and these entertainments are of vast importance, for through this medium he learns to know the men with whom his official duties bring him in contact, as he could never know them in an office chair and discussing business.

From then on a large part of his time is taken up in social engagements. This is the side of his duty which calls for a clearer judgment on his part than any other, lest he truly lapse into utter frivolity and confirm the popular belief in the essential triviality of a diplomat's life. The greatest profit may be drawn from these social activities for his country, not because dinners and dancing make international friendships or advance commerce, but because the intimate life which these functions typify give the diplomat priceless opportunities to know from the inside, as it were, and off their guard, all classes of the people among whom he is living, and he may thus get at facts and real opinion of vast importance in subsequent negotiations.

It is of the highest importance, as we have all seen in recent international transactions, that the President should have at his disposal either in the Department of State or in foreign countries, a number of men whose integrity and practical and personal experience extending over many years, can be relied on to steer a safe and honorable course through selfish and conflicting interests. If, when an emergency arises, the service provided by law and supported by the taxpayer is inadequate to meet it, the fault lies primarily with its appointing power.

The chief arguments advanced against the field of diplomacy as a vocation are: the limited number employable in this branch of the public service; the insufficient remuneration, and the insecurity of tenure.

The first objection can not be overcome; the field is necessarily limited, but the national service rendered is of the highest, and the experience gained is of the broadest. The second is a difficulty that will be surmounted, I believe, in the not distant future, for public opinion expressed in the press and in Congress is growing more urgent in favor of relieving the diplomatic service, at least, of the burden of rental of offices and dwellings, and possibly also of entertainments now paid for out of the salaries allowed by the nation. At present no diplomat may hope for advancement after a certain point who is not independently wealthy, no matter what his services may have been, and this condition forces on the President the choice of men who are willing to spend their fortunes in return for the great prestige and prominence, political and social, which their position of privilege and honor at a foreign seat of Government may give them, or who, being wealthy, are sufficiently high-minded and disinterested to be glad to guard their country's interests at their own expense. This is a situation both dangerous and improper, and it is not relieved by the fact that the United States has been so fortunate as to possess many such high-minded public servants, nor by the fact that with all our handicaps the diplomatic service has guarded and advanced true American interests abroad in a manner which calls forth the admiration of those who have followed its history and made allowance for its restrictions. The third point, uncertainty of office, until the United States have acquired a national point of view, have understood international needs and adequately provided for a service to meet those needs, is a safeguard rather than a drawback. Until that time there is danger of narrowness, affectation of foreign rather than American ideas, stagnation and general inefficiency in the unassailable tenure of office of so small a body.

We are being sobered and broadened by the vast responsibilities of our position as the greatest non-belligerent in the world to-day, by our vitally changed relations with Europe and with Latin America, by the dangers as well as duties which encompass us on all sides, and we must come out of it, I think, with a clearer perception of our nationality and a more definite plan of action than we have ever had, for our development at home and abroad. In this new relation to the world our diplomats must play a leading rôle, as guides and teachers of our

own people and as exponents of our civilization to our neighbors across the seas.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS,
Sometime Minister to Guatemala.

Teach the Children to Read

OF the many suggestions that have been made for the furtherance of the apostolate of the press, not the least practical, and certainly one of the most enduring, is the recent scheme to introduce into Catholic high schools and colleges the reading and discussion of some Catholic weekly. The proposal commends itself not merely for its immediate advantages, but also, and principally, because it opens a way for training our young people in a matter that is of supreme importance. An intelligent reading of current literature is undoubtedly most desirable. How many boys and girls go out from our schools with no interest in the newspapers and magazines save the sporting, fashion and fictional sheets; and to their shame be it confessed, with a furtive and only half restrained curiosity in the latest murder and divorce scandal? The morbid character of modern life is, of course, mainly responsible for this deterioration of taste. Nevertheless no slight share of the blame is to be laid at the door of our educational institutions.

During the years of their collegiate and academic courses the pupils are given a rather satisfactory training in secular subjects, and this in spite of many obstacles, such as partial lack of equipment, the absence of literary home traditions, and the utter disinclination for serious application to difficult tasks that is so characteristic of the student of to-day. As a rule also there are laid the foundations of an intelligent Catholic life through an understanding of the Church's doctrines. Moral development too is looked after, the heart is schooled and the will is strengthened to resist what is wrong and to strive for what is good. But it is rare to find graduates of our Catholic schools who have been taught to read newspapers and magazines.

As a consequence they find themselves at a great disadvantage, and instead of maintaining the high level that their *alma mater* fondly but not over confidently hopes for, they content themselves with fiction, which when it is not worse is generally of an ephemeral value. Events that are of national and international importance have no attraction for them. The editorial page of the dailies that form public opinion, is passed over assiduously and without even a regret. Subjects that touch the very springs of their Catholic interests leave them unmoved. Catholic activities and the possibilities and legitimate demands of the lay apostolate, which in other lands are the very staff of the Catholic's life, they neither care for nor understand. The habits and principles of right thinking, in which their teachers so laboriously exercised them, go to waste. They do not apply them to current problems, nor use them to test the rectitude of the statements of those irresponsible writers and thinkers who are moulding current thought. And the result? They take their opinions ready made.

Things would not be so bad, if they had learned the habit of serious Catholic reading. Were they careful to inform themselves from our representative weeklies, though they might not dare to pass judgment themselves, they would at least have correct views. Unfortunately, however, when the habit has not been cultivated in youth, it is seldom acquired in age. Those who have not brought, from the class and lecture rooms with their diploma, a habit of challenging public pronouncements, and testing them to see if they square with natural and revealed truth, will not, except in rare and isolated instances, begin to do so afterwards. In this matter, more perhaps than in most others, some initiation and training is necessary.

It would be unfair to ourselves to think that this defect is characteristic of ourselves alone. It is a national defect. It is more or less true of a large portion of the graduates of all our American colleges and universities. These, however, are making strenuous efforts to remedy the defect. In many schools there has been introduced a custom that has long existed in the better universities. Clubs have been formed in the colleges for the purpose of discussing the current magazines. High schools confine themselves for the most part to a single weekly which they discuss under the guidance of their teachers.

This practice can not be too highly commended. We might well adopt it ourselves. The correct and appreciative attitude toward the more serious and the more dangerous part of our journalism needs cultivating. Parents and pastors complain and not without justice that we do not teach the children how and what to read. In this matter they contend there is a crying need of training. Why do we not remove the reproach? In non-Catholic schools boys and girls are educated to read with pleasure and discernment such papers as the *Literary Digest,* the *Outlook,* the *Independent* and the *Nation.* Even in Catholic schools some of these papers have been made the medium of a course in reading. The choice might be happier, but the practice is excellent, and should commend itself to all Catholic teachers of older children. Apart from the supernatural means of grace, there is scarcely a means more likely to perpetuate the results of Catholic education, to foster piety and to make the Church's children what she has a right to expect that they shall be, than the regular reading and discussion in the school room of a representative Catholic weekly.

If such reading and discussion were customary, our teachers would not be called upon to lament that their work is almost entirely undone soon after the graduation of their pupils; and bishops and priests would have less cause to complain that graduates of Catholic colleges not only take little or no interest in Catholic thought and achievement, but are often decidedly un-Catholic in their viewpoint.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Three World Conquests

THE future historian, looking back over the course of the past centuries of Christianity, will be able to discern three great epochs. They will stand out like giant landmarks, each momentous in its importance for the destinies of the whole human race. The first will doubtless be the era of the Cæsars and the triumph of the early Church. The second will be the period of the barbarian invasions of civilized Europe and the reconquest of the world for Christ. The third we may regard as the time of which our own generation forms a part.

The great world war might naturally be considered the distinguishing mark of this last period. Yet such is not the case. It is only one of many, not less portentous, effects of a movement whose culmination had been reached before ever the fatal shot was fired by the youthful criminal in the streets of Sarajevo. He himself was but a product of the world-wide materialistic propaganda. The first mighty impulse of this movement had been given far back in the days of the Reformation. Since then it had grown like a wave before the wind, increasing in volume and destructive force till its toppling crest has now begun to crumble into ruin.

All three epochs, nevertheless, were characterized alike by vast world conquests. Two of these periods have passed into history and can now be studied in their completeness. In both we find a striking similarity in the action of God's Providence. In each a material conquest, most widespread in extent, was achieved by a power standing in opposition to the laws of God. In each a spiritual conquest followed, no less universal in extent, and brought to pass by a power which was not of this earth. Will the same course of events once more be repeated? Neither the action of man's free will nor the designs of God's Providence, the two determining factors of all history, can be foretold with certainty. But it is none the less possible to draw from the past convincing reasons for hope and confidence.

The first of the three world conquests began with the triumph of the Roman arms. We behold in the pagan Rome of old the very sublimation of purely material power. Beneath its art and literature, its glory and refinement, what leprosy and cruel corruption! "Without affection, without fidelity, without mercy," was the Apostle's characterization of that pagan civilization, delivered up in its pride to a reprobate sense and doing without remorse the things worthy of death. It was all a triumph of "the world," of the threefold concupiscence of fallen man. Yet God's dispensation made of it the preparation for the spread of His own Kingdom. The ends of the earth had been placed under tribute to Rome that Christianity might follow in the way of the marching armies. The roads built by the Roman legionaries had been laid straight and smooth for the feet of the Apostles. Little did the haughty Cæsars deem, as they looked upon the Christian victims staining the sands of the arena with their blood, that from those precious drops of life blood there should spring the conquering army of the Cross of Christ.

Splendid as was the first great triumph of the Church, and productive of all the wonders of God's grace in the hearts of men, yet it only delayed but did not avert the fall of that ancient civilization into which the vices of paganism had eaten deeply. The sanctity of the Church indeed had never failed through all these centuries and saints without number shone like stars in her firmament; but the earth in general required a renewal and the hour was at hand.

The second world conquest now followed. The deluge of barbarism swept like a tidal wave over Europe. Rough shod the savage hordes rode onward, regardless of ancient splendors, of the glory that once was Rome and the pride that had marked her conquests. New "lords of the earth," they had come to take their place at the banquet table. The Church was again to pass through new ordeals; but the Providence of God was not wanting. Amid the wreck of a world she alone survived, sublime in her beauty and strength, girding herself anew for the task of spiritual conquest and the social reconstruction of Christian civilization.

Wild and wilful children of nature, untamed and untutored, slaves to a cruel superstition, filled with the greed of pillage, with the lust of battle in their blood, the savage hordes that now repeopled Europe called indeed for all her patience and all her firmness, no less than for all her motherly love. To subdue their fierceness, to cultivate their minds by learning, to train their hearts to gentleness and form in them the likeness of the meek and humble Christ was indeed a long and weary labor. Yet never did the Church fail or falter. A second time she conquered the conquerors of the world.

Can the wonder, we ask, be thrice repeated? Nothing surely is impossible with God. A third period of world conquest is unrolled before us. Paganism has won its third great victory. The era of a triumphant materialism has been completed. It has passed into history like the conquest of the Cæsars and the smiting of the nations with the hammer of Thor. No Roman eagles, no trampling march of savage armies has marked its progress. It has taken place silently and often almost imperceptibly, by royal decrees and votes of parliament, in press and school and university, on the platform and the stage, in the home and in the workshop. Christianity at times was not even attacked. It sufficed to overlook Christ. The rest would follow. It did follow. Materialism became a god. Once more amid the universal desolation one power alone remains, uncompromising, untouched and uncontaminated by the spirit of the world. It is the same Church which of old resisted the pagan Cæsars and stood sublime above the deluge of the wild barbarian hordes, the Church which Christ has founded upon Peter, to which He promised His abiding presence and against which the Gates of Hell can not prevail.

Through all this period of stress and storm her purity of doctrine, indeed, had never suffered; but again there was needed a renewal of charity on the part of many of her members. Her mark of sanctity had never been lost. There were saints then as ever. But much that was defective and sinful in individual lives was swept away with the Reformation. There was a new intensity of faith whose effects we may confidently look forward to now.

The reign of that blindest of all blind superstitions, materialism, is passing: its sway over the minds of men has already begun to decline. Yet it is far from ended. The spiritual conquest of the world in the days of the Cæsars was not accomplished until all the strength of persecution had been put forth in vain. The total regeneration in spirit and truth of the wild hordes was the labor not of a decade of years, nor of a single generation, but of entire centuries. Victory came through tears and the blood of martyrs. We can not forecast the future. One thing we know: the "Great Advance" has sounded, the call to renew all things in Christ. Singly and unitedly, we must give to the task the best of our energies, *Spe gaudentes,* rejoicing in hope, looking forward to a third great spiritual conquest of the world.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Chances Lost and Won*

ONE of our oldest inconsistencies is our veritable passion for making laws. We like to feel that we are moving away from empty formalism, we like to assume that justice and equity mean more to us than the mere externals of the law; yet we take every available occasion to multiply these externals and to submerge equity in a flood of technical and unwieldy forms.

I have often wondered, as a matter of curiosity, just how much the good behavior and order in a Catholic community is due to legislation, and just how much to the direct influence of the Church through the confessional. I think the facts, if they could be gathered, would be extraordinarily interesting. After all, if a man is upright and honest for religious reasons, he very seldom has to concern himself with statute law. He might live his whole life through and never once come into conflict with the State. To the average citizen, it is enough to know that murder is morally wrong. He knows little and cares less about the methods of criminal trial and the penalties of the law. He has no thought of murdering. The same is true of the grosser forms of stealing. It is only the burglar who is interested in the kinds of evidence necessary to convict a thief.

If this is so evidently true of the broad moral lines, why is it not equally true of the finer distinctions? Is it not far more important to have the individual business man honest for good religious reasons than to threaten him with a hundred statutes? Of course, we must have statutes, just as we must have criminal law; but we must use common sense in making these statutes. They should be made to cover the exceptional cases rather than the general ones.

I know of an interesting story somewhat to this effect: A certain man had a mania for burning up his house after he had lived in it only six months. This happened with three or four successive houses, until at last the poor man's family decided they ought to "do something." They consulted a wise mental specialist, and finally decided to buy a very much smaller house than the former ones. Of course, he burned this one at the end of six months too. Thereupon his family bought a little log cabin with only one room. At the appointed date this also was burned. By this time, however, his family had decided to put the man into a sanitarium. There his mania was promptly cured.

It is not very difficult to stretch this odd episode to cover most of our "legislative cures" of to-day. A man has a mania for dishonest business. We shake our heads wisely and cut the size of his business in half by a "reform law." He is still dishonest. We cut down his business scope again and incidentally that of all the honest men at the same time. It is only after a good many sad failures that we wake up to the obvious truth and put the man in prison, where enforced meditation may work a real cure.

Now, the Church can use the confessional as a reform tool. She can pierce at once to the core of social disease, instead of inanely cutting off one privilege after another from really honest men. She can curb the abuse without limiting the just use of a natural right. She can exercise this sane, common-sense and effective influence over a great number in the community. But she can not exercise it over all. Over the hundreds of thousands of non-Catholics in this country she has no direct influence whatever. It is just at this point that the duty of the Catholic layman springs up. The layman comes in contact with people of every class. It is his support the Church demands. It is his personal direct influence on those immediately about him that must accomplish in the non-Catholic world what the confessional accomplishes for Catholics.

In these short papers I have sketched only in the vaguest outline some of the work to be done, a very few of the types of men and women we must meet, and a few possible ways of exerting our influence over them. I have mentioned a few of the mad homeopaths, but not all. Hundreds of high-minded, well-intentioned men and women are working blindly and without any sort of guidance to "uplift" society. And just because they are working blindly there is the utmost confusion and mutual contradiction in their methods. Writers, ministers, society dilettantes, labor agitators of all kinds, what are they but a very few types of those we must help.

And the poison-men, the real maniacs, the traitors to

*The last of a series of special articles.

our highest confidence and trust—there are thousands of them, and no two placed in the same condition with the same moral question to face. Whether we like it or not, the modern conditions, the excessive division of labor, and the more minute division of business responsibility absolutely demand a new specialized interpretation of the old staunch morality. Contracts between labor and capital that would have been just two hundred years ago are not just to-day. Either the position of the capitalist or the laborer has changed. One or the other is no longer economically free. That means an entirely new moral question. It demands a new application of the old law. It is not morality that is changing, but the things we must apply it to; and what this new application must be is the great message of the Church.

We, who happen to be of the laity, must carry this message clearly and forcefully. Our responsibility is tremendous, and it is also entirely new. At no time in Christian history have so many been outside the direct moral influence of the Church; and at no time have the economic and social conditions demanded more piteously, more desperately, just the firm, clear moral help the Church can give. It is time to awake! We have slept long enough while the Church has called. Our greatest chance has come. If we win, it is because the nobility and the unselfishness of our mission has inspired us; but if we lose, it is only because we have slept while the Church has undergone her greatest struggle of all time. Shall we sleep on? Or shall we awake?

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Inspiring Figures

A RENAISSANCE in the veneration of the Catholic women of the past is sorely needed. There was a reach, an exaltation, a wonderful love, a consuming flame of joy and devotion expressed in the old pictures and frescoes of the Holy Mother. It is lacking to-day. The modern world needs a touch of chivalry. The actuality of the Virgin-Mother should be accentuated, her young grace vivified. She was only a girl, scarce sixteen, when the Christ Child came, and the wondrous joy of a mother's love ran through and thrilled her being. Life sprang from life when that Boy smiled his first wee smile and a human, timid, faltering mother kissed his puckered mouth.

Clotilda, wife of Clovis, Queen of the Franks, should be rescued from a dim and hazy past and placed upon a new and brightened pedestal of homage. It was through her efforts that Christianity was given official recognition in the then pagan western world. The pageantry of kingly power must have appealed to that young girl, when first she left her mother's knee to find her fond barbaric lover. But steadfast and true, through the temptations of a conqueror's career she held her faith, till ultimately she saw her liege lord kneel in Christian prayer. Is it any wonder that those early folk wove fact and fancy into native song to preserve her sacred memory? Her husband cut his way through war to fame, she touched his life with glory. There is an opportunity for a skilful hand to freshen the outlines of the noble girl, and make her truly live again.

No mother of a wayward son can read of Monica without a tear. And she who prays, through the vigils of unending nights, that God may guide his guilty feet to cleaner paths, is cheered to know that God must hear, as first He heard in other times, in far off lands that woman's pleading for her boy. There is more dramatic force in the battle of women as exemplified in the early life of St. Augustine than in any fiction ever staged.

Women of accomplishment in the hours of doubt and despair, can find no surer example of what one woman can do than in the accounts of St. Catherine of Siena. Of extraordinary personal charm, of boundless enthusiasms, of unfailing devotion, she is one of the most brilliant types of feminine power in history's book. With no particular training for the work, with no family of influence to support her, she became a commanding figure in the political, civic and religious life of medieval Italy.

The youth of most of these heroines appeals to the imagination. Joan of Arc was seventeen when she donned man's attire and led her troops against the English foe. Viewing her story as calmly and impartially as a Catholic can, there is still an irresistible appeal in the triumphs of the fair maid. The fighting spirit of any true man rises as he reads her history. He wants to bare his breast for the arrows her's received. He longs to bathe in blood that perfidious crew who burned her at the stake. Flippant high-school misses intent upon dance and dress might study her career with profit.

And what a call to sanctity there is in the biographies of St. Gertrude and St. Teresa. In one, the calmness of the Teuton mold, in the other the temperament of the South. Yet both were educated, enlightened, charming, high-bred ladies, not just black-robed, uninteresting women. Their lasting and immortal work cries out aloud for emulation.

And so, on every page of the story of Catholic women of the past, shines out the name of some great soul to cheer and brighten life's hard way. In the main, plain folk they were, of common clay, who lived and breathed and did life's ordinary things, but did them in an extraordinary way, not legendary myths, not stories told, but palpitating flesh and good red blood. Da Vinci could, if he were here, paint all their outlines fresh and new, and Raphael could infuse the soul. But they are gone. Yet how they loved those gentle folk!

WILLIAM H. LEARY.

The Future of Dalmatia

DALMATIA is to the Serbian race what Brittany and Connaught are to the Celts. Its people, pushed to the seaboard by the inevitable advance of newer elements from the East, has kept a firm grip of its last stronghold and refused to be extinguished by Turk, Teuton or Latin. Like the Bretons and Western Irish, the Dalmatians are conservative and religious to an extreme degree. Like most seafarers their lives are bound up with the supernatural, and public acts of devotion to the Mother of God form a characteristic feature of their worship on shore. Naval experts commend the Dalmatians as the finest sailors in the world. Travelers speak of their simple, virtuous mode of life, and their generous hospitality to strangers. Dwellers among them remark on their piety, fidelity to Church rule, and peaceful disposition. They have been loyal subjects to the House of Hapsburg for many centuries, even though the call of the blood toward their brethren of an independent State has grown in strength with the decline of Turkish power in the Balkan Peninsula. In return for their loyalty the Dalmatians have no national concessions to register, such as Bohemia or Hungary managed to wrest from the Government of Vienna. Because of their very submission they were, perhaps, overlooked and despised. Although they made common cause with Croatia, they did

not share in the economic and cultural advantages granted to Croatians.

Dalmatia lacks schools and railways, but, dissatisfied with her isolation, the younger generation has of late sought instruction in Croatian or Serbian centers, thus strengthening links of kindred, and imbibing new ideas of freedom and autonomy. The victories of the Balkan wars fanned the ever-present fire of patriotism into flame. The long-standing allegiance to an alien crown faded in face of the inspiring spectacle of a Serb State triumphant over the Mohammedan power that had weakened and enslaved the race. Memories of the battles in which Catholics and Orthodox stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of Christianity, while the rest of Christendom stood cravenly aloof, were revived with enthusiasm, and Dalmatia, as well as Bosnia, pointed proudly to the number of her volunteers in the Serbian Army of 1912. It availed little that the Austrian authorities in Zara prohibited flags on which was inscribed merely the national proverb: *Brat je mio, koje vera bio!* (A brother is dear, no matter of what creed.) The sentiment of race brotherhood could not be eradicated although it might be outwardly suppressed. Painful episodes in which the clergy and their flocks came into opposition occurred throughout the district where Serbian propaganda had taken deepest root.

A struggle akin to what is taking place in Ireland disturbs and distresses the people of Dalmatia. Fealty to the Austrian Emperor, so long part and parcel of their religious existence, has not been laid aside lightly. Newer claims, however, based on an ancient medieval tie, have been put forward with a fiery intensity that has led to acts of violence and crime, repudiated by all factors alike. The Dalmatians should not be condemned for the lack of union. For some the path of duty seems to lie in adherence to the more recent past; for others it takes the form of ardent belief in a national resurrection from a more remote past, in which, before the Mohammedan invasion, Serbians enjoyed a brief, brilliant tenure of empire. Two parties, therefore, have arisen in Dalmatia.

The aspirations of the one, the Serbian party, are well voiced by Ivo Chippiko, a writer and patriot of whom his country is justly proud. He says:

> We strain toward our Mother! The question of Dalmatia must not be kept in the background even now when so many larger issues are being debated. Strange views are enunciated in Italy. Do 180,000 Italians weigh more than 628,000 Serbians in Dalmatia? These Italians live in a compact mass in the towns where they have come to earn an existence in pursuits foreign to our own people. True, they are more advanced than we in many things, and their civilization has penetrated to a certain extent among us, but it has not affected the general character of our race. True, there are certain old monuments with the imprint of the Lion of Venice to be found on our shores, but what are these in comparison with the wishes of an entire nation? If architectural ruins are to be considered, Dalmatia may as well be Hungarian or Turk. If Italy pins her faith to monuments of stone, what of the Serbian Colony in her own Southern territory? Since the seventh century Dalmatia is in speech, custom and general character, a purely Serbian province. She has given birth to the oldest surviving Serbian literature as exemplified by the works of the poet Menchetitch. In the seventeenth century, the poet Ivan Gundulitch was illustrious among Serbian writers. Dalmatia has never forfeited its right to self-government. But where can it find national freedom except in union with its race brethren? Under Italian rule the Serbs of Dalmatia would fare worse than under Austro-Hungarian rule. Nationality can never be stifled, and through the centuries Dalmatia has awaited a national awakening. The heroic figures of the sculptor Mestrovitch reveal the suffering and hope of a people worthy to live in freedom, and to obtain at last that toward which it has tended so long: reunion with the rest of the race. . . . How can we, despised of our masters, view unmoved the glorious epopee of our brothers in Serbia, where a short space of Christian freedom sufficed to give a small State vigor and resolve to deliver Macedonia from the Turks? We, too, might have joined in the struggle and sacrifice, but we are forbidden to stretch our hands toward Serbia, our Mother. Nevertheless she remains our Mother, from whom we expect and shall obtain religious and every other freedom under the national flag.

The above question represents one party of the Southern Slav question. There is another, which deserves no less consideration. A strong Catholic element sees with misgiving the attraction of Dalmatians toward a land where Orthodoxy is the State creed, and where Catholicism has hitherto known neither grace nor favor. The group of patriotic Croats who find in allegiance to the Hapsburg dynasty not only a duty of conscience but the best safeguard for their faith have an earnest and respectable following among their countrymen. If less ardent and less ready to stake the future than the pronounced Serbophiles, they are determined to procure a better status for Dalmatia within the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They have succeeded in warding off the aggressive advance of Magyarism with its disintegrating concomitants of irreligion, and the corrupt morals due to Semitic ascendency in the Government of Budapest. They have held close to Austria as their natural guardian against the insidious encroachment of Italy and the violent agitation of Serbia. They fear, not without reason, that Serbian intolerance of Austria's State religion is so deep-rooted that Catholics of any nationality will still encounter it within the boundaries of free Serbia, the Concordat notwithstanding. They know that Russian influence was never so potent in the Balkans as it is to-day, and Russia's attitude toward the Church does not inspire confidence. Dalmatians, loyal to Austria and solicitous for the preservation of religious liberty as well as for national reforms, look to the formation of a triune empire instead of a dual empire for the realization of their independence.

It is well known that the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand, a staunch opponent of Hungarian pretensions, favored this notion of creating a new Southern Slav kingdom that would revive the traditions of Agram and Raguse. These sons of Dalmatia who refuse to separate her cause from that of the throne to which she has so long been an appendage, are troubled, but not shaken by the tempting offers of a triumphant Serbia. They will resist incorporation until it is forced on them; and should the stream of race unity prove too strong, they will enter the young kingdom as a humane, cultural element with the mission of pacification and reconciliation. There is at this moment in Valievo, a Serbian town devastated by the late Austrian invasion, a young Dalmatian priest who asked permission from the Serbian authorities to remain with the Austrian wounded and attend to their spiritual needs. Although twice laid prostrate by virulent attacks of *febris recurrens* he has endeared himself by his charitable activities to the entire population as well as to his immediate charge. Such men are new to Serbians, accustomed to suspect every figure in a cassock of political, imperialistic propagandism. The Concordat stipulates that the neophyte hierarchy of Serbia be drawn from non-Austrian nationalists, and this opens a field for ministrants of all other lands. While Dalmatia would, of course, retain its own clergy should it become united to Serbia, it is not likely that Dalmatian priests will be generally welcome in Serbia itself. The Swiss, Belgian, French or English clergy will have the preference, and this, let us hope, will have the effect of drawing wider attention to the needs and difficulties of the Church in Serbia. The best guarantee for the faithful fulfilment of every clause in the Concordat is the sympathetic interest of Catholics the world over in Serbian Catholicism, preserved and cherished through the vicissitudes of centuries by the staunch people of Dalmatia.

E. CHRISTITCH.

COMMUNICATIONS

Help for Destitute Mexicans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I take pleasure in submitting the following report of relief work done during the past two months among destitute Mexicans on both sides of the Rio Grande, with money and supplies furnished by Catholics in the United States. We have actual record of 755 people who have received food and clothing, in and around Brownsville. Supplies sufficient for an equal number have been sent to interior points in Mexico from which no report is possible at this time. The Charity Home in Brownsville, a private institution under the management of a Catholic lady, has been supplied with medicines and clothing for 120 inmates or pensioners. The Convent of the Incarnate Word, where some of the refugee nuns from Mexico are now sojourning, has been furnished with supplies. A sum of money has been forwarded by a reliable messenger to Montemoreles where other nuns are reported to be in need. A box of infants' clothing has been forwarded to El Paso where special work is being done for mothers and babes. One young man who was entirely helpless has had medical attention, and in consequence is now able to work and support his mother and three orphan children depending on him. Since it is no longer possible for us to carry our work into the interior, we are giving more attention to refugees in the United States. This presents a problem scarcely less momentous and difficult than the one on the other side of the Rio Grande.

I wish to call the attention of Catholic young men to the young Mexican exiles among us. There are thousands of them, intelligent for the most part, educated and high-minded. They have had nothing to do with the political embroilment of their country. In the main they come directly from schools and colleges where they were in course of training for useful trades or professions. They have all the young man's eagerness for life and all the idealism of the Latins. They are not running away from duty or danger. Their patriotism is of the kind that makes martyrs, and they are enduring martyrdom daily. Their loyalty to one another, their efforts to maintain themselves honorably, their courage and cheerfulness, testify to sterling manhood. Here and there they are organizing for mutual assistance. Those who can get work divide with those who can not and they accept any employment that is offered. I frequently have an hour's delightful conversation in the evening with a young man who can read the Greek classics in the original. During the day he drives a bony horse to a rickety express wagon, for which he receives the wage of one dollar per day, which he conscientiously contributes to the common fund. They laugh at their privations and by one means and another keep up their courage. They have regular meeting places, where they assemble to read and talk, and to find the comfort and strength of companionship. But such pitifully bleak and cheerless places these are! A few boxes serve as tables, some broken chairs, and a shelf of tattered books and magazines. Their chief efforts are directed toward studying English, a knowledge of which is the first step toward securing employment. The best-equipped study hall I have seen has a few benches without books, a homemade blackboard and a dozen books of assorted kinds to be circulated among about forty students.

As I go among them they are always eager to hear about American young men, their ideals, their ambitions, their pleasures, and their methods of self development. While I try to tell them what I know there rises before my mind in vivid contrast, visions of recreation rooms, libraries, gymnasiums and all the aids and inspirations whch are offered to the unfolding life of the American youth. I want the Catholic young men to take thought of these courageous young exiles, and out of their abundance send them help. I want money to buy books, and to furnish them with better facilities for helping themselves. They are undergoing the severest test that could be applied to them and they are measuring up to it like men. I have never heard a complaint, I have never seen anything except cheerful acceptance of their lot and gratitude for the asylum which is here afforded.

Considered from the point of numbers they constitute a large part of the numerical strength of the race. Considered from other standpoints they constitute the entire hope of the nation. But they have no official representatives to present their case before the tribunals of the world, they have no voice in the arbitration of affairs of great moment both to themselves and to their country. Nevertheless, some day they will go back home, and will become factors in the rebuilding of the nation. Let us give them something to take with them, something which will constitute a bond of brotherhood in the future.

Brownsville, Tex. E. C. HENDRIX.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of March 13 the vanquisher of "an athletic fellow of twenty-five" seems to have scored a knock-out in the very first round of his interesting encounter. Yet his tactics and his blows won him a personal rather than an objective victory. He impeached the faith of his opponent but did not solve the obvious difficulty confronting a young Catholic who feels the need of physical gymnastics. To charge him with disloyalty and to cast suspicion upon his faith because he avails himself of the only means at hand to meet his legitimate need is unwarranted and reprehensible and beyond the point at issue. In his first Encyclical Pope Benedict XV said:

> Again, let no private person, either by the publication of books or journals, or by delivering disclosures, publicly assume the position of a master in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching office in the Church; let him have the unrestricted right to speak as he thinks fitting when he wishes: it is the duty of others to tender him devout homage when he speaks and to obey his words. Concerning matters in which, since the Holy See has not pronounced judgment, saving faith and discipline, discussion may take place pro and contra, it is certainly lawful for everybody to say what he thinks and to uphold his opinion. But in such discussions let all intemperate language which may be seriously hurtful to charity be eschewed; let every one indeed maintain his own view freely, but let him do so modestly, and let him not imagine he is justified in casting suspicion on the faith or discipline of those who hold a contrary opinion simply because they differ from him.

We all know at whom the Pope's words were aimed and it is nowise stretching their import to apply them to the present controversy. Mr. Hume has presumed to pronounce sentence where the Church is silent. Such action is very much like setting oneself up as "a master in the Church." He brands as disloyal any and all Catholics who are affiliated in membership with the Y. M. C. A. The Holy See to whom is entrusted the guidance of the Church has issued no prohibition against such affiliation. Mr. McCloskey has a perfect right under the circumstances noted in his letter to avail himself of the privileges of his membership and Mr. Hume is expressly enjoined by the positive declaration of the Holy See from impeaching Mr. McCloskey's Catholicism or casting suspicion on his faith.

Mr. Hume's chief argument against an "athletic young fellow" is not any sounder than his unwarranted attack on the young man's loyalty. Stated universally it would read: "No Catholic

can be loyal to his faith and retain his self respect who joins a voluntary organization or society from the higher offices of which Catholics are excluded." The proposition is not universally true nor does it accord with the historical toleration of the Church which, though always aiming primarily at the spiritual welfare of the faithful, does not curtail heedlessly their material opportunities. The application of the proposition to a civil society will establish its falsity. A Catholic native of the United States forswears his allegiance and becomes a naturalized British subject for the sole purpose of assuring better protection for his interests vested in foreign countries. His aim is purely material. The Catholic Church does not prohibit his change of citizenship. Yet by so doing he voluntarily affiliates himself with a civil society whose chief ruler and other high functionaries can not be Catholics. Moreover not only is his religion tabooed by statutory provision in the highest hereditary office and in various appointive positions, but a portion of the taxes which he is compelled to pay annually is employed directly for the sustenance and propagation of the State religion which is avowedly anti-Catholic. Such a naturalized British subject justly resents the charge that he is lacking in loyalty to his faith or in self respect. He would contend that his action was practically sound though admitting of theoretical objections.

Similarly the large Catholic membership of the Y. M. C. A. should be considered not only theoretically but practically. Its elimination will not be accomplished by sarcastic criticism and wholesale impeachment of the large number of Catholic young men of whom Mr. McCloskey is a representative. It is not my purpose to defend the Y. M. C. A. But its vast Catholic membership calls for fair and honest investigation. Its cause should be clearly determined. The question is not whether a loyal Catholic can be an associate member, but rather why are there so many loyal Catholics enrolled in the Y. M. C. A.? It must exert a strong appeal to produce so large a response. There must be a real need for some such organization. Otherwise it would not prevail over parental objection and the maturer applicant's own reluctance. The challenging tone and the rashness of Mr. McCloskey's letter furnish more than a ready handle for severe arraignment and sharp retort. They indicate a deep conviction of the justice and rectitude of his position. No true solution of the young man's difficulty, no fair response to his challenge will overlook the causes of his confidence. He is evidently in the dilemma of foregoing his accustomed exercise or retaining his membership. He has thousands of coreligionists with him in the same or in a similar predicament. It is to his credit and not reproach that he regrets the failure to make provision for himself and others in the Catholic scheme of social and fraternal organization. He represents a very real and a very earnest type of the young Catholic who has imbibed some of the principles of the so-called modern progress. Cleanliness, physical exercise and health are the chief slogans of the new order which tends to overemphasize their importance and relegate the virtues of the spirit to the background. The views of the apostles of the health gospel may be exaggerated, but athletics and gymnastics are not to be wholly pooh-poohed. They have a recognized place in the curriculum of our schools, colleges and universities; and experience teaches that besides the positive moral and physical advantages accruing from their use they have a wide negative effect that consists in engrossing the interest and dissipating the purely physical energies of boys and young men.

With the almost universal application of machinery, and the congestion of large populations in the cities, great numbers of men have been transferred from the farm to the factory and counting-room. To preserve their health there is urgent need of a substitute for the open-air physical labors that brought their ancestors home at night, wearied in limb and muscle after a long day's toil.

Mr. McCloskey and his fellows are the victims of a changed economic order. They are not disloyal Catholics. They are sufferers because of some one's neglect, lack of foresight or indifference. Nevertheless Mr. McCloskey has done a real service toward the solution of the problem by openly avowing the reasons for his membership in the Y. M. C. A. He has made himself a target for severe criticism. But no attack leveled at him can fail to penetrate into the real causes of his predicament. No fair-minded man can hear the faith of a Catholic member of the Y. M. C. A. called into question without adverting to the folly of ignoring the needs and demands of athletic young men, and praying God to speed the day when those demands will be met.

Meanwhile let no one hurl his private anathemas at our Catholic youth who venture, often reluctantly, into the precincts of the Y. M. C. A. The Holy See, which is the divinely appointed custodian of the faith of old and young, has not forbidden their entrance. In that wise spirit of toleration which recognizes the difficulties confronting her members the Church permits membership in associations like the Y. M. C. A., provided there is no proximate danger to faith or morals. The Church in her wisdom has not been convinced that such danger exists, and she denies emphatically to any private Catholic the right to impeach the faith or discipline of those of her members who avail themselves of her tacit permission to join the Y. M. C. A. In keeping with her spirit and her express command the opponents of the Y. M. C. A. should confine themselves to criticism of that organization, and refrain from abusing or questioning the faith and loyalty of its Catholic members.

Baltimore. J. A. FARRELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of March 13 there is a letter from Leo Paul McCloskey under the title "Catholics in Y. M. C. A." His enunciation of the principal arguments urged against Catholics joining the Y. M. C. A. omits one of grave importance, namely, frequenting an occasion of danger. I would suggest that no one should count on his ability to resist attempts upon his faith. Overconfidence in our own strength often makes us a victim of our opponent's sword. It is idle to think that God's graces are nearer to one in the swimming pool of a Y. M. C. A. than in the teaching of Holy Mother Church, and in the associations fostered and encouraged by her ministers. Far better is it to take one's soul before God all lustrous, albeit the modest family tub furnish the only medium for aquatic exercise, than to go to judgment worn and wounded by a life-long resistance to the proselyting influence of the Y. M. C. A. A splendidly developed physique is but a poor compensation for the sacrifice.

I take it that our friend is not in sympathy either with the A. O. H. or the K. of C. of his home town. Can it be presumed, that, while he has been blessed with the faculty of observation to such extent as to discover the discrepancies between what these two great Catholic societies have accomplished and what they should accomplish, he does not realize the opportunity thus presented to brain and brawn? Doesn't he see an opportunity to become "the man of the hour"? If he has not, so far, identified himself with either, or both, of these admirable organizations, should he not now do so, and bend his mental and physical efforts toward bringing to pass those things which will draw his Catholic brothers, and all men, toward a happy eternity and in the meantime give them the best that this temporal life can afford?

Yea, my friend Leo, now that you have discovered a condition that needs the injection of brain and brawn, sit not idly by and complain. It has been given to you to uncover a lamentable state of affairs. Yours also is the complemental duty of making an effort to interest Catholic men in your proposal. Knowing the A. O. H. and K. of C. as I know them, I am sure that if

you can prove to them the advantages of the plan you advocate, you will find a fertile field for effort.

Monmouth, Ill. JOHN J. RYAN.

The Physician's Angel

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The announcement of a retreat for physicians at St. Vincent's hospital, New York City, recalls the fact that St. Raphael is the patron of physicians, surgeons and nurses. Was there ever a time in human history when his assistance was more needed than to-day? Yet he is not known, he is not invoked by our Catholic medical corps as he should be. Some years ago, the writer's attention was called to this subject by a medical man who was highly successful in his profession. In his consulting rooms, that time-honored piece of furniture for a physician, the bust of Æsculapius, had no place. Instead, there was a statue of St. Raphael, before which burned a perpetual taper. Of course it provoked comment and observation. No man lets his light shine, without the world being aware of it; but so much the better. Observation brings inquiry, and inquiry brings knowledge, and knowledge brings wisdom. I, myself, was of those to ask, and to learn. It appeared that a certain French vicar-general of Clermont, the Abbé Chardon, had left us a book too little known, entitled "The Memoirs of a Seraph." We are there told that St. Raphael signifies in Hebrew "Physician of God—healing of God." (St. Gregory. Hom. 34):

> It is he that makes known to men so many and simple remedies. Many others would be revealed to physicians and men of science if, less puffed up with pride, they would condescend to have recourse to them with humility. Happy among men is the physician of intelligence and faith who will appreciate the aid placed at his disposal by the physician of God. He will show himself grateful. He will reserve a place of honor in his dwelling for a statue of Raphael. Morning and evening he will salute the heavenly patron of his science. Nor will he begin his studies, or go to visit the sick without glancing toward him and invoking him: Come to my aid, O Spirit, Friend of man! By communicating thy wonderful secrets enlighten my ignorance; give wisdom to my determinations; give steadiness to my incertitude; prevent mistakes; second my care; work the cure. May all my art through thee become charity; and may every consolation procured for the poor sick make them praise God.

Is not this the perfect prayer of humility and faith for our physicians, surgeons and nurses? Æsculapius is a memory, a shade. St. Raphael is a hope, a living power. The materialistic man of science would reverse these facts. Having, perhaps, no more superstition than faith, he would call upon the memory of the dead to aid him. The memory of Æsculapius is, he implies, by the bust in his consulting rooms, an inspiration to trust in his own powers. Vain confidence. Usually, his bust is dusty, and more or less soiled. No votive lamp illuminates its dumb outlines; no importunate prayer invokes that assistance.

The Abbé Chardon does not refrain from condemning the Catholic physician, surgeon or nurse who neglects to obtain the cooperation of so powerful a friend. Could any act be more reasonable and simple on the part of a Christian who believes in the efficacy of prayer? We are not of those who declare that science is belittled or retarded by Christian faith, because we are eye-witnesses of the contrary effects, having all our lives lived under a roof where science is pursued. Once when a Pure Food and Drug Law was to be sought from a State unfriendly to it, a man of science, unaccustomed to such public speaking, appeared before the House of Representatives. Without oratory, or gesture, to assist him, without lobbying or obvious "supporters," he stated, in plain language, the scientific importance of this law. At the close of his brief address, there was not one vote opposed to his proposition. He had prayed before the Blessed Sacrament that this might be so, before he took an early train to the Capitol.

"Here lies Pasteur," we read above a mausoleum which is an altar in Paris. This statement is simple, and would stand alone; but it may be expanded into the history of a life of scientific labor that has thus far no equal in the world. Louis Pasteur looms unabashed the Christian man of science *par excellence* in the records of such achievements. He has standardized that field as men of business now talk of "standardizing" their trades. Nor is it the Church alone that thus proclaims him. The State, that elusive, tyrannical, exacting entity, for once agrees with the Church in this decision. By unanimous consent, this man of God, this friend of the suffering body, is humanly speaking, one of the Immortals. Shall the modern physician, surgeon or nurse hesitate to follow in his steps of faith?

Is it not to the eternal glory of the Church that she permits no chloroform or ether to be administered until after the Sacraments have been received? One may witness these things any day in a Catholic hospital. In their linen over-slips and white-winged cornettes, the assisting nurses stand near the operating table, with hands meekly folded, in silent prayer. The surgeon, cone in hand, bows his head. The patient, having previously received the Sacraments of the Church, St. Raphael is invoked. But a moment, and the sign to proceed is made. Usually the patient wakes, in an hour or two, to convalescence. If not, a Christian soul has gone forth, not alone, afraid and helpless, but conducted by St. Raphael to a life and a country eternal and full of glory. May St. Raphael attract and enlighten our physicians, surgeons and nurses, not only on the battlefields of Europe to-day, but in our cities and homes of the peaceful world.

Chester Springs, Pa. E. S. CHESTER

The "Outlook's" Suggestions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Discussing the measures recently proposed in Congress to authorize exclusion of scurrilous and libelous publications from the mails the *Outlook* says:

> If the Roman Catholic Church finds itself assailed by scurrilous and libelous publications, as we think is the case, it should pursue the course which other persons pursue when they are similarly assailed. It should either bring a suit for libel against the publisher, or it should take measures to have the publishers criminally indicted by a grand jury and punished under the general law. That this is not an unpracticable remedy in a free State is very clearly brought out by one witness before the Congressional Committee to which these bills for the establishment of a censorship of the press have been referred. Cardinal Newman was brought up in England for trial for defaming Father Achilli who had left the Roman Catholic Church for the Protestant communion as Cardinal Newman had left the Protestant Church for the Roman Catholic communion. He was convicted of a libel and was mulcted to the extent of 12,000 English pounds or $60,000. The *Outlook* quite agrees with Dr. G. F. Williams who stated these facts to the committee that they show that the existing laws are quite sufficient to protect the Roman Catholic Church and its priests and clergy from any scurrilous and libelous attacks which may be made against them by unscrupulous partisan journals.

The "Catholic Encyclopedia" (Vol. X, p. 797) thus gives the real facts of the Newman-Achilli trial.

> An apostate Italian priest, Achilli, was haranguing against the Church. Prompted by Wiseman, the Oratorian gave particulars of this man's infamous career, and Achilli brought a charge of libel. Newman at enormous expense, collected evidence which fully justified the accusations he had made. But a no-popery jury convicted him. He was fined £100; on appeal, the verdict was quashed; and the *Times* admitted that a miscarriage of justice had taken place when Newman was declared guilty.

Now, applying these facts—which *are* facts—to the case of one of the human polecats of the *Menace* or of any other of the publications which the *Outlook* so sternly calls "un-

scrupulous partisan journals," we see that all a libeled priest has to do is to publish the facts about the polecat, get sued for libel, spend some thousands of dollars in preparing the case, be convicted, have his conviction quashed on appeal and then secure a triumphant vindication, with a possible chance that the *Outlook* may finally admit that his original conviction was not wholly justified, and that the polecat was an "unscrupulous partisan." What more could any one want? In the light of the real facts of the Newman-Achilli trial as told by Doctor William Barry in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," it is worth while studying the version contributed by Dr. G. F. Williams, with which the *Outlook* "quite agrees" as quoted above. Bad scholarship and bad logic are, it is true, almost invariably found in company with the "strictly Protestant" point of view and the reason is not far to seek. But one can not help wondering who it is that cooks up the extraordinary travesties of fact which one runs across from time to time and of which this *Outlook*-Dr. Williams' instance is a good sample. Where is this kind of history made? Can it be in some of the "universities" which turn out those innumerable "D.D.'s" who are so plentiful in the land in these days?

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

"America" in Catholic Colleges

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Many schemes have been proposed to spread the influence of the Catholic press, but it seems to me that AMERICA itself in its present campaign to get the National Catholic Weekly into every Catholic college and high school, has proposed the most feasible of all. That young men in college and high school read AMERICA and enjoy it is a proof of the readableness of the paper. Here in Holy Cross College over three hundred boys are following each week's contents with the greatest interest. A large number of the boys at Brooklyn College, New York, are also reading your Review every week. This custom was introduced into these two colleges by teachers who had in view the present improvement of the boys, and who were desirous also of introducing them early to the discussion of problems that fall within the province of lay activity. Into the ranks of the active laymen we want our boys to enter from the very start.

The task of getting boys at Holy Cross interested in AMERICA has not been difficult. In the first place the active work of selling the copies to the students was entrusted to two popular seniors. Then the professors spoke of the publication in the classroom in a casual way, and in some cases assigned theme work and the drafting of speeches from topics handled in the current issue of the Review. These several methods, coupled with an active appreciation of the paper by the professors themselves, who often spoke in their classes regarding timely and important articles in the week's issue, made a strong impression on the student mind. It is our earnest hope that once the student has become familiar with the paper, he will always feel its need, and desire long acquaintance with the best in Catholic journalism.

With the new campaign to get all Catholic students in our Catholic schools and colleges throughout the country reading AMERICA, it would seem that all Catholic teachers should be in sympathy. It is not hard to awaken interest. The price is no longer prohibitive, as almost every boy can find five cents a week for his copy if he cares to do so. We teachers must show the way and make it our aim to lead the boy to such a desire. For the most part boys are not unwilling to take an interest in questions of the day. All they need is a little instruction on the obligation incumbent on every educated Catholic of keeping informed on topics that are engaging public attention, especially in the bearing on Catholic interests. They soon find that the task is not so dry as at first appeared. May we soon hear that other Catholic colleges in the country are doing what Holy Cross is doing for the Catholic press, namely, disposing weekly of more than one hundred copies of AMERICA to the students!

Worcester, Mass. F. C. W.

The Metamorphosed Russian

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Readers of AMERICA who have followed affairs in the Near East with more than casual interest must have regarded with surprise, and even bewilderment, the pen-picture of "The Russian Soldier" which appeared in its pages a few weeks ago. The paper besides being well written and readable was evidently based on intimate, first-hand knowledge, not only of the Tsar's fighting-machine but also of the stock from which it is recruited—the Russian peasant. It was precisely this quality of genuineness and actuality in the essay of E. Christich that occasioned deep perplexity in some quarters.

Obviously the article was intended to be an unqualified eulogy of the Russian soldier, the Russian peasant, and of the Russian character in general. The peasant of the Empire is depicted as being a spiritual, devout, supernatural, frugal, ascetic, charitable, compassionate, humble, obedient and docile agrarian idealist. A combination of virtues that would render him a rare ornament in any community, Slavic or Teutonic. But if he is this compound of amiability he is assuredly worthy of far better treatment than is generally accorded him by the scholars, travelers and ethnologists who have studied him on his native heath and then recorded their findings in the pages of contemporaneous history. Their reports run altogether counter to the glowing description of his latest very able apologist. Thus, for example, E. Christich says in "The Russian Soldier":

> The bulk of the Russian army is made up of peasants, and therefore it is a religious, loyal, docile, devout, humane body of men, for all these qualities distinguish the Russian peasant. The mainspring of his life is a supernatural force. . . . Frugal, ascetic, charitable, devout, the *Mujik* is very close to the Christian ideal. No other Christian race has so spontaneously assimilated the Christian teaching of poverty, humility and renunciation.

Yet the "Catholic Encyclopedia," to which "E. C." is a contributor, says, vol. XIII, p. 233, sq.:

> Statistics show a continual increase of criminality in Russia, due to the increase of population, the dissemination of socialistic and revolutionary ideas among the lower classes, the want of culture and the lack of moral influence of the Orthodox religion. [Here follows a long list of statistics.] The highest percentage of criminals is furnished by the peasants. . . . Political criminality has increased there to an alarming degree. . . . The seminaries both morally and intellectually are in a wretched condition; from these seminaries the moral and intellectual shortcomings of the Russian clergy are derived, their students as a rule entering the priesthood without the least vocation. . . . This clergy exercises its ministry over more than ninety millions of Orthodox faithful; but it is rendered incapable of accomplishing its mission by poverty, want of education, the lack of sound vocations, the oppression of the Government, contempt and social isolation, family cares, and not infrequently by drink. Only in the cities are there to be found priests of culture and in comfortable circumstances; those who work in the rural parishes are deserving of pity and compassion.

The conclusion from all this is patent. The whole history of religious experience demonstrates that if the shepherds be such, it is morally impossible for the sheep to be "religious, devout, ascetic," with "the mainspring of his life a supernatural force"!

However much he may wish to believe the best about his

fellow-men, the lover of truth will be hard put to it to reconcile these and certain other discrepancies that rear themselves like a barbed wire entanglement between the historical Russian and the mystical, dreaming idealist that graced AMERICA's pages a while ago. Paradox peeps o'er paradox and inconsistencies on inconsistencies arise. And strangest of all is the puzzle furnished by a comparison between previous articles of E. Christich and this latest appreciation of Ivan. For example, within less than a twelvemonth, March 14, 1914, there appeared in AMERICA an essay entitled "The Russian Advance" by the author of "The Russian Soldier." This particular subject had at the time an especial interest for the present writer, as he was then less than a day's journey from the Russian frontier. The paper was, in substance, a sharp cry of warning from "E C." to the nations of Europe against the "Russian peril" which "like an octopus" is creeping relentlessly forward, threatening before long to lay the whole English-speaking world prostrate under its domination! England in particular is warned of the peril; her "supine indifference" in the face of the steady stream of Russian emigration through Turkestan, with Russia all the while "surreptitiously" increasing her army, is scornfully characterized by "E. C." as downright cowardice In fine, the whole tenor, intent and atmosphere of this contribution is the flat negation of all that "The Russian Soldier" stands for! A single example must suffice, though they might be multiplied.

In "The Russian Soldier," speaking of Russia's limited army, and the total absence of militarism, "E. C." says:

"Another cause for the limitation is the non-martial character of the people, the most restful, inaggressive people in the world." In "The Russian Advance" we read:

> No more striking change in the trend of international politics has taken place within the last decade than the tacit acceptance of Russian expansion, etc. . . . Turn whither we will the spectacle of Russia creeping forward confronts us, materially in Asia, politically in Europe. . . . Friends of liberty and tolerance the world over will hope that it (the absorption of smaller States like Persia) be deferred until the great Muscovite Empire has reached a higher grade in her cultural evolution. . . . Russia is creating a sphere of influence in Hungary itself, and from Alaska to Suedo-Finnish ground, from the Urals to the Baltic, she stretches like an octopus. (AMERICA, vol. X, p. 540.)

And yet with this warning ringing in our ears that the Russian bear "is overwhelming the world," we are invited to remember that this race is "the most restful, inaggressive people in the world"!

But still one's wonder grows, for in AMERICA for May 10, and 17, 1913, appears another, longer contribution from the pen of E. Christich. These two papers entitled, "The Rule of the Romanoffs" were inspired by the jubilee of the Romanoff dynasty in 1913, its tercentenary. They are anything but complimentary either to the Romanoffs or to their ideals, which have of necessity become the dominating factor in Russian life. Put side by side with "The Russian Soldier" these documents add to our perplexity. For example we read in "The Russian Soldier":

> The Russian soldier's greatcoat is spacious, for he likes plenty of room and full freedom of movement. Neither is his soul stunted by cast-iron rules, meticulous observances of non-essential details or the systematic harshness that drives to suicide. Between officer and man there is human dealing, mutual tolerance and the sense of solidarity that actuates all Slavs without regard to caste. . . . Everything in Russia is big, etc., etc. . . .

In "The Rule of the Romanoffs" we read: "Romanoff liberty is an article for export only. . . . In Russia the preachers of liberalism find their way to Siberia, and religious freedom is a fiction." These last statements are, of course, absolutely unimpeachable, as the writer then goes on to show by specific references to the insidious and systematic persecution of the Catholic Church which has not relaxed for three hundred years. There are thirteen million Catholics in Russia, we might remark in passing, despite the fact that a Catholic priest is punished by being driven into exile if he dares to admit a convert to the Sacraments.

Finally, not to multiply the puzzling parodoxes, "E. C." says, in "The Russian Soldier":

> He depends on moral and not on material help to attain his end. Because he possesses his soul, the Russian soldier knows no defeat. . . . At a massed parade on Morsova Polya, outside Petrograd, I saw a body of stolid-looking recruits break their lines and rush toward the Tsar as soon as he appeared, hurrahing and waving their caps in a manner certainly not learned at drill. . . . They had only just come from their villages and could not control their excitement at finding themselves in proximity to the person of the Tsar.

Obviously the purpose of this is to prove that the Russian soldier "possessing his soul" is not a military automaton, but, that man for man he stands, fellow even with the Tsar in "that solidarity that actuates all Slavs without regard to caste." Yet, the same writer, in "The Rule of the Romanoffs" defends a thesis which is absolutely the contrary:

> Nothing is plainer, nevertheless, than that the Tsar is never considered on an equality with the rest of humanity. His vaunted familiarity with the poorest *Mujik* may be gauged from the following verbatim translation of the peasants' address in the recent jubilee celebrations.

"E. C." then quotes the address to prove that Russian "equality" is a myth. One could hardly have found a better confirmation of a pet theory, for the document is a piteous specimen of that absolute servility of spirit which furnishes the groundwork of a despotism. The poor peasants who spoke such lines, *i e.*—potential Russian soldiers—plainly possessed neither body nor soul of their own. They are but units in relentless autocracy, mere ciphers in a horde.

Small wonder, then, that we are bewildered in this maze of contradiction. Surely, objective truth remains ever the same, one and indivisible. But perhaps it is the subjective viewpoint that has veered to meet the exigencies of—war? Whom are we to believe, E. Christich or E. Christich?

E. A. W.

Gothic Vestments

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with pleasure the letter published in your issue of February 27 in reference to the so-called "Gothic" vestments, and I hope our Catholic clergy will bring them into use again. In what Pugin called the "Ages of Faith" they were, I believe generally, if not universally, in use, and have been used in quite recent years; here in Philadelphia there is a church that had a set, which the pastor told me was kept for the greater festivals. But besides their superior beauty as compared with the stiff vestments now commonly used, they also symbolize Our Lord hanging on the Cross, for the "Gothic" chasuble has the transverse bars, placed not at a right angle, but at an angle of about 45 degrees with the upright, thus symbolizing the position of the arms of Our Lord as He hung upon the Cross. One has only to look at any crucifix and this will then be apparent. The Cross is represented in this way not only on the back of the chasuble, but also on the front, and will call to mind what the author of the "Imitation of Christ" says about a priest vested for Mass and going to the altar: that he bears the Cross of Christ on his breast and also on his back.

Philadelphia. H.

AMERICA

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Boston and a Bargain

THE plain man might well inquire what it was that drew together at Boston—as jarring discords resolve in a harmonious concord—such divergent elements as two bishops of the Episcopal Church, a bishop of the Methodist Church, the "unknown presbyter" of Boston, Rose Kelly, upon whom the Catholics "practised electricity," and Dorothy Nichols, sometime inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd. The answer is that Rome brought them together; or, to be more explicit, a common antagonism to Catholics made them forget for the time being the many causes of disunion that divide them. In a world of uncertainty there is considerable comfort in knowing that whatever else may be doubtful, Rome is always wrong. Hence the Protestant divines and Rose Kelly and Dorothy Nichols, somtime inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd.

It is extremely probable that Miss Kelly's acquaintance with electricity is as slight as her acquaintance with Jesuits, whom she conceives as a species of underground clergymen, devoting their lives to producing shocks. On such a count her testimony, so far as it regards the amendment "respecting an establishment of religion," may be taken as passing. But Bishops Lawrence and Babcock, and the Rev. W. H. Van Allen, as members of a Church that is in communion with the English Protestant Reformed Religion as by Law Established, know with all certainty that nothing is more remote and far from probability than that the Catholic Church is ever likely to become the established religion of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or of the United States. Yet an absurd clause to this effect finds a place in the amendments proposed to prohibit appropriations for "sectarian" purposes.

Having begun with universals, it was a simple matter for the proponents to descend to particulars. Hence, under the generalship of Mrs. Susan E. Stevens, a lady of the place, an attack was made upon Catholic institutions in general, and the Houses of the Good Shepherd in particular. We have no brief to apologize for the Houses of the Good Shepherd, they need no apology. It is established beyond dispute, both in England and in America, among Catholics and Anglicans, that the only rescue work of any lasting value is that carried on by religious. If, out of the vast number of inmates of such homes in this country, Mrs. Stevens should have found two to back up her hysterical charges, her contentions are simply disproved by pointing to the considerable majority who do not testify for her. "Hell-holes" was the name the lady gave, with an alliterative turn, to the Houses of the Good Shepherd, which, after all, is true in a sense. For they may be likened to holes to which many a fallen woman creeps from the pit of hell, down which she was slipping rapidly, into the sunshine of forgiveness and grace radiating from the lives of those who have taken for their pattern the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep. The riches of the world could not purchase for one hour one such consecrated life; but if an appropriation of the Massachusetts State funds helps to lift the burden ever so lightly, no blame will attach to the two Protestant bishops, the "unknown presbyter" of Boston, Rose Kelly and Dorothy Nichols, the sometime inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd. A goodly company this. It should be incorporated for the protection of morals, especially truth, chastity and the prevention of the practice of electricity. Apparently the Right Reverend Fathers in the Lord could withstand all shocks administered by their experienced associates, Rose Kelly and Dorothy Nichols, sometime inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd, and Pilate and Herod would be reconciled once again.

Brother Anthony

IN the death of Brother Anthony, New York has lost a friend and benefactor. For more than a quarter of a century he gave the best of his varied and cultivated powers to the higher education of her children. He was not content to give money to the betterment of our city, but he gave, what is far more precious, both the golden and the silver years of his life. As long ago as 1870 he was occupying the chair of English literature in Manhattan College, and from that time on until the day of his death, with some few interruptions when superiorships engaged him elsewhere, he continued to preside over the various institutions of higher learning which are conducted by the Christian Brothers in New York City. How profoundly he influenced Catholic life may still be seen in the very evident marks of his training left on many of the city's most loyal and most fervent Catholic homes. It was inevitable that he should have done so,

for he was a Christian gentleman of the old type, kindly, courteous, courtly and courageous. His learning, his self-control, his high ideals were an inspiration to many hundreds of young men. Nor have they ceased with his death. They have been perpetuated in countless instances, where those who came under his influence felt themselves moved to make their lives noble with a strong, fearless, uncompromisingly loyal Catholic manhood such as his. Careers like his are all too rare; their memory should be kept alive.

"Non-Sectarian Ethics"

THE November-December *Bulletin* of the High School Teachers' Association, New York City, may be said to have been made in Germany; and to that extent it was made well. One article explains the selection of reading texts in German secondary schools, which is determined primarily by their moral worth and character-making power, and only secondarily by their literary value; another fills half the issue with an account of the vocational and continuation schools of Munich, the best type of the system of secondary education that obtains throughout the German empire. Henry E. Fritz, Ph.D., was one of twenty-five American teachers who went to Germany to study its school system, and this article is the result of his observations. Having sketched with keen appreciation the practical purpose and methods and masterly efficiency of the German vocational schools and their skilful application of academic subjects to the training of serviceable and patriotic citizens, the professor describes one evening's class-work in detail. An hour each is given to shop theory and mathematics, to history and civics and the science of machinery, and to German literature. So far our American teacher is in enthusiastic accord, but then follows one hour on "Religion," and here he balks. Protestants and Jews were transferred to sections where their respective religions were taught, a procedure which might, but does not, excite the American's admiration. Electing to remain with the Catholics, he hears the students explain the meaning of Faith, the Christian, Mosaic and natural laws, the Godhead of Christ and the powers He gave His Church, the three parts of the Mass, and a section of Church history—certainly a full and profitable hour; but he is not satisfied. "What a fine opportunity," he laments, "was here, after the practical lesson on veneers, to teach non-sectarian ethics in relation to veneers!"

But despite the lost opportunity their educational system, rigidly sectarian though it be, has, he insists, made the German people "happy, contented with little, industrious, honest, thrifty, yet wealthy," while "unemployment and poverty had almost disappeared." Surely, then, they could dispense with "non-sectarian ethics"; yet the perverse conclusion our American brings back with him is: "We must sooner or later introduce non-sectarian ethics into all the schools of the United States to counteract the tendency toward lawlessness of which American teachers complain." But why not introduce that which has proved its ability to counteract this tendency rather than an undefined something which never did? He would have the teacher expound "the wickedness of selling veneers for solid wood." But suppose the student asks why this is wicked? He will find an adequate answer only in the laws of God, natural and revealed; which will at once whisk him out of the shadowy land of "unsectarian ethics" into Church and Bible and positive Christianity.

The Munich student was there already. He had learned in the hour of "Religion" the wickedness of false veneers, and the source and limits of all other wickedness, and its penalties, and the sanctions and rewards of righteousness. The German Government had taken care of that. The December *Studies* thus summarizes the system:

> In every school the Imperialized curriculum has provided for every scholar a definite and denominational plan of religious instruction extending over the whole nine years; an integral part of the official course, taught at the expense of the State by trained teachers, Catholic, or Lutheran, or Calvinist, or Hebrew, as each scholar required; amply provided for in point of time; the leading subject in the official time-table; not a separate branch, nor unofficial annex, but in the express words of the Prussian State Code, "an essential part of the general organization of the school, not holding a separate or isolated position, but closely bound up in active correlation with all branches of the school work which aim at culture and education."

The secondary teacher passes an examination in philosophy and pedagogy, languages and literature, *religious knowledge* and "general professional fitness." Religion, then, positive and denominational, is an essential part of the system which our American visiting teachers have found so efficient in Germany. This, and not the vague and foundationless ethics that we have already tried and found wanting, is what will counteract lawlessness and build up a God-fearing and law-respecting people. The religious knowledge prescribed would also greatly benefit the teachers.

Save Me from My Friends

IT is a curious, though common phenomenon, that people who have spent their energies in attacking the Catholic Church and its principles, and feign to regard it as dead, or moribund, or at any rate negligible as a world force, will suddenly wake up and complain that it does not exert the very power whose existence they had been denying. Abandoning the faith and teaching of his youth, M. Maeterlinck has glorified the intelligence of birds and horses, and immortalized unintelligent sentient beings at the expense of the immortality of the human soul as expounded by the Catholic Church. Thereby he won socialistic, materialistic, anti-Catholic, anti-Christian plaudits, and not a little cash profit, but forfeited the support of the statesmen, priests and people who, for the last thirty years, the period of his propaganda, have upbuilt

the Belgian Government and nation. As a Government and a people Belgium has stood boldly and effectively for the very things that Maeterlinck repudiated, and thereby it has attained preeminence industrially, socially, religiously, educationally and morally among self-governing nations. During all that period it stood, and still stands, unflinchingly by the Catholic Church and its Head; and now this apostate Fleming, who writes French plays, has the impudence to denounce the Pope for not exerting the authority of which he had always denied him the possession. The report of his tirade is as follows:

ROME, March 15.—Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, who is attempting to stir up a pro-Ally sentiment by lectures throughout Italy, to-day made a savage attack on the Vatican for maintaining a neutral attitude in the war. He declared that the Holy See in taking this position has abandoned the teachings of Jesus Christ.

The silly charge is proved false by a better Belgian authority than Maeterlinck. Mgr. de Wachter, Bishop Auxiliary to Cardinal Mercier, has written:

His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, has expressed his entire satisfaction as well as his paternal sympathy with our great Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. The powers of evil would like to make mischief between Catholic Belgium and the Holy See, but they will not succeed. Later on irresistible proof of the Sovereign Pontiff's profound and complete sympathy with our unhappy country and its courageous and eminent prelate will be made public.

Later it will also appear that the anti-Christian propaganda of M. Maeterlinck and his friends have quite other objects in view than the interests of Belgium or of Italy, and that the Pope, in acting impartially as the loving father of all nations and peoples, has wisely safeguarded the interests of both. Maeterlinck's attacks are reported to have angered many Italian friends of the Allies. The form of the propaganda assumed by him and his anti-Christian confrères might well elicit the cry: "Save me from my friends!"

"Pseudochromesthesia"

SOUNDS like a dreadful malady, but according to Dr. Coriat it is not so alarming as it seems. The word is merely the short name for the disease—or should we not say the gift?—of hearing colors. He had a woman patient, reports the Boston *Transcript*, to whom the name "Nellie," for instance, suggested pale blue: "Lucy" a clear sapphire, "Bertha" a deep Prussian blue. Long *a* she described as a "cool" sound; long *e* a "high, cool sound"; purple depressed her, and green produced a feeling of discontent. This remarkable woman could also "taste" beautiful colors, and she had a fellow-patient in whom "Each type of pain produced its individual and invariable color, for instance: hollow pain, blue color; sore pain, red color; deep headache, vivid scarlet; superficial headache, white color."

Dr. Coriat's discoveries will doubtless prove, if the term may be permitted, "epoch-making." The use of a word like "loud" to describe flamboyant attire, "dark-brown" to express an unpleasant taste, and "blue" to indicate lowness of spirits, has hitherto been thought highly figurative language that refined lovers of "understatement" always avoid. But now the use of such terms can be defended on scientific grounds, and there will develop a race of expert "chromesthesiasts" who will be able to express with the colors of the spectrum every sound the human ear can catch, every taste the palate can enjoy, and every emotion that stirs the heart. A trumpet-blast, for example, will doubtless be a vivid red, a chanted dirge a deep violet, a pleasant "Good Morning" a delicate green. The taste of onions, too, might well be described with a sort of Niobitic yellow; that of terrapin with brilliant blue; and Boston beans with a not-too-sober gray. The anxiety insistent creditors cause a merchant would probably be a mauve tint which could readily be distinguished from the lilac hue with which a greedy boy's repentance is feelingly expressed. But no one but a highly-skilled chromesthesiast could tell just how the sigh of a love-lorn swain differed in color from that of a briefless barrister, or discern the scarlet elation of a successful office-seeker from the cherry-colored blitheness of a rising author. The science of chromesthesia has, unquestionably, a bright future.

Open Advocacy of Sin

THE gradual but steady reversion of our civilization to the ideals and practices of paganism is making it increasingly difficult for Catholics to maintain a firm hold on Christian principles. Christ's code of morals, though not by that name, is being branded as superstition. Advocates of the new ethics are waxing stronger and bolder, and doctrines which a score of years ago were whispered in secret, are now shouted from the housetops. Practices which are clearly in violation of one of the most obvious mandates of the natural law, and which, moreover, have been forbidden by unmistakable and direct revelations of the divine will, are now unblushingly advised as the dictates of the "clean good sense of mankind." The prohibition of the detestable deeds, similar in effect at least to Onan's, is lightly called a "hideous doctrine." We quote from the *New Republic*, in the issue of March 6:

The time is at hand when men and women must denounce it as a conspiracy against the race, when public opinion must compel the amendment of laws which make it a criminal offence to teach people how to control their fertility. Harmless methods of preventing conception are known. . . . But what so many of the well-to-do and the educated practice, the poor are prevented from learning. . . . They pay for it . . . by the production of a horde of unwanted souls. . . . There is not one of these miseries which can not be largely reduced by the extension to all classes of inventions already the property of the educated. What are the objections to the use of a knowledge which is defended by so few and practised by so many? The root of them is the tendency to

shudder at anything which seems to interfere with God's plan. . . . But the clean, good sense of mankind is through with that black inversion.

All this is abominable. It is teaching and pleading the cause of mortal sin. And its danger is the greater by reason of its insidious plea for the happiness of mankind. Such writers, knowing no better, are seemingly sincere. Taking their stand on the purely natural, and starting from the principle that the diminution of temporal infelicity is the greatest good, they look on the rights of man as supreme, disregard entirely the rights of God, and leave altogether out of account the supernatural. It is to be regretted that any paper should make itself the spokesman of a reactionary and immoral doctrine that is a menace both to the individual and society. The Catholic attitude is expressed in the words of an indignant subscriber, published in a subsequent number of the *New Republic,* who declares the article in question to be "deserving of rebuke beyond the power of words to express. The doctrine there taught is not only flagrant immorality, but criminal, and there should be laws enacted to punish as criminals the sowing of such tares. The article evinces hopeless immorality. . . . I can not have a paper that would publish such filth come into my house. Please remove my name from your list." With this criticism all Catholics will be in sympathy. Such writing pollutes the atmosphere of the home.

The Hope of the World

ALMIGHTY prayer for peace has been lifted up to the Sacred Heart by the nations far removed from the war-stricken countries of Europe. Once more divine charity has overflowed upon the earth from the fountain of love, that "love alone might reign among men." What response the charity of God will find in the hearts of His creatures we can not tell. What still remains to be drained of that cup of bitterness which the folly of irreligion has held to the lips of mankind we can not know. Of one thing alone we are certain, that our prayers are not without result, no matter when it may be that in God's providence the din of battle will cease and the last wreath of smoke rise from the cannon's mouth and melt away into the sky of peace. Blessed, at all events, are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Fittingly it was to the Sacred Heart that we cried out in the world's great need. It was the bloody implement of war, the world-conquering spear of the Roman legionary, which opened wide the Heart of Christ, that thence might flow the last drops of the Precious Blood. Christ had tasted for us dereliction and torment and agonies far greater than all the pains war could inflict upon the world's sufferers. He had triumphed in the midst of defeat and through death had achieved victory, that the conquered even more than the conquerors might look up to Him and gain strength as well as comfort, finding even in failure the source of supreme success.

To Him, therefore, we have turned, following the example set us by the Sovereign Pontiff. Who, indeed, was not moved at the thought of that white-robed, spiritual figure of the Vicar of Christ, casting himself in lowliness before the altar and calling in a voice filled with emotion upon the Heart of the Saviour to have pity and mercy, to inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness and bring back love and peace to the discordant earth? Surely, the world is better for that prayer, and for the countless petitions that have since arisen to Heaven with it. How God in return may dispense His blessings we leave to His own infinite mercy and wisdom to decide. Whether the longed-for peace come soon or late, it suffices for us to trust in His love and know that our prayers can never be in vain. We still, therefore, shall continue to implore that war may cease, that enmities may be laid aside and, above all, that His holy will be done, in whose love alone the world can find its lasting peace.

Saints Made While You Wait

WE sometimes hear, "She is a saint," and, alas, more rarely, "He is a saint." The regular process of making a saint is a long and expensive one. The chief requisite is that you must be dead fifty years. Other difficult requisites are a host of witnesses to bear testimony to your heroic virtues and an officer, in whose duties we are all expert from daily practice, but who makes it hard for candidates of sanctity to escape his rake and finer-toothed comb and dissecting blade and high-power microscope. This dexterous official with the surgeon's case is the *advocatus diaboli,* styled in the President's English, the devil's advocate. Now in olden days the people made saints, as they made bishops and popes, by acclamation, or if they did not make them, they nominated them, and left it to the proper authority to ratify their choice. People every day block the canonization of so many saints that it is too bad the opposite process is not encouraged more.

"Let the people make saints," is a good campaign cry to go to the country with. "Canonized in America" should be a popular trademark. Of course there will be certain necessary qualifications, but we must not be too exacting. The people's standard of sanctity is high already. Men and women do not rush into conversation with the cry, "That's a saint!" But if any one declares, "She never says a word against a single person." "That will do," is the unanimous cry, "Canonize her." Next! "He never yet looked around before speaking to see whether any ladies were present." "Canonized!" say all. The people judge the health of the soul and its sanctity, as doctors judge the health of the body, by looking at the tongue, and in the case of the soul the test works better.

Keeping it up is another school for saints. We propose some candidates whose perseverance merits perhaps the degree. Here is a weak woman, looks fifty but is not

near it, has been nursing a sick father who is helpless as a child but not as easily helped; works every day in a factory, is alone, except when bothered by a worse than helpless brother. What do you think? Had we not better call her, say, Saint Alpha Aquilae: that is, a star of the first magnitude. Here is candidate number two, already canonized by his mother who gives the testimony. Deponent states that her son is now over thirty, he does not drink; smokes occasionally but not to hurt any one; has never been known to swear, has to work on Sunday and can not, unhappily, go often to Mass; has given to herself, the mother, his pay-envelope, every week of his life, with his whole pay—Enough! Let him in at once and call him Saint Multiplicand, and let the nuns have a new name so that they wont have to be going back to Egypt for titles, calling themselves, Sister Psammitichus or the like. Here is the last candidate offered to-day: She is the mother of ten children. Hold! Her process of canonization is over; chant the *Iste Confessor.* What's that? The devil's advocate objects: "She was not present at the Euchre and Dance for Nativity Parish." "Why, Mr. Advocate, she made the parish." Objection is at once withdrawn.

This is a test of a true saint. He never knows he is one although the whole world unites in considering him a saint. Tell any of the above that they are doing something extraordinary, and they will not believe it. They are doing nothing at all, they feel, and will continue to do nothing at all until St. Peter closes and locks the gates of heaven behind them. Then, looking around, they will inquire in amazement, "When did we do anything to deserve this?"

It may be objected that this new process of canonization acts too swiftly. We do not think so. Saints may be made in a second. One great sinner had seven devils exorcised with one word, "because she loved much"; another sinner was dismissed forgiven, to sin no more, "because no one condemned her"; another was sanctified by a look; another, a robber and a murderer, was canonized as he was put to death for his crimes. No, the process is not too swift. Volunteers are wanted. As you go through the parish hereafter, canonize a saint at every house. There will be devil's advocates enough, don't you fear, to delay the process.

LITERATURE

Twenty "Don'ts" of Science

IT is a remarkable fact that until comparatively recent years there has been a general impression that no development of science worth mentioning took place before our time, and that the biological sciences, and particularly such applied scientific departments as medicine and surgery, had utterly failed to develop. Indeed, many men, who thought themselves well-read and who were reputed well-educated, argued that since there had been no development of science before our age, there must be some strong reason for it, so they fixed upon the Church as the scapegoat. For she, it was assumed, was the power which prevented, or at least discouraged, all really scientific investigations. Here in America Professor Draper and President White, with this for a thesis, wrote books that are widely known and still widely read.

But we have changed all that. We know that the medieval universities, far from suppressing science in any way, were actually scientific universities. Above all, the medical schools of these old-time universities developed magnificently, and their text-books, which have recently been republished, are very valuable contributions to medical and surgical science. Though most of these works were first printed in the time of the Renaissance, they had been gathering dust on the shelves of libraries until a generation ago.

As a consequence of renewed acquaintance with these books all our ideas about the state of medicine and surgery, and regarding the development of the biological sciences in the Middle Ages, have been revolutionized. We know that often during the past eight centuries men have made remarkable advances in medicine and surgery, anticipating some of the great "discoveries" only recently made. At the last meeting of the International Medical Congress a special section on the history of medicine was organized, because it was felt that that department not only presented details of interest to antiquarians, but because it enabled the present generation to face more critically many problems concerning the nature and treatment of disease, for much of the experience gained in preceding centuries had unfortunately been lost.

It is easy, therefore, to understand how many wrong impressions with regard to the history of science are now current. Instead of that almost universal neglect of scientific research, which had been supposed, there was, on the contrary, lively interest in such questions and those who write loosely about the history of science are sure to make even greater mistakes here than in general history. As the newer development of the history of science is even less generally known than the recent developments in political and educational history, editors, writers and lecturers frequently fall into ridiculous errors because their knowledge is not "up-to-date." So these "Twenty 'Don'ts' of Science" are gathered together with the object of preventing "educated" people from dropping into absurdities with regard to the history of science:

Don't refer lightly and confidently to a papal bull which forbade the study of anatomy by dissection. The document referred to is easily obtained, and you will find that instead of the supposed prohibition of anatomy it is a wise hygienic regulation. (See "The Popes and Science.")

Don't cite, though many have done so, a papal bull forbidding chemistry, for when you read the text of that document it proves to be a statute prohibiting counterfeiting.

Don't quote the famous bull against Halley's comet. That bull has never been found. Within five years of the time when it is supposed to have been issued, Regiomontanus, often called the father of modern astronomy, was invited to Rome to become papal astronomer.

Don't listen to that nonsense about ecclesiastical opposition to surgery. One of the most wonderful surgeons of history is Theodoric of Lucca, who was a bishop; the father of modern French surgery, Guy de Chauliac, was a clergyman.

Don't hint that in order to make money by pilgrimages, relics, shrines and prayers, the Church discouraged the development of medicine and surgery. The greatest list of scientific doctors in the history of medicine is that of the papal physicians.

Don't fail to recall that Copernicus, the great founder of the Copernican theory, was a canon, owed his post-graduate education to the cathedral chapter, spent ten years in Italy and was eternally grateful to his Italian masters.

Don't forget that pious scientists have existed. Linacre, the Englishman to whom medicine and scholarship owe so much, became a priest toward the end of his life.

Don't forget that the pious Galvani was buried at his own request in the habit of St. Francis, Ampère's favorite devotion was his beads, Pasteur was a devout communicant, Volta scoffed at the notion of having any doubts about faith.

Don't boast of our development of dentistry: the filling of teeth with gold and other metals, the capping of teeth, various methods of dental prosthesis and even transplantation of teeth are all old inventions.

Don't talk about sanitation as new. The medieval people made regulations that enabled them to get rid of leprosy when it was nearly as common as tuberculosis is now, and we shall do very well if we succeed in obliterating our folk disease as successfully as they did.

Don't forget to look up the pure food and drug laws of medieval Italy before boasting about our enlightenment in this matter. In those days the purveyor of impure drugs was hanged. A cheating druggist's stock was confiscated.

Don't boast of the perfection of our medical education until you read the laws of the Middle Ages. Before a young physician was allowed to set up for himself three years of preliminary work at the university were required and then four years at the study of medicine, besides an extra year's practice under a doctor or surgeon.

Don't quote the Galileo case to prove that the Church has hampered science as a policy. Cardinal Newman, whose logic is unquestioned and unquestionable, has suggested that if this is the only case that can be cited in 700 years, then it must be considered the exception which proves the rule. And Augustus de Morgan agreed with Newman.

Don't quote Galileo's *É pur se muove:* "And yet it moves." That expression was not heard of for considerably more than a century after Galileo's day, and is then found for the first time in the *seventh edition* of a French biographical dictionary, though it had not occurred in the Galileo article of the sixth edition.

Don't talk about Galileo's dungeon, nor his years of imprisonment. He never was in prison for an hour. He was sentenced to remain in the custody of a friend, and after a year his son was made his custodian. The principal part of his punishment—Poor man!—was the recital of the Seven Penitential Psalms every day for three years.

Don't think that science is explaining mysteries. Science multiplies mysteries and the more we know the more we know that we do not know. Professor Ramsay, the great English physicist, says that as a young man he started out with the idea that he would never accept anything that he did not understand, but he found that it was almost impossible to meet with anything that he could fully understand.

Don't write about a knowledge of science as making more difficult a belief in a personal God. Lord Kelvin, the greatest of modern physicists, declared that science *demonstrates* the existence of a Creator.

Don't suggest that when a man knows a great deal about scientific medicine he loses his faith. Morgagni, Malpighi, Laennec, Johann Müller, the father of modern German medicine; Theodor Schwann, the father of the cell doctrine; Claude Bernard, the greatest of modern physiologists, and above all Louis Pasteur, the greatest contributor to modern medicine, were actually practical Catholics.

Don't forget the remark Dean Stanley made as he lay on a sick bed from which it was thought he would never rise: "Life looks very different when viewed from the horizontal." Life and its philosophy look very different when viewed from the gathering shadows of the end of life.

Don't forget Francis Bacon's well-known expression "A little philosophy"—by which he meant natural philosophy, or as we call it, science—"inclineth man's mind, to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

REVIEWS

The Society of the Sacred Heart. By JANET ERSKINE STUART. Roehampton, London: The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

The late Mother Stuart had the rare gift of saying much, and saying it well, in a very few words. Hers was not, it has been remarked, an intellect of an unusually high order. But for all practical purposes it was something better. It was a trained intellect, sharp and clear, with a way, almost disconcerting at times, of going straight to the heart of things. One might expect the present little volume to treat exclusively of the world-wide Society which Mother Stuart guarded so faithfully and with much success, during a very troublous period. In a sense this expectation is not disappointed. But Mother Stuart, in setting forth the peculiar genius of her Society, has given an explanation of the fundamental principles of the religious life, which is a marvel of clear and concise exposition. An overworked phrase helps many a lame critic over a stile, especially if the phrase happens to express a literal truth. By leave of the purist, then, it may be said that Mother Stuart's book has an appeal that is extraordinarily wide.

First, to her own daughters in religion, to whom the book is her legacy. These will gladly reread the exhortations to religious perfection penned by a Mother who always added to her teaching the force of her own example. Then, to the thousands of women whose good fortune it was to be brought under the strong, yet gentle, influence of these faithful, self-denying daughters of the Sacred Heart. As a book of spiritual reading, especially for young religious, it would be most useful. In these simple pages, the Catholic laity will find that information on the spirit of the consecrated life, with which, sad to relate, many well-educated Catholics are strangely and shockingly unfamiliar. To the educated non-Catholic, in search of similar information on this folly of the Cross, no better book could be given. He will here find his difficulties answered, not polemically, but by a calm statement of the Gospel principles on which the religious life is founded and, by a convincing account utterly free from exaggeration, of the manner in which these principles are made to count in daily life.

This little book, the voice of one who being dead, yet speaketh, is certain to work an immense amount of good. Mother Stuart's "The Education of Catholic Girls" is, in the reviewer's opinion, easily the best book on the subject in the English language. The volumes of Mother Stuart's writings already accessible to the public, make one look forward with eagerness to her "Instructions for Religious Communities," which, it is reported, are now being prepared for publication.

P. L. B

The Scotch-Irish in America. By HENRY JONES FORD Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

At this time, when hyphenated Americans are under a ban, it would seem inopportune to add a mythical combination to the real varieties; but "Scotch-Irish" and "Anglo-Saxons" are privileged. It were almost as easy to construct a bulky volume on Irish snakes as on the "Scotch-Irish" race; yet Professor Ford of Princeton has managed to achieve 611 pages on the thesis that at the time of the Ulster plantation Scotland was peopled by Saxons, Teutons, Scandinavians, Flemish, Picts—anything but Celts, who had been largely exterminated; that the planters made up of this Teutonic mixture and a larger number of English Teutons, having ousted the barbarous Irish of Ulster, became "Scotch-Irish," sudden and

unawares; that the descendants of these formed almost exclusively the immigrants that came from Ireland to America up to the nineteenth century, and that they and all others of Irish origin who distinguished themselves here were always "Scotch-Irish," even when they styled themselves otherwise. The professor is chary of references, seldom tells from what Irish ports the numerous Irish immigrants sailed to the colonies, and never spreads out their names from State and city records, so that the reader may pass judgment on genealogies; and though they themselves, in every passage cited descriptive of their origin, write themselves down as plain Irish, and not one is found in which they claim to be "Scotch-Irish," yet the author chooses invariably so to designate them, and on page after page multiplies the hyphenated miscegenation till the thesis is proved by iteration.

Ethnologically and historically Irish-Irish would be a better designation. Ireland, which was called Scotia up to the twelfth century, colonized western Caledonia in its pre-Christian days, and thereafter Christianized and civilized the whole country, giving it a king, dynasty, literature, name, and national life. The Princetonian claim that the later prevalence of Saxon dialect in the Lowlands, where Gaelic names still predominate, proves the English origin of its people, would also prove that all others of English speech, even our Afro-Americans, are Anglo-Saxon. The English-speaking Scots, having degenerated from Gaelic Christianity into Calvinistic iconoclasts and joy-killers, King James transplanted them to "extirp" their Gaelic cousins of Ulster. The professor's account of the whole abominable procedure follows the most bigoted English versions, now thoroughly discredited, and he grounds his hearty approval on the necessity of civilizing the barbarous Irish. Douglas Hyde's contrast between the lofty tone and exquisite art of the Irish poets of the period and the vulgar and murderous Calvinistic psalm-singers is evidently unknown at Princeton. However, contact with the undegenerate Gaels improved them, and later kings, having filched them also of religious and economic rights and privileges, the Ulster Presbyterians, fraternizing with the Catholics in common resistance to oppression, and losing much of their Calvinistic dourness, soon became Irish; and, fleeing to America with burning hate of their oppressors, both entered with zest into the Revolution, contributed most to its success, and made possible the religious liberty clauses in our Constitution.

They were just plain Irish, whatever their remote origin, and, whether Protestant or Catholic, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Patrick was their patron. The medal of the Philadelphia Friendly Sons, and which they presented to Washington on his adoption, showed St. Patrick crushing a snake, and Liberty resting on a harp as she joined Hibernia and America—surely no "Scotch-Irish" device. These were mainly Protestants, but the predominance of Irish Catholics in colonial immigration is clearly proved in T. H. Maginniss' thoroughly documented work "The Irish Contribution to American Independence." (Cf. AMERICA, Vol. IX, 16, 17.) "Scotch-Irish" means Protestant Irish, if anything. It is an afterthought to filch the Catholic Gael of American distinction. Mr. Ford has not filched it of ethnic absurdity.

M. K.

An Introduction to the Mystical Life. By the ABBÉ P. LEJEUNE. Translated from the French by BASIL LEVETT. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Practical Mysticism. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: Dutton & Co. $1.00.

The former of these volumes is appropriately named. An introduction to the mystical life it is in the fullest sense, and as such it is a pleasure to recommend it most cordially. Not because it contains anything novel, but precisely because it is so clear and so faithful a digest of the teaching of acknowledged masters in the field of mystical theology, will the work be of the greatest service to directors, and to all who aspire to the higher life. Whenever an authority is cited, the writer takes pains to give the exact reference; this begets confidence, and may be taken as an index of the scholarly thoroughness apparent throughout the volume. In the preface, it is stated emphatically that the mystical life is not with any infallible certainty the outcome of our own effort, however rightly that effort may have been made; it is God's free gift to whom He pleases and when He pleases. Our part consists in cultivating the soil to render it fit to receive the heavenly showers. The first chapter contains a brief but masterly exposition of what is understood by the mystical life; in the following five chapters, the author points out some of the practices which form the best dispositions for the same, while the book closes with a searching analysis of the transition of the generous soul from the ordinary spiritual life, through the prayer of simple advertence and, through what St. John of the Cross has so fittingly called "the night of the senses," into the mystic city. The writer is avowedly an enemy to vagueness of thought and expression; his language throughout is clear, succinct, kindly and alike free from technicalities and idle speculations. The translator has done his work well.

In "Practical Mysticism" the reviewer has to do with a book of a very different stamp. Most of the qualities which he has praised in the former volume, are here sadly wanting. Miss Underhill (Mrs. Stuart Moore) intends her work for normal minds, yet the average reader, even if he has had sufficient grit to wade through it, will carry away from the volume very little enlightenment. As the book goes on, the impression grows that the writer is often employing words, not to disclose but to enshroud her thought. Whether or not she believes in a personal God is not at all clear, and she shows no acquaintance with the supernatural. If Miss Underhill is not a Monist, her words not unfrequently leave themselves open to grave misinterpretation, for, consciously or otherwise, she borrows freely from the language of pantheism. The volume is verbose, nebulous, evasive, as well as doctrinally objectionable, and, after a dreary ramble, the reviewer laid it aside, without learning either what mysticism is or the author's mind on the subject.

D. J. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Those who have read Dr. James J. Walsh's "Sixty Historical 'Don'ts'" in the *Catholic Mind* for February 22 will find equally interesting his "Fifty 'Don'ts' of Science," which appear in the current number of that periodical. Some of these "Don'ts" will be found in this number of AMERICA. The March 22 *Mind* also contains Mr. Nelson Hume's excellent paper on "Catholics in the Y. M. C. A." and it is followed by several shorter articles which show the true character of that organization. The number concludes with a summary of our new Catholic statistics.

Here is some recent music: For the service of the Three Hours on Good Friday, J. Fischer & Bro. have published in octavo "The Seven Last Words" ($0.25), with verses and music by the Rev. John G. Hacker, S.J. These hymn tunes—one for each of the seven words of Our Lord on the cross—are written for solo or unison chorus with organ accompaniment. They are called "simple" in a prefatory note by the composer, but they are not of the kind that will immediately find favor with a congregational choir, nor are their accompaniments, which are harmonized in the modern manner, likely to lessen the apparent austerity of the tunes. There is, however, a subdued attractiveness to these hymns which repetition, no doubt, will serve to disclose. Because of the evident care and earnest workmanship manifested in their composition, these hymns

deserve to be commended to all choirs called upon to provide unison music for the service of the Three Hours. Under the title "Laudes Vespertinæ sive Thesaurus Cantionum" ($0.35), Fr. Pustet & Co. have collected together in a handy volume a number of Gregorian hymns and selections from the proper of the Mass, the Vesper service and from Compline. For church choirs and communities that use Gregorian to any extent this volume ought to prove a convenience. For the use of choirs, Rev. Edw. J. Murphy has compiled "Latin Pronounced for Choirs" (H. L. Kilner, Philadelphia, $0.25), a small manual of the more usual Latin hymns, wherein each syllable is phonetically spelled out according to the Roman-Italian method of pronunciation. A companion volume, "Latin Pronounced for Altar Boys" ($0.25), spells out in the same way the prayers at Mass. Luckhardt & Belder have published a song entitled "Irish Names," words by John Ludlow, music by Mamie Graham Destamps, in which much is said and sung of the "Names wid a body an' bones an' a soul to thim." All concerned should examine this song to see if their names are properly recorded in the chorus.

Priests who are eager to increase their usefulness as confessors will be glad to know of a pamphlet entitled "Examen Conscientiae seu Methodus Excipiendi Confessiones Variis in Linguis" (Pustet, $0.20) which Father Fulgentius M. Krebs, O.M.C., has prepared. In German, French, English, Italian, Spanish and Polish are arranged in parallel tables well-worded questions the priest needs to ask penitents, and the ritual and prayers for the administration of the last sacraments are added.——Somewhat similar in its scope is "Religious Terms: One Hundred and One Signs" (The Xavier Ephpheta Society, 30 W. 16th St., New York, $0.10), a little book the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S.J., has published. The ideographic signs used by our Catholic deaf mutes when they converse about religious practices are very interesting and expressive. Confession, for instance, is indicated by crossing the fingers of both hands, "forming a screen, held at the ear"; justice: "the thumb and forefinger of each hand forming a circumference and teetering, indicating a balance"; obstinancy: "the back of the open hands held up at either temple, indicating a donkey"; Church: "'C' resting on the back of the left hand as if on a rock." The manual alphabet is also given.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
A Manual of Church History. By Francis Xavier Funk. Translated by P. Perciballi and edited by W. H. Kent, O.S.C. 2 Vols. $5.50.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
The Wayward Child. By Hannah Kent Schoff. $1.00.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Arundel. By E. F. Benson. $1.25.

Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Dr. Syn. By Russell Thorndyke. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Who Built the Panama Canal? By W. Leon Pepperman. $2.00; The Wild Knight. By G. K. Chesterton. $1.25.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Sweet-Scented Leaves. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. $1.25; Poems. By Armel O'Connor. $0.75; Les Cloches des Morts. By the Author of "By the Grey Sea." $0.45; The Mirror. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. $0.60; The Earthly Paradise or The Vocation to the Religious State. By Rev. John Henry, C.SS.R. $0.15; Vida Popular de San Vincente de Paul. $0.50; La Tolerancia. Por A. Vermeersch, S.J. $1.45; Manuale Theologiæ Moralis. Edidit Dominicus M. Prümmer. O. Pr. III. Tom. $7.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Loneliness? By Robert Hugh Benson. $1.35.

John Lane Co., New York:
A Pilgrim's Scrip. By R Campbell Thompson. $3.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Episcopal Church. By George Hodges. $1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Origins of the War. By J. Holland Rose. $1.00; The World Crisis and the Way to Peace. By E. Ellsworth Shumaker. $0.75.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
Socialism as the Sociological Ideal. By Floyd J. Melvin. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Content of the Youthful Mind

CONTENT! That's the word. If you are a teacher, you have heard it. The dictionary admits a doubt as to the accent, but no intellectual has any hesitancy on that point. Lay the stress on the first syllable. Lay it strong. Content! The dictionary says that the word is ordinarily used in the plural, but an intellectual is nothing ordinary. If you want to be an intellectual, use the word in the singular. Say content. Do not say contents.

CRASS PERSONS

The content of the youthful mind! Dear teacher, seated at the feet of wisdom in educational meeting and convention, you have heard that expression. You have *felt* it dropped on your head. Its weight was leaden because it was spoken with the complete conviction of a scientific conclusion. Do you doubt the content of the youthful mind? What ignorance! What pedagogical incapacity! Experts in pedagogy are sure of the content. Some of them have not had much, or perhaps any, acquaintance with youthful minds; they have not had the chance to hear the hollow rattle of the empty sconce as you have had who are a teacher, but by reason of this lack of actual experience, they are all the surer of the content. The psychology of pedagogy vouches for it! Can you doubt it after that? Yes, even after that there are some teachers who doubt it. Not so long ago a teacher of English in a State Normal School dared to say that even in the minds of a good many normal pupils there was no content. And this in the face of the psychology of pedagogy! How unspeakably crass!

DRY WELLS

Yes, it is crass. It is as crass as solid, unyielding fact. To hear some educational pedants talk of the content of the youthful mind, one might easily conclude that they believed either that the mind is filled with innate knowledge or that it can evolve thought out of nothing. A great deal of fun has been poked at Macaulay's schoolboy, but it is generally understood that he worked hard in order to gain his large and varied store of information. His inventor is not supposed to have claimed that his infant phenomenon was born with a mind that was a living well, and that all the child had to do was to dip in and draw forth knowledge; in fact, that the mind was an artesian well, and that the knowledge simply ran over. Macaulay knew what literary composition meant, and if he thought of the youthful mind as a well at all, it was as of a well which was empty by nature and which had to be filled by hard labor at the pumps. What a practical teacher rejects is the arrogant assumption of pedagogical theorists that English composition is a process of drawing thought out of minds into which no thought has ever been put.

These teachers know as well as pedagogical experts that literature is personal thought. They recognize that it is the original idea which is the test of the literary artist, but has the average pupil *any* ideas, let alone original ones?

SEEING NOTHING

In his autobiography Sir William Butler says: "Had it been possible for any one child to tell us exactly what he saw when he first opened his eyes, that earliest impression of the world would probably have proved the most interesting brain-picture ever given by an individual to the general public." But Sir William Butler was never a teacher. Had he been, he would not have written thus. The teacher of an

average primary or secondary class would say that the child so opening his eyes probably saw nothing. All of us, no doubt, on one or other occasion, have sat looking at an object, perhaps staring at it for a length of time, and seen nothing. We call it abstraction. We do not give young people credit for it, but teachers know that young people, at least many of them, are gifted with extraordinary powers of abstraction. We read in the lives of some of the youthful saints that they knew the ways only to church and to school. In this virtue the average schoolboy outstrips the saints. He does not know even those ways. Ask him what he sees daily on his way to and from school, and you will find that he sees next to nothing. Ask him with what he keeps his mind busy while making the trip and he will come very near the truth when he answers: "Nothing."

This is rather discouraging when you are looking for the content of the youthful mind. It is more than discouraging if you are blamed for not discovering the said content. It is certain that boys and girls of school age have countless experiences, but they do not seem to experience them. All knowledge comes through the senses. Young people seem to be hearing, seeing, sensing all day long, but an investigation leads one to think that it is only seeming. "Merely this and nothing more." The senses appear to reflect rather than to refract impressions. We express the phenomenon by saying that young people do not observe. The youthful mind is capable of containing much, but in reality it contains very little. Considering its varied experience, it ought to have a content but, as a matter of fact, it usually has not and it never will have until it is taught to *observe*.

Creative Power

But what of creative power? If you deny the content of the youthful mind, do you not throw out of the count all that has ever been urged for originality. Can there be any literary work without creation? No, but what does literary creation mean?

Edmund Burke may be said, in the literary sense, to have created India. He never lived there and still knew it better than many who had. That was creative imagination. What did it mean? It meant the ability to reconstruct in imagination the peoples and places of which he had read, to bring together in one picture the facts and faces he had seen in many. What would Tennyson, Milton or Shakespere be without creative imagination? They surely possessed more of the gift than we can expect to find in any pupil or class of pupils we may hope to meet, but even in them what does the power mean? It means at the most that they were able to take different threads of thought and weave them into one picture. It means exactly what the word *composition* signifies. It is a true philosophy and one as old as Aristotle that there is nothing in the mind which has not been derived through the senses. This does not mean that the mind can not divide and combine what it thus receives into shapes and forms so new and original that men will not be able to recognize the source, but it does mean that the mind does not, in the strict sense of the word, create. It does not bring into being something which did not exist, either in itself or in any principle. The combination of thought wrought by the mind is as new as a statue fresh-hewn from the stone, but every element in the composition is old. To originate the very elements of thought would be to create in the strictest sense of the scholastic term, and that is a power belonging to God alone.

The Radical Error

If brought face to face with it, the pedagogical experts who prate of content would in all probability disavow any concept of literary creation so extreme as this. Still one can not listen to them long without coming to the conclusion that, if they have any theory of thought, it must be either a doctrine such as this or a system of innate ideas. One is as impossible as the other, and neither squares with experience.

Content, or contents, every mind must have before it attempts composition. But every teacher with any experience knows that, while there are exceptions, the average class of primary, secondary or even college students must be *made* to impress before they can be expected to express anything. It is the seemingly complete disregard for this process of impression which stirs the bile of teacher against these exploiters of the content. Those who have had experience in the classroom know that even when they have painstakingly led the mind to think, it is another struggle to teach it to set forth what it contains. To dilate on this difficulty is not the purpose of this paper. It is enough for the present, to insist in the name of teachers suffering from the scourge of certain *scientific experts* in pedagogy, that the mind, at least if it be a normal and not an abnormal mind, must gather thought before it can express it.

Campion College, Wisconsin. JOHN P. MCNICHOLLS, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Doing God's Work

IT is an old, old story, but ever new, like a classic. It thrilled us years ago, when generous and unsophisticated hearts beat in these bosoms. Perhaps it would thrill us again, were we thrown into its atmosphere of muted violins to gaze upon the dimmed lights, star-pointed in wet eyes. It is the ancient story of persecuted virtue, set forth in the melodrama entitled, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

The Tireless Villain

Nellie was surely an indestructible heroine. In the early part of the action, as you remember, the villain pushed her off the Brooklyn Bridge. Was he foiled? He was, for Nellie either swam ashore, or was picked up by a battleship from the neighboring navy yard. Memory dims these early pictures, and details merge, as in a Corot. At their next meeting, our heroine was cast overboard from an Atlantic liner. But virtue again triumphed, and Nellie lived to be thrust under a descending elevator by this singularly resourceful villain. Once more his plans went astray, and in despair, the villain cried in his most rumbling and heart-thrilling tones, "Nellie, why do you fear me?"

The moral of this pretty tale is not precisely obvious. It seems a trifle irreverent to compare our beautiful Catholic charities with the hapless Nellie, but the villain is surely a blood-brother, or at least a cousin, to the promoters of commercialized philanthropy, and the Charity Trusts, now springing up in many American cities. But it should also be added that Catholics are not in the least afraid of the villain.

Anti-Social Brothers

"We are not working against the sectarian institutions," is the cry of this gentry. To a certain extent, this statement is true. Their plans are far deeper. Sincerest friendship, they say, can not disguise the fact that Catholic institutions, while they may have rendered some limited social service in a ruder age, stand in sore need of certain immediate reforms. To begin with, Brothers and Sisters, brought up in convents, are notoriously lacking in the social view. Although they and their spiritual ancestors have been training children with notable success for a good many centuries, this tradition contains little of value, when measured with the

knowledge which a wide-eyed damsel can pick up in two or three years at a School of Philanthropy. Teach your grandmother to suck eggs? Why, certainly. Grandmother died a good many years ago, and it was only in the second decade of the twentieth century that the Government issued its monograph on the distinction between good eggs and bad. Priests and nuns, it is whispered, actually put piety above plumbing in the scale of importance. They actually teach the children things about sin when, as is well known, what was once called sin is nothing but a temporary blurring of one's orientation, for which the individual is responsible, if at all, only in a minor degree. Worse, they lead the children to believe that this sin is forgiven by some mystic process in which God, prayer and the Sacraments are involved. This is highly unscientific, and may readily become anti-social. So-called "naughty" children should consult not a priest but a physician. Very probably they are afflicted with adenoids or need glasses. If this diagnosis fails, search the family-tree. There is little doubt that a ticket-of-leave grandfather will be found hiding among the branches.

CHARITY ON A PAYING BASIS

It is obvious, then, to the meanest intellect, that these Brothers and Sisters are unfit guardians of our wayward or unfortunate children. Catholic institutions can never amount to much, until these strabismic individuals are sent packing. Let them be replaced by graduates of some school of philanthropy, carefully trained in "the larger, wider, clearer vision of social service," which teaches that, on the whole, the less we have of God and anti-social religious observances, such as Christian marriage, kosher and the Friday abstinence, the better. As general supervisors and efficiency experts, let us call in the social directors and the commercialized philanthropists, offering, to be sure, a generous salary, for, as we have been told even to satiety, "a low grade salary attracts only a low grade man." When these few trifling reforms have been made, and the Brothers and Sisters immured in monasteries to do penance for their social sinfulness, Catholics may feel at liberty to dot the land with houses of relief and correction, with never a peep of protest from the "large-minded" persons, whose present aim looks suspiciously like an attempt to put Christian charity on a commercial basis.

CRUEL, ONLY TO BE KIND

This is what the incorporators of Charity Trusts really mean when they aver that they love us, but, frankly, that we must not expect them to be blind to our obvious faults. "It was all very well to dissemble your love," runs the ancient lilt, "But why did you kick me down stairs?" The Charity Trusts approve of us highly in the Sunday papers, but they feel it a duty to point out that our concept of charity and reform is radically wrong. They are cruel, they protest, only to be kind. Very possibly the villain, to return to our limping parable, which every moment seems more unfit, had some idea of correcting a temperamental perversity when he pushed Nellie off the Brooklyn Bridge. Death, it is true, straightens out temperamental kinks very effectively, but it is not a very good cure because it also removes the subject in whom they existed.

Our Catholic charities would be neither charitable nor Catholic, did they adopt the program proposed by modern philanthropy. For that philanthropy eliminates God by declaring Him of secondary importance. It is true, fortunately, that some of its professors are better than their principles. It is also true, that some of its followers can write so touchingly of "religion as a social force," that one might think himself listening to a newly-discovered sermon of St. Vincent de Paul, until from the cloud of words the clear fact emerges that, in the view of these sociologists, religion means little more than sentimentality, or an absolutely false and unreal estheticism. A lady, with leanings to sociological research, has recently declared that a woman now in prison, a woman whose education and position did not keep her from murdering her two babies, could never have had this impulse, when suddenly she was called upon to pay the price of sin, could she have been taken habitually into some cool twilight grot, there to listen to a Beethoven symphony.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

Religion put on a par with a love of old porcelain, or a delicate ear for music, is not religion at all. One wonders what would have happened to Pippa, singing not in a poem, but in Italy. Frequently a nasty mixture is the result of diluting religion with alleged estheticism. Eliminate the concept of another world from your schemes of sociological reconstruction, and you are considering not the whole of the problem, nor even the half. But in view of our participation in immortality, it is not inadequate, but fundamentally false. For we have not here an abiding resting-place, but seek that which is everlasting, even the humblest, the most sorely-afflicted among us.

Mr. Carnegie has taught the undiscriminating to value a college by the amount of its endowment. The rule is fast being carried over into the field of social service. "We have abundance of experience to show," writes Mr. E. T. Hartman in the *Survey* for February 20, "that the small salary attracts the small man." Charitable work, recognized as a means of livelihood, necessarily involves the idea of financial remuneration. That, at least, we know from "abundant experience." Charity means working for God. Sociology means that a salary, if not the motive, is the *sine qua non* of service. The distinction is admittedly tenuous.

CHRISTIAN VERSUS COMMERCIAL CHARITY

Mr. Hartman's complaint stresses strongly the difference between commercial and Christian charity, and the distinction is further emphasized by the Report of the City Trustees of St. Mary's Industrial School of Baltimore, an institution conducted by the Xaverian Brothers. As the School receives city and State aid, these corporations are represented by their Boards of Trustees. Under date of December 29, 1914, the City Trustees report:

> The Brothers are men well skilled and well educated, capable and efficient, and would command high salaries in the world in the lines of work in which they are engaged. Yet each of these Brothers, regardless of position and work, from the Superintendent down to the Brother just entering the work, is allowed the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per year for his labor, a stipend so small as to seem ridiculous. But then these Brothers are laboring, not for a pecuniary reward, but for the love of God, and in an effort to better the boy and help him grow into a good, honest, industrious man, a credit to the community and a useful citizen thereof. These Brothers are *surely doing God's work.*

One hundred and fifty dollars a year for expert professional services, services for twenty-four hours a day, and fifty-two weeks a year; exclusive services, too, regarded as one's highest duty. Let us have a few figures, so loved of the modern sociologist. A mathematical friend informs me (for I lisp in numbers), that this princely stipend means a weekly wage of $2.88, or a sum considerably less than the remuneration allotted to the lowest kind of unskilled labor.

And the reason? The non-Catholic City Trustees of Baltimore may answer for all our Brothers and Sisters.

"They are doing God's work." PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Episcopalian," writing to the New York *Sun,* correctly points out that while the Protestant Episcopal Church permits remarriage, when the divorce has been secured "on the statutory grounds allowed by the State of New York," the Catholic Church forbids the remarriage of divorced persons, no matter what the grounds of separation were. "But," continues the correspondent, "there have been instances in each Church where remarriage has been allowed" and he thinks this an inconsistency. It is indeed, but the *Sun* correspondent could write a new page in history, could he adduce a single instance in which the Catholic Church has allowed remarriage to a validly married man or woman.

"High Church" Anglicans are just now delirious with delight. A wandering "Orthodox" Archbishop, Germanos by name, high priest of a Syrian town, happened into Quebec at the time of the consecration of the Anglican Bishop of that place. And lo! His Grace, though refusing "to take part in the laying on of hands," "communicated with the Consecrators and the new made bishop, thus testifying to his belief in the efficacy of the English rite and the validity of English orders." This is a little confusing. In view of the Archbishop's status, the refusal to lay on hands may be quite as significant as "communicating." Indeed the former may be more significant than the latter. And one action contradicts the other: conclusions therefore are hazardous. But then uneasy people clutch at straws in the hope of support: the Anglicans are uneasy about the validity of their Orders: Germanos is a straw set up against his Church which has already *officially* refused to recognize Anglican Orders.

Not long ago a Chicago reader of *Harper's Weekly* who describes himself as "a poor, sad soul feeling out into the night, longing for light," wrote that he wanted in the time still given him "to become associated with a body of men who are bent on furthering the kingdom of righteousness, here and now, cost what it may." He is seeking a religion free from any special doctrine of "sociology, charitology, lambasting or excoriating," and "Billy Sunday noise." The editor of *Harper's Weekly* seems to think there is no existing Church that will fully meet this inquirer's needs and advises him to "become one of those isolated, believing, sacrificing Christians he talks about." Did that groping correspondent ever hear of the Catholic Church? The ideal he describes can be realized only in her, and in her by no means "isolated" children he will find innumerable "believing, sacrificing Christians" who are "bent on furthering the kingdom of righteousness here and now" and who abominate pagan "sociology" and "Billy Sundayism."

There is a review called the *Atlantic Monthly* published in a quaint old town famous for many reasons. The magazine is considered proper: prim mammas have been known to warn the son and heir never to say anything which he would be ashamed to have appear on its pages. Despite this there is a great deal of the "Round Head" about the review, a self-sufficiency, never so apparent as when its writers treat of Catholicism. "Mon Amie" in the March number is a splendid illustration of the *Atlantic's* spirit. A proud, shallow, emotional, gossipy and apparently hypocritical "slip of a girl" is made the messenger of a hideous accusation against "the priest in charge of one of the largest Parisian churches." No chance of a libel suit there: the writer has his wits about him, even though his style smacks of a youth of four and twenty. He is ecstatic too or nearly so, for he exclaims in a fine frenzy: "The amazing soul of modern France!—which pervades even the walls of convents with its spirit of free criticism and its terrible play of intelligence!" Why, yes indeed! and when the French measure up to the *Atlantic's* standard of intelligence, convent walls will tumble down and the streets will be piled high with discarded coifs and wimples and veils and habits and birettas and cassocks and missals and breviaries and chasubles and albs and stoles and maniples, and everybody will take the *Atlantic Monthly* for consolation and *uplift,* that is, if it does not become too dull, a danger when intelligence shall have destroyed the object of attack, Catholicism and its ministers.

The delegates elected to meet in convention for the revision of the constitution of the State of New York, will assemble at Albany on April 6 to begin formal proceedings. The leader in the deliberations will be ex-Senator Root who was recently welcomed back to New York at a public banquet, given by former friends and associates. There were many speakers. Among them was Mr. Joseph Choate who, with Mr. Root, shaped the policy of the convention of 1894, which left behind it so many unpleasant memories. According to the report the former gentleman told how "he and Mr. Root lived in Bishop Doane's house at Albany all through the hot summer and worked out the amendments upheld by consciousness of duty and occasional doses of Scotch whiskey." This was a most imprudent remark: there will be a thousand protests against the double stimulant in play at the last convention, the whiskey and the Bishop. This time the Prohibitionists will flood Albany with grape-juice and the secularists will clamor to have the amendments written in the house of a "non-sectarian" bishop. Otherwise "Catholics" as usual, will "dominate" the convention.

During the past week the press, sensational and otherwise, has shocked many good people by proclaiming that French and Belgian priests have told girls in distress from the action of soldiers to "become other Herods." This, of course, makes capital material for a newspaper; it has the one necessary characteristic for catchy "news": It is not true. Under date of March 5 the London *Universe* reports that the Chairman of the Westminster Federation says:

> The Executive Committee had communicated on the matter with Bishop De Wachter, Cardinal Mercier's Auxiliary in London, and had been assured that such advice was never given by a Catholic priest. The Bishop thought that a public protest should be made in the Catholic papers, as the story had been circulated all over the world.

Alas, for the public protest! The story will appear and reappear, and the editors of Catholic papers will be deluged with letters of inquiry and expostulations.

The French clergy who are fighting so valiantly in the army of their country, deserve all honor and praise. They are heroes, every one of them. But our enthusiasm for their dauntless courage should not lessen our desire that a priest might never be obliged, under any circumstances, to shed the blood of a fellow man. St. Thomas expresses the mind of the Church by saying:

> He who each day participates at the altar in the passion of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, should take no part in the work of death. It is not fitting that he should shed blood. Rather should he be ready to shed his own blood for Christ and in union with Him, thus giving evidence in his life of that which he accomplishes in his ministry.

The law of a contemptible Government ignores all this and the priests, France's best citizens, out of respect for authority, obey the law. "On the chair of Moses have sitten the Scribes and Pharisees. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do: but according to their works do ye not."

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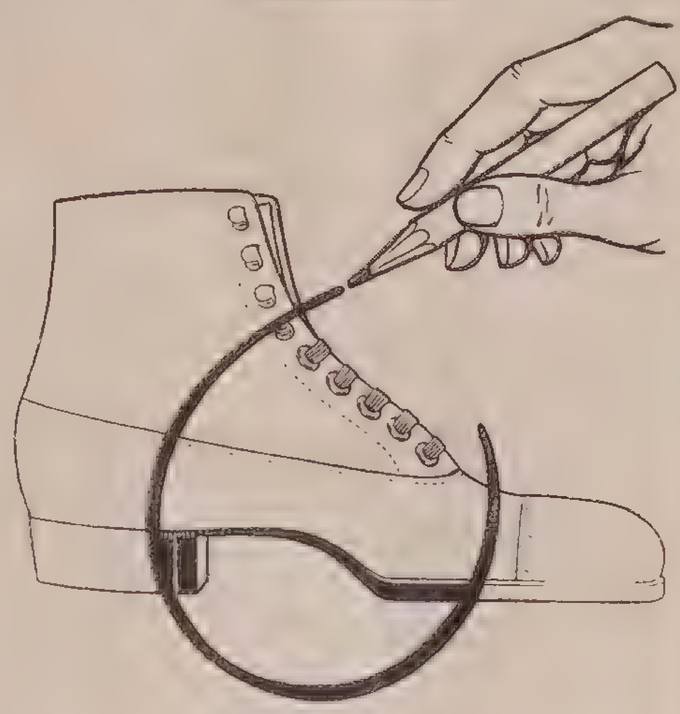
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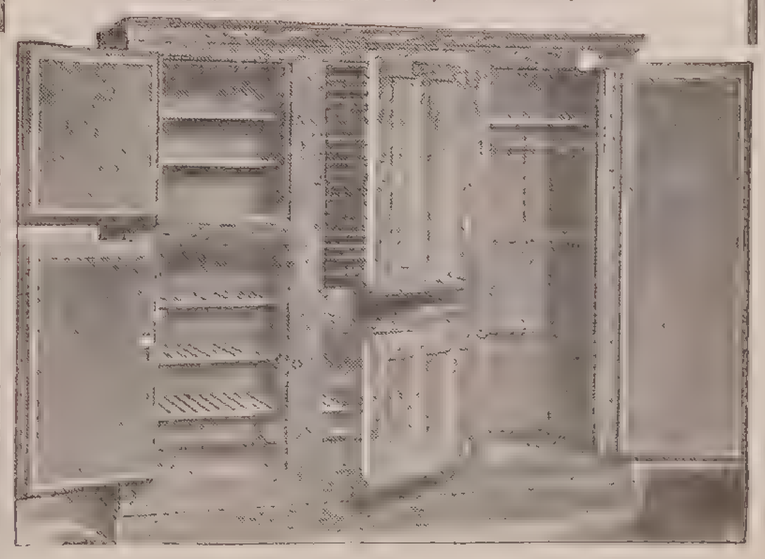
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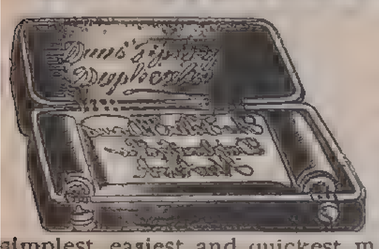
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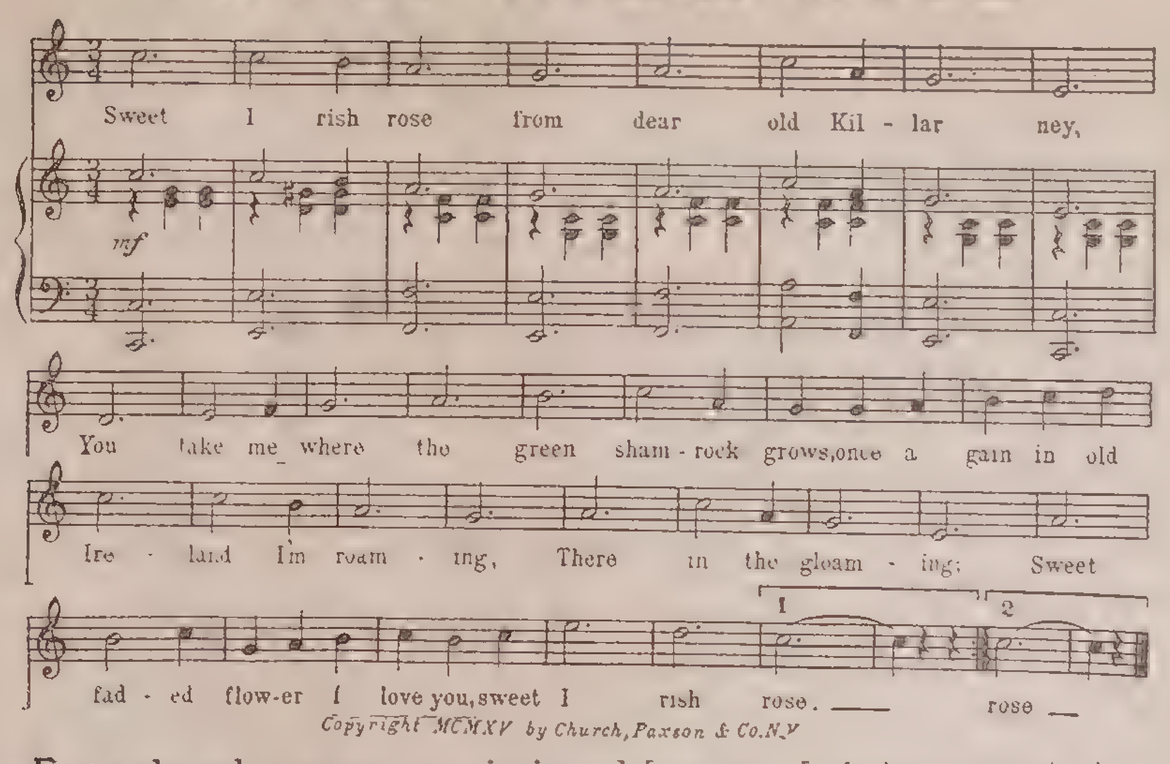
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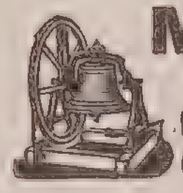
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Belgium and France the engagements which have taken place have not been of such a character as to exert any immediate influence on the prospects of either side. The Belgians seem to have made some slight progress along the Yser, but the British and the French have been at a standstill. On the Lorette heights, in the Champagne district, north of Verdun, in Lorraine and Alsace there has been fighting, but it has been less sanguinary than heretofore, and has had only inappreciable results. The one success by the Allies which has an important strategic value is the capture of the top of Hartmannsweiler Kopf, in the Vosges, a position for which the French have been fighting desperately for many weeks.

Bulletin, Mar. 23, p. m.-Mar. 30, a. m.

Neither has there been any critical alteration in the state of affairs in Poland. The Russian occupation of Memel has been of brief duration, lasting only two days. The city is again in the hands of the Germans, who are exacting reprisals for the looting done by the Russians. It would appear that the bombardment of Ossowetz has failed; and that the Russians have resumed the offensive, especially in the district north of Pryzasnysz; but beyond this there is nothing of importance to record, except a general activity on the part of the Russians on all their lines.

Poland

The event which has been uppermost in every one's mind during the week has been the fall of Przemysl and its consequences. Undoubtedly it has been a very severe loss to Austria, and may lead to sweeping modifications of the situation in Galicia. While the fortress held out it was a constant menace to the Russian movements, both toward the Carpathians and in the direction of Cracow. In addition, therefore, to the fact that a Russian army of perhaps 120,000 men, together with many heavy guns, is now free to be used at other points, there is the other fact that the Russians have no longer to fear an enemy in the rear, and have greatly strengthened their hold on Galicia. The story of the siege which, with the slight interruption of several weeks, lasted six months, has given much glory to both besiegers and besieged. The Russians have displayed both courage and military prowess; while the Austrians, with their commander, have won the admiration of the world for their dogged persistence in the face of famine, disease and death. The reason for the capitulation is said to have been the immediate prospect of starvation. The siege of Przemysl will go down in history as one of the great achievements of the war.

Results of Fall of Przemysl

The immediate consequence of the capitulation of the fortress has not been, as was predicted, an advance by the Russians on Cracow, but a renewal of the attempt to cross the Carpathians and invade Hungary. Continuous fighting of a severe character has been going on ever since March 23 between Dukla and the Uzsok pass, with the Russians on the offensive. Its results are still in doubt. The Austrians state in official dispatches that the Russian attacks have "miscarried," and with heavy losses. The Russians, on the other hand, claim that they have crossed the Galician border and will soon be on the plains of Hungary. Their account of the situation is circumstantial, and states that the battle which is being fought on a front of 120 miles, in spite of large Austrian reinforcements, is altogether in favor of the Russians. According to reports from Petrograd, the Russian right wing is moving around the Austrian left toward Bart-

The Carpathians

field, in Hungary; the Russian center has got possession of the Lupkow pass with scarcely a struggle; while the Russian left, after days of terrific fighting, has forced back the Austrian right at the Uzsok pass. With regard to Bukowina there is the same uncertainty. Russia claims victories, while Austria states that the Russians have been driven beyond the frontier. This much, however, is clear, that the Austrians are maintaining their line along the river Pruth, and are still in possession of Czernowitz. In western Galicia also, and in southern Poland, the Austrians are holding firm along the rivers Dunajec and Nida.

Despite many rumors of Italy's early entrance into the war, her real intentions remain as cryptic as ever. It is certain that she has made ready for that step and that her preparations are now complete. Large extensions to her hospital equipment, the accumulation of food and military supplies, the mobilization of a considerable portion of the army, the recalling of reserves from foreign countries, all of which are facts, would seem to point to her entrance into hostilities. On the other hand, the pronouncements of the Government have been interpreted to mean that Italy, while taking no chances of disaster such as might arise from a state of unreadiness, is bent on remaining neutral. Austria apparently looks on Italy's attitude with a good deal of distrust, and is also taking measures to meet any eventuality. It is reported that the ground has been cleared, trenches dug, and an army stationed at Triest. What the outcome will be, even those in Rome find it impossible to say.

Italy's Intentions

No progress has been made by the allied fleet in the Dardanelles. Operations against the forts have been of a desultory character without decisive results. The announcement, however, has been made that the attack will be resumed on a large scale as soon as preparations have been completed for a concerted movement by both land and sea. According to a report, pronounced false by the Turks, the situation in the Urumiah missions is desperate. The Turks are accused of atrocities. Already 20,000 Christians are said to be slain or missing.

Other Items

Austria-Hungary.—Referring to the desires of the Holy Father for peace, *Die Information* of Vienna says that the wishes of the Vatican have nowhere found a warmer response than in Austria, both on the part of the Emperor and the people. The writer considers this the more remarkable since he maintains that the success of the war has hitherto been signally on the side of Germany and the Double Monarchy, and that the future promises no less well for them. But the Vatican's call, to be effective, "must be heeded and respected by all parties." Of Austria-Hungary he declares:

Austria and the Vatican

> The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy will remain faithful to her oldest and holiest traditions if in war as in peace she gives heed to the mission and authority of the Holy See. The present Holy Father will realize, as a confirmation of an often established truth, that the Hapsburg realm is part of his strongest supports and is his indestructible stay. Ruled by a Catholic dynasty and obeying the teachings of the Church, the Monarchy keeps in view those high aims whose fulfilment implies not only the welfare of the realm and people, but likewise of the Church and the Holy See.

Germany, too, he believes, will be able to appreciate the noble intentions of the Vatican in the present supreme crisis of nations.

France.—It is announced in *La Croix* that the total number of ecclesiastics and Brothers who have been called to leave parishes, convents, missions, colleges and seminaries for the army is some thirty thousand. The paper then draws the following reflections:

France and Vocations

> How many of these have already fallen victims to their devotion and their heroism; how many parishes are without pastors; how many missions deprived of missionaries? Yet in the meantime, more than ever, under the spell of a religious revival, the harvest of souls is ripening and turning golden. But, alas! when the war is over, will the Father of the household have laborers enough to send for the harvesting?

It therefore calls upon the faithful to foster and make possible the development of new vocations by doing all in their power to contribute to the preparatory schools for this purpose. Some of the priests devoted to this work are at present conducting classes in Luxembourg and Belgium. What better way, asks the writer, to draw down blessings upon husbands, sons and brothers fighting at the front, than to contribute to the support of future priests and missionaries? Here doubtless will be one of the greatest questions facing Catholic France when the war has been concluded. It is wise indeed to make provision even at the present moment when other calls are so insistent.

On March 22 the court-martial of Paymaster Lieut.-Col. Desclaux, a follower of Caillaux, was begun. He was accused, together with six supposed accomplices, of stealing and selling army supplies. One of the principal figures in the trial was Mme. Bechoff, who was said to have been an accomplice and to whom food had been sent from the front by Desclaux. She claimed it was used for an ambulance and not for her house. Desclaux pleaded that he had done only what every one else was doing. He was unable to explain why he drew five francs a day for his orderly's food and also drew food and rations for the same person. On March 25 he was found guilty and was sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement and to military degradation: he was, moreover, deprived of the right to wear the Legion of Honor decoration.

Court-Martial of Lieut.-Col. Desclaux

Germany.—The event overshadowing all others in importance is the raising of the second gigantic war loan,

which greatly surpasses the subscription to the first.

War Loan, Prisoners

"With two war loans totaling $3,000,000,000 we exceed England by $1,000,000,000," said Dr. von Helfferich in the Reichstag. "This proves the unbreakable financial and economic strength of Germany and the determined resolution to hold out to the end." Enormous loans have been made by business houses, corporations, labor unions and organizations of every kind. Thus the Reiffeisen Societies of the Rhineland, an institution founded for the farming population, contributed eight and a half million marks to the second loan while they had given no more than two and a half millions to the first. By March 26 the total of subscriptions had already reached 9,060,000,000 marks, without counting the contributions made by the soldiers in the field. The Emperor, writing from his army headquarters, declared himself proud to be "the first servant of such a nation." The following is in part his message:

> In the fact that the second war loan exceeds all expectations and was unparalleled in financial history, I perceive a manifestation of a will to conquer which is prepared for all sacrifices, all exertions, and a confidence of victory among the German people who are relying upon God. I extend my imperial thanks to all who contributed to this great success.

The successful raising of the first great war loan was described as equivalent to a victory. The second is spoken of by the Emperor, as "the victory of those at home." The number of prisoners in Germany just now officially announced is unprecedented. It has already risen to twice that recorded for the war of 1870 and totals 801,000 men besides 9,000 officers. The number of prisoners said to have been taken during the entire Franco-Prussian war, from 1870 to 1871, was 383,000.

Great Britain.—The determination to carry on the war to the bitter end apparently grows stronger each day. The temper of the people is shown by the way in which they met the remarks of the

Items of Interest

headmaster of Eton, who is reported to have suggested that England should give Germany a chance to save itself "from its own vindictiveness," adding that any proposal to internationalize the Kiel Canal should be accompanied by a promise to internationalize Gibraltar. In answer to angry criticism the headmaster repudiated pro-Germanism, and his secretary announced that the words about Gibraltar were an illustration, and were not to be taken literally. The *Globe* stigmatizes the illustration as "pernicious nonsense, of which the head of a great public school should be ashamed." The *Pall Mall Gazette* writes in comment:

> We can not help saying that he has done a very mischievous thing; he has joined himself with those who are, in truth, enemies unto peace. We are not going to shout "pro-German" at him or indulge in any such vulgarity. We no more doubt the purity of his patriotism than we do our own, but we are at a loss to understand his failure to realize that there is a long and stern business to be done and ineffable wrongs to be righted before we can speak of conciliation and renewed friendship with the German people. He speaks to us in the name of Christianity. Has he forgotten that Christ Himself was constrained to use the scourge of knotted cords?

The labor difficulties have made good progress toward a definite solution. The acts by which the Government was impowered to take over factories producing war materials, and others also for the purpose of converting them to the manufacture of munitions of war, have met with approval. The socialists consider the venture a vindication of one of their principles; the people at large feel that it will hasten the end of the war. These radical measures were due principally to labor difficulties which had been hindering the manufacture and transportation of army supplies. Apparently these difficulties were somewhat disconcerting. Besides addressing a branch of the Dockers' Union in vigorous language, Kitchener sent a letter to the secretary of the union, in which he said:

> I feel sure that these men hardly realize that their action in thus congesting the docks and delaying the munitions of war and food required for our men at the front is having a very serious and dangerous effect and must be stopped. . . .
>
> If this appeal has no effect, I shall have to consider what steps are to be taken to insure that what is required at Liverpool shall be done.

Dispatches of March 26 indicate that at first the letter did not have full effect, for 2,000 Mersey dock laborers announced that they would take the week-end holiday. This was one of the Government's objections. Dispatches of March 27 announced a better turn. The unions are acquitted of any complicity in the quarrel. The *Times* insists that the Clyde strike was not their fault, and praises them for their loyalty. According to report the discontent is confined to 10 per cent. of the men acting in defiance of the unions. That British trade has suffered considerably by the war is apparent from these words of the *Times:*

> An enormous quantity of shipping, amounting in the aggregate to many millions of tons, has been withdrawn in one way or another from the world's carrying trade. Many ships have been sunk; many more have been interned in our own, in enemy and neutral ports; and others, particularly large cargo ships, have been withdrawn for military purposes. The deficiency so produced is far too great to be made good by any means whatever.

If the press reflects popular opinion, the progress of the war is satisfactory to the people. Here and there is heard a jarring note. One paper calls for conscription; the *Times* lashes the Government for any lack of interest that may exist, asserting:

> They have never ceased to treat the public like whimpering children, and from the most unworthy and mistaken fears they have constantly failed to take the public into their confidence when they might have done so without the least injury to military necessities.

In general the attitude of the press toward the United States is reasonable. The "Thunderer" discusses points of differences calmly; as usual, the *Spectator* rises to

sublime heights of self-righteousness and reads the President a lesson on his silence about the moral issues involved in the treatment of Belgium. The President is in a "perfectly hopeless position," his attitude is a "tragedy," the verdict about him will be "that of Tacitus on the Roman Emperor," and so on.

Ireland.—The panegyric of St. Patrick was preached and the rosary recited in Gaelic in most of the Dublin churches, and to a large extent throughout the country. Gaelic celebrations, in which national, religious and military organizations of all varieties combined, were held in many centers, and collections were taken up for the "Language Fund." Dr. Douglas Hyde, speaking at a great "Language Meeting" in Dundalk, said they had at length awakened the conscience of the people to the fact that the anglicization into which they were slipping spelled national extinction, and that their native language and traditions were the surest bulwark against imported irreligion and indecency and foreign inanities. The political lull occasioned by the war gave a splendid opportunity to the Gaelic League, the one All-Ireland movement which had room for every section and party. In London Mr. Redmond held a reception, at which Cardinal Bourne, after saying that the Irish leader and his colleagues did all in their power to secure adequate treatment in the matter of navy chaplains, announced that the number of Catholic chaplains appointed for war duty would soon total fourteen. A conference, at which Bishop Sheehan of Waterford represented the Irish Prelates, was determining what proportion the Catholic chaplains should bear to the 223 commissioned Protestant chaplains.

St. Patrick's Day Events

Speaking at Manchester, Mr. Redmond stated that the offer he had made to Mr. Asquith in August in behalf of the National Volunteers to undertake the defence of Ireland, had not been accepted, and that the promise made by Mr. Asquith and the Government to provide equipment and organizing facilities for the Volunteers had not been kept. He repeated the offer and urged the fulfilment of the promise, for the Ulster and the National Volunteers alike; and now that Irishmen were fighting so bravely in defence of the Empire he saw no military or constitutional reason why they should not be entrusted with the defence of their own nation. The fact that captures have been made of arms and ammunition, and people have been arrested for sedition in various parts of the country, would explain the Government's hesitancy. The withdrawal of all monies for Land Purchase, even from the Congested Districts Board, has caused much dissatisfaction.

The Government and National Volunteers

Mexico.—The country still presents a scene of "confusion worse confounded." Everything is upside down. A letter published in the New York *Sun* of March 28 shows that finances are in a hopeless tangle. There is no metallic money of any kind in circulation: even the copper centavos have disappeared: three factions are issuing paper currency; some of this is engraved, the rest consists of cardboard slips not unlike car tickets. Each faction as it gains control, declares the currency of the other factions counterfeit and void. Money good to-day is bad to-morrow. Thus confusion is piled on confusion. The writer says:

More Blood and Confusion

> All building operations have ceased excepting necessary repairs or those of the foreigners with more money than discretion. Large sections of the country have been either wholly or partly isolated for years, and this isolation varies like a weather-vane as the different factions pass over the country. . . . There appears nothing encouraging on the horizon, and the better class of Mexicans who still remain are so discouraged as to unite with others in crying: "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The *Mexican Herald* of March 3 finishes the picture this way:

> I. W. W. PARADE.
>
> The manifestants gathered in the *Casa del Obrero Mundial,* in *calle de San Juan de Letram,* about 7 o'clock in the evening. At the head of the parade were the leaders of the *Casa del Obrero* (the I. W. W.), in an automobile carrying a red flag. The automobile was escorted by several armed men. . . .
>
> At the corner of Bolivar and 16 de Septiembre, Rosendo Salazar, one of the leaders of the *Casa del Obrero,* addressed the crowd, saying, in part, that the occasion had arrived to demonstrate to the world that the Mexican laborers, conscious of their rights, have raised the red flag of social revolution against the wealthy, the clergy, those who have exploited the laborers. To defend these ideals the members of the *Casa del Obrero* are going to the battlefield, the speaker added.
>
> FRENCH REVOLUTION HELD UP.
>
> The oration ended by the speaker stating that now was the proper time to go into Catholic churches and demolish the statues of Christ, whom fanatics titled God of the Universe. Salazar added that Mexican workmen, following the example of the French, must start a social revolution and establish guillotines in every plaza to punish all enemies of the laboring classes. Salazar was applauded at the end of his address. . . .
>
> The red banners, carried at the head of the procession, had printed in black letters: "Federation of Workingmen and Employees in General of the Tramways and Light and Power Companies. Health and Social Revolution."

Under date of March 2 the same paper says with this heading, "I. W. W. Leaders Expect Total Enlistments to Reach 26,000":

> About 3,000 laborers, belonging to unions affiliated to the *Casa del Obrero Mundial* (local branch of the Industrial Workers of the World), have enlisted in the military corps being organized to support the Constitutionalist movement. Recruiting offices established in the building of the *Casa del Obrero,* in Calle de San Juan de Letran and other points here, continue recruiting laborers.
>
> The workmen are enlisted in conformity with the agreement recently reached in Vera Cruz between Lic. Rafael Zubaran Capmany, minister of *gobernacion* in General Venustiano Carranza's cabinet, and the committee representing the unions affiliated to the *Casa del Obrero.*

Such the Constitutionalists' cause; it is no worse than Villa's.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Death Penalty in America

AS I said in a preceding article in America there is a rather strong movement for the abolition of the death penalty in New York and certain other States of the Union. It is claimed, and sometimes very emphatically, that the fear of punishment by death does not restrain from crime, and frequent reference is made to the fact that when every felony was punishable by death, crime was not obliterated. Apparently it is forgotten that the execution of the law was very lax, that most people who committed these crimes escaped and that every criminal in intention thought himself one of the lucky ones who would not be punished. Under such conditions it does not matter what penalties are attached to the violation of law. Men will take the risk because nearly every one is confident of escape. The gambling spirit in man prompts him to take chances at least.

There is no need, however, to go back to the Middle Ages for experiences with capital punishment. We have them in abundance in our own time. The Civic Alliance of Massachusetts which, according to its Constitution (Art. II), has for its object "the support of civic righteousness by moral and spiritual education, and especially the securing of the defence and enforcement of good laws and the prevention, amendment or repeal of objectionable legislation," has just published a *Bulletin* (Vol. II, No. 1) together with a special appeal to the committee on Judiciary of the New York Legislature with regard to this subject. As the discussion of the death penalty and its possible abolition is likely to come up in other parts of this country besides New York, where it is still before the Legislature, and as many Catholics will desire to know some of the facts in the matter, so as to be able to cite them for the benefit of sentimentalists who make exaggerated claims as to the benefit of mercy for hardened criminals and the injustice of punishment of nearly all kinds, it is well worth while to have some data of the Massachusetts Alliance at hand.

To go no farther than New England, that portion of the country seems to present a very striking illustration of the significance of capital punishment and of the danger of abolishing it. Maine and Rhode Island, two rather widely separated States within the province, whose populations are not in any way different from those of the other New England States, abolished capital punishment a generation ago, substituting life imprisonment in its stead. From 1900 to 1910 there were fifty-six murders in these two States, while in the three States of Connecticut, Vermont and Massachusetts during the same period there were thirty-six murders in a population four times greater than the population of Rhode Island and Maine. That is to say, one and a half as many murders occurred in a population one-fourth the size, the death penalty not existing where the high murder rate obtained. Sentimental Rhode Island found that it was entirely too dangerous to have the death penalty completely abolished, so it was restored for such as commit murder in an attempt to break out of prison. This was a confession of the deterrent effect of the death penalty, and was, of course, meant as a protection for the keepers of men already under sentence of life imprisonment for murder.

A number of the Western States have experimented with the abolition of the death penalty in such a way that one of our American statesmen once said that we might very well permit them to experiment on the body politic and reap advantage from the knowledge thus secured. Iowa abolished the death penalty in 1872, and the number of murders increased to such an alarming extent that four years later the death penalty was restored. Michigan abolished the death penalty some forty years ago, and notwithstanding the well-directed efforts of conservatives, it has been impossible to put the law for capital punishment on the statute books again, though there has been an increase in the number of murders of 2,500 per cent. In Colorado the death penalty was abrogated in 1899, and the result was a great increase in the number of murders. Finally, the people took the law into their own hands and an appeal to lynch law was made in certain cases. In one instance a murderer was burned at the stake after oil had been poured over his body and the match applied by the father of the murdered girl. The horrified people of the State reenacted the death penalty after three years of abeyance and are now satisfied to have the old law.

Still more recently, in 1913, the State of Washington, the great experimenter in governmental processes, repealed the capital punishment law. The result proved very unsatisfactory, however, and in the present month, March, 1915, a new bill to restore the death penalty has passed the Senate with a large majority, and is to be enacted into law.

Unfortunately in many places where the death penalty is on the statute books, the administration of law is so lax that most of its effect is lost. The difference in this regard between England and the United States is very striking, and as a consequence the contrast of the statistics of murders in the two countries is very great. In Chicago during last year (1914) there were 262 murders in a population of less than two million and a half, while in London there were only thirty-six murders in a population of over seven millions and a quarter. More than seven times as many murders occurred in a population less than one-third as great. The number of robberies and assaults involving danger of death in the two cities in the same year is, if possible, more striking. The number of such felonies in Chicago during 1914 was 1,022, while in London it was only 78. This is not because the criminal classes are less numerous in London, for the number of burglaries—in the perpetration of which there

is less likelihood of murder—is about the same in both cities. The death penalty evidently has a great deterrent effect in England because it is promptly put into literal execution.

The contrast between Italy and England is amazing. Italy has had no capital punishment for over thirty years, but only solitary confinement, which is surely an awful thing to contemplate. In 1905 the number of homicides in Italy was 105 per million of population; in England in the same year the number of homicides was 27 per million.

On the question of the humanity of capital punishment the *Bulletin* of the Massachusetts Civic Alliance for February, 1915, says that the enemies of capital punishment are proclaiming that the death penalty is founded on vengeance. The *Bulletin* reminds them, however, that this objection was answered many years ago by the great jurist, Daniel Webster, who, in one of his speeches declared, "The criminal law is not founded on a principle of vengeance. It does not punish that it may inflict suffering. The humanity of law feels and regrets every pain it causes, every hour of restraint it imposes, and more deeply still every life it forfeits. It seeks to deter from crime by the example of punishment. . . . It restrains the liberty of the few offenders, that the many who do not offend may enjoy their own liberty. It forfeits the life of the murderer, that other murders may not be committed. . . . When the guilty, therefore, are not punished the law so far fails of its purpose; the safety of the innocent is so far endangered."

As we suggested in the last article in AMERICA a great deal of the sentimentality that finds it so hard to punish criminals by death is due to the decrease of belief in immortality. To take a man's life if there is no hereafter is indeed a serious thing; it is annihilation; but if the taking of life gives him an opportunity to begin another existence properly, then it is but a passing incident. It is indeed hard to understand that while war with its harvest of death is a duty, the taking of human life nobly and with dignity as a punishment, for its deterrent effects, should seem inhuman.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Chasing Rainbows

A CATHOLIC daily is highly desirable. No one questions that. A well edited, live metropolitan newspaper with wide circulation: a militant journal, ready to conduct a crusade when a crusade is necessary, prepared to denounce when evil men or measures appear; a paper without political or financial entanglements that would crystallize Catholic sentiment and aid in every good work, surely this is a goal worth striving for. But is it feasible, is such a paper possible under present conditions? That is the question.

To begin with, newspapers cost money. The New York *World*, morning and evening editions, was appraised at $3,016,455 after the death of Joseph Pulitzer, while the *Sun* was valued at $2,415,000 in 1912. It is understood that Frank A. Munsey paid $1,000,000 when he bought the New York *Press* about two years ago. A newspaper's expenses are very heavy; its income is derived very largely from advertising. Unlike many other enterprises it can not have small beginnings, but must start with a full force and be prepared to stand financial stress until circulation figures convince advertisers. It is impossible to set any accurate amount for the yearly cost of a newspaper. However, here are some figures, furnished by a newspaper executive, for an average sized metropolitan paper of 100,000 or more, daily circulation. White paper, $500,000; city news department, $150,000; cable news department, $50,000; typesetting, $150,000; press work and stereotyping, $100,000; supplies, $50,000; circulation department, $150,000; executive heads, $75,000; art department, $60,000; business office, $50,000—totaling more than $1,500,000. According to a man formerly connected with the New York *Herald's* management, that paper's yearly expenses are approximately $3,000,000.

A Catholic daily would probably cost less than half that amount. The only certain source of income would be the price paid by the reader for the paper, and this would just about pay for the white paper. To start a daily in New York would take, in cash or credit, about $1,000,000 to buy the plant and as much more to assure the journal's continuance for a year.

Could such a sum be raised in the face of the ordinary needs of the Church and the exceptional demands of war time? Could it be secured without shackling the paper to some particular interest even in normal times? But, suppose the money was secured from an individual or syndicate and the paper could start with untrammeled management, what manner of publication should our Catholic daily be? There are several systems of journalism. Some publishers proceed upon the principle: "What God allows to happen I am willing to print." They hold that a newspaper should be a picture of life, showing its lights and shadows. Others believe that a newspaper should feature only those events that are ennobling and uplifting, suppressing or minimizing the others. If the newspaper were of the former sort, publishing murders, suicides, divorce cases, and so on, would it receive the support of the hierarchy? If the paper were of the latter sort, would the people buy it?

Now comes the crux of the whole situation. When one deals with the "Catholic public" he deals with a great conglomerate mass of humanity united by no social, racial or business ties and bound together only by the bond of religion; a multitude of cliques and circles and antagonistic nationalities. Catholics are not a class, not a social stratum, just "the people." How would a paper appeal to them?

One much-criticized newspaper sets out to appeal to this public. Its circulation is about 800,000 copies a day. Another New York afternoon paper selects its news and

rigidly excludes the sensational. Its circulation is less than 26,000. Of course, there is a middle ground, but these figures show what sort of a paper is interesting to the multitudes who should be reached by a Catholic daily. Nor will Catholics pay for any publication that does not interest them. Could a Catholic daily decorously be the kind of a paper its public likes to read?

Then comes politics. The horns of this dilemma are too apparent to need exposition.

Ordinarily the Catholic daily would have little to distinguish it in appearance from any other newspaper. Why? Because there would be only occasional need for crusades or exposures and there is very little real Catholic *news*. Every New York paper is anxious to print Catholic news, but the Church goes on her way with few changes and little commotion, while news generally means change or trouble. So the Catholic daily would directly compete with every other paper. It must be as newsy, as full of pictures, as sensational, in a sense, as the best—or worst, it is a matter of opinion—to hold its circulation. After all, the problem resolves itself, not into questions of sentiment or desirability, but into a practical business situation. This test must lead one, albeit reluctant, to but a single conclusion. A metropolitan Catholic daily under present conditions is utterly impracticable.

Then must all the enthusiasm, all the energy of those who have worked and thought on this matter be wasted? Not at all. Catholic criticism has an unfortunate tendency to be destructive rather than constructive. Why not try a new attitude? In every city there might be an active, energetic executive committee composed of the presidents of men's organizations—and women's, too, in States where women vote—that could speak and act authoritatively in matters where Catholics are concerned. From the city and town committees, county and State bodies could be drawn, alert groups with funds at their disposal. A trifling assessment would guarantee more than enough money. Instead of a Catholic daily, a Catholic vigilance committee. The papers would print all the news furnished as soon as the committee demonstrated that it really represented Catholic opinion.

Mendel Beilis is put on trial in a corner of Russia on a charge of ritual murder; protests go up from every part of the civilized world. Leo Frank, an obscure boy in the South, protests that he is persecuted for his race and religion; newspapers from California to Maine print pages about it.

In the meantime, while Catholics are picking each other to pieces and chasing rainbows, one State has passed a prohibition law that excludes even altar wines; then there is Mexico, not to mention the *Menace*. Nobody pays much attention, not because the press is antagonistic, but because there seems to be no organization that will impressively and persistently present the Catholic side.

While Catholics can not hope for racial cohesiveness, solidarity is possible. All the elements for it are at hand; one-twentieth of the money required to start a newspaper would finance it. This is what is needed. And who knows but that an aroused Catholic sentiment might germinate a newspaper or vitalize an existing publication?

Horace Foster.

Catholics' "Divided Allegiance"

ONE of the common objections made against the Catholic Church is that its members can not be loyal to their native land, the reason being the fact that they have a twofold allegiance, to their country and to the Church. A thousand times has this charge been proved to be false and groundless, both in theory and in practice. Cold, logical pages, blood-stained battle-fields, Iron Crosses, Victoria Crosses, Crosses of the Legion of Honor—all have demonstrated that the very contrary is true. Nevertheless the fiction has been repeated so often that in many minds it passes for fact; mud has been thrown so assiduously that some of it has stuck. The consequence is that well-meaning inquirers into the claims of the Church find themselves troubled and bewildered. Allegiance to the Pope of Rome looms up like some greedy monster that will demand such devotion for himself that there will be no room left for devotion to one's native land. The fighting lines in Europe are perhaps at the present moment the best possible refutation of this persistent myth. The Catholic death rolls give the lie direct to the old calumny. For those, however, who live in the United States there is a retort courteous of peculiar local force.

Of practically all the peoples of the world, our fellow-citizens have least reason to find a difficulty in our double allegiance to our country and to the Pope. They themselves are practising and professing a similar double allegiance every day of their lives, and are by no means at a loss to reconcile the twofold claims. How our non-Catholic friends would smile at our ignorance if we said that allegiance to their own particular State in any way interferes with their allegiance to the Federal Government at Washington!

The best Constitutional lawyers are at one in declaring that each of the forty-eight States is sovereign, supreme and absolute, and clothed with full authority within its own jurisdiction. Our Government does not consist of one State divided into forty-eight parts, but rather of forty-eight different States which in the matter of certain rights coalesce into one, with the purpose of having better provision made both for general rights and also for their own particular rights. All citizens, therefore, of the American Commonwealth have two distinct allegiances, namely, the one to the General Government, and the other to the Government of their own State. It is undeniable that Americans look to the Federal Government as the principal object of their loyalty, but those who are informed are all the time aware that their sub-

jection to the authority at Washington is restricted to a certain field, limited and marked out clearly by the Constitution.

Now this twofold subjection on the part of the citizen to State authority and to Federal authority presents a rather striking parallel to the Catholic's subjection to the authority of his native land and to the authority of the Church. In both cases the individual is a member of two societies, each distinct from the other, each possessed of its own independent legislative, executive and coercive power. Each derives its authority from God and imposes duties binding in conscience.

The parallel, of course, does not hold in all details. In the one case the authority is restricted to things that are merely temporal and civil and has no direct relation to things that are supernatural; in the other case the authority has for its end the supernatural interests of the individual and does not extend to what is purely temporal and civil; if it touches temporal and civil things at all it does so only when they have such an intimate connection with the end of the Church that they are either forbidden or commanded by the divine or natural law. This divergence, however, does not change the fact that in both cases there is a double allegiance, which is quite in accord with reason, and quite compatible with due subjection and whole-hearted loyalty to each separate authority.

The Catholic is no more hampered in his loyalty to his native land by his subjection to Rome than the citizen of New York is hampered in his loyalty to the State Government at Albany by his subjection to Washington. The spheres of civil and papal jurisdiction no more conflict than do the spheres of State and Federal jurisdiction. If at any time irreconcilable claims should arise, in one case no less than in the other the higher authority prevails. Such opposition, however, is not likely to occur, because the two authorities move in different planes. Indeed, there is much less probability of a clash taking place between the rights of Rome and the rights of Washington, than between the rights of Albany and the rights of Washington. The reason is clear. Roman authority extends only to matters that intimately concern faith and morals, about which secular authority has little, if any, concern; whereas both Albany and Washington deal with temporal and civil matters.

So far, indeed, is it from being a fact that loyalty to the Church interferes with obedience to the State, that the very contrary is true. Civil authority finds its strongest and most zealous ally in the authority of the Church. For whereas the modern State, in its enactments does not, as a rule, even pretend to impose any obligation in conscience, the Church goes much further, and imposes on all Catholics in the matter of lawful State commands that are not merely penal, an obligation in conscience, a duty that binds under pain of sin. She vindicates for the State the sublime function of voicing the will of God, and the consequent right of exacting, as a strict moral obligation, submission and obedience in all things where there is no sin.

Nor does she leave her children in doubt as to the line of demarcation between her authority and that of the State. St. Thomas is only expressing her common teaching when he says (II Sent. D. 44, q. 2, a. 3, ad. 4): ". . . in matters that concern the salvation of the soul . . . the spiritual authority is to be obeyed rather than the secular. But in matters that concern the good of the State the secular authority is to be obeyed rather than the spiritual, according to St. Matthew xxii, 21." It is a striking fact, therefore, that the Church is more concerned for obedience to the State than the State is for herself. The State has always been jealous of ecclesiastical authority, the Church has never been jealous of the civil. If she has ever been jealous with regard to the State, it has been with a jealousy that was for and not against State rights. She has constantly menaced her children with the divine displeasure and her own, if they did not yield to their secular rulers the full measure of obedience to all lawful commands. Strange as it may seem, this has been her attitude from the beginning: it will be her attitude to the end.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Our First Constitutional Assembly

THE Constitutional Convention, which will assemble in Albany on April 6, is of supreme importance to every citizen of our great State. It is a constitutional means adopted to safeguard and reinforce the priceless heritage of liberties which are our protection and our glory. On the eve of this Convention, a study of the origin of our individual, civil and religious liberties will prove of interest and value. This study carries us back to the first Constitutional Convention and the first legislative assembly convened in the Province of New York. Its presiding officer and controlling genius was the Catholic, Thomas Dongan, Governor of the Province—a ruler who, for breadth of mind, wide sympathy and executive ability, stands far in advance of his times, and, measured by the system of government which he inaugurated, is one of the most attractive personages in American history.

By virtue of writs issued by Dongan, twenty-eight representatives from different parts of the Province met in Fort James on Manhattan Island, October 14, 1683. The session lasted three weeks. Fifteen Acts were passed. The most important were: "An Act entitled the Charter of Liberties"; "An Act to Divide this Province into Shires and Counties"; "An Act for the Naturalization of Foreigners"; "An Act to Settle Courts of Justice." After three readings each was approved by the Governor. Any one of these enactments would have made this assembly memorable in the civil history of New York. Together they reveal a deep appreciation of popular rights and consolidated the Province on a broad, sound basis of constitutional government. And these truths expressed in lofty, clear and eloquent language give to this assembly a leading position in the history of American institutions, so that they may be justly called the Magna Charta of American liberty, breathing a spirit and outlining a program which developed nearly one hundred years after into the Declaration of Independence. An analysis of some of the Assembly's enactments will make this clear:

(1) For the better establishing the Government of the Province of New York, and that justice and right may be equally done to all persons within the same,

Be it enacted that the supreme Legislative Authority under the Duke of York, the Lord Proprietor, shall forever be and reside in a Governour, Council and the people met in General Assembly.

In this province, for the first time in American history, was asserted the right of the people to share in their own government, a right which is the foundation of our political liberties. For this reason on March 31, 1685, the Board of Trade and Plantations vetoed the charter. Nevertheless the same words are incorporated by Governor Sloughter (1691) in the Bill of Rights, which is a word for word repetition of the Charter of Liberties, with the exception of the first and last paragraphs. In 1694 King William vetoed the Bill stating that it was not fitting for a subordinate assembly to declare what are its rights. While the vetoes may have had a technical legal value, they were never regarded by the people and the assemblies of the Province, as having any effect.

(2) That the exercise of the chief magistracy and administration of the Government shall be in the Governour assisted by a Council.

By this enactment the powers of the executive are outlined and distinguished from the legislative function. For after specifying the counties and the number of representatives to which each was entitled in subsequent assemblies, the charter states "that all bills agreed upon by the said representatives or the major part of them shall be presented unto the Governor and his council for their approbation and consent." All bills "so approved shall be esteemed the laws of the Province," until "they shall be repealed by the authority aforesaid *i. e.* the Governor, council and assembly, with the approbation of His Royal Highness, or expire by their own limitations."

Thus as the King of England had the right of legislation in conjunction with the Houses of Parliament, so the Governor is empowered to make laws with the consent of the council and the assembly. The great principle here expressed is the separation and mutual independence of the executive and the legislature. The idea though new in America, yet was an element of the English constitution fought for in the Petition of Right and in full operation under the Restoration. The Governor had a part in legislation by the power of veto and by acting with the cooperation of the council and the assembly. The assembly could not override the Governor's veto but could refuse to pass laws and thus block legislation. Notable instances of such action are had in the conduct of the assembly toward Governor Hunter in 1705 and Governor Clinton in 1741.

By the provision in the charter that the Governor should pass laws with the consent of the council, the legislative power had three vetoes. Not only the Governor and the assembly, but the council also had the power to stop legislation. The result was that the council was constituted a separate branch of the legislature. Thus in 1729 the Board of Trade directed Governor Cosby not to act as a member of the legislative council. Nearly fifty years before the War of Independence, the separation of the executive and the legislative functions in New York Province was complete and the legislature was made up of two distinct houses, the Council and Assembly. The principle was enunciated by Dongan and is so sound that it is the controlling idea of our own State and Federal Governments. Place the senate instead of the council and an elected governor instead of an appointed one, and New York State to-day is governed by the Charter of Liberties of 1683, with one addition only, namely, the power of the legislature to pass a measure over the Governor's veto by a two-third vote.

In regard to the character and privileges of the representatives, the Charter enacts that (3) "the said representatives may appoint their own time of meeting during their session and may adjourn the house from time to time," that they are "the sole judges of the qualifications of their own members, and likewise of all due elections, and may from time to time purge their house as they shall see occasion during the same session," that they "shall not be imprisoned or any ways molested" during the said session or whilst going or returning, "cases of high treason and felony only excepted."

By this provision the members of the assembly were granted the same rights and privileges accorded to the members of the British Parliament. This marks an innovation in American Colonial government. As late as 1669 the Assembly of Maryland was declared to be not like the House of Commons as to the rights and privileges of its members, but like the Common Council of London, and the members unlike the New York Assembly tamely submitted to this distinction. The supremacy of the people in matters of legislation through their representatives is specified by the words of the Charter on the subject of taxation:

No aid, tax, assessment, custom, loan, benevolence or imposition whatsoever, shall be made, assessed, imposed or levied within this province or their estates, under any manner of color or pretense, but by the act or consent of the Governour, Council and Representatives in General Assembly met and assembled.

Nearly one hundred years before the War of Independence the principle: "No taxation without representation," and the denial of the right of Parliament to tax the colony were solemnly made the law of the land. These enactments mark a startling innovation. In the "Frame of Government," drawn up by Pennsylvania, 1682, the right of Parliament to tax the colony is stated expressly. The principle of parliamentary supremacy—the only heritage left by Cromwell—was thus explicitly denied by Dongan, and its insistence by English rulers ultimately led to our independence as a nation.

Not only did Dongan separate the executive from the legislative function, he also provided for the independence of the judiciary. The Charter enacts the establishment of town and county courts, and for the Court of Oyer and Terminer, changed at the last Constitutional Convention, 1894, to the present Supreme Court. Trial by jury was established, the equality of citizens before the law was proclaimed and individual and civil liberties safeguarded. Finally in clear and ringing words the Charter proclaims the priceless right of religious liberty.

By enacting this form of government in the Assembly of 1683, Dongan lifted the Province from a voiceless dependency on the English crown to a constituency conscious of its power and determined to use it. He made the assembly a body coequal to and independent of the English Parliament. He formulated an English colonial policy far in advance of his time. He is the originator of the imperial idea. As a result of the wise legislation laid down and carried into effect by other colonial assemblies of New York, the transition from the government of the Province to the government of the State at the time of the War of Independence was easily and naturally brought about. The organic constitution remained the same, the changes were very few and were made for the new situation which confronted the Province after the peace of 1783. When English statesmen realized the mistake made, they took the constitution of Dongan for their colonies. To-day Canada, Australia and the Transvaal are governed on the lines laid down by the New York Assembly of 1683. Thus Dongan enunciated principles of government which on the one hand have developed into our own great common-

wealth, and on the other have made England the greatest colonial power in history.

In the history of a people, a convention like that of 1683 could assemble but once. It holds all that we glory in and enjoy as a sovereign State and a free people. In its light and with its spirit the coming Constitutional Convention will assemble. The purpose is not to enact anything new, in the sense that it will be a departure from the priceless heritage acquired through the action of a Catholic Governor, but to provide safeguards that the principles of individual civil and religious liberty so clearly laid down and marvelously framed into an organic whole by the first Constitutional Convention shall be preserved and shall hold sway in undiminished power and freedom.

JOHN J. DRISCOLL.

The Liturgy of Easter

BACK, far back, to the early days of the Church do the ceremonies of Holy Saturday carry us. To the time when the season of Lent was shortened to but a few days, and the first Mass of Easter was celebrated in the hours of darkness. The language of the ceremonies speaks of night, and the deacon, when he mounts the ambo to bless the Paschal candle, chants of the night:

> This is the night wherein our fathers, the children of Israel, were led forth from Egypt, and passed dry-shod through the Red Sea. This is that night which, by a pillar of light, purged the darkness of sin. . . . This is the night in which the chains of death were shattered, and Christ rose victorious from Hell. . . .

And the great pillar of wax is set up, crowned with a golden flame, as in the days when the faithful watched throughout the night until the lighting of the lamps foretokened the approaching dawn of the Resurrection.

As the watchers kept their vigil, and as the service of Holy Saturday proceeds, there begins a long journey through the centuries, a search to find the types which shadowed forth the Mystery of Easter morning. Far back to the misty recesses of antiquity, when Adam walked through the Garden of Eden, through the darkness of the days of Noë, companying with Abraham on the mountain of sacrifice, when he hesitated not to bind his only son on the altar until the voice of the angel stayed the hand that held the uplifted knife. The Red Sea is passed dry-shod, and in the distance thunders the rush of hoofs as the horsemen and chariots of Egypt press to their doom in the path of the sea. Through forty long years in the wilderness of Sinai, down through the Valley of Dry Bones with Ezechiel, and at last to the barbaric splendor of the court of Nabuchodonosor, to the heat of the fiery furnace, in the midst of which walked the Three Children, while with them walked one like to the Son of God.

The types and the shadows fulfil their part; and the witnesses of the new law usher in the dawn of the Gospel, as the watchers chant the Church's litany of her canonized saints. Again there is a long-drawn cry for mercy: *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison,* and from the organ there bursts a crash of melody and the bells peal out as the *Gloria in excelsis* is chanted. Penitential vestments are now laid aside, and the garments of joy put on; and at last, when the three-fold Alleluia echoes throughout the church, then is the joyful anticipation of Easter complete. The spell of Lent is broken, and the eternal spring-tide has once again come to give joy to the earth.

Resurrexi, et adhuc tecum sum: "I rose up and am still with thee." From the whole treasury of the Sacred Scriptures, this alone has the divine ingenuity of the Church chosen to make the whole wondering universe ring with the tidings of the Resurrection.

In the midst of all this joy that makes the morning stars sing together in their courses, and the pillars of the earth to pulsate with the heavenly mirth of the spheres, solemn, sad-eyed skepticism wraps itself about with the wintry gloom that settled on a forlorn pagan world, and mumbles, as with the halting speech of toothless crones, of the goddess Eostre. Or else, blinking through the fogs that obscure its vision, it peers in a hopeless quest to light upon some remote spot in the past where haply its fading sight may be refreshed by a mirage of the myth of the sun-god Mithra: and deafened it can not hear, pealing through the centuries, the unquenchable voice of St. John Damascene:

> 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
> Christ hath burst His prison,
> And from three days' sleep in death
> As a sun hath risen.

Contrasted with this unhappy solemnity of the skeptic is the happy mirth of the Church on this *festum festorum*. "I rose up and am still with thee, Alleluia; thou hast laid thy hand upon me, Alleluia, Alleluia; thy knowledge has become wonderful to me, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia." The smile that nature wears in the spring sunshine falls short of the almost uncontainable sense of joyous happiness which is ours in the Church's liturgy for Easter. The dread night of the Passover, which led the ancient chosen people out into the night, out through darkness to freedom, gives place to the happy dawning which has come with the Resurrection. "Purge out the old leaven, that you may be a new paste, as you are unleavened. For Christ our pasch is sacrificed. Therefore, let us feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness: but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. (I Cor. v, 1, 8.)

The *Gradual* of Easter Day is distinct from almost every other *Gradual* sung throughout the year. The words, taken from the Psalm: "This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein," are in themselves appropriate to the day. But in the chant there is a note as of singing for the sheer joy of singing, and the long-drawn *jubilæ* prolong the sacred chant as the song of the bird is prolonged and flung up to the heavens above. To the *Gradual* and *Alleluia* follows the *Sequence,* one of the few remaining in the liturgy, a legacy from Wipo in eleventh century Burgundy:

> To the Paschal Victim, Christians,
> Offer ye grateful praises.
>
> A Lamb the sheep hath ransom'd:
> Christ, the holy and harmless,
> Reconcileth sinners with the Father.
>
> Death and Life for the mast'ry
> Met in wond'rous encounter;
> The Prince of life, who died, ever liveth.
>
> Tell, Maries, pray, tell ye,
> What in the way befell ye?
>
> "I saw the Lord's three-day prison
> Whence Jesus in triumph had arisen.
>
> "Two angels by-standing,
> The cloth and linen-banding.
>
> "He's risen, my Hope and Glory;
> To Galilee He go'th before ye."
>
> Christ, we know, indeed is risen
> From death's gloomy portal:
> Have mercy, Victor-monarch immortal.

Stately and solemn, like the dance of the angels which the Blessed Angelico saw and painted, is the Gospel for Easter, on which the choir office for the day is founded. "The Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. Alleluia, Alleluia. . . . His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white like snow. Alleluia, Alleluia. . . . And for fear of him the guards were terri-

fied, and became like dead men. Alleluia. . . ." The same thought is contained in the Offertory. "The earth trembled and was still, when God arose in judgment. Alleluia." So in her liturgy, in the sacred ceremonies and chant of Easter, the Church sets forth, as perfectly as human symbols can shadow the divine realities lying behind them, the holy joy that came into the world through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

Rejoice, ye heav'ns, and all therein,
And set the earth example:
God's mighty arm hath conquered sin;
His death on Death doth trample:
The first-begotten of the dead,
From hell's dark womb ascending,
The Saviour of the world, our Head,
Hath store of grace unbending,
To whom be glory! Amen.

Henry C. Watts.

Paris in War Time

IN a paper published in America six months ago, the "sobered" attitude of Paris at the beginning of the war was noted; eight months have now passed by since the call to arms made every Frenchman, between twenty and forty-five years of age, a soldier and, under somewhat different circumstances, Paris retains its aspect of dignified calmness.

The city is not empty, as it was in August and September, when the German armies were almost within sight; its people have returned; the schools and colleges have reopened, not without difficulty, many teachers having exchanged their books for the rifle. The big shops are, happily for the women they employ, carrying on their trade. Hampered at every turn, they endeavor, as far as circumstances will permit, to satisfy their clients. Only in the most fashionable quarters, the smartest dressmakers, tailors and jewelers that, in old days, were even more largely patronized by strangers than by the Parisians of Paris, keep their doors closed. There is no place in the Paris of to-day for superfluous finery and money is needed for more tragic purposes.

The better side of Paris was, in the past, ignored by many of its visitors, who easily expatiated on the frivolity and immorality of the French capital, without taking the trouble to discover if, below the show and froth, there was not an undercurrent of higher purposes and nobler aims. Now, this better side that our visitors had neither time nor inclination to examine, strikes even the casual observer.

The necessities and the suffering of the great war have called forth the latent generosity of the Parisians. It must be remembered that, although other nations engaged in the war have to endure pain and loss, France, in addition, has had thousands of helpless refugees from the northern provinces, now in German hands, thrown upon the charity of those whose homes are still standing. To these and other claims upon her pity, Paris has nobly responded. The three Societies of the French Red Cross, which have founded 1,561 hospitals for wounded soldiers throughout France, provide for three hundred hospitals in Paris alone. In addition to these, the British, Japanese and American Red Cross have hospitals that are perfectly appointed; indeed, the American ambulance at Neuilly is perhaps the most luxurious of the three.

But the wounded soldiers are not the only objects of compassion, though they appeal in a very special manner to the sympathy of the people. In many homes, the bread-winner is at the front and the *Comité du secours national* gives a regular stipend to the wives and children who are left at home. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris figures with the leading public men on the committee and, after some confusion at the start, the organization has fallen into shape and works regularly. Other charitable associations, the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul among others, distribute cooked food to families, who need it and, in the big buildings of the former seminary of St. Sulpice, are sheltered the unfortunate refugees from the northern provinces. The first friends of these hapless fugitives were the policemen of the quarter, who generously gave up 25 per cent. of their pay to befriend their countrymen. Other benefactors followed, and the homeless ones, who are chiefly women and children, have now the strict necessaries of life, but alas no more! Another institution, born of the war, are the *ateliers* or work-meetings for young girls, whom the war has thrown out of employment. There are over five hundred of these *ateliers* in Paris at the present moment and those who have spent some days in company of these busy workers are qualified to praise the courage, patience and generosity of the *Parisienne* in time of war.

While women, bearing the greatest names of France, work day and night in the Red Cross hospitals, their humbler sisters knit and stitch. France has become a vast workshop; in the tram cars, in the trains, at home and abroad, the French woman of 1915 plies her needle unceasingly. She works for the soldiers, for the prisoners, for the refugees; fancy work is a thing of the past, good, solid, practical sewing or knitting is the order of the day.

The tragic aspects of the war are brought home to us at every turn by the number of women in deep mourning who are to be met with. They crowd the churches, where they learn to bear losses that, in many cases, overshadow more than one life, but their sorrow is unselfish and it pours itself out on others with marvelous generosity. It would seem as if these bereaved women had received from their loved ones the message that an only child, killed in the Argonne, sent to his mother: "I know that in losing me, you lose all your earthly happiness, but I beg of you to find comfort in helping others."

Brave, uncomplaining and generous is the Paris of to-day. Those who may have misjudged its people in the past, would, at the present moment, do them justice. The seeds of the religious revival were sown before the war, as those who see France from within can testify, but the perils and hardships of the great struggle have fanned the flame that was kindled by humble laborers, in the teeth of official opposition, during the last fifteen years.

Catholics abroad will tell us that our Government's attitude in religious matters has not been modified by the war; this is true, we admit the fact and we regret it but we, who live in France, know that her politicians do not, at the present moment, represent the real soul of the native. That soul is on the line of fire where our soldiers fight and our soldier-priests evangelize their comrades; it is also in the homes where our women, noble and plebeian, suffer, work and pray. When the war is over, the men who now represent the souls of the people, may have other tasks to accomplish at home. At the present crisis, while deploring the attitude of our politicians, the absence of an official representative at Rome and occasional injustices prompted by sectarianism, we recognize that these things must be dealt with later. At a moment when all the energies of the people are bent on the pressing duty in hand, we are content, gladly and gratefully, to recognize the advent of a new and better France, purified and elevated by pain.

B. de Courson.

A Happy Failure

THE "Grand Orient" in its diabolic zeal, and with the impulse to strike while the iron is hot, has ventured too far in its attempt to stir up insubordination among French

Catholics, and thus tear them away, if possible, from their loyalty to the Holy Father, thereby creating a "Gallican Church" similar to the "Anglican Church," and subject to the French Government. There seemed, a month ago, some chance to awaken sedition in minds strained almost to frenzy by race hatred.

Since that time many ecclesiastics of the Church in France as well as prominent laymen have come to Rome, and have seen the Holy Father. They have been obliged to recognize the firm and unswerving impartiality, which is the attitude, not of one man nor of one period, but is the position of the Church and of her Divine Master who ordained that the Gospel should be preached to all nations, that His Church might be *universal;* and who promised to be with her "all days even to the consummation of the world." A month ago, in France, the Holy Father's prayer for peace was confiscated by the French Government, until it was explained by Cardinal Amette as "meaning" to pray, not for peace alone, but for the victory of the Allies! Catholics were then permitted to repeat in the churches the Holy Father's beautiful prayer, which asks only for the Peace of God—that His will be done!

The anti-Christian Government selected this date, February 7th, to be also the "Feast of the Cannon of 75." "Medals" of this quick-firing instrument of carnage were sold in front of all the churches of Paris on that day, and worn by the congregation, while they knelt at prayer; beseeching peace from the merciful and Sacred Heart of Love for all mankind. That was a moment when the iron was hot; and the atheist Government struck its blow. The gates of hell seemed to shake the rock in France. It quivered with the shock. Here at the center, the Holy Father was besieged with warnings which were almost threats—that "the faith" was weakening in France, and there might be a direful falling away from the Church, if the Pope should not declare himself a political partizan! In spite of Cardinal Gasparri's repeated assertions that the Holy See must preserve an absolute neutrality, and in spite of the Holy Father's letters to Cardinal Mercier expressing the deepest sympathy for the suffering of Belgium, and horror at the cruelties of war—Catholics in France, in Belgium and in England continued to exclaim: "This is not enough, the Pope must go further!"

As a matter of course every anti-Catholic influence among the Allies seized upon this state of semi-insubordination, and tried to twist it into a hostile force which would swell the ranks of anti-clericalism.

It was at this moment, about three weeks ago, that the really Catholic element in France began to realize the danger and to measure the width and the depth of the abyss toward which the Grand Orient was bent upon dragging the Catholic Church in France in the hope of seeing it hurled over the edge, and lie broken and supine in the darkness, as the "French Church"—with altars desolate.

This revulsion began, as I have already said, about three weeks ago, when Mgr. Odelin, Vicar-General of Paris, after a visit to Rome, declared in an interview printed in a Paris paper: "One must not judge these affairs in Paris. Considered from the angle of the Eternal City, facts assume an aspect quite comprehensible." On the 18th of February, Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, on his return from Rome, gave an interview to the *Eclaireur de Nice* in which he explains the attitude of the Holy Father, declaring that the Pope has expressed all the personal sympathy that could be expected, and that his attitude as Sovereign Pontiff *must* be impartial.

The Roman organ of Freemasonry took up this interview and with its accustomed sneer, said that an anonymous "reader" had protested in the *Eclaireur de Nice* against the bishop's explanation and quotes from his communication some "edifying" sentences of which this is an example: "The Pope has preferred to preserve a half-silence, confining himself to general reproofs, which have to be squeezed, like fruit, to extract any juice; and this, for fear of Germany!"

The Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, another anti-Catholic organ, in an effort to help, exclaims: "When peace is made, the French priests who have seen their brothers massacred, will observe with surprise that the Head of the Church has not uttered a single word of pity for them, and this will be the dawn of a new Gallicanism, which will correspond to a small schism!"

The French clergy have been aroused to a realization of this danger. All the discourses given in Lent are warning the people to be loyal to their Church, and at Notre Dame the Chanoine Lenfant, curé of Saint Antoine, has carefully explained to his hearers the attitude of the Holy Father, remarking signficantly: "In short, those who blame the impartial position of the Pope *are either the authors or the accomplices of an anti-clerical movement,* and are disturbing the sacred unity of the Church." Let us hope then that for the present this scheme of the enemy has failed, but the Catholics of France are forewarned, and should be forearmed for the future. After the present political war is over, there will surely come the most deadly struggle for existence that the Church has ever known even in France.

French Catholics have submitted for twenty years to the most outrageous persecution. The foes of the Church still live, their hatred is manifest in every country of Europe. If, in France, during the battles that are raging, the serpent seems dormant, glutted with the spoils of exiled religious Orders, stolen churches and évéchés, and is now utilizing to the last drop of blood the patriotism of the faithful, their love for the France of glorious fame and a triumphant Church, the day of awakening will surely come, when the war is over; and we may hope and pray that the Catholics of France, reunited as they are in renewed fervor, will arise as one man to overcome the enemy at home, and bring forth a France regenerate. All the sufferings of to-day may then be counted as a wholesome adversity.

Rome, March 9, 1915. CATHOLICUS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Whither Indeed?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Like Mr. Woodlock, I was much taken by the article "Whither," in the March *Atlantic.* It is a keen indictment of the bankruptcy of science, that is of the mechanical theory of the universe, and at the same time a threnody on the loss to the world of the spiritual ideals which the "shadow of the crass materialism" of the hour have eclipsed in the souls of men. As Mr. Woodlock says, its anonymous author "utters some thoughts that deserve attention." But there are other thoughts which call for a critical consideration. Indeed, underlying his thesis is a radical fallacy, typical of the times and irritatingly in conflict with the admirable purpose of the writer. His brave challenge to the materialism of the hour and his gallant charge upon the breast works of the enemy we can not but applaud, but for that very reason we are doubly chagrined and startled to see him leave his own rear so deplorably exposed.

The fact is he surrenders the fundamentals upon which the fabric of his contention rests. While he would cling tenaciously to the old spiritualities, the loss of which he avers has profoundly impoverished modern life, he recklessly abandons the only po-

sitions which make those spiritualities secure. What avail to trumpet the failure of the materialistic philosophy, if the futilities of one's own are equally obvious? Deploring the methods of theologians in defending Christianity against the attacks of the materialists of the nineteenth century, the author makes the following startling declaration:

> How greatly the defenders of the faith, in much of the warfare, have missed the issue! The time that has been lost, the good territory yielded in contesting the literal interpretations of Genesis, may well fill us with shame. If the story of the serpent of Eden must slip from dogma to myth, must faith in the unseen realities go? If our forefathers were wrong in linking the large faith of their spiritual lives indissolubly with the story of Adam and that of Jonah, we must discriminate where they failed to discriminate. . . . In the long quarrels over the husk, the kernel has too long slipped out of sight; essentials have gone with unessentials. We can no longer in good faith teach the young that the misfortunes of our present predicament may be traced to eating an apple.

Without stopping to determine some unwarrantable implications in the passage quoted, the heart of the matter is that our author totally abandons the doctrine of the fall of man, and this on the ground that materialistic science has disproved it. He adjures us to hold fast to the old spiritualities, while he relegates to the region of myths the primal spiritual fact (for spiritual facts are as real as material), upon which the whole of Christianity pivots. And he does this under the menace of a materialistic assumption, or, to put it bluntly, under the pressure of a materialistic bluff. The materialistic attitude, which he flouts and derides and deplores, is the very bogey which frightens him out of his boots at the first encounter. Materialism points its pistol (with a blank cartridge in it) and shouts "hands up," and up they go without so much as a murmur from our anxious defender of Christianity!

Here I may point out a psychological marvel typical of the modern temperament, *viz.*, a perfervid seriousness mixed with a persiflage in evading the vital issue. Our present predicament, our author states, can not be traced to eating an apple. Our present predicament, *i. e.*, the debased estate of man, is not bound up in the mere material fact of eating an apple; but it can be and is traced in the Christian catenation of truth linked with truth and fact with fact, to the formal act of the father of the race eating the forbidden fruit in defiance of the expressed prohibition of his God and Creator. The essence of that act was *sin,* and our "present predicament" is in fact and in truth traceable to that *original sin.* With this primal truth and fact is linked indissolubly the other sublime truth and fact, the incarnation of Jesus Christ and the redemption of man by the second Adam. To repudiate the first is to reject the latter. The author of "Whither?" admits his forefathers had "a profounder knowledge than ours of things spiritual." They had indeed, and for that reason they held fast to facts spiritual, for they realized that things spiritual were more than mere hypotheses, and in things visible were to be seen the things invisible. They refused to give up the spiritual facts for materialistic fancies, and their firm anchorage in the eternal spiritualities came from their sure faith in the verity of both the body and soul of the message delivered. To forswear the external facts of Christianity, under the supposition that you are thereby saving its soul, is like cutting a man's head off in order to save his humanity.

The reason of our author's ready surrender is not far to seek, for in spite of his repeatedly declared yearning for the old spiritualities, he is an out-and-out Modernist. What he wants is not the Christianity which so nobly inspired his forefathers and made them heroic in the battle of life, but a Neo-Christianity; not a return to the Revelation of Jesus Christ, but an interpretation of Christianity which will rid it of the old truths now in the discard of materialistic science. It is not the old wine in new bottles that he longs for, but new wine in new bottles. Witness this statement of Modernism stripped to its lowest terms:

> Myth could go, dogma itself could go, Christianity would still be. Milestones in the path of the human spirit, dogmas have done great service, but none have been great enough to express the potential greatness of the spiritual life of the human race. Greatly have they helped; at times they have greatly hindered. Seemingly necessary bulwarks in time of stress and siege, the human soul has lived on after their demolishing; the human spirit is greater than they.

This is Modernism as baldly stated as possible. Christianity is not the body of truths revealed by Jesus Christ and confided to the Church which He instituted in their integrity to mankind, but a subjective evolution out of human consciousness unfolding in the course of time, by which "the potential greatness of the spiritual life of the human race is gradually realized."

Passing over the complete misapprehension of what dogma really is in the Catholic sense, *viz.*, the authoritative definition of a true doctrine, the point to be noted is that our author has totally betrayed his own case. He has postulated the very creed he decries, "the dreary positivism of our day." He has swathed Christianity in the cerements of materialistic evolution. His constant clamor about spiritualities and his insistent denunciation of the body and the flesh are of no avail, for the value of their distinction is lost in his admitted acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis by which Materialism would explain the universe. To apply the evolutionary hypothesis of Materialism to the spiritual life is to deny the spiritual quality. The author thus drags Christianity down to the level of the materialistic thumb-rule. The Materialist's retort to his plea for spiritualities is that what he calls spiritualities are nothing more than etherealized products of the evolutionary process, matter sublimated into dreams and myths to be distinguished from the grosser results only by the fact that they are spun out a little finer; in truth, nothing more than ultra-refined by-products of cosmic energies, iridescent cobwebs of the looms of time. His own appetite for righteousness is different in degree from the predatory hunger of the tiger, but not in kind. Come into my parlor says the spider to the fly, and the tragedy is closed.

We may indeed sympathize with our author in his protest against the Materialism of the hour. He is one struggling for better things and hoping for higher things in the gross miasma from the bogs and valleys of sense. But the way out is not over the treacherous quicksands of Modernism. Black is not white, and you do not make white whiter by mixing it with black. The way to defend Christianity is to defend it, Christianity with all that it means and implies. You can not pluck from the body of Catholic Truth, this or that doctrine, which may seem beautiful or consoling or helpful. Take all or leave all, for

> Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers,
> Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

Condé B. Pallen.

The Extent of Bigotry

To the Editor of America:

In objecting to Father Bull's article on "A Ludicrous Anachronism," I made the statement: "The spirit of intolerant bigotry is as rife in our land to-day as ever in the history of the past." In spite of his reply I stand to my guns. He seems to take no notice of the distinction between the spirit of bigotry and the effects of bigotry. In "A Ludicrous Anachronism" bigotry and know-nothingism were identified. It was argued that because know-nothingism had had its fling and passed away, bigotry was also a thing of the past. The know-nothing movement was one branch of bigotry's tree. It has been lopped off. Therefore the spirit of bigotry has been destroyed root and branch. It seems Father Bull's *non sequitur* fits his own argument very neatly.

The view of bigotry expressed in the letter on the "Extent of Bigotry" (AMERICA, March 20) is too narrow. "A thing to be bigotry must injure Catholics as Catholics." In other words the writer wishes to make it a spirit which will conscientiously and wilfully wrong Catholics simply and solely because they are Catholics. This is a very extreme form of bigotry and if Father Bull would stand by such a definition I am afraid he would find it very difficult to prove that the American people, as a whole, or even a determining part of our nation, ever since the days of Washington, were bigoted. He admits implicitly that at one time the American people were bigoted, but surely he can not mean to say that by such a statement he would indict the majority of Americans as having persecuted Catholics simply and solely because they were Catholics.

The spirit of bigotry is one that enters into the very heart and soul of a man. It colors his views. It blinds him to all save his own side of a question. For years it may lie smouldering like ash-covered embers, but let a strong personality fan it into flame and see the results. Then like a ball of fire it consumes a man's better judgment. It hurries him on to words and actions which in calmer moments could have no place in his life. Under its influence fables, falsehoods, slanders, calumnies lose their malice. Such a man argues that there may be some little exaggeration in what he hears, but in the main, it is all too true. Add to these another very important factor, frequently lost sight of, and we have a pretty strong reason why we should not say bigotry is dead because it is not supremely alive. Mob psychology has something to do with anti-Catholic outbursts in their violent forms. You can not take as indicative of American thought in general what you find in the individuals as individuals. A person as an individual may think in one groove, but explain it how he will, some subtle change comes over him when he is one of a crowd. As a member of a mob he is swayed hither and thither at the will of a strong unscrupulous leader. The mob thinks not for itself. The demagogues shape its mind. This is as true to-day as it was sixty years ago. The gangs that formed throughout the country to play havoc on life and property were moved, not so much by an inborn hatred for Catholics as Catholics, as by the frenzied, diabolical speeches of a comparatively small number of violent agitators. To-day, given a sort of natural antipathy in the non-Catholic breast, let men of Tom Watson's or "Rev." Teddy Walker's stamp (and there are plenty of them) get a hearing with an American mob and see how much of a "Ludicrous Anachronism" is anti-Catholicism.

Proofs that the spirit of bigotry is very much alive in our country are sought. One need but take the Catholic weeklies or monthlies and read, not the words only, but the sense contained therein. To say nothing of the *Pilot* and other equally well-informed papers, AMERICA hardly slips a week without an open or an implied reference to some anti-Catholic outburst. In the issue of March 6 there are eight editorials. Three of them are directed against bigotry. A repetition of this occurs in the issue of March 20. These examples are taken at random. *Mutatis mutandis* the like may be found in other Catholic journals. There is hardly space to multiply instances of this nature, but can we for a moment imagine that Catholic editors are so hard pushed for matter that they must pad their columns with comments on the dead form, anti-Catholic prejudice?

In his letter of March 20 the writer "admits that bigotry is rising here and there in our country." What does he mean by "here and there"? To what, if not to an anti-Catholic spirit can he ascribe the developments in the present country-wide socialistic campaign? Socialists say they aim not at the Catholic Church. Their actions belie their words. Hidden hate is hate for all that. The socialists hate and will fight with newspapers and periodicals (which are certainly not a few) the Catholic Church because they recognize that while she remains in the trenches socialism has little hope of ultimate success. May be some cause other than bigotry will explain the I. W. W. riots in our churches! What of the scurrilous pamphlets circulated in Massachusetts and New York to defeat Catholic candidates for the governorship of these States? If one of those candidates triumphed it was not owing to a lack of bigotry, but it was in spite of bigotry. The Reverend M. Kenny, in a very enlightening article published not long since in the *Catholic Mind,* has thrown some interesting flashes on the inside workings of Freemasonry. Anti-Catholicism has nothing to do with Masonic activities! Perish the thought! What is to be said of some of our Southern States? Mississippi, the Carolinas, Georgia are surely running pell-mell to impress upon the Catholic brow the kiss of peace! Arizona, with her laws virtually making the celebration of Mass a felony, is certainly wiping her pallid brow and raising her right hand aloft and murmuring, "Lord, deliver me from the sin of bigotry." The thousands of signatures to letters of protest which found their way into the White House when our President accepted an invitation to attend the Holy Sacrifice offered in thanksgiving to God for favors showered upon our country, were animated by the most uninterested patriotism!

A few more examples such as the Carnegie Foundation, the hue and cry raised that Catholics are trying to get control of our public schools if they but suggest that it is unfair to keep the knowledge of Christ from their children, the attacks on the habited Sisters in the Indian schools of the West, might give one pause when his optimism prompts him to indulge in the fond fancy that bigotry is a "Ludicrous Anachronism." It may be true that each one of these instances does not in itself suffice to prove widespread bigotry, but who will deny that when taken collectively they do suffice to make us at least question the assertion that anti-Catholicism has passed from American minds?

Are we Catholics to say that we are not persecuted simply because our churches are not burned, because our homes, our hospitals, our orphanages are not dynamited? Must we, forsooth, consider ourselves fortunate because we may venture abroad without the fear of returning with a cracked skull? Fair play! Is it fair play to make the Catholic Church a peg on which to hang the reels of ignominy and insult invented by diabolical brains? There are evils worse than clubs and guns and burning torches. Clubs and guns and burning torches were the weapons used sixty years ago. They failed. Anti-Catholicism has found new weapons. This is evident from what we have said. The spirit of bigotry may be dormant, but it is certainly not a bygone fad. A volcano to be a volcano need not be in constant eruption. Smoke and poisonous gases are enough to warn us of its danger. Perhaps in these United States, steadily broadening even to the verge of becoming a nation of divorced men and fatherless children, there is enough smoke to warn us that Catholicism and the principles for which she stands will not be safe from attack when they interfere with the views of those who are opposed to her.

New York. L. RONALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Did the writer of "A Ludicrous Anachronism" purpose to describe a *de facto* condition of affairs in our republic, or a condition of affairs much to be desired?

If the first, either the entire article is an abortive child of the pen, a misfit, a truly "Ludicrous Anachronism," or AMERICA and, with it the Catholic publications throughout the length and breadth of the land, are laboring under a great delusion, and their editors stand, as children, affrighted by some chimeric creation of their own fantasy. Briefly, one is forced to take sides, either with Father Bull's "Ludicrous Anachronism," or with the authoritative editors of AMERICA and the other Catholic periodicals. No one can hesitate in the choice.

But perhaps the writer's purpose in "A Ludicrous Anachronism"

was to describe the second member of my introductory disjunction. If so, his recent reply to Mr. Ronald was superfluous (being beside the question), or it may be he is prepared to uphold either side of the question—"Is Bigotry Rife in America?"

The readers of America will anxiously await the coming edition of the paper, where it is hoped Father Bull will prove the opposite of what most Catholics have always considered a fact.

New York. A. M. Inzpeigh.

Prohibition

To the Editor of America:

More power to the writers of the articles "Temperance Against Prohibition" in your esteemed review! They are on the right road. . . . Prohibition is *ineffective* against the evils of drunkenness. It is based upon the fallacy that not rational men, but irrational creatures, are responsible for the evils of our times. As a factor in morality, prohibition has proved a dismal failure everywhere. Federal statistics and court records show that, on the average and in proportion to population, there is more drunkenness, vice, crime, misdemeanor, poverty, divorce and insanity in dry territory than in wet territory. Maine with her sixty years of prohibition "blessings" has been marching at the head of the States with a high divorce rate. The Portland *Argus,* quoted by the Bangor *Daily News* for May 14, 1914, stated that, according to official reports, the number of arrests for drunkenness in "dry" Portland, Maine, during 1913, was over 4,000, or one arrest for this offence to every fifteen inhabitants. According to the *Daily News* for March 17, 1914, the number of arrests for drunkenness in Bangor, during 1913, was exactly 2,152, or one arrest for the same offence to every eleven inhabitants. The number of arrests for drunkenness was, therefore, a great deal larger in Portland and Bangor than in "wet" Pittsburgh. Out of thirty large cities in our country, extra dry Memphis, Tenn., had during nine years the highest murder rate, while human life was safest in extra-wet Milwaukee. This has been proved by the statistician Frederick Hoffman, in a recent issue of the *Spectator.*

There are many well-meaning people at the head of the prohibition movement. This does not prove that they are right. A man may champion an error with the same sincerity with which he defends a truth. The dry agitators obstinately confound the use with the abuse, temperance and total abstinence with prohibition, though all these conceptions are vitally different. Temperance means use in moderation, while prohibition is the forbidding by civil law of the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic beverages. Total abstinence is the habitual and voluntary refraining from all intoxicating beverages. No priest who celebrates Mass can be a total abstainer. It is unfair to marshal the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore into the ranks of the prohibitionists. The Fathers called the liquor traffic *quæstus in se non illicitus,* a business which is in itself lawful. They warned against the *abuse* of the liquor traffic and against the evils resulting from the abuse. Let us stand for the strict regulation, not for the abolition, of the liquor traffic. The prohibition bugaboo has done more harm than good. Let us ship the water wagon back to Turkey!

Mannington, W. Va. C. J. Kluser.

To the Editor of America:

I have been reading with much interest the "Prohibition" articles that are appearing in your columns. No, not with interest. They are the same old articles that we are reading everywhere these days by the advocates of "moderate" drinking and "strict" regulation. These articles are written by the same class of people who were howling their heads off in the days before the Civil War about the immorality of abolition, the well-fed people who sit at their desks and spin theories, but who know nothing about the real problems of life. They fear confiscation of saloon property, but they give never a thought to the confiscation of the wages of the poor fellows who have to run the gauntlet of the saloons on their way home from work every night. These hair-splitters are all wrought up over the fear that we may become a nation of drug fiends if our "light drinks" are taken away from us, and in the same breath they have the effrontery to refer to other people as "fanatics." My advice to them is to throw the statistics of the liquor dealers' associations into the waste basket and take a trip through the State of Kansas. Not a Pullman-car trip, but one that will take them among the people. Better still, let them visit the Catholic communities of the State, and if they can find a more contented people, I would like to hear from them. I never knew a man to go into Kansas with an open mind that didn't come out with his ideas against prohibition severely jolted.

For the past twelve years I have traveled the country from Indiana to Texas and from Texas to North Dakota, and I know something about wet and dry conditions from actual experience. I know the change for the better that has been wrought in many communities that have had the courage to introduce prohibition. The man who says that prohibition means drug fiends doesn't know the first thing about the subject from the practical standpoint. He is a mere spinner of theories, nothing else. Prohibition does inconvenience some people for a while—it usually rids a community of an element that can well be spared—but the good outweighs the inconvenience a hundred times over. Christianity bids the strong help the weak. The man who says he can leave drink alone without any trouble should leave it alone for the benefit of the weaker brother who can not. "Lead us not into temptation." But, then, we handle very few of our problems from a Christian standpoint.

It is all very well for the man who can take his drink at his club to tell us about the great moral issues at stake; but the fact remains that alcohol is made to be sold, and it is going to be sold, law or no law. In the meantime, while the doctors are splitting hairs, we are ruining young men and old men by the thousands. If the author of "Temperance against Prohibition" can show a wet city in the United States that has not an acute saloon problem, a city where alcohol is not either the dominant or a streng factor in politics, I would like to visit it. He can talk about "civil service" and "regulation" until "the cows come home." He might just as well talk about regulating the devil. So long as liquor is allowed to be sold, it will seep through any wall erected against it. Sisseton, S. D., conceived the idea, a few years ago, of a municipal saloon under the direct supervision of the authorities. Sisseton kept the saloon one year, then gave it up. For years we have been fed on the "regulation" of the "light wine" districts of Europe, but the war brought us the news that the wine-drinking Frenchman had gone to absinthe. Like all beer and light wine drinkers, he found he needed something stronger occasionally to get the "kick." And did not the Government of France give that "beverage" the Kansas treatment?

The intemperate drinker is not the only problem. The "moderate" drinker is a problem as well. There is not a moderate drinker of my acquaintance who can afford to spend $100 a year for drink; yet that is only about twenty cents a day—a small amount for the average drinker. The men in ordinary circumstances who spend more than that are legion. And what is worse, the "moderate" drinker as a rule always has an ache of some kind or other. He is never just right. He must have his bracer in the morning; his cocktail for an appetizer; his créme de menthe for a settler; a drink of gin for his kidneys, and a night cap to induce sleep. Tell him that he is a drinker and he becomes indignant. He talks about "personal liberty" and "fanatics." In his estimation only "cranks" think that the liquor laws should be rigidly enforced. He can abstain whenever he wishes,

but when he wants a drink he should be able to get it. He blames everything under the sun when he is short of cash or not in fit condition; but he never blames the alcohol.

Now, I am no more in favor of prohibitory laws than any one else; but I am sick and tired of this eternal compromising with an evil that has touched too many families; an evil that has retarded the work of the Church in the United States more than any other thing. I have talked and worked for "regulation," but I am through with that. It looks nice on paper; but it's a fraud. The great majority of men would never think of taking a drink if it wasn't under their nose all the time; and that is the class of men who intend to get rid of alcohol. It is not the "fanatics"; it is not the "reformers." It is the men who know from actual experience what the evils of drink are. I do not think the religious element entered into the passage of the Arizona law. Lack of foresight brought on the quandary about the Mass. Mormon Utah is liable to do anything to other religions; but what that State does should not be held up as an example, any more than the action of the Arkansas legislature in passing a convent inspection bill should be held up as an example of what other States are going to do. Prohibition laws have been passed in fifteen or more other States, and Mass is being said legally in every one of them. Instead of acting as a brake on the wheel, we should see to it that our rights are properly safeguarded.

Christ, for some good reason of His own, blessed wine for the wedding guests; but the man who tries to reconcile liquor drinking as we know it to-day with that act of the Saviour's is hard put for excuses. The wine of Cana is not strong enough to flavor American alcohol.

Omaha. J. J. FITZGERALD.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter printed in your issue of March 27, replying to my article on "Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.," seems to have been written for the purpose of drawing attention away from the outstanding fact that the Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant religious organization which Catholics can not join without danger to their faith.

The papal encyclical which your correspondent quotes to bring confusion on my head allows freedom of opinion and practice only in matters outside faith and discipline. The Holy Father was not there giving Catholics permission to join Protestant religious organizations—not even tacit permission. There is no need for a special decree to tell Catholics that they must avoid such associations. The natural law itself forbids such an affiliation, to say nothing about the prohibition implied in the positive divine law.

Confusion in this matter arises chiefly from the fact that most Catholics do not realize that the Y. M. C. A. is really a religious organization. If your correspondent is able to disprove this contention, he can then with better grace defend Catholics who become members. He states that the Church permits membership in such associations provided there is no proximate danger to faith or morals. My article was written to prove that such danger exists. He does not, however, join issue on this point. It would be better for him to make some effort to prove that there is no danger to the faith of Catholics in joining the Y. M. C. A. before he assumes that he has the Pope on his side giving tacit permission.

I have been charged with having impeached the faith of Mr. McCloskey and his Catholic associates in the Y. M. C. A., and of having accused them of being disloyal Catholics. Actually I said that a Catholic who joins the Y. M. C. A., realizing that it is a Protestant religious organization which discriminates against him for being a Catholic, does so at a sacrifice of loyalty and self-respect. Your correspondent has throughout his letter exaggerated the extension of this statement, and distorted it to bring it under the censure of the Holy Father's encyclical, which is directed against contentions of an entirely different kind and tenor.

"Stated universally," he writes, the chief argument would read: "No Catholic can be loyal to his faith and retain his self-respect who joins a voluntary organization or society from the higher offices of which Catholics are excluded." He then attempts to draw a parallel from the case of a Catholic who would become a British subject, "thus affiliating himself with a civil society whose chief ruler and other high functionaries can not be Catholics." I deny that he has correctly "stated universally" my chief argument. I state it thus: The Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant religious organization which discriminates against Catholics on religious grounds though admitting them to limited membership; it is dangerous to the faith of Catholics who join it because it practises religious liberalism and is not entirely free from proselyting influences; therefore no Catholic can become a member without a sacrifice of loyalty and self-respect. To prove that his following a parallel is really flying off on a tangent it is only necessary to point out that the Catholic who becomes a British subject joins, as your correspondent himself says, "a *civil* society whose chief ruler and high functionaries can not be Catholics"; and that the Catholic who joins the Y. M. C. A. joins a Protestant *religious* organization, which discriminates against him for being a Catholic, and enters into surroundings which are proximately dangerous to his faith.

The rest of his letter is taken up with showing that there is present need of a Catholic organization to do for Catholic young men what the Y. M. C. A. is doing for its members. I heartily agree with him in this, though I am not so ready as he is to lay the lack of such an organization to "some one's neglect, lack of foresight or indifference." I think the reasons for this lack were made sufficiently clear in the last paragraph of the article he has attacked.

The final sentence of this letter is as follows: "In keeping with her [the Church's] spirit and her express command the opponents of the Y. M. C. A. should confine themselves to criticism of that organization, and refrain from abusing or questioning the faith and loyalty of its Catholic members." I deny that it is in keeping with the spirit of the Church, or that she has given any command to attack the Y. M. C. A. Moreover, I am not an "opponent" of the Y. M. C. A. I do not blame the Y. M. C. A. for discriminating against Catholic members; I think it should exclude them altogether. I deny that I have abused or questioned the faith of its Catholic members. As to their loyalty, I have undoubtedly called that into question, but here I must be allowed to explain that by loyalty I mean that spirit that makes a young man stand by the Church, even to his own personal self-sacrifice, through thick and thin, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse; which makes him disdain to accept gifts from the hands of representatives of a religion which was founded in rivalry and protest against her; which makes him no more eager to stand by her when she is the Bountiful Mother than when she is the Lady Poverty.

NELSON HUME.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In perusing the columns of your valuable paper, I became interested in the article, "Catholics in the Y. M. C. A." It astonished me to see attached to the strong defence of the Y. M. C. A. the splendid Catholic name of Leo Paul McCloskey. To quote from his article: "Since I joined the association several years ago, I have not heard any talk about religion, except among the Catholics themselves."

In order to prove the statement that the Y. M. C. A. is sec-

tarian, I quote from the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* March 15, the following, which had the headline:

THE HARRIET JUDSON RECORD

Mrs. Edward Thomas tells what has been accomplished during the fifteen months that the Y. W. C. A. boarding house has been in existence. One of the greatest joys of the home is the recreation room. Here immediately after dinner each night a short vesper service is held. Attendance is optional. A goodly number of girls take part in the service, which is informal and very helpful. . . . After the devotional exercises the room is transferred into a veritable playroom.

It is a disgrace to our Catholicism to know that so many of our religion find their recreations among non-Catholics. I have had occasion several times to reprove some of my young and inexperienced pupils for joining this association and seeing no harm in it, and I agree with AMERICA in stating that a Catholic can not accept the terms of the Y. M. C. A. without sacrificing loyalty and self respect. Perhaps Leo Paul McCloskey did not quite mean all that he said.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A CATHOLIC TEACHER.

Literature for Converts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the benefit of some of your readers who may be interested, will you kindly publish in your columns the address of the *Catholic Convert,* the new paper noticed recently in AMERICA? Also state where, in this country, the Caldey Benedictine quarterly, *Pax,* may be obtained.

Grand Rapids, Mich. A. C. G.

[The *Catholic Convert* is published monthly by The Catholic Converts' League, 117 West 61st Street, New York City. *Pax,* the Caldey quarterly and other Caldey publications, may be ordered through Mr. H. C. Watts, 128 East 93rd Street, New York City.—*Editor,* AMERICA.]

For Protestants' Consideration

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With a few notable exceptions, this generation of Protestant ministers, it seems to me, are of no force in the cause of truth. With them should be included, I regret to say, most Protestant bishops and the editors of Protestant papers. I do not believe that any observant student of current topics, any believer in the duty and responsibilities of the Protestant clergy as the leaders of their people, will dispute the fact that the clergy of all denominations are expected not only to teach and defend truth but to attack error, wherever and whenever error violates the laws of God or man.

In the little city where I reside there are six Protestant ministers who have been, and I believe still are, weekly readers and subscribers to that filthy sheet which disgraces our State. I know, personally, of other Protestant clergymen, former residents of this place and many ministers in towns and cities of several States, who give that paper and those like it moral and financial support. Indeed if the statements printed in that sheet are true, there are thousands of ministers who read that paper and promote its circulation.

Good American Christians can not tolerate treason to God or country. But these sheets print charges, which, if true, would make many millions of American citizens appear as traitors to God and country. If this vast multitude are really traitors, however, is it not the duty of the Protestant clergy to denounce them with an authoritative voice from all the pulpits in the land? Are they doing so? No. We hear no denunciations from these ministers. The reason is they must be fully aware that the charges made by the publications in question are false and malicious.

As Christian men, true Americans, as leaders of their people, are their voices raised in refuting the calumnies or silencing the calumniators? For the most part, no. Therefore they ally themselves in a conspiracy of silence with the editors of the Protestant press. By their silence they fail in their duty as teachers and defenders of truth, as spiritual leaders of men and as patriots, for they do not instruct the gullible and bigoted members of their flocks regarding the calumnies written about the Catholic Church, its doctrines, discipline and members. In shirking their duty in this matter, and in supporting immoral, mendacious papers with money and patronage, are not these ministers proving themselves failures as shepherds of their flocks? By silence and consent they allow their congregations to violate God's commandment regarding their neighbor's fair name and they aid and abet those who defraud Catholics of the rights they should enjoy according to the Constitution of the United States.

What is the cause of this attitude? Is it crass ignorance or malice? Indifferent they certainly can not be, whether educated or not, after reading the obscenity and lies with which this kind of "literature" abounds. Both to the decent Protestant and to the indignant Catholic it is plain that the readers and supporters of such papers have prurient and perverted minds. Is the principle, "All ways of combating Romanism are fair," one they wish to add to the tenets of Protestantism? If so, the non-Catholic laity must assume the leadership of their leaders and, standing beside fair-minded ministers like Dr. Gladden, put down this revived Know-nothingism.

Jackson, Mo. M. D. COLLINS.

Why Prefer Catholic Colleges?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My experience as a student at three different universities, and as a teacher at one university, all large and all non-Catholic, leads me to sound a warning against them. It was not, indeed, a rare thing in my own experience to hear freak doctrines launched forth from professorial chairs with all the dogmatic assurance of truth. A fling at Christianity here and a sneer at the Ancient Church there, contaminated the atmosphere in which thousands of young citizens were being trained. A professor may be an authority on bugs or on prehistoric oysters, but that gives no weight to his opinions on the problem of human existence, although many an unthinking student believes that it does. For solid undergraduate scholarship and sensible training of heart and mind, and as a preparation for good citizenship, I believe that in general Catholic colleges excel all others. One can feel sure that within their walls the students are not drinking in the pagan doctrines that pose under the name of "eugenics" or the citizenship-destroying teachings of socialism. Example and the force of personality are powerful aids in teaching. The small classes of Catholic colleges where the students are in intimate contact with godly self-sacrificing professors, men of high ideals and wide scholarship, are much more favorable for the promotion of good citizenship than are the crowded million-dollar laboratories of the large universities. In the latter, narrow-minded specialists often give to their subject an emphasis that is out of all proportion to the needs of the younger students. The large universities are valuable for post-graduate work along special lines, but as training places for undergraduate students, as mills for turning out solidly instructed citizens, they do not compare with Catholic colleges.

DONALD F. MACDONALD, LL.D.

Washington, D. C.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1915

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Telegram from Mexico

March 27.

The battle of Matamoras about to begin. Judging from numbers and equipment it will be hard. Fifteen hundred refugees, mostly women and children, are crossing the border at Brownsville. Unknown numbers crossing at other places. I have been asked to help provide food, shelter and hospital supplies.

P. O. Box 28, *Elizabeth Hendrix.*
Brownsville, Texas.

Black and White

AS colors they are not in themselves provocative of strife, and people may affect either or both without inciting hostility; but in the moral order it is otherwise. "He who is not with Me is against Me," said the Lord, and so, morally and religiously, the Blacks are waging incessant war against the Whites. Cain could not tolerate Abel's peaceful and virtuous ways, and so he killed him. Emphasizing the whiteness that should characterize His closest imitators, Christ invited them to leave all things—friends, family, worldly goods and ambitions—and follow Him. The Apostles and disciples did so, and forthwith the world ridiculed, ostracized, persecuted, banished, punished, imprisoned, and finally killed them, for the most part. So it has continued, according to the modes of time and place, even to our day: "If the world hate you, know ye, that it hated Me before you . . . because you are not of the world . . . therefore the world hateth you."

Hence we should not be surprised, nor greatly shocked, if the same world, even in this free land of ours, persists in persecuting the chosen ones of Christ, who have consecrated themselves to Him in poverty, chastity and obedience according to the inmost spirit of His law.

Consequent on the slanderous activities of the *Menace* and its kind, supported by more dangerous though less outspoken agencies, bills have been introduced into a number of our legislatures, providing that all convents, hospitals, schools, houses of reformation, and so on, shall be subject to inspection by sheriff, grand jury, or a certain number of citizens. The Arkansas legislature has achieved the distinction of passing such a measure, empowering any twenty of its citizens to inaugurate such an inquiry. Should the infamous measure go into effect any twenty bigots can, personally or by deputy, pry into, ransack and disorganize any Catholic convent, school, hospital, or home for the aged, deaf-mutes, infirm or orphans, by day or night, in this much-vaunted land of liberty. Of such laws a Commission appointed by Governor Ferguson, of Texas, where Catholics are a small minority, reports:

> In this bill, as in its predecessors, is concealed the cloven hoof. To enact a law providing that upon the petition of twenty persons an inspection of reputable institutions could be made by County Commissioners would be bad *per se* and would introduce a principle and precedent in legislation that could but result in promiscuous meddling without providing a single safeguard to good society.
>
> Reputable institutions, such as private hospitals, reformatory homes, convents, asylums, sectarian seminaries, etc., are subject to every kind of inspection that due regard for efficiency, cleanliness and sanitation could properly require or demand. But, aside from this fact, this particular bill is a veiled and unprovoked effort, whether wittingly or unwittingly, to encourage a vicious and unwarranted anti-Catholic sentiment in the American State. This republic was founded, in the wisdom of the fathers, upon the principle that America should forever remain a harbor of refuge for the oppressed of every land; the home and citadel of religious and political liberty, sustaining and perpetuating a Government where every citizen could worship God after the dictates of his own conscience and uninterruptedly enjoy the rights of property, religious and political freedom and the pursuit of happiness.
>
> We respectfully recommend that the bill be not passed.

And AMERICA respectfully recommends that Catholics, as individuals or organizations, in city, State and nation, insist that in works of education and benevolence we, as well as all other citizens, shall be dealt with according to the spirit and the letter of the Constitution, and that those who openly or covertly oppose such action shall be branded as the fanatics that they are.

The "Catholic World's" Jubilee

TO start a Catholic monthly just as the Civil War came to a close was a bold undertaking. Money was scarce, Catholics were only one-fourth as numerous as they are to-day; they were not a reading people, and half-a-dozen magazines begun by Catholics had failed. Nevertheless, Father Isaac T. Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, had the splendid courage to issue in April, 1865, the first number of the *Catholic World*, and now

its fourth editor, Father John J. Burke, who came after Father Doyle, who was Father Hewit's successor, has brought out the six-hundredth issue of the famous periodical. From the sketches of the magazine's history that are published in this excellent Jubilee Number some idea may be had of how much the *Catholic World* has done during the past fifty years to promote the intellectual activity of American Catholics and to present attractively to unbelievers the claims of the Church. Among the 300 contributors of note whose names are mentioned can be found such valiant champions of the truth as Brownson, Shea, Hassard, Clarke and Miss Tincker, and it was in the pages of the *Catholic World* that the literary papers of Miss Repplier and Miss Guiney first appeared.

The Holy Father pays a well-merited tribute to our highly-valued contemporary, "which in fifty years of uninterrupted labor has accomplished a noble and holy apostolate in defence of the Church and of Christian civilization," and Cardinal Farley sends his warm congratulations to "one of the most valiant and most efficient defenders of Holy Church." America rejoices to echo these praises and sincerely hopes that the *Catholic World* may continue to achieve the lofty object Father Hecker had in founding the magazine, viz.: "To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfils all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ."

A Silly Protest

A VERY foolish petition was recently presented to King George of England by an association calling itself the "Protestant British-Israel League." A few paragraphs from the document will serve to show the extraordinary mentality of the petitioners:

> Your petitioners humbly beg permission to draw your Majesty's gracious attention to the remarkable fact that in almost every instance concessions to Rome have been met by manifestations of divine displeasure, while opposition to Rome has been signalized by tokens of the Almighty's approval as follows:
>
> The passing of the Home Rule Bill for Ireland was followed by the sinking of the Empress of Ireland. The Royal Assent to the Bill was followed by the sinking of the three cruisers, Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir. The despatch of Sir Henry Howard as your Majesty's Plenipotentiary to the Pope was followed by the bombardment of the Yorkshire coast. The reception of Sir Henry Howard by the Pope was followed by the sinking of the Formidable. The issue of the Government White Paper, to endeavor to justify the British Mission to the Vatican, was followed by the air raid on Yarmouth and King's Lynn.

Apart from the slur which the petitioners cast upon the thousands of British Catholics who are fighting their country's cause in the war and, apart from the misrepresentation of facts in implying "concessions to Rome," where none were made, stands out the plain historical fact, that during the whole course of English history opposition to Rome was signalized by anything but blessings. There was no such poverty as that which occurred during the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. The reigns of Stephen, John, Henry III, and Edward II were periods of suffering under sovereigns who had put themselves into conflict with the Church. Moreover, the English kings who laid the foundations of their country's glory were not Protestants. Alfred the Great, who delivered England from the Danes, was a Catholic and went to Mass. Cnut was a Catholic; so, too, were Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, Richard I, Edward III, Henry VII; and when England had had enough of her violently sectarian Commonwealth she called to the throne of his fathers Charles II, who died a Catholic, though a penitent one.

The commercial prosperity which has fallen to England's lot since she identified herself with the revolt against the Church, is, so the Protestant British-Israelites would have us believe, under the special protection of a kind of British Protestant tribal deity:

> On the other hand, the strong protest of the United Protestant Societies against the British Mission to the Pope—which was forwarded to the Prime Minister, to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to the leaders of the Opposition, and to the press—was followed by a signal proof of the divine approval in the British naval victory in the North Sea, and the sinking of the German Blücher.

For compound silliness the "Protestant British-Israel League" unquestionably bears away the palm. Truly may it be said that lack of a sense of humor is one of the notes of Protestantism.

Lessons in Decency

TWO cities have recently given the world lessons in decency; one is Boston, the other Philadelphia. The Mayor of the former city has put his foot down hard on bad plays. One of these corroded the heel of his boot, squirmed out, and fled to New York, where it is resting comfortably. The others are probably awaiting the rebuilding of Sodom and Gomorrha. Philadelphia, too, is astir in the cause of morality. There is a censorship for films there. That is galling to those who love gold more than souls, and they determined to abolish it. These traffickers in the temple did not reckon with their host, however. And a host it is, fifty thousand members of the Holy Name Union, pledged to honor God by thought and word and deed. They would have none of this renewed "attempt to make money at the expense of a community's morals." The lawmakers were made to realize this, too. The fearless and eloquent Bishop McCort left them in no doubt of it when he said: "This Society battled to secure these laws and will battle to maintain them. The minds of our children must not be left open once more to debauchery and demoralization."

Boston has given a lesson in decency; so has Philadel-

phia. Two, only? Yet, there are a few other cities in the United States. Is there no way of making them ring with those golden words: "The minds of our children must not be left open once more to debauchery and demoralization"? That sentence points the way to the reform of the world. It should resound in every nook and corner of the land.

The Cost of "Success"

To the Editor of America:

The enclosed "Success Club" literature is spreading among Catholics. It was sent to me because a Catholic woman enrolled me in the organization without my knowledge. She has been a member for some years, is a strong advocate of the "Club" and a firm believer in it. The dues are $5.00 a year. America, I think, should pass judgment on this movement.

Brooklyn. M. E. B.

WE wish to thank our correspondent for the very enjoyable quarter of an hour the perusal of the "Success Club" literature afforded. The author of the pamphlet, entitled "Instructions from the Success Club" is a subtle humorist who is literally turning his gift into gold. For it costs $5.00 a year to belong to the organization, and the book on "The Law of Mentalism," which no self-respecting member will, of course, be without, can be had for the merely nominal price of $2.25. That the sum is ridiculously low for so useful a volume is proved by the attestation of "Member No. 147,860," who found the book of "more value than anything I ever gave $25.00 for." But let us have a taste of the humorist's quality: Every day this month at 1.00 p. m. and 8.00 p. m. members of the club who live in our eastern time belt are to repeat thrice these words of the "Harmony Key": "I will envy no man his good fortune but, instead, tell myself that what he has done is another proof of possibilities for myself." The directions continue:

> You will then sincerely and earnestly think the following and repeat three times, slowly and earnestly: "Fellow members, I send to you the full strength of my mental influence, with the command that it create in you new hope, courage, and the power to overcome obstacles and attract to you the success you merit and desire." When you have finished sending out these thoughts, let your brain rest and become passive, so that the influence of the members may come to you. It will come as a feeling of lightness, and hope will spring up within you, and the world will look brighter. After each treatment you will possess new energy and strength and will start upon your work again with a feeling of pleasure and determination to rise to the top and be an honor to yourself and to those who are using their efforts to assist you.

As all the members of the "Success Club" throughout the world are supposed to use the foregoing formulas at the same moment, "the perfect unity of thought will bring all into perfect harmony"; hope, confidence and perseverance are instantly born in the minds of faithful members, and whatever they undertake has a brilliantly successful issue.

Marvelous as are the results guaranteed to follow the prescribed outlay of time and money on the part of the Success Club's members, a much greater marvel is the spectacle of a Catholic woman, presumably with a head on her shoulders, becoming not only a firm believer in this new form of charlatanism, but even a zealous promoter of the fraud. Twenty minutes passed in prayer each day, she would probably consider wasted, and $5.00 given every year to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, she would, perhaps, think foolishly squandered. She will solemnly observe, however, the "Law of Mentalism" and help enrich the canny founder of the Success Club. Plainly, the organization is a form of the "New Thought Movement," the wickedness and absurdity of which were exposed in our issue of December 26, 1914.

A Wretched Crime

CRIME is never a sign of respect for morality. Some Americans think it is; they punish a crime by committing a crime. That is bad enough; but worse yet, they reckon their hideous sin an act of virtue, thus putting the brand of inferior civilization on their community. Last year there were a number of such men; groups of them have a long list of lynchings to their credit. During the first seven months of the year there were three or four lynchings every month; during the last five months there were eight or nine. Tuskegee reports 52 such murders for the year; the Chicago *Tribune*, 54; the *Crisis*, 74. As usual, too, there were innocent men among the victims; but, then, blind passion seeks not justice, but blood, and blood it gets, and the blood is upon its head. For law and order are outraged, authority is flouted and God is scorned. What can come of such conditions? Not peace, surely; but race hatred and hard, brutalized hearts, fit for the consuming fire, far away from their victims, from those at least who were innocent. In the end the lyncher, not the lynched, may be the victim, and that for eternity.

Broad or Narrow?

A LEARNED professor of chemistry, explaining that iron became steel by being impregnated with carbon, went on to declare that a perfectly sharp razor would be one with a ridge of carbon atoms cresting its edge. Extravagant, you will say, though keen! But here is something more extravagant! There are people in this great world so narrow that if they walked on that razor they would not cut themselves. They have irons for feet, and the rest of their personality is in proportion. Is narrowness, then, so dread a vice as to strain thus the possibilities of hyperbole?

What is broadness? Broadness is an angel of the choir of freedom. The path of a bullet should be straight and narrow; the tracks of a street-car are straight and unyielding and offer no opportunity for meandering. Narrowness is a virtue in machinery. The broadness which induced a certain street-car driver to

turn off the tracks and let a load of hay pass has found few imitators in the city where this fact is related, or anywhere else. Animals are fixed in their ways by instinct and by training, and with them, too, narrowness is a virtue. Science and all well-established truth are and must be narrow. A broad geometrician, a broad chemist, or the like, is a misnomer. It is not a virtue to consider that the moon is made of green cheese, but it is very broad ignorance. Every one except skeptics, and their latest offspring, idealists, pragmatists and creative-evolutionists, every one holds that truth is definite, restricting, limited, narrow. You can not walk the line of truth with the uncertainty which characterized that Irish reveler who, in trying to make his native town, was more concerned, he said, with the width of the road than with its length. Broadness is a virtue where there is freedom to expand or contract. You can and ought to be broad where principles are not evident, where precepts are not clearly obligatory, where practice is not definitely prescribed.

Your theorist should be broad. He has indeed his answers to a certain problem, but until he knows his answer is right he is narrow if he imposes his theory tyrannically upon all. The narrow theorist is really the enemy of truth and of science. If he goes further and tries to answer all questions by his formula, then he becomes a faddist. If he is persistent and peculiar with his fad, then he will be said to be riding a hobby, and a hobby-horse is narrow longitudinally as well as latitudinally; it has the magnificent area of a point. Be broad in the matter of fads and fashions and fancies; be narrow if you have facts.

Broadness is a blend of humility, common-sense, unselfishness, magnaminity and sympathy. A man should not be broad on the Ten Commandments. They are clear, definite obligations. But if laws are narrow, love and mercy are broad, and no one should arrogate to himself the wisdom and power of Mount Sinai and hurl new tables of self-made laws at the heads of his neighbors. Spirit is broad, but flesh and appetite are narrow. Narrowness is short-sighted selfishness. To look for the trade-mark, "Made in Mylandia," may be good business, but it is not broadness if nationalism or sectionalism or localism or domesticism will allow one to approve of nothing unless it has "Made in Mylandia" stenciled upon it. Your clock may sometimes tick so loud at night that you imagine it is telling time for the antipodes, the solar apogee or stellar space. It isn't. See a neurologist.

Alas, during war-time, broadness is cribbed, cabined and confined. Acts, words, decisions, appreciations, tastes, go down into dark, cramped trenches. Standards and judgments are so narrow that pin-points afford ample space upon which to have them enjoy free exercise. Even Christianity with difficulty escapes the national brand. Some, no doubt, would be glad to haul down the Star of Bethlehem and confine its broad rays to one mountain or one city. Not, however, on Garizim of Samaria, or in Jerusalem only are found adorers in spirit and truth. Let spirit and truth see to it that there be no blockade zone to the noble virtue of broadness, that even under martial law freedom shall still be free and Catholicism remain steadfastly Catholic.

LITERATURE

A Fallen Angel

WITH the exception of Tennyson, no English writer has lived to taste the rare kind of literary fame so long as Mr. Thomas Hardy. In the eighties Coventry Patmore referred to him in the *Fortnightly* as "our first English novelist." Tolstoy, in far-away Russia, looked upon him as England's greatest literary genius. Articles innumerable, accepting him as a classic, have been appearing in serious magazines for more than a generation. Poets especially, most exacting critics, have acknowledged his charm, from Lionel Johnson in the early nineties, who wrote his only book on Mr. Hardy, to Mr. Lascelle's Abercrombie, whose critical study, a portly volume, appeared about two years ago.

Mr. Hardy is now seventy-five years old; and neither an old man's desire for rest nor the comforts of life in his country seat, Max Gate, near Dorchester, the "Casterbridge" of his Wessex tales, have won him from strenuous literary activity. Apparently he does not believe that old age can find any solace in an idle and complacent retrospect over a career sprinkled plentifully with enviable successes. Starting life as an architect and antiquarian, he turned novelist; and without straying for experience or material beyond the single county of Dorset, a place of farms and sleepy old towns, he became in a few years the literary rival of such accomplished and cosmopolitan masters in fiction as Meredith and Henry James, outstripping them in popularity. Then, when life is supposed to be on the decline, Mr. Hardy, at the climax of his fame as a novelist, cast the instruments of his fine prose aside and said, "Go to! I will be a poet." For the last seventeen years it has been almost nothing but poetry at the rate of a volume every two or three years from "Wessex Poems" in 1898, down to the recently published "Satires of Circumstances." (Macmillan.)

This we believe, is an unparalleled phenomenon in literary history. It is most unusual for a man of sound judgment to take to the making of poems late in life; and the experiment is almost sure to be painful to beholders. Could it be that Coventry Patmore was unconsciously responsible for Mr. Hardy's bold departure from precedent? Far back in 1875 we find Patmore writing as follows to Mr. Hardy about one of the latter's recent novels: "I regretted at almost every page that such almost unequaled beauty and power should not have assured themselves the immortality which would have been confirmed upon them by the form of verse." Was a seed dropped here? The question may interest some future biographer of Mr. Hardy.

Viewing the matter solely as one of art, the change is to be regretted. Many will regard Patmore's suggestion as fruitful and unfortunate. It is not easy, however, to come to conclusions about Mr. Hardy's verse. Undoubtedly it has poetic excellence of a sort hard to define. It is rugged and rough, with little or no sense of word-magic or of the subtler functions of rhythmic phrase and cadence. But it is honest work, such as an able architect might be fancied to like as well as to turn out; not devoid of beauty and character. Still its beauty is not the natural flower of genius; it never triumphantly eludes the suspicion of being a forced growth. Mr. Hardy, poet, is like an awkward and clumsy athlete who surprises you by his success. He seems to win the prize from his competitors by making sheer will and muscle supply the deficiencies of natural grace and aptitude. One can not entirely get rid of the conviction that Mr. Hardy is a

poetic craftsman of originality and resource; at the same time one marvels that there should be a shred of such conviction.

But there is a more serious objection against the poetic art of Mr. Hardy than the doubtful genuineness of its outward expression, of its visible body. The spirit of his art, its vitality, its very breath, is diseased. If his unexpected and late appearance as a poet was remarkable, more remarkable still was his sudden revelation of himself, "in the middle of the journey of his life," not only as a Julian, who hated "the Galilean," but as a modern Lucretius, who delighted in public hurlings of defiance against God. Mr. Hardy's novels of the nineties are unequaled for their combination of artistic honesty and moral dishonesty. They are briefs against the Almighty. This is bad enough. But the wickedness is aggravated by the cunning tricks of a pettifogging lawyer who will allow no scruple to keep him from making his case more plausible. It is strange that no one has called attention to the sleight-of-hand chicanery in the moral argument of those books. The philosophy of Mr. Hardy's later novels has been carried over into his poetry and elaborated fully in his dramatic epic, "The Dynasts." It lifts its head in his recent volume and is a baleful presence.

Like most poetic expounders of anti-Christian philosophy, Mr. Hardy is shifty and difficult of definite classification in his beliefs. He is a monist, a Haeckel dressed up in art and emotion. He holds the universe to be the blind evolution of a primal unintelligent Force: this world is an unfortunate place for a sensitive and aspiring human being, who is sure to be crushed and flattened by the steam-rollers of a supreme, unseeing Will.

> Stand ye apostrophizing that
> Which, working all, works but thereat
> Like some sublime fermenting vat
>
> Heaving throughout its vast content
> With strenuously transmutive bent
> Though of its aim unsentient?

This is intelligible, and we understand why Mr. Hardy is bitterly dissatisfied with such an arrangement of things. But what we do not understand at all is the strange fact that Mr. Hardy vents his bitterness in spiteful little outbursts against the Christian God, Whom he declares to be non-existent. Is he in the fearful spiritual condition of those whose lot is

> Half the Devil's lot.
> Trembling, but believing not?

Most of Mr. Hardy's satanic hatred expresses itself indirectly in harsh criticism of creation. Hence he is by sad eminence the Prince of Pessimists. In a poem of his latest volume, one who has just been buried, asks, "Who is digging on my grave?" Not her husband: he has already wedded another. Not her dearest kin: they regard flower-planting on a grave as foolish sentiment. It is her little dog.

> Ah, yes! You dig upon my grave . . .
> Why flashed it not on me
> That one true heart was left behind!
> What feeling do we ever find
> To equal among human kind
> A dog's fidelity!

In the next and concluding stanza we are informed that the dog was merely planting a bone for future emergencies! Mr. Hardy is never more gleeful or more enthusiastic in his work than when he is laying powder-trains to your gentler illusions. What a disagreeable old man he is!

And what a shocking old man! Like most popular writers, whose pleasure it is to drop what they fondly suppose to be scientific shrapnel upon our spiritual cathedrals, he betrays a mean fascination for sexual abnormalities He likes to come back to and hover over bestial carrion. He is not erotic, but displays eroticism, and broken marriage vows interest him keenly. Chaucer and Dryden bemoaned in their late manhood this sin of their passionate youth; in his old age Mr. Hardy revels in the sin. And yet we should not be surprised. Samuel Taylor Coleridge has told us: "The belief of a God and a future state (if a passive acquiescence may be flattered with the name of belief) does not always beget a good heart, but a good heart so naturally begets the belief that the very few exceptions must be regarded as strange anomalies from strange and unfortunate circumstances." Mr. Hardy's sneaping and snooping in the moral rubbish of life makes it difficult for us to include him with certainty among those exceptions; and we are sincerely sorry. For the "lord of the Wessex coast and all the lands thereby" had it in him to be an angel of light. "I would give my hand," Robert Louis Stevenson is quoted as saying, "to write like Hardy." Yet Stevenson's art bids fair to outlive Mr. Hardy's. So potent is the spirit-animating art.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

REVIEWS

A Playmate of Philip II. Being the History of Don Martin, of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa, and of Doña Luisa de Borgia, His Wife. By LADY MORETON. With Seventeen Illustrations. New York: John Lane. $3.00.

Lady Moreton, the translator of Padre Coloma's "Story of Don John of Austria," reviewed in AMERICA for May 31, 1913, has here done some original work in Spanish biography. For she found in the ancestral archives of the Villahermosas, "the first of the eight families of Aragon," material for an interesting life of Don Martin de Guerrea y Aragón, Count of Ribagorza, Duke of Villahermosa. As he was one of the pages attending Charles the Fifth's little son, the subject of this biography can be safely styled, no doubt, "A Playmate of Philip II," but in after life, instead of being intimate, the two wrangled in the law courts over some property and the king signed the death warrant of Don Martin's son who had committed murder.

In 1542, when Don Martin was only sixteen, he was married to a lady twice his age, Doña Luisa Borgia, the austere sister of that Francis Borgia who made the "grand refusal" and died General of the Jesuits. The match proved happier, however, than was to be expected. Through the young duke was away from home a great deal on the king's business, the duchess, being a very capable woman, governed admirably, meanwhile, her husband's turbulent vassals and managed his estates with shrewdness. Indeed on returning home for good, after a five years' absence, Don Martin found everything in so satisfactory a condition that he urged Doña Luisa to continue her stewardship. She begged to be excused, however, saying "God has made man and not woman head of the family." No suffragette, she! Doña Luisa also succeeded, apparently, in getting St. Ignatius to send her Jesuit brother to Saragossa, that she might consult him there about her progress in perfection.

When Prince Philip went to England in 1554 to marry Mary Tudor, Don Martin was in the royal suite. The duke writes with what emotion he saw the great kingdom restored to Catholic unity. But this reconciliation with Rome lasted, he notes, but a short time, owing "to the sins of the world and by the hidden judgments of God. The greatest pity. With my own eyes I saw the conversion and the whole ecclesiastical state change, and divine service restored, and fourteen heretics burned in London. All this was undone, as God did not give these princes children." Don Martin took part in Philip's campaigns in France and Flanders and through Lady Moreton's pages move many of the notables of those stirring times, such as Alva, Granvella, Perez, and Christina of Denmark.

Left a widower at thirty-three with six children, the Duke prudently married again, occupied himself with his "Dis-

courses" on Roman coins and antiquities, won the title, the "Philosopher of Aragon," died in 1581, and his shroud, as he desired, was a Cistercian habit. Don Martin's entire life, however, was not so edifying as his death, and Doña Luisa had her trials. But being both sensible and holy she removed her husband's temptations without losing his love. "A Playmate of Philip II" gives an interesting picture of the life led by the Spanish aristocracy of the sixteenth century. W. D.

King Albert's Book. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50.

Less than a year ago it was decided, beyond all uncertainty, by those who knew—and by a great many more who did not know—that the Catholic nation was decadent. Protestantism meant progress, and progress meant commercial prosperity. Then, all on the instant, there rang throughout the world the word "Belgium," and somehow since then accepted ideas have lost their value. Now Belgium was progressive, she was commercially prosperous, she was and is Catholic: that is, she lost everything that was counted worth having according to the standards of the every-day world, the Faith alone she has left. From all classes large sums of money have poured in to help Belgium in her need, and now there is presented to us a permanent memorial to Belgium and her gallant king in the form of "King Albert's Book." That the whole of the publishers' profits will go to the relief of the Belgians is the least of the reasons for buying the book, its value as literature but the smallest part of its intrinsic worth. To purchase the book is to be allowed to offer a tribute to this little stricken Catholic nation, to its homeless, landless, war-worn Catholic king; more royal in the day of his affliction than in the splendid robes of majesty.

This is the thought of those who have contributed to make the book. Their Eminences Cardinals Gibbons, Luçon, Amette and Bourne; statesmen like ex-President Taft, Sir Edward Grey and the Hon. Joseph Choate; authors like Mrs. Alice Meynell, M. Réne Bazin and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton; Catholics and non-Catholics from America, England, Ireland, Norway, Russia, Italy, France, Sweden, Poland, Holland, Spain, Japan and Denmark; artists, musicians, poets and dramatists have all counted it a privilege to lay of their best at the feet of Belgium; have, as with one accord, killed for ever the monstrous lie that the Catholic nation is decadent. In the years to come, when the last great war shall have become a memory, and the world shall enjoy the blessings of universal peace, "King Albert's Book" will keep fresh the remembrance of that noble king and of the loyalty of his people; and wherever the book shall be found, there also will be a permanent memorial of names and deeds "familiar on the lips as household words." H. C. W.

Are We Ready? By H. D. Wheeler. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

This is a rapid-firing book, aimed with deadly accuracy at such pacificists and other un-Americans as are satisfied with the present military conditions of the United States. Shooting forth literary shrapnel in great variety and quantity, it will make pleasant reading, for readers who are outside the firing line—whether it compels conviction is another matter. Briefly, Mr. Wheeler demonstrates that our 90,000 soldiers, but half of whom are available for home service, and our scanty and inferior arms and ammunition, and our small and inefficient navy, are utterly inadequate to repel invasion by any first-class power. A million or half a million patriots could not spring to arms for they would have no arms to spring to, nor would they know how to handle them if they had. Our navy would be scattered, sunk or "bottled-up," and all our coast cities would be in the hands of the enemy, and holocausts of patriots slaughtered before the rest could be trained and armed for effective resistance. Ex-Secretary of War Stimson and several military experts indorse this pessimistic estimate, and the proofs that much of our $90,000,000 military expenditure is directed to "pork-barrel" purposes need no endorsement. Thomas Jefferson, W. H. Taft, General Wood and Woodrow Wilson are cited in support of the author's demand that we have more and better ships and guns and fighting men and military practice. For this purpose he would have us adopt "the German military idea" of citizen soldiers, "which is more democratic than ours," and abandon the merely professional system of Frederick the Great, which is now maintained only "by the British, ourselves and China, of the world's great nations." The extension of military camps to all educational institutions, and the coordination of an enlarged militia with the regular army, would supply the men and the training, while the Government should bend all its powers to provide an adequate reserve of guns, ammunition and supplies. Strong in constructive and destructive analysis and written to be read, the book will serve a useful purpose in as far as it stimulates interest in the question of rational defence. M. K.

Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. With Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.35.

Those who have enjoyed reading "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes," the excellent novels this painstaking author has written, will take up eagerly "Angela's Business." Charles King Garrott, the hero, is an unsuccessful novelist who fancies that he thoroughly understands Woman, both the Old and the New. But Angela Flower, a type of the first, and Mary Wing, representing the second, show him before the story ends that he has a vast deal to learn on the subject. Mr. Harrison's description of the Redmantle Club and of Miss Hodger, "who admitted homes only as places to get into," is a delicious satire on "social workers," and Uncle Oliver's views on marriage are thoroughly orthodox, for he says:

> When a woman jumps up and hits a crack at marriage, that the rest of us are sacrificin' ourselves to build up for the good of society, why, she's a bad woman, you can talk till you're black in the face, that had ought to be punished. Yes, and those that help her, they're lending encouragement to the enemies of the Republic, seems like, and they'd ought to be punished too.

Angela, who found being a good daughter and sister business enough for any woman, does not permit absorption in those duties to keep her from pursuing with a little Fordette the man she thinks would make a good husband, and Mary Wing, whom the reader may not like at first, turns out very "womanly" after all. Mr. Harrison's amusing sketch of the aspiring author is doubtless rich in autobiographical data. W. D.

Just Stories. By Gertrude M. O'Reilly. New York: The Devin-Adair Co.

Read here, you heavy-hearted, and you will be "hanging your coat on a sunbeam" with a cry of delight and will sing songs to yourselves as sweet as a bird and run dancing into the air. And you, advancing and retreating army of commuters and travelers, if you begin these Irish tales with such exuberant joy, you will end by learning how to shorten the longest road. "These little stories," says the author, "give some little glimpse of Ireland to those who have not had the joy of looking on her face." The perfume of flowers and hues of the hills and music of the waters and the light of the fire, and Brideen and Johneen and Micheen, with match-making and priests and peelers and old saints and modern sinners, they are all there. It is not "Just Stories," but "Just Ireland." It is too bad to have to choose where all is good, but if any one wants to know where to find laughs enough to carry him to the Pacific Exposition

while thinking he was crossing the street, let him read "The New Inkybator." In some dainty introduction verses, J. M. S. calls the book a "little whiff of country air." Whiff? Why, 'tis a gale of merry laughter, shot through, now and then, with a fine spray of tears. The greatest fault of this book is its length. It is entirely too short. F. P. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

February's six "best-sellers": "The Turmoil," "The Lone Star Ranger," "The Eyes of the World," "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," and "The Clarion," have already been noticed in AMERICA. Booth Tarkington's protest against materialism deserves its place at the head of the list; the besmirched "dime novel" that comes next will benefit nobody; the "persistent popularity" of "The Eyes of the World" begins to be amusing; and of the last three novels mentioned, "The Clarion" is the only one that rises above the commonplace.

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, the editor of the "American Catholic Who's Who," which was published in 1911 has received from all parts of the country inquiries about a second edition. She regrets, however, that there is no prospect at present of bringing it out. Though the widely advertised first edition numbered but 2,500 copies, only some 1,500 copies were sold. The time and labor spent in compiling the book covered a period of over two years and the cost to both editor and publisher far exceeded any profit. If the Catholics of the United States had bought up the first edition, a second edition, with corrections, improvements and additions would have been possible. The editor would be only too glad to bring the book out every two years, but that is out of the question, for plainly there is no demand for the book.

Benziger Bros. have placed upon the market a medium-sized, 18mo edition of the "Breviarium Romanum." (Turonibus, Typis A. Mame et Filiorum.) The Mame or Tours breviary has long been a favorite with many priests. The new edition is approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites as conformable with the Roman *editio typica* of March 25, 1914. It is printed in neat, clear type, more attention having been given to spacing than to the largeness of the type itself. Completeness has always been the special aim of the editors of the Mame breviary and this virtue is not wanting here. References are as few as is practicable for the handy, portable size of the book. Thus the *responsoria* are given after the lessons of the nocturns where only a reference occurred before. The price of the breviary is $9.75 and with a *proprium* added, $10.75.

Harold Begbie, the zealous Protestant church worker, does not seem to have been just the man to write an "up-to-the-minute" sketch of "Kitchener, Organizer of Victory" (Houghton, $1.25), that would please the "pro's." The author undertakes to discredit the popular legend of "the man who has made himself a machine," the general "who has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind." Mr. Begbie maintains that Kitchener is no genius, and not at all bloodless; he is "a slow, thorough, painstaking, laborious and determined organizer." The author finds in England's Secretary of War, however, considerable "Prussianism" and offers as an example of it the answer Kitchener gave a young engineer who had done incredible things to have a bridge finished on the day the General desired:

> At the moment when Kitchener arrived the engineer had everything ready for the inspection. His eyes shining with pleasure, his face wet with perspiration, his hands still grimed with the anxious work of last touches, he advanced to Kitchener, saluted, and said, with a smile: "Well, Sir, we've just managed to do it in time." The only answer he received, the dreadful eyes fixed upon him, the voice cold with authority, was this: "Yes, but you ought not to appear before me unshaved."

Eight portraits illustrate Mr. Begbie's "popular" account of Kitchener's military career.

Let no one take up Edward P. Buffet's "The Layman Revato" (The Author, Bergen Avenue, Jersey City) in order to while away the time. The thoughtful student will be interested by the wealth of learning brought to bear upon the imagined mental processes of the hero. "Revato" is conceived to be under contrary influences, Buddhistic and Hellenistic, three centuries before Christ, in the land of the sacred stream of Ganges. He is strongly Buddhistic in temperament, but boldly ventures into the realm of Hellenistic philosophy. His mind has been trained to lead the will in the strong traces of restraint; he cuts the traces and gives free fling to the will to follow the emotions. The writer would have done a better work, if all his erudition had been expended upon a scientific study of the Buddhistic mind of the period. As things are here presented to the reader, they are a veritable tangle of ideas; Buddhistic, Hellenistic, Christian. Needless to say, only a neo-Buddhist will admit the ideas of "Revato."

"The World Crisis and the Way to Peace" (Putnam, $0.75) by E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph.D., is an impassioned plea to Americans to bring about a cessation of hostilities. The recipe suggested is this: Appropriate $20,000,000 for Red Cross work; secure a month's truce; through the "Church Universal" pray unceasingly to God; appeal to the mothers of the world; call a counsel of neutral nations. But if these measures prove ineffective, the author would have us send half the United States navy to the North Sea! "The Origins of the War" (Putnam, $1.00) by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D., is another book on what is now a well-worn subject. Under the captions: "Anglo-German Rivalry (1875-1888)," "The Kaiser," "Germany's World-Policy," "Morocco," "The Bagdad Railway," "Alsace-Lorraine," "The Eastern Question (1908-1913)," "The Crisis of 1914," "The Rupture," the author traces from an Englishman's view-point, the course of the political developments out of which the present conflict has arisen.

In "A History of the Commandments of the Church" (Herder, $1.50), Father A. Villien, of the Catholic University of Paris, has written a valuable book. Beginning from Apostolic times, he shows the origin and growth of the different precepts that we find to-day in the catechism of Pius X grouped under five heads. The first complete catalogue of these Church laws he assigns to the fifteenth century, but the obligation of assisting at Sunday Mass was acknowledged certainly as early as the fourth century. The author's method of treating his subject is never to build on conjecture, but to prove all his statements by such reliable documents as pastorals addressed to clergy and laity, decrees of councils and the writings of the churchmen of the period in question. The moralist and canonist, as well as the ecclesiastical student, will find in this book stores of valuable information regarding the Church's laws.

"The Columbiad," by William H. Sheran (J. M. Dent & Sons, London, 1s., 6d.), is a poem in six books of heroic verse. Some good descriptive passages mark the work, and a great deal of prosaic narrative, too. On the whole the epic effort is weak. There is a lack of unity, and the reader is left at

the end of the poem with America undiscovered and Columbus still at sea. How this tribute to the great Genoese will make his deeds more real to the youth of America and England, as the author hopes, is not at all clear. The book is dedicated to the Knights and admirers of Columbus throughout the world.——"Stories for Carmencita" (Brooklyn Eagle Press) were written in Spanish by Salvador Calderon for his little daughter, and translated by A. G. Gahan in the hope of the book's reaching other little children here in America. "Your mother who dwells in heaven and in my heart wished me to write this book for you," is the author's very simple introduction. In their original Spanish setting the stories may read simply enough, but certainly for American children many a phrase in the English version will prove puzzling. The translator has held too much to the Spanish idiom.

The Merrymount Press of Boston, has issued Pico della Mirandola's "A Platonick Discourse Upon Love" ($3.00). The format of the book leaves nothing to be desired, paper, print, binding, being in exquisite taste. The contents of the volume constitute an interesting literary curiosity for the enjoyment of the more scholarly. Even these will find in the book much that is puzzling, a great deal that is outworn and some few false notions which are now experiencing a renascence in literature and philosophy.

"Chemistry of Common Things" (Allyn & Bacon, $1.50), will be especially welcomed by those who have to train their pupils to meet the Regents' requirements. When the book's authors, several years ago, framed the syllabus in chemistry for New York State, they found few, if any, elementary chemistries that contained all the information that the syllabus called for. Hence they set to work and produced "First Principles of Chemistry" to meet the want. The present book may be regarded as a supplement to the former volume although it can itself be used as a text-book in elementary chemistry. There are two parts to the book; in the first will be found some of the things common to all elementary chemistries, but with additions on topics of practical interest, chief among them, the chapter on food-values. The second part gives the book its distinctive feature, for here has been gathered a wealth of information in interesting chapters on the chemistry of most of the substances which make up our every-day industrial and technical life. Lime, cement, iron, steel, paints, oils, dyes and textile materials, to say nothing of such processes as cooking, adulteration of food, bread, butter and cheese-making, cleaning and laundering, all find a place in this "Chemistry of Common Things."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
Within the Cloister's Shade. By Hamilton Schuyler.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Bramble-Bees and Others. By Henri Fabre. $1.50.

Harper & Bros., New York:
When A Man Comes to Himself. By Woodrow Wilson. $0.50; Victors of Peace. By F. J. Gould. $0.75; A Dealer in Empire. By Amelia Josephine Burr. $1.25.

Hearst's International Library:
King Albert's Book. $1.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Secret of an Empress. By Countess Zanardi Landi. $4.00; Criticisms of Life. By Horace J. Bridges. $1.50.

M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin:
The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D. 7s. 6d.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Official Catholic Directory for 1915. Complete Edition. Paper, $2.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Works of the Abbé Constant Fouard. The Christ the Son of God. 2 Vols. $2.50; St. Peter and the First Years of Captivity. $1.25; St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age. $1.25; St. Paul and His Missions. $1.25; The Last Years of St. Paul. $1.25.

EDUCATION

From Sixty to Six Hundred

THIS is a story of growth; an exemplification in miniature of the Gospel mustard seed which, from a tinyness almost invisible, came to be a shelter for a great family of the sky's winged throng. In our narrative, the hearts of little children are the field, the word of God is the seed, the ministry of devoted catechists is the sower, and the St. Ambrose Sunday School with its roll of six hundred child enthusiasts, developed from a tiny nucleus of sixty, is the grown and sheltering tree.

The Field

St. Ambrose parish is in the southwest corner of St. Louis, and comprises a slightly elevated section of territory, locally known as "Dago Hill." A combination of natural landscape features and industrial activities isolates this area from the rest of residential St. Louis and, as the nickname indicates, it is inhabited almost exclusively by Italians. The colony numbers about five thousand souls. The men are chiefly employed in the clay mines, and brick, tile and terra cotta factories which hem in the settlement. Several hundred women and girls work in a neighboring tobacco factory, close to the "Hill," and a very few go down into the city for employment.

The religious care of this settlement is in charge of a zealous Italian priest, Father Carotti. Finding himself overtaxed by a multitude of obligations, some years ago he asked the theological students of St. Louis University to come to his aid by organizing and conducting a Sunday school for the children, and the Sunday school is now in its tenth year. The beginning gave but feeble promise of success. The word Sunday school had no attraction for the children. Many of the parents who were urged from the altar to send their little ones disregarded the admonition, and of course the many other parents who were not at Mass to hear the announcement were still more indifferent. To get the children for instruction was clearly an important problem to be solved.

The Method

A simple expedient for gathering a large crowd of children in a district of the poor is to dispense, with a liberal hand, pretty pictures and other attractive gifts. However this method of securing an audience, whose continued attendance and attention will depend largely upon the character of the purchase price offered, is of very doubtful value to the end and purpose of a Catholic Sunday school. It creates an entirely wrong attitude of mind in the children. They come to think that they are doing a favor to the priest or their teacher by taking an interest in the learning of their catechism, attendance at Mass and religious matters generally.

The founders of the work on "Dago Hill" did not desire any such dubious success. They deliberately abstained from coaxing the little ones to come to Sunday school. They chose rather to await with patience the growth that would result from the influence of their work upon the few who were faithful in attending from the start. They strove first to instil into the boys and girls a sense of genuine personal responsibility in the matter of religious knowledge and observance, and then to interest them in an apostolic way in their fellows. This may seem a pretentious undertaking, but experience in this instance, as in many another, has proved that the apostolic capabilities of little children far surpass the expectations of their elders. No effort was made to excuse the obvious religious neglect so prevalent among their adult relatives and friends. The teachers referred to this sad neglect often and pointedly because of its danger to the little ones as a perennial scandal. They were told that they should work to free their parents and friends from this great

misfortune, just as they would labor night and day to relieve them of some mortal malady.

THE HARVEST

The expedient worked admirably. The original half hundred little ones began gradually to bring in recruits, who in turn became workers; and at the end of the first year the Sunday school claimed seventy-five or eighty thoroughly interested adherents, unwilling to miss Mass, because that would displease their Father in heaven; pleased to learn more about His plans for their happiness; anxious to win back to the practice of Catholicism their grown-up relatives and to enlist their youthful fellows in the ranks of the Sunday school.

Growth in numbers continued to be slow for several years, but the interest and regularity of those who came, and the notable improvement in their ways, was a surety all sufficient that permanent good was being effected; and one could look with confidence for that larger growth that would bring under the school's influence the several hundred little ones whom the sad circumstance of parental carelessness left without proper religious instruction.

The decrees of the late Holy Father on early and frequent Communion, not only made possible more effective work among the children, but gave a wonderful acceleration to the Sunday school's growth in numbers. The spectacle of the little ones crowding the Communion railing Sunday after Sunday caused pronounced wonderment in their grown-up brethren, and the resulting inquiries led to a new and more general interest in the school. Many hitherto apathetic adults began to send the little ones, and the increasing crowd of children trooping gayly to and from the church every Sunday afternoon could not escape the notice of even the most indifferent. Several years ago it became necessary to enlarge the staff of teachers, and requests were made to various sodality organizations in the city to send catechists. The response was generous, and at the present time our six hundred children are taught by forty catechists.

INCIDENTAL RESULTS

The policy, originally adopted, of developing loyalty from within, rather than purchasing it by presents, has never been abandoned; and the test of experiment has only accentuated its wisdom. It is a rule of the Sunday school that presents, of any sort, may be given but three times a year, Christmas, Easter and June, at the close of school. At these times only simple inexpensive gifts are allowed. One evidence of the children's enthusiasm for their Sunday school is their manifest reluctance to have a Sunday drop out, even at Christmas or Easter time. During the vacation season classes are not conducted, but last summer one of the catechists announced that he would visit the "Hill" on the Sunday before the First Friday to remind the children of their Communion day. To the catechist's glad surprise nearly four hundred boys and girls gathered at the church to meet him.

The children show great reverence for their teachers, and as is natural, become much attached to them. No small amount of the good accomplished is the result of the informal association of teachers and pupils before and after class. The candid and unceremonious friendship of these men and women, who come a great distance at considerable inconvenience simply to assist the little Italians, is a powerful influence for the elevation of children's ideals.

The Sunday school has exerted, moreover, notable influence in revivifying religious practical piety in the adult portion of the settlement. This result is evidenced both by a better attendance at divine service, and an increased frequentation of the sacraments. At the Christmas and Easter seasons especially, the little ones are urged to pray and plot to bring some negligent adult to Mass and the sacraments. Their happy narratives of success are as consoling as the necessity for their special endeavors is pathetic.

FUTURE WORKERS

One of the most consoling evidences of good wrought by the school, is the fact that among those who have graduated from the classes of instruction, many are willing and anxious to help in the work of teaching. At present more than a dozen young ladies of the settlement itself are conducting prayer classes. This personal prominence enlarges the influence of their every-day example, and gives them a consciousness of spiritual dignity and responsibility that is at once a strong protection, and a guarantee of continued fidelity.

WILLIAM H. AGNEW, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

A Grim Fairy Tale

MRS. JEREMIAS TENEMENT was suffering from a bad attack of nerves. A few weeks back, she would have called it "feeling all washed out." But she had lately discovered her nerves at the personal hygiene class in the Sweetness and Light Center, and the discovery had been epoch-making for the Tenement family.

"Is it nerves again?" queried the master of the house.

"It is," snapped Mrs. Tenement. "The ladies at the Center say I need rest."

"You might begin with your tongue," suggested her lord, whose eyes sometimes belied his meek mouth.

Mrs. Tenement's sense of humor was more than feminine. So she hurried on.

"I need rest and a change of point of view. That's what the ladies say. I should be interesting myself in the great world around me, helping to make it brighter and better. Them's their very words. I should be allowed to take my mind off my own narrow spear—sphere—and find recreation in doing good to others."

A SOCIOLOGIZED FAMILY

Mr. Tenement's retentive memory recalled two facts: first, that he was listening to that identical speech for the third time; and second, that he cherished an emphatic grudge against the Sweetness and Light Center. To begin with, it was non-sectarian, whatever that might be, and as Mr. Tenement put it, not his kind at all, at all. Besides, he was just a bit weary of the endless quotations from Mrs. Mansion and her Center, used by Mrs. Tenement who belonged to the Hygiene Class; by Maggie, his eldest, who belonged to the Domestic Science Circle; by Mike, who was a leader on the basketball squad; by Paul, Will and Bertie, who made paper futilities in the kindergarten, and by Henry who was occasionally loaned to the Day Nursery. Hence the oft-repeated complaint of Mrs. Tenement gave impetus to his cerebrations, for suddenly a smile wrinkled his sun-scorched face:

"'Tis rest and change you need, sure enough, and a chance to make your fellow-man better. Then why not take 'em all in to-day? Visit your Mrs. Mansion." Mr. Tenement scowled momentarily, as he recalled how she had referred to him as a "specimen." "Ask her how she lives. That'll be a change for you. Give her some tips on how to raise her children; you've got four more than she. Find out if she goes to church regular, and if she says her prayers. 'Tis only fair, I say, to make some return for the intrust she's been takin' in us."

INVESTIGATING THE RICH

Mrs. Mansion was just finishing a paragraph in her new book, descriptive of the life of the denizens of McAvoy flats, and the self-sacrificing efforts of the wealthy to bring some culture into their lives, when the maid entered.

"Didn't I tell you that I could not see any one?" snapped the advocate of sweetness and light. "I am busy now and have no time——"

The heavy curtains parted and Mrs. Tenement bobbed into the room. Her smile would have gone straight to the heart of an iceberg.

"Forgive me for intruding upon your labors," she said in a tone perfectly imitative of Mrs. Mansion's "sociological voice," "but I could not resist the temptation to drop in. Tell me, how are you getting along?"

Before the astonished Mrs. Mansion could find breath to utter the thoughts that surged within her the phonograph continued:

"You know, I am so interested in the housing of the rich. One must have recreation and a change of point of view, and mine is doing good to others."

"Mrs. Tenement," began the astonished Mrs. Mansion, and her voice made one think of reindeer bells clinking over deserts of snow, "this is quite too much——"

"Not at all," interrupted her vocal counterpart, using expressions that rang familiar. "I enjoy it; it's a real pleasure. Besides"—and here Mrs. Tenement wore her own personality for a moment—"you told us at the Center to seek rest and a change of atmosphere and a chance to make the world better and brighter. So my man said, since you was always so interested in us, I ought to stop in and do something for you."

Mrs. Mansion reached faintly for something that was not there. Her smelling-salts, perhaps.

Making Home Comfortable

"Now this is a very nice room, so bright and cheery; but I don't like the way it's furnished. If I might suggest, them curtains is too heavy; they gather dust and dust is bad for the lungs. I learned that in the household class. Beautiful and useful; them's the qualities the teacher in the art class said everything should have. And these here chairs ain't exactly what you'd call comfortable. Have things comfortable, Mrs. Mansion, so that your old man will come to love his home, and won't——"

A generous application of smelling-salts had revived partly, Mrs. Mansion's stunned senses. Her teeth chattered after a manner which one might deem menacing.

"Why, what's the matter? I thought you'd like me to make suggestions. I wasn't put out when you said horrid things about our wax fruit and the plush sofa. Be sweet and cheery. And how's the little ones?"

Mrs. Mansion's hand was reaching wildly for the bell, but it paused in mid-air, as Mrs. Tenement leaned forward in her chair, and in a hoarse whisper asked:

"It ain't really true that you let a hired girl look after 'em? You do? Well, believe me, Mrs. Mansion, and I've got six of my own, no hired girl can take care of 'em right. They're always thinking about some feller or other, and goodness only knows when the baby's due to fall into the kitchen stove. And children will play in the kitchen."

"Have you come here with the express purpose of insulting me?" Mrs. Mansion's tone was an uncertain blend of hysteria, indignation and tears. She had met her match, a woman who could out-talk her. Waterloo seemed near.

Suggestions on Religion

"Why, no. But I thought a few pointers would make you brighter and better. There should be contact between the upper and the lower classes. That's what you told us. By the way, do you go to Mass regular?"

"Mass! Are you mad?"

"Well, of course, that's a sensitive point," soothed Mrs. Tenement. "Still, when a person hasn't been going to church, some friend ought to speak to her. Really, you ought to go to church. Your home would be happier, your children better cared for——"

Mrs. Mansion's hand had found the bell.

"Anne, show this woman to the door."

Mrs. Tenement's form grew suddenly limp.

"Why, Mrs. Mansion, you ain't really huffed, are you?"

As the Other Half Views It

The volume of Mrs. Mansion's eloquence flung itself at the defenceless intruder. "In all my life I have never seen such unblushing impertinence. To invade my house unasked, to criticize the style of my furniture and appointments, to tell me how my children shall be reared, to pass slighting comments on my husband and, most of all, to trifle with my religion, is an impudence I had not deemed even possible. Woman, leave my house as quickly as you can."

Mrs. Tenement's dumpy little figure stiffened with something of real dignity. When she spoke it was not with the strange blending of Mrs. Mansion's personality, but with all the force of her own honest soul.

"Oh, then, it is really a matter of a point of view. When you come to my house, without so much as 'by your leave,' make nasty remarks about my furniture, put foolish ideas into my children's heads, teach me to make dishes when I haven't the money to buy the stuff that goes into them, call my husband a specimen and say things that ain't true about my Church, that's sociology. But when I do the same to you, it's just impertinence. Maybe there's a difference, but somehow, it's mighty hard to see. I'm going, Mrs. Mansion, but what you said about me, is true of you, too. Me and my man and my children ain't like a bunch of animals for you and your kind to look over and study, and our flat ain't a zoo where you can come and take a morning off."

Pa's Plush Sofa

Mrs. Tenement was unwontedly silent that evening. She seemed to have forgotten that she had nerves. But when Mr. Tenement came home, she said in an audible whisper to Maggie, the eldest: "Go out to the woodshed and get Pa's plush sofa. He'll be wantin' it when he smokes his pipe after supper."

And Mr. Tenement, after supper, reclining on the restored plush sofa, winked a long, satisfied wink. He had done a good day's work.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

According to statistics prepared in the State of Massachusetts, since 1880 private institutions in that State have received the sum of $16,508,029.19 from the appropriations of the legislature. Of this sum the House of the Good Shepherd received $9,000; the House of the Guardian Angel $2,208.54; Carney Hospital $30,000 which, together with some lesser appropriations, makes the total amount received by Catholic institutions $52,000. This total appropriation covering a term of thirty-five years averages under $1,500 yearly from the public treasury for Catholic charitable works, yet even so paltry a sum was sufficient to raise the ire of certain New Englanders, who surged into the Boston State House recently to support an amendment which would prohibit all appropriations, save under conditions both impertinent and inquisitorial.

Every now and then for the past three or four weeks certain New York papers have given space to hysterical letters in defence of an unfortunate but sinful woman who topped an unholy life by the murder of her children. The woman's plight is sad, no doubt, but adultery and murder are scarcely worthy of passionate rhetoric, however illogical. As for the "mere man" in the

case: the world were better without him. The clamor against the District Attorney, Martin by name, who is determined to prosecute the criminals, is scandalous. Happily this public official appears to scorn attempts at intimidation. His ideals are high, his courage superb; both bespeak a man of lofty soul who knows his duty and dares do it. The community at large is indebted to him for his determination to make the aforesaid crimes costly and unpleasant proceedings. Should he succeed in carrying his resolve into effect, he will be reviled, but not by any one with civic pride and a sense of decency. All such will hail him as a benefactor and envy him his suffering in the cause of righteousness.

John Burroughs is not a physicist nor a chemist nor a biologist nor a philosopher, but just a plain, blunt man, with a love for squirrels and birds and other interesting creatures. He is at home with them, and writes delightfully about them. He is not at home with chemistry, nor with atoms either. Nevertheless he writes about them, not delightfully, however. In the current *Yale Review,* he says:

> Chemistry is all-potent. . . . a chemical mixture introduces an element of magic (!). No conjurer can approach such a transformation as that of oxygen and hydrogen gases into water. The miracle of turning water into wine is tame by comparison. . . . Truly chemistry works wonders; it is almost omnipotent. . . . It is such progress as this that leads some men of science to believe that the creation of life itself is within the reach of chemistry. I do not believe that any occult or transcendental principle bars the way, but that some unknown and perhaps unknowable condition does, as mysterious and unrepeatable as that which separates our mental life from our physical. The transmission of the physical into the psychical takes place; but the secret of it we do not know.

The amiable but unscientific Mr. Pecksniff, in his extreme youth, believed that pickled onions grew on trees: there is nothing, therefore, to prevent another amiable, unscientific man, even though he be very old, from believing that the creation of life is within the reach of chemistry, after he has formulated the dogma that chemistry is magical and all potent. "I believe in omnipotent chemistry," is Mr. Burroughs' creed. That is theological, and so science and theology are reconciled by five words, theology, of course, undergoing partial destruction in the process. And yet he is not sure of his creed. In one sentence his chemistry is all potent, in another almost omnipotent. Contradictories are reconciled here. No wonder that, in the amiable gentleman's view, "the miracle of turning water into wine," a fact above and beyond the supremest reaches of the natural law, is "tame in comparison" with the transformation of oxygen and hydrogen into water, a natural process subject to known laws. It is worthy of note, too, that Mr. Burroughs, according to his habit, speculates in uncertain tones for a page or more, and then from the purest kind of uncertain speculation jumps by one sentence into this absolute certitude: "The transmutation of the physical into the psychical takes place." There you have it, light from smoke. So science is made from contradictions and hazy speculation. And this from a review bearing the name of a great university!

Of late literature has been pouring in upon us from the Philippines. The story is as usual, sad neglect on the part of Catholics, shameless calumny on the part of a certain type of Protestant missioners. Judging from reports at hand, one Hanna has the reputation of being a very apostle of untruth. On the occasion of the celebration in thanksgiving for the restoration of the Jesuits he wrote in his paper:

> Last week here in Vigan the Jesuits celebrated the centenary of the permission granted them to live here in the Philippines, because they had been banished. Bishop Hurth did not take part in the celebration because he belongs to a different sect from the Fathers. Recently the Mexican government also expelled the Jesuits from Mexico.

Another paper *Aguipadamag,* whatever that means, after calling Hanna a "bold liar," proceeds to expose his shameless chicanery. The *Philippine Observer,* a Protestant magazine with a Methodist ring about it, reeks with wretched calumnies against the Church. Thus is the pure gospel spread among the simple people. AMERICA'S views about this matter coincide with those expressed by one Dr. W. T. Phillips, evidently a parson:

> Probably the meanest type of Christianity I have ever come across in the world is what I found at several points in the Orient, where missionaries of certain American sects, avoiding the difficulties of pioneer work among the heathen, have planted themselves in the midst of converts of older missions, and have undertaken to proselyte them for their particular tenents concerning immersion or some other peculiar sectarian distinction. Environed by all the opportunities of the non-Catholic world, and with their smallness rebuked by the presence of a great need, they yet do not hesitate to wean away from another missionary the fruit of many years of labor, all for the sake of some shibboleth. They call this foreign missions; instead it is one of the worst forms of domestic sectarianism transplanted to a foreign shore.

The "meanest type of Christianity" is progressing in the Philippines, because the apostles of untruth are more alert than the apostles of truth.

If reports be true, the Chancellor of the University of Kansas is apt to find himself in a quandary. Allowing for one or two statements with which we do not agree, he has given public expression to a very Catholic doctrine, a dangerous proceeding in these piping days of anti-Catholic agitation. He says:

> The war has shown that culture can not be depended upon as the sole basis of civilization. We believed intellectual development made men good, that schools and colleges and the spread of culture were all that was necessary. The smoking ruins of many cities and the terrible carnage of the Marne and the Aisne show how false is this assumption. . . . Christianity must end its divisions so it may speak with unity and authority, it must become a governing force in our economic and political system. . . . A united Christianity can end war. If Christianity had remained without division and there was one universal church then the head of the church whatever his office or title could have prevented the great war.

Precisely. There is a universal Church; many a time its head prevented war; his title is Pope; his office is Bishop of the Universal Church. All men are called by Christ to enter that Church, so that there will be but one fold and one Shepherd—one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

Catholic readers of the New York *Sun* must have enjoyed keenly the sound drubbing that paper recently gave the Rev. Dr. Randolph Harrison McKim, who in a "private" letter practically accused the *Sun* of being subsidized by the Kaiser. "Is this the same Dr. McKim who spoke in favor of the *Menace* and against the protest of the Catholics who wished it excluded from the mails?" asks a correspondent of the *Sun.*

> His attitude on that occasion was that he upheld the freedom of the press. He would wish no interference with such papers which systematically slander the Catholic Church, would give them all license, and yet he attacks the *Sun* for publishing Von Bernhardi's article, not confining its columns to articles from friends of the Allies, thus proving itself broad-minded by giving both sides of the war argument.

It is plain that Dr. McKim believes that the press should be perfectly free to attack causes and institutions that he detests but those he favors should of course be protected by a rigid censorship.

Robert Hugh Benson

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BY

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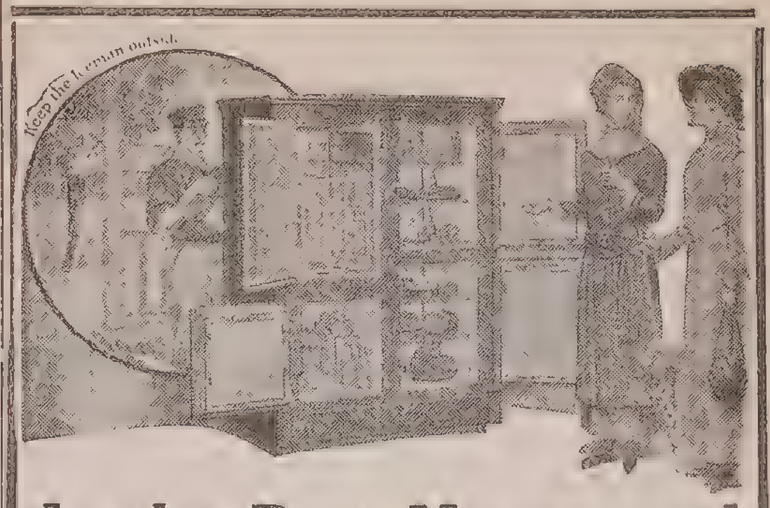
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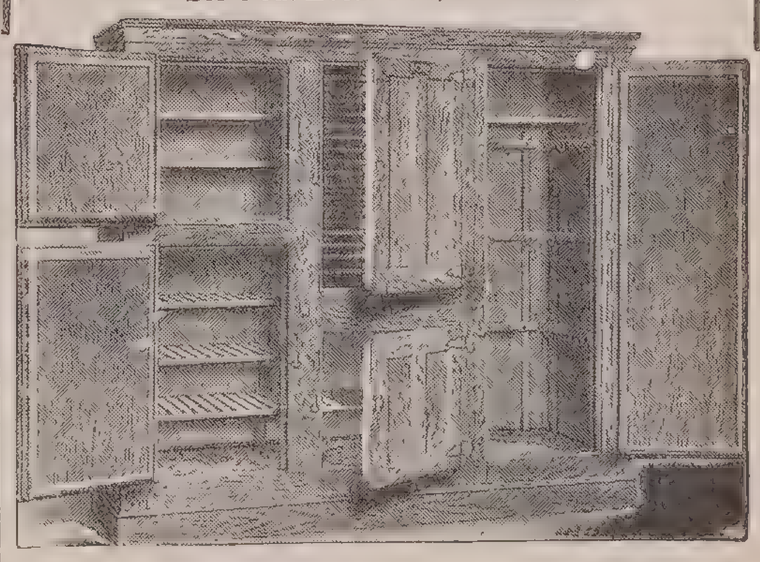
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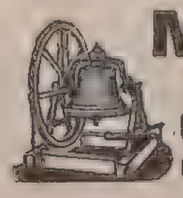
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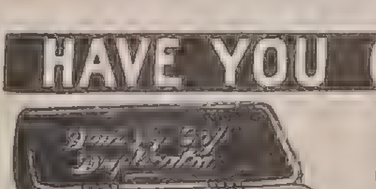
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CHRONICLE

The War.—In the west there has been little activity on either side, except for frequent artillery encounters. The British fleet shelled the towns on the seaboard, and the Germans attempted to advance in the direction of Nieuport, in neither case, however, with any notable results. The French have made a slight advance to the northwest of Reims. They have also pushed forward southeast of Verdun and west of Pont-a-Mousson, thus narrowing still further the already narrow strip of land that runs from Metz to St. Mihiel, which the Germans have defended so successfully for many months. Their progress in both cases has been very small, and is still far from threatening the German line of communication.

Bulletin, March 30, p. m.-April 6, a. m.

In Russia the general situation seems to be about the same. It is reported that the Germans are retiring to the west of the Niemen, and that their attempt to force back the Russian army before Grodno has not only failed, but may end in disaster. From this it would seem that whatever slight advantage has been gained along the East Prussian border has been on the side of the Russians. The principal event in this area of the war has been the abandonment by the Germans of the siege of Ossowetz. The capture of this place would have given the Germans important strategic advantages. It was the point selected by them for their principal effort to pierce the Russian line. West of Warsaw there has been comparative quiet. The same is true of southern Poland. In fact, operations at all points of the long line of battle in the east seem to have been subordinated to the great conflict that has been steadily going on with heavy losses to both sides in Galicia. Movements in other localities are probably only demonstrations and are attracting little attention.

Russia and Poland

The main interest in the war is at present focused on the Carpathians. Here the Russians are in possession of Bartfield and the Lupkow pass, and although they have not been able to make much progress during the week, they have captured Cisna and have straightened out their line between Mezo-Laborca and Lutowiska, and can now look down on the coveted Hungary. The key to the situation, however, is still in the hands of the Austrians, who continue to hold the Uzsok pass, where they have repulsed many vigorous attacks by the Russians. Both sides have been heavily reinforced and are fighting desperately under the most adverse conditions both of ground and weather. Petrograd is confident of soon reaching the plains of Hungary, but the invasion is far from being a fact. A great deal depends on the outcome of the struggle for the Uzsok pass. If the Austrians lose it, almost inevitably they will be forced to retire. If, on the other hand, they can press forward again down the foothills of the Carpathians into Galicia, the extreme right of the Russians will be placed in a precarious position, and will probably have to give way. Not only the Austrians, but the Germans, recognize the important consequences of a Russian victory in the mountains; and it is said that the decrease of German activity along the East Prussian boundary has its explanation in the fact that troops have been hurried south through Cracow.

The Carpathians

Further east the Austrians have been consolidating their hold on Bukowina by pressing forward from Czernowitz across the river Dniester into Russian territory. The Russians have succeeded in driving them back near Chotin. In the Dardanelles there have been no

Bukowina and Turkey

important developments. Neither has the bombardment of the Bosporus by the Russian fleet, which apparently has cleared the Black Sea of Turkish warships, resulted in any marked success. Adrianople, however, is being strengthened and Turkish troops are being moved to its defence, presumably as a precautionary measure against possible attacks by Bulgaria.

The sinking of the British ship Falaba by a German submarine, after the passengers and crew had been warned to leave the vessel, but before they were able to do so, resulted in the death of more than 100 non-combatants. Among the passengers was a citizen of the United States. This fact falls within the strict accountability to which the American note declared our Government would hold the German authorities. While our State Department has taken cognizance of the event, and has instituted inquiries into the facts of the case, it is preserving a wise reticence, and is endeavoring to avoid any step that might inflame public opinion. The British authorities report that, during the week ending March 31, six steamers were sunk by German submarines, a seventh was torpedoed, but succeeded in reaching port. The total number of sailings recorded during the same period amounted to 1,559 vessels, either entering or leaving British ports.

Other Items

The investigations which have been instituted by the French authorities into the charge which has been brought against Raymond Swoboda, an American citizen, of having set fire to the steamship La Touraine, are still under way, and have not yet led to any decision. With regard to the case of the William Frye, which was sunk by the German commerce-destroyer, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, the United States has asked compensation from the German Government only for the loss of the vessel and the consequent damages to its owner. A note has been sent by our Government to Great Britain declaring that the blockade violates the sovereign rights of neutrals.

Bands of Bulgarian irregulars raided Serbia and Greece, but were repulsed. Serbia has sent a note of protest. The incident is not regarded as serious.

Austria-Hungary.—An official denial was made by Vienna of the reports from Petrograd that Austria was seeking a separate peace with Russia. Rumor after rumor has been set on foot against Austria since the very beginning of the war. At first the efficiency of the Austrian army was discredited, then Austria and Germany were persistently represented as at variance with each other, in spite of the harmonious cooperation of both Powers. For a long time thereafter Germany was pictured as disgracefully sacrificing her ally. Tables have now been turned and Austria is found willing to betray Germany. If the object of the press campaign is to set Germany and Austria at variance it will hardly achieve its purpose, though it has succeeded in placing Austria in a false light. In the same spirit the total economic collapse of Austria-Hungary has been retold hundreds of times since the outbreak of the war. In the meantime both Austria and Hungary, as recent figures show, are economically more sound than had been believed. According to Dr. Friedrich Fellner, the total national property of the Dual Monarchy amounts to 141,135 billion crowns. The foreign debt to be subtracted is less than one-tenth of this sum. "Our enemies," says an Austrian paper, "will not be spared the same disappointment in the economic field which they have already experienced in the political and especially the military sphere." Austria, apparently, while desiring peace, looks forward confidently toward the final outcome of the war. Of the private diplomatic agreements between Austria and Germany, we may rationally presume, the press knows nothing.

Discrediting Austria

France.—Catholics in France have been confronted with a new danger. The situation is described in an interview printed in the *Libre Parole*. Owing to the patriotism displayed by the Catholics, Radicals have found their customary methods of combating the Church ineffective. The prominence of the Holy Father in connection with the war has brought them into worse straits. Through pressure of public opinion and of foreign Governments they have been forced to communicate with him officially, "not with Mr. Della Chiesa, living at the Vatican, but with the Pope as Pope." His intervention, we are told, had the effect upon the Radicals which the raising of Lazarus had upon the Pharisees. They decreed that "This Messias must die." For this end they sought to bring confusion into the ranks of Catholics. To separate them from their Head was the systematic task of the Liberal press. A conference published in *La Croix*, March 11, will further illustrate the situation as the Catholic speaker viewed it:

Sowing Discord

> At this decisive moment of our history we are about to commit, in defiance of all justice, the criminal folly of hurling against the Pope the attacks which are eagerly turned to account by our adversaries. Already they have transformed them into poisonous arms against ourselves and into two-edged swords. To the Catholics of neutral countries these articles are shown with the remark: "See the dreadful impiety of France even in the supreme hour of her trial!" To the Pope and his court they are presented with even more complacency and clever insinuation: "Behold how blind your goodness has been and understand that you can hope for nothing from this nation."

Leaving aside the imputations implied here, the nature of "this criminal campaign" is sufficiently clear. The speaker wishes all true Frenchmen to open their eyes to it and, in the name of patriotism, adjures those who at other times attacked the Faith not to separate the heart of France from the heart of the Vicar of Christ. These last words were greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Germany.—April 1 was the centenary of Bismarck's birth. Berlin was bedecked with flags and the streets were riotous with colors as if for a victory. Commemorative exercises were held about the heroic Bismarck statue before the Reichstag. A wreath from the Emperor, with the inscription, "To the Iron Chancellor in an Iron time," was placed at the base of the statue by the Imperial Chancellor. A message had likewise been sent by the Emperor from army headquarters, where, as he said, "duty to the armed German people kept him." In the Iron Chancellor he saw a man "who in this present earnest time is especially dear to us as the personification of German strength and determination." The message continues:

The Bismarck Centennial

> We shall succeed. Our guarantee is in the first place God's help; in the second the unanimous will to achieve victory which inspires us all, and our solemn vow, tested by past events, that we will make every sacrifice for the Fatherland. The spirit of unity which has enabled our men in the battlefield to overcome everything that divides us will, I confidently hope, outlast the din of war and, after victory has been gained, will rightly bless and promote the internal development of the Empire.

In the "full and free expansion of German nationality," as the fruit of victory, he looked to see the crowning of the work for which Bismarck laid the foundation. The wreath offered by the members of the Reichstag bore the inscription: "To the creator of a united Empire from a united people." Thus the same thought of that national unity which now has stood the severest shocks of war was uppermost in the mind of the Emperor and of the representatives from among all classes of the people.

Great Britain.—The question of prohibition has awakened so lively an interest as to obscure and even overshadow the war. The working classes of the British Isles are inclined to be heavy drinkers, and this tendency has much increased since the outbreak of hostilities. Excitement, grief, added exertions necessary to increase the output of various supplies have all combined to produce a strain for which the workers have sought solace in drink. The excessive use of liquor has not only resulted in serious labor troubles, but has also notably lessened British efficiency and British strength. The consequence has been a marked inadequacy in the manufacture and shipment of war supplies, so that Great Britain, while abounding in soldiers, is lacking in most necessary equipment. A remedy for this state of affairs is judged to be imperatively necessary, and it has been suggested that Great Britain adopt a sweeping policy of enforced total prohibition. Efforts are being made to create a public sentiment in favor of the movement. The King, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cabinet, Lord Kitchener, and many other prominent men in England have all pledged themselves to set an example both by abstaining personally and also by excluding strong drink from their households. The people at large have not shown any great enthusiasm for the movement. It is probable, therefore, that total prohibition will not be forced on the people, as such a measure would be so drastic as to affront the British sense of freedom and cause a violent reaction against the Government, and would probably defeat itself. What is likely is that the Government will adopt with regard to licensed houses in specific districts the measure it has already adopted in the case of railroads and factories. This would mean that the Government would take over complete control of all alcoholic beverages until the end of the war, or else regulate the sale of liquor. In this matter England is following the lead of France and Russia, and is acting not from moral, but from economic and military motives.

The Prohibition Movement

Ireland.—The *Irish Volunteer* has been suppressed. The editor, Professor John McNeill, who is president of the section of the Volunteers that adhere to the original purpose of defending Ireland on its own soil, was charged with no seditious utterance or other offence under the Defence of the Realm Act. Speaking to the Cork Volunteers, he attributed the suppression of his paper and the confiscation of its properties to his arraignment of the Government for bad faith on the question of Home Rule, and he warned the entire membership that they must not permit the illegal smothering of legitimate opinion, which Under-Secretary Nathan was enforcing throughout the country, to goad them into making rash reprisals or establishing secret societies. They must not go underground, but extend and perfect their military organization in the open, and hold themselves disciplined and ready to defend their country's interests and preserve its national integrity when better days arrive.

Working of the Realm Defence Act

There has been less emigration, absolutely and relatively, within the last six months than in any corresponding period since 1847. In January and February the emigrants totaled 685, against 1,231 in the same months last year. This is mainly accounted for by the disruption of sea traffic occasioned by the war and the closing of Irish ports, since the withdrawal of facilities for Land Purchase, especially from the Congested District Board, has made agricultural conditions more unsatisfactory than usual and caused acute distress in many portions of the West. The Dublin Corporation has deprived Dr. Kuno Meyer of the honorary citizenship they had conferred on him for his services to the Gaelic language and literature, and in the same resolution condemned the proposer for his conduct and motives. Numerous Irish organizations in Ireland and America have repudiated its action. Canon O'Leary, who received the freedom of Dublin at the same time as Dr. Meyer, and for the same reason, also entered vigorous protest. The Assize Judges found little crime, but complained of the slackness in recruiting.

Other Items of Interest

Mexico.—The big battle expected early last week at Matamoras apparently did not take place. But Villa's troops met with serious reverses at Queretaro and Guadalajara, and there was some skirmishing opposite Brownsville, Texas. In the following letter an American woman describes how she took care of wounded refugees:

A Woman's Relief Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Last Saturday morning, March 27, some young Mexican refugees came to me and stated that there was reason to believe that the attack on Matamoras would begin that day, and as there might be emergency calls for help for the wounded, they wished to know if they could depend on my aid, so I assured them they could. When I reached Brownsville on my return from a trip up the valley, I found the young men, accompanied by a Mexican girl, waiting for me. They appeared terror-stricken and reported that the attacking forces in charging the fortifications at about 11:00 a. m. had run into a machine gun brigade concealed in a trench, and had been repulsed with terrible slaughter. The wounded were being brought over the river and they had secured an old warehouse near the railroad tracks as a hospital. When we reached there four wounded officers, one of whom appeared to be in a dying condition, had been brought in, and were occupying the four cots in the building. Simultaneously with our arrival other automobiles came, each filled with the wounded, who were brought in and laid on the floor, their own surgeon accompanying them. The men had had nothing to eat since the night before. Most of them had been wounded about two o'clock in the afternoon and, owing to hunger and loss of blood, were in a pitiable condition. As all stores were closed at that hour, I went to the American proprietor of a hotel and asked him to lend me some glasses to give the men water. He emphatically refused, stating that he needed them for his own use.

I then sent some Mexican young men to get milk and bread and tin cups by some means, and gave my attention to doing what I could to assist the doctor. In the meantime the automobiles were still coming with the wounded. Every available inch of floor space was taken, and the drivers of the cars reported that scores more were lying on the ground awaiting their turn. Word had gotten out in town of what was happening and crowds of Mexicans thronged the street so that it was almost impossible for the cars to reach the door. There were many Carranzista sympathizers in the crowd and as they watched the arrival of these Villista soldiers they became hostile in their actions.

After midnight I took one of the automobiles and, accompanied by a Mexican and an American, went to Fort Brown. An officer came out and I reported to him the conditions at the temporary hospitals, stating that I and a Mexican girl were there alone with the wounded men and that I needed protection while I did what was required of me. The terms and manner of his reply would have been called rude if it had not been delivered by "a soldier and a gentleman." He stated that he had nothing to do with the wounded men being here and he would have nothing to do with the care of them. I then went to the telephone in the Miller Hotel, a short distance from the post, and had one of the men accompanying me call a Red Cross doctor of the place, who was known to have a large room equipped with cots and other necessities, and ask his permission to take the wounded men there. We were told, however, that nothing could be done till morning. I insisted that the case was urgent, for the wounded men should not be forced to lie on the ground all night unattended. But my protests were unheeded.

At last, after much difficulty, we secured permission to use an old theater building in the Mexican quarter, without lights, water or any furniture. When I saw the conditions under which we should have to work, I sent a personal messenger to the Red Cross begging them in the name of humanity, to open the other building for us. The reply came: "We can do nothing until morning. That room is reserved for the Carranzistas." By turning some of the automobiles so that the headlights shone in at the door and windows we were able to get the men into the building, and in time water, lights and other necessities were procured. All the wounded bore their sufferings in courageous silence. I saw men submit to excruciating operations, such as are usually undertaken only with the aid of anesthetics, and I never heard a groan. When I left the building there were over eighty men and boys awaiting the doctor's attention.

Brownsville, Texas, March 30. ELIZABETH C. HENDRIX.

Mr. Arthur Bullard Johnson, the spokesman of the American colony in Mexico City, calls the situation there "more hopeless than ever" and, in his message to the State Department, thus summarizes the wrongs and horrors the capital has witnessed since last August:

"More Hopeless than Ever"

The arbitrary taking from Mexicans and foreigners of property, including houses here, automobiles, garages, furniture, money and crops; the issuing of decrees so in contravention of right, fairness and justice as to be almost incredible; the deliberate, persistent and ill-concealed attempt to starve a city of 500,000 inhabitants, depriving them of water, fuel and transportation; the shipping of defenceless women in locked cattle cars to Vera Cruz; the carrying away of the controllers of electric street cars, thus paralyzing transit; the closing of the courts and schools; the holding of priests for ransom; the arrest and detention of 300 business men who had assembled at the request of the General in charge of the city; the prosecution of Spaniards, suppression of mails and violation of sealed correspondence, both foreign and domestic; the removal of public archives and the stripping of public buildings; the open invitation to riot and loot; the sacking of churches and desecration of images; the killing of men, and the outraging of women, are events too recent and well known to permit their being overlooked in forming judgment.

News came of two Americans, two Germans and two Turks being executed recently by the warring factions. In this attitude toward the citizens of foreign countries the rival leaders show themselves aggressively neutral.

Enrique C. Llorente, confidential agent at Washington of the Villa-Zapata Convention, has issued a pamphlet in which Villa is portrayed as a man whom pure zeal for the law has made a pillager and persecutor of the Church. His press agent writes that when forced to concentrate his attention upon the disposition of the members of the religious Orders, found in his lines, whom he was bound by law to expel from Mexican territory, Villa answered the question by denying their claims to special consideration and forthwith deporting them. He allowed them, however, to remove a certain portion of their personal goods, but, as a military measure, appropriated the property held by them as property of the Church, under the law escheating to the State. Since the expulsion of these undesirables was imposed upon General Villa by the law neither his act nor the manner of his performing it can be questioned.

Villa's New Rôle

Martyr as he was to duty, Villa never flinched. The sacred laws of his country bade him rob, murder and outrage religious, so like a true patriot, who is "not opposed to the Church as an institution" he obeyed.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Young Man and Sociology*

SOMEWHERE at some time sociology has been called "the dismal science." Some doubt there has been, it is true, as to whether it should be called a science at all; but be that as it may, it certainly does not deserve the adjective which has been prefixed to that term in its connection. Rather should it be called the science of joy. It is true that often it deals with the illnesses of the social organism, marshaling before it for review the dependent, the defective and the delinquent classes, the halt and the blind, the idiot and the imbecile, the drunkard and those able in body but stricken, nevertheless, with the haunting malady of destitution who, at certain periods, may even express their resentment in wild-eyed revolution. It is true, likewise, that often it must divert its attention to column after column and volume after volume of social statistics. Yet beneath these somber and dry details, comprising but a portion of the field of sociology, there pulses the beautiful and joyous principle of life, given by the hands of the Creator, life as it is really lived by the highest of God's mundane creatures, life as it is protected and strengthened and perfected by the unity and elasticity of the social body, itself of divine fabrication.

For sociology is the study of man in society and of that society in which he dwells, of man among his neighbors, not on some desert island, not in some abstract relationship, but as he really exists, as a member of a social group: as he earns his food, as he spends or uses that which he earns, as he and his wife and their family are protected in their work and in their home, as he bands himself with his fellows for enjoyment or mutual protection, not alone here in twentieth century America, but in many times and places. For these conditions have been, or may be at the present among the Mundas and the Macassars and the Italones, as they were in England in the later fifteenth century, in the Italian principalities and republics in the thirteenth, in Rome or China or Scythia in the first. And from all these considerations it is decided what future form society should take in order to insure it own health and stability and the highest well-being of mankind.

To our study, as a consequence, history contributes its portion, as do biology, medicine, jurisprudence, anthropology, ethnology, economics, psychology and, above all, ethics, that most important of natural sciences, of which sociology is in reality an off-shoot or a part. It is in this that the fascination of sociology lies for the young man of some gifts of mind—the great field of inquiry and research which it opens up to him—a fascination which deepens and grows as one advances in the study.

Closely akin to this science, in that it is one of the practical manifestations of the principles and rules which sociology enunciates, is the work of the one who engages in the study and care of the members of a particular class or group of people, that of the social worker or social investigator. Though his occupation must not be confused with the tasks of the sociologist proper, who deals, as has been seen, with the broad principles which underlie social relationships, the social worker or investigator may properly be called a practical sociologist, even as this term can likewise be applied to the priest and statesman and labor leader, to the socially conscious lawyer and doctor and educator, and to all those who assist in some specific manner in the maintenance of the health of society. As in so many other cases, the line between this work and that of the sociologist is quite frequently, in the concrete, extremely difficult to draw. In some instances the two functions will be carried on by the same person. Perhaps the two are dependent upon each other more than is generally appreciated. The writer or teacher of sociology, without an intimate knowledge of the feelings and aspirations and significance of the various classes and movements about him, will invariably go astray in his deductions. He will not only misunderstand present social phenomena, but will likewise misinterpret those that have occurred in the past. The practical sociologist, without a firm grasp of the general principles which should guide his investigations and his conduct, is almost hopelessly lost, no matter in what department he may labor.

From this it necessarily follows that he who is to study sociology should, as early as possible, without danger to himself, acquaint himself personally with the trade unions, the socialist movement, modern philanthropy, such as represented by the Charity Organization Society, the unskilled, unorganized workers, the modern feminist movement, and various other existing forms of human life, association and activity. The happy circumstances are not given to every man to see each one of these forces closely and intimately within a short time, but the aim should be to do so whenever opportunity allows. Not only should these contemporary movements be studied out of books: the student must also get in touch with them practically and endeavor to understand the frame of mind or point of view of the representatives of each of these forces.

A knowledge of Catholic philosophy is of the utmost importance to the sociologist. This can not be too strongly emphasized. For, sociology, enunciated or applied, dealing with man's social conduct, will be carried out according as the question is answered: "Whence is this being and whither is he bound? Whence is this society in which he lives and why was it formed?" This philosophical requirement ordinarily implies preparation through a classical course given at some Catholic college or university—a preparation which is, as a rule, absolutely necessary. History must be known thoroughly and com-

*The thirtieth of a series of vocational articles.

prehensively by the teacher or writer on sociological topics; without this a due sense of proportion in regard to the advantages and weaknesses of the particular period and phase of society in which he lives, or which he studies, will never be attained, nor can he safely suggest remedies for the evils which he finds or the proper course of action to be followed in any particular case. As to modern languages, German and French, particularly the former, are indispensable requisites for the sociologist; Italian and Spanish and some of the Slavic tongues, though these latter are extremely difficult to learn, are desirable in this country for contemporary studies.

Then, as to the principles of social life and conduct themselves: these are sometimes acquired by the student through his own resources after long years of arduous and patient study, but the cases of such are very rare. They are due more than anything else to extremely fortunate circumstances or to an extraordinary adaptability for the work. Various Catholic universities provide good courses in sociological subjects, furnishing a foundation for further activities in this field, at least one with practical work attached. The Central Verein is endeavoring in time to erect an institution which will not only devote its entire energies to this field of learning and activity, but will serve as a center for a true Catholic social movement in this land.

As to the opportunities and monetary rewards in this branch of endeavor, it must be admitted that in sociology proper they are at the present uncertain and small. It is quite doubtful that our State or endowed universities will fill their sociological chairs with men basing their ideas on Catholic philosophy. Our Catholic institutions, partly through lack of means, are slow to introduce this branch into their curricula, and are hesitant to bestow such positions on laymen. Were the supply greater, it might be said, the demand might accordingly expand. In practical social work there are for the present better prospects. There is government investigation work; States and municipalities are conducting social surveys of various kinds, and cities are instituting social welfare departments, with commissioners needed in various social fields. There is no reason why Catholics should not be represented in just proportion in such occupations.

In general, the sociologist will find his greatest reward in the enjoyment of his work and in the part which he will be called upon to play. The social question is the great, living question of the time in which we live. He who has given a professional and life-time study to its ramifications should contribute an important share toward its solution. The difficulties in this science, it is true, are not yet properly appreciated; there are still those who, with insufficient knowledge and quite confused ideas, imagine that they can deal with all the problems of society. But this period is passing, and the opinions of him who has given his whole energies to these studies will gain more and more recognition. To him who has mastered in some degree, at least, the principles of sociology will, moreover, be awarded in the future an important place in public life; for it is quite clear that we are passing into a new phase of social development, requiring of the men who are to consummate great things a deep knowledge of social life and growth. The attractions of this science, the silent joys that go with it and the good that one can accomplish in it, particularly in these pioneer days of its existence, offer a great deal to the idealistic and well-poised and studious young man.

Louis Budenz.

Central Bureau of the Central Verein.

The Church and Religious Education

To the Editor of America:

What is the exact position of the Catholic Church in regard to religious education in public schools? Catholic periodicals deplore the lack of religious training in these schools, yet, as far as I know, they offer no remedy for this deficiency. Is it a wonder that Catholics are regarded as the foes of the public school? All children can not be sent to religious schools, nor can religious teaching be very well introduced into public schools without stirring up sectarian troubles, and still the children must be educated. How do Catholics propose to solve the problem of the "godless public school"? An answer in your weekly magazine will be appreciated.

Madison, Wisconsin. R. W. L.

"R. W. L." approaches the problem in a truly helpful spirit! We are to consider it settled that there is to be no religious training in the public schools, and then we are invited to solve the problem of the "godless public school"! We are to blame for not offering a remedy, but the only remedy that is a remedy is specifically excluded, so far as the public schools are concerned! And we are asked whether it is wonderful that Catholics are considered to be foes of the public school!

Our correspondent dates his letter from the College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, and we must assume that he possesses an intelligence more or less active and reasonably matured. Perhaps he will permit us to put to him a question or two.

We will suppose that there is in Madison a parochial school attended by 1,000 Catholic children. This school was erected at the cost of the parishioners, and is maintained from the same fund. Through this school pass in the course of time an average number of 1,000, or thereabouts. In the same street there is a public school, supported by the city, having been built by public funds, and 1,000 children are in course of education therein. The children graduating from the parochial school and those graduating from the public school are of approximately the same age, and after graduation are possessed of precisely the same status, privileges and duties under the laws of Wisconsin. The State recognizes no difference whatever as between the public school children and those of the parochial school. One set of children have received an education at private cost, while the others have been educated at the cost of the public

treasury. The people of Madison have accepted a dole of private money for the education of 1,000 children, for whose education the public fund would otherwise have been drawn upon. Not only have they done this, but they have levied educational taxes as well upon those whose dole they accepted.

How can this be justified? Either the education provided by the parochial school satisfies the requirements of the State, or it does not. If it *does* satisfy the requirements of the State, why does not the State pay for it? If it *does not* satisfy the requirements of the State, why does not the State close the schools? Is it any wonder that we Catholics can't understand the logic of the present situation? Is it any wonder that we find it irritating to discuss it with people who are afraid of this conclusion?

If "R. W. L." will ponder a little on the dilemma proposed to him, he may be able to clear his mind on the subject sufficiently to be able to answer his own questions for himself. Moreover, in last week's AMERICA (p. 595), there was information regarding the solution of the problem found in Germany. If a country in which *one* form of religion is by law established can find a means to give children of *other* faiths a religious training in schools at public cost, one would think that there should be little difficulty in a country where there is *no* established form of religion and *all* forms are equally free before the law. Nowhere on the face of the earth is there a school system so illogical as ours.

If "R. W. L." wants to know what Catholics propose to do, the answer is simple. In the first place, they will continue, at their own cost, to build and maintain their own schools for Catholic children to the extreme limit of their ability to find the means. In the second place, they will resist to the utmost of their power any and all attempts to make the public school education either definitely anti-religious or definitely sectarian. And in the third place, to those who ask of them what ought to be done, they will say: "Either close our schools or pay for them." And inasmuch as no one dares to propose that our schools should be closed, the chances are that the American people will continue as at present, doing neither the one nor the other.

May we ask "R. W. L." why?

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

"Fair Play"

IT is always timely to echo the words of our Blessed Lord, that Christians are the light of the world, especially since it has long been the fashion to rely upon the tendency of data for authority, and because the popular mind is quite content with a superficial display of reasoning. On the ground that private judgment is the rightful court of last appeal in matters of conscience, one thing is as good as another in creed, and apparently in many other important affairs of life. Because Christians are the light of the world it is their mission to overcome spiritual and mental darkness. The task seems never to have been weightier than that set before the faithful to-day.

It is assumed "Fair Play" to put the superman on a level with the saints of God, although the intensified utterance of the Nietzschean has no better origin than cosmic force and color, while an all holy Creator is the author of the men after God's own heart. In the one case "The Great Longing" is self-expression, nothing more; in the other it is the passion to see the Lord God face to face. Once the false premise is conceded all is lost and figs may be made to grow upon thistles. But as Christians will not concede the premise, Fair Play must struggle mightily to keep her judgment seat upon those basic principles which move not so much as a hair's breadth for the accommodation of the numerous cults which may be named more or less correctly under one phrase—determinism.

Poor Fair Play! She has a hard time of it, for those who should be her ardent friends are too often her zealous foes. It frequently happens that, all in the confusion of good faith, she is appealed to by those of her own kith and kin to give advantage to her enemies.

In the long run Fair Play wins the race, but at what a cost. Sixty years ago coeducation was insisted upon; boys and girls should be given the self-same studies willy-nilly. But gradually the constitution natural to beings human asserted itself as against the attempt to make the right hand and the left perform the identical task in the identical way, regardless of the fact that one thumb points to the right while the other thumb points to the left. The practice of coeducation has at length exploded the theory of coeducation. Even at Radcliffe, where the young women are free to take the courses given to the men at Harvard, there is a marked difference in the curriculum. Higher education for women? Yes, the higher the better. But Fair Play is now seen, even by the sometime ardent advocates of coeducation, plainly to demand that studies shall be fitted to the nature of the sexes. No amount of bad education has succeeded in changing the nature of the sexes, though it has many sins to expiate for attempting to eliminate the differences of the sexes, for God has made one for the other. The sexes are not equal, neither are they unequal, but exactly, perfectly, complementary one to the other in the make-up of the civilized state. Plainly it is the part of education to round out to perfection the differing qualities of the two halves of the one whole. Fair Play certainly has no quarrel with Catholic educators on this score.

Fair Play is now waging a harder battle upon the educational field, for the assault upon her now wears an economic aspect. Women teachers are demanding equal pay with men. Here is a separation of the mutual interests of the sexes rather than a conformity to the natural requirements of the sexes.

It is agreed that equal work shall receive equal pay. But the psychological influence of a master when teaching geography and that of a mistress is not to be measured by the same unit. The principle of measurement is that objects, qualities and intensities shall be related to a unit like unto themselves. Thus a unit of light is the measure of light. Now it is common knowledge that the mental and moral stimulus given by the masculine presence is in itself something quite unlike that given by the female presence. This makes it certain that a different education is being received, consequently there is not a product of "equal education" to measure. At the fountain-head two complementary influences upon the child are perfectly blended, as he receives his education at once from his father and his mother. Character building is indeed something other than the piece-work of stitching shoes in a factory, for which "equal pay" is a just compensation merely on economic ground; the moral measurements are left out of consideration.

The general demand for equal pay for the sexes aims a deadly blow at the equilibrium established by nature, which Fair Play is bound to defend. The determinists, under the guise of "equal rights," are digging from under the economic support of the family. They would have the whole female sex—equal with men—working in the public industries. No, the home would not be abolished! Under this scheme the home must "die out" for want of economic support. The disorder inflicted on the body politic by "equal education" was as a slight indisposition relative to the black death that promises to follow in the wake of "equal rights" and "equal pay" if it shall be translated from current thought into general practice. With civil society in a good state of health the man's wage is a family wage, while the woman's wage is rightly adjusted by individual standards of living. With determinists in the philosophical saddle going at full tilt the black death is not a mere scarecrow. Yet since the great Pope Leo XIII warned his world-wide flock that the workman's wage should be sustained at a point sufficient to support the family at the very lowest rung of the social ladder, in "frugal comfort," Catholics have no excuse for falling under the sway of the tempter, though he make never so alluring an appeal to Fair Play.

So confused is the public mind as to whether God's law is mocked, that foul seems fair and fair seems foul. A man who should know better said: "How would you feel if a socialist upon the platform were to hold up a prayer-book between his thumb and forefinger, as though it were foul to the touch, as was done to a piece of socialist literature by a Catholic lecturer?" Much-abused Fair Play! One thing is as good as another when the scales of judgment are set upon the shifting sands of private opinion. A piece of socialist literature propagating the infamous doctrine in Bebel's book on "Woman," and the "Origin of the Family," by Marx and Engels, which makes the earth-worm the prototype of the mother of a good-sized family of children, at par with a Catholic prayer-book!

Now, since the Knights of Columbus have instituted a defence against the socialist assault upon Christian standards, their national lecturers are pestered, all in the name of Fair Play, to give the local socialists a chance to defend themselves in debate. Strange to say, it not infrequently happens that generous-hearted Catholics are caught in this web of confusion. But the socialists are not the injured party; they are the aggressors. For more than a quarter of a century they have been sowing the seeds of rebellion against right reason. Now that they are men competent to show that socialism was indeed sired by atheism and bred in misunderstanding, the advocates of blasphemy, treason and free-love claim for their own one-half of the evening devoted to the defence of religion, patriotism and family purity. Surely, Catholics should freely detect Foul Play in the mask of Fair Play.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

Magazines Young People Read

THERE never was a time in the world's history when so much reading was being done by so many people as now. Presumably this ought to be an index of the deep intellectual interests of our generation and of its ardent seeking after knowledge. A friend of mine to whom the aphorism "Reading maketh a full man" was quoted to prove that "the masses" are profiting wonderfully by the reading habit they have now contracted, shrewdly remarked: "But, Bacon, observe, does not say of just what material reading maketh a man full. That depends on what the reading is. Much of the light reading done nowadays makes our young people full of nonsense, while much of the serious reading others indulge in fills them with conceit."

One thing our modern passion for reading does not do is to make people full of thought. There are many thinking men connected with educational institutions in this country who aver that there was never a time when people did less thinking than now. The dean of the literary departments in one of our leading universities said, not long ago, that if the present craze for reading cheap, trivial stuff was not halted soon there would be no one left in this country who could do real thinking. As for the taste that is being developed by all this reading one needs only to see the "shows" that our people attend, the cheap, catchy music that they delight in, the cartoons and "comics" that hold their attention, to find a very serious indictment of our modern intellectual life. This generation that does more reading than any other in the world's history, has more trivial interests than any other of which we have any record.

The reading the older people indulge in perhaps does not matter much. They have decided that they are not going to use their intellects in life for any serious pur-

pose, so I suppose they may be permitted to use them only for furnishing themselves with cheap amusement. It is different, however, with the rising generation. There is still some hope of promoting the intellectual life of the young, for they are extremely susceptible to suggestions received from their reading. Young people are inclined to think that anything that is printed must be true, and that a writer who gets into print is wiser than any one in their own environment, no matter how much experience or education he or she may have.

Now I venture to say that the greater part of our young folk's leisure hours is used reading the magazines. A great French teacher once said that it does not make so much difference what a man does with the hours in which he has to work, but the best possible index to his character, and usually the best hint as to his future, is to be found in what he does with his leisure. But I fear no one would value highly either the present or the future of young folk who read our present-day popular magazines.

These popular magazines used to be rather instructive and, as a rule, quite harmless periodicals, which gathered together articles on a number of interesting topics and stories that sometimes had distinct literary merit, but were generally chosen with an eye to their absolute innocuousness, for it was felt that the slightest infraction of decency in any way would ruin the circulation of the magazine. They were meant to pass from hand to hand in the family. But in the effort to increase their circulation, they have now changed their character very materially. It was soon found that appeals to the sensual side of humanity were very attractive to young readers having an insatiable curiosity in such matters, and so it was not long before a serious degeneration took place in the character of even the magazines that used to be quite free from such undesirable matter. The instructive articles have nearly all disappeared, or, if printed, they prove to be some scientific sensation that is a travesty on real science.

No one accepts the "feature-writers'" magazine articles as serious contributions to knowledge. The latest solution of the mystery of life, the latest nonsense about hypnotism, the weight of the soul; "twilight sleep" and its vagaries; sex hygiene and eugenics: these are the so-called instructive articles of the magazines. They give young people the idea that they know a great deal more than their elders about things in general, and thus increase that lack of respect for the opinions of others that is so striking a characteristic of our generation. Information obtained in this scrappy way from magazine articles, even when it is quite correct, does not really educate or develop the mind, because it fails to show the relations of the knowledge thus acquired to other knowledge, and is usually, therefore, worse than useless.

The "magazine habit" ruins power of concentration; it has another and more serious result. In recent years the popular magazines have become purveyors of very undesirable ideas for young people. I fear few parents realize how unsuitable for young folk's reading many of the most popular magazines have become. It requires only an occasional dip into them to find, that while they are of no usefulness except as a cheap pastime, they frequently contain stories that are well calculated to do a great deal of harm to young minds. Let me illustrate what I mean by some concrete comments.

In one of the popular magazines, which a few years ago used to be, perhaps, the most widely-circulated magazine in the country, and whose name was a guarantee of reasonable freedom from anything objectionable, there appeared not long since a story that for unspeakable viciousness is almost unparalleled. I do not say this of myself, the story was called to my attention in a group of men who had all been for more than twenty years in newspaper work, from reporter to editor, and who were not likely, therefore, to be prudes. They agreed to a man that they had never read anything that was quite so vile and vicious in its suggestion as was this story. It was literally a tale of animal lust. It appeared under the name of a man who belongs to an old American family, and who has, on occasion, turned out good work. That it should have been published in a magazine that was freely sold on our newsstands and should have been widely read by young folk shows to what a pass license in the publication of evil suggestions has come.

The favorite form of story in practically all the cheap magazines just now is one that, I suppose, is meant to make its appeal to the young girl. These are the most numerous readers of magazines, and evidently they are interested in this type of story. Hence the uniformity with which it is found in practically all the cheap magazines. It is the tale of the young girl longing for experiences in life, and somehow or other getting away from social conventions and having "adventures," sometimes with low sailors in some Eastern port; with Chinamen in San Francisco; or with prize-fighters and questionable characters in Paris, yet somehow escaping unscathed and marrying some one who has rescued her from some especially thorny situation and, of course, living happily with him ever after. She has kept her virtue; but oh, the knowledge of men and of the world that she has gained from her experience, and the breadth of view of life, "Real Life"—only capitals express it adequately—that has been obtained from the risks through which she has passed!

These stories are meant to show that even the men of the brutal classes are at once converted from the error of their ways and put off their brutality in the presence of the pretty American girl who is out seeking adventures. The lion being led home by the Virgin Una in the fable is as nothing compared to the way in which these young women by a glance of their eyes and the wonderful influence of their maidenly presence convert hardened sinners and old *roués* into the gentlest of protectors of maidenly virtue and innocence.

I doubt if falser views of life can possibly be found than those given in these stories. Yet this is the principal reading of large numbers of our young women, and particularly those whose occupations take them away from home and into association with men of all kinds. They are tempted to seek adventures that are very alluring to youth, and are told that that is the only way to get all there is in life and to be broadened and educated and rendered *experienced.*

Now, let us not forget that the magazines which contain such dangerous nonsense are selling by the hundreds of thousands in this country. One is said to have a circulation of more than 1,000,000 a month. Advertisers are willing to pay for advertising on the basis of those figures. It is computed that each magazine is read on the average by, at least, three persons. It is the girls, moreover, rather than the boys, who are reading these stories. Therefore we should not be surprised to hear almost daily of elopements, hasty marriages, seductions, and worse, for our magazines are preparing the young for these things. Youth always takes what is suggested to it, if the suggestion is frequent and positive enough, unless by chance there is character, environment and training to safeguard the young from temptation. Even these fail, however, to be of service against the constant suggestion of evil, foolishness and worse. For "the fascination of trifles," says Holy Writ, "obscureth good things."

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

South America's Catholicism

THE Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church started, three months ago, a magazine called the *World Outlook,* the editorial announcement of which assured the reader that:

> The dramatic part played by Christian mission schools, colleges, hospitals and churches in the kaleidoscope of progress will be presented in its due relation to other factors—commercial, industrial, social and political. The effort will be made to give a complete picture of modern progress—not a one-sided, or one-angled view.

The foregoing conciliatory prologue was fairly well lived up to in the January number of the periodical, but the February issue seems to have been deliberately handed over to a few zealots, who are persuaded that the surest way of getting wealthy Protestants interested in South America is by attacking the faith of that continent's 50,000,000 inhabitants. On a page facing a good picture of the "Christ of the Andes," there is printed, doubtless as a corrective, a photograph of an important discovery S. Earl Taylor made. For in Cuzco he found, cut in stone over a church door, not "Come unto me all ye that labor," but "Come unto Mary all ye who are weary," a wicked "perversion of Scripture," which is proof positive, of course, that the Blessed Virgin of Cuzco rather than the Christ of the Andes is the chief object of South America's worship. The thoughtless Catholic reader would see in the inscription nothing but a pious application to Our Lady of her Divine Son's words, but many a Methodist subscriber of the *World Outlook* was probably shocked into being unusually generous toward the South American mission fund.

"Ecuador," continues Mr. Earl, taking as his authority a newspaper correspondent who visited that land twenty years ago, is "the most bigoted Roman Catholic country in America" and, consequently, "the most backward country on the continent—physically, intellectually and morally." He neglects, however, to give any recent facts or statistics to prove these sweeping assertions. The reason for this oversight was, perhaps, his eagerness to communicate some startling news about the South American Inquisition which was founded "to stamp out the hated heresy of Protestantism" and "cost tens of thousands of lives." Who would have thought South American Protestants were so numerous! Where in the world did they all come from? Could they have been imported from England? With so many blessed martyrs to its credit, one would think Protestantism should be thriving vigorously in that southern continent.

This, however, does not seem to be the case, for, on another page of the February *World Outlook*, Homer C. Stuntz, "Bishop for South America"—note the *for*—after recounting the various activities of Protestantism in his territorially vast diocese, concludes with this solemn warning:

> In all Peru we have but five men from the United States, only three of these ordained; in all Argentina, only eleven missionaries in a territory larger than the United States east of the Mississippi river. If we had a hundred missionaries more than our present force, we could send them to important *centers* where to-day there is absolutely no Gospel preaching. If we do the job the Church has sent us down here to do, we must have more money for property and we should double our forces within five years.

The last sentence of the appeal from this apostle whom "the Church has sent" to the benighted Latin Romanists seems to be the grand climax of his sermon. Unquestionably, Bishop Stuntz is a tireless seeker after contributions, for besides writing that *World Outlook* article, he has prepared for wide circulation a pamphlet entitled "Roman Catholicism in South America" which is sure to loosen the purse-strings of pious Methodists. The "Bishop for South America" evidently believes that when Romanism is the enemy all methods of warfare are lawful, for he writes:

> There is published in Buenos Aires a weekly comic paper like the *Asino,* of Rome, and somewhat like *Life,* of New York. It is maintained partly for the purpose of ridiculing friars, priests and the Catholic faith in general. It is true that this paper is hostile to Christianity as it is represented by the Roman Church and is therefore understood to be opposed to religion in any form. But this is not the case. Its cartoons are leveled at immoral and medieval priestly leadership. When our church held a great Sunday school rally in Prince George's Hall, in Buenos Aires, on Conference Sunday, last February, this paper—*Fray Mocho*—took flash-light pictures, secured photographs of the leading missionaries and Sunday-school workers, and gave several pages to a sympathetic write-up of that truly great gathering.

So the Bishop cordially welcomes as an ally a blasphemous and licentious publication "like the *Asino*, of Rome"!

In this same number of the *World Outlook* James M. Taylor supplies the reader with a quantity of novel information regarding South American Catholicism. The great misfortune, it seems, of that wretched continent was the fact that it had a "bad start." For South America was blessed with "no Mayflower and no Plymouth Rock." Moreover, "it must be understood that the Romanism of South America is not the Romanism of the United States, and is not in any true sense Christian." Mr. Taylor then proceeds to administer a series of remunerative shocks to the reader by citing once more the familiar statistics of the Protestant pamphleteer regarding the intellectual and moral condition of the people, and ends with this outrageous calumny: "It is the belief of honest men in South America, who have been raised in the Roman Church, that, as a class, there are few people more immoral than the priests."

So the *World Outlook* that promised in its opening number to "give a complete picture of modern progress—not a one-sided, or one-angled view," allows its contributor to charge the entire priesthood of South America with practising filthy immorality. This monstrous accusation, moreover, is made on the supposed testimony of "honest men," who carefully avoid, as is usual in such cases, making any mention whatever of persons, places, times or circumstances.

To answer such vague and sweeping charges as the above is a hopeless task, and of that those who make them are thoroughly aware. If we prove that the clergy of Ecuador are virtuous and zealous, the accusation of moral laxity will, doubtless, be transferred to the priests of Peru. If we succeed in getting affidavits testifying to the upright lives of the Peruvian clergy, probably the priests of Chile would then be attacked, and so on. Regarding the character of the latter, Father H. J. Swift, S.J., writes in the *Canadian Messenger* for April:

> As a matter of fact, the Chilean clergy are a body of picked men, made up largely of the scions of families whose names are interwoven with all that is high-minded and patriotic in the history of the country. Even supposing, absurdly enough, indeed, that supernatural motives were to fail to influence them, their respect for their family names would be more than sufficient to hold them to the execution of their sublime functions. It would be hard to name a pious organization or a good work that is not recognized, encouraged and fostered by the clergy of Chile.

As a specimen of the way that calumnies regarding the priests and people of South America are started and spread, the following incident, with its ensuing correspondence, may interest the reader: Mr. Hubert Hormsby, who is in charge of the United Fruit Company's welfare work in Central and South America, addressed a conference of welfare workers, held on the evening of November 23, 1914, in the National Civic Federation rooms, Metropolitan Building, New York, and is reported to have said:

> That because of the oppression and other acts of the Roman Catholic priesthood the people had practically given up all religion and cast the priests aside; and that the "clinic" established in connection with welfare work had taken the place of the Father Confessors, referring to the Roman priests.

Mr. John S. Kennedy, of Brooklyn, who heard Mr. Hormsby's remarks, wrote a courteous letter to the United Fruit Company and asked if the views advanced by the lecturer express "the current situation in these countries as understood by your officers." The United Fruit Company took no pains with Mr. Kennedy's difficulty.

The quoted passage from Mr. Hormsby's lecture was then shown to various South and Central Americans now living in New York, and their opinion was asked as to the truth of the lecturer's assertions. A prominent official of Costa Rica was the first to be interviewed. He laughed when he saw the quotations, remarking:

> It was the sort of thing people of that stamp like to say! As a matter of fact, there was no truth in it. Some twenty-five years ago, or over, certain laws were passed, which acted to prevent the political activities of priests. Since that time the Church in Costa Rica had prospered; many churches had been built, and the people at large were, on the whole, very faithful in their religion. The priests attend actively to their religious duties and are very well regarded.

A native of Colombia, Mr. Luis F. Toro, 471 Central Park West, New York, was then shown the passage. He wrote:

> In Colombia, fortunately, the relations between Church and State are cordial and have been so since 1886. Catholicism is the religion of the State. I do not exaggerate when I assure you that the inhabitants of Colombia's interior, who form the greater portion of the population, are Catholics, not in name only, but are *good* Catholics and have great respect for their priests. About the natives of the coast I can not speak with the same positiveness, for I do not know them so well. But this I can say of all: they suffer from no "oppression" on the part of the priesthood.

Mr. J. R. de la Torres Bueno, of White Plains, N. Y., who is a native of Peru, was then asked to comment on Mr. Hormsby's statement and wrote as follows:

> Speaking as a Peruvian, I have always heard that we suffer from a considerable lack of clergy to care properly for the Indian population in the more distant regions of the country. As for any "oppression" of the people, or of any portion of them, by the priests, I have never heard of it. In Peru, the convents are heavily endowed and, therefore, it is not necessary to call on the people for the support of the clergy. Furthermore, the Government, with the property taken from the suppressed monastic Orders, supports the parish priests.

Mrs. R. A. Goelkel, a Venezuelan lady, gives this testimony about conditions at home:

> With regard to Venezuela, my country, let me say that the clergy are good, zealous men and are universally respected. They are particularly active in promoting Catholic education. In Venezuela all the Catholics take an honest pride in their priests, who are considered the guardians of everything that is best in our civilization.

But will the publication of letters like the foregoing have the slightest influence in keeping such writers as Homer C. Stuntz, S. Earl Taylor or James M. Taylor from calumniating the priests and people of Latin America? None whatever. That is too much to expect. For the spread of calumnies about the Catholic Church seems to be a vitally important element in Methodism's missionary activities. Long experience has perhaps taught the leaders of the sect that vilifying Rome is the most effective way of interesting in "the cause" pious Protestants who are as credulous as they are wealthy.

Walter Dwight, S.J.

The Catholic Church Extension Society

A CHILD, which has passed its ninth birthday by a few months only, has scarcely the right to speak before its elders; but it is the weakness of youth that it should desire to say something at least for itself. The Catholic Church Extension Society is in that condition. Its tenth birthday will not occur before the 18th of next October, but the child is enthusiastic and anxious to please. It is willing always to stand up and recite its little piece for visitors, not without an eye on the fact that a good performance often brings out a kindly pat on the head and perhaps a silver piece, with a "God bless you." Having been invited to speak, here is our little recitation:

Our name is Church Extension. We were born in 1905, and, like many good men and good things, we were born in poverty. Our first dollar came from a newsboy (which is a *fact,* though we have frequently been charged with telling the story for effect). We have that dollar yet. The first meeting was held in the home of Archbishop Quigley in Chicago. There were nineteen present, including Archbishop Bourgade of sainted memory, Bishops Hennessy of Wichita and Muldoon of Rockford. The other founders were divided about equally between the clergy and the laity. The Society was incorporated in the State of Michigan. Its first office was the library of the rectory in the little parish of Lapeer in the Diocese of Detroit. After a year, it moved to Chicago where its headquarters have been ever since, and where they are now fixed for the future by a Papal Brief. The Society has been three times approved of by Rome. It is under the direct protection and guidance of the Holy See through its chancellor, the Archbishop of Chicago, and through the appointment of its president every five years by the Holy Father himself. The objects which called it forth are set

down in a long paragraph in its Constitution, but they may be summed up in the fact that the Society is a *home mission* organization, doing for the Church in the United States and her colonies—yet in a small way and by different methods—what the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is doing for foreign missions. The mission needs of the Church in America, however, for the last ten years, have called mostly for the building of chapels in out-of-the-way places, the giving of missions in these same remote regions, the distribution of Catholic literature, and the fostering of vocations to the missionary priesthood. So the best work of the Society has been along these lines. Up to the present (February, 1915) the Society has been responsible for the building of over one thousand chapels. It possesses three chapel cars, two of them of the latest steel construction, and two motor chapels. It has a number of students pledged, if they become priests, to go to missionary dioceses and already some priests were ordained from among its boys, and are at work. Its chapel building activities still go on at the rate of about three chapels each week. Its annual revenues fluctuate between one hundred and twenty-five and three hundred thousand dollars. It has practically no collections, no branches, no fixed revenue. All its money comes as a result of filling the mails with missionary literature and appeals, "seeing" people who are suspected of having a combination of generosity and capital, and making public through its magazines the story of missions and missionaries in the United States and colonies.

To understand why the Society gives so much attention to chapel building, it is necessary to know that in nine out of every ten of the smaller centers of population in the United States, there are no Catholic organized activities, but there may be some eight to twenty families in each—pioneers or too poor to build for themselves. The first step toward getting these people together is often taken by the chapel or motor cars, which drag a whole parish equipment into a town and keep it there for a week or more. Missions are preached just as if the cars were cathedrals. Children are baptized, often old enough to be confirmed and some old enough to be married, but frequently they see an altar in the car for the first time. Out of the mission comes the desire to have a little chapel as a beginning. The Society is always ready to help, and usually offers $500. In many cases, the people can only add a few hundred more but, poor as it is, the chapel arises. The chapel cars seldom fail to bring about the establishment of a new mission.

Sometimes this work is done in another way that occurs when the Society's attention is called to a case by the missionary pastor or the bishop. At the present time I do not know of a single request for chapel building, that seemed absolutely necessary, refused by the Society. We have had to postpone some, or hold them over for further consideration (which really meant that we had to wait until we got more money), but in the end every application that showed absolute need of our help was granted. The policy of the Society is very simple—the poorest first. The Executive Committee is directed in making gifts by that simple rule, and we find that the rule works out very successfully.

But there is a big principle behind the work of the Church Extension Society. Its founders believed that it was necessary to cultivate the missionary spirit in the people. This spirit needs the appeal of *home* missions to make it strong; in fact, we really believe that the Society has contributed the largest part of the work of cultivating the missionary spirit in the United States. The fact that it is obliged to make its appeals through the mails, personal visits and its magazine, forces upon it an expense for promotion between five and six per cent. of its receipts; and sometimes we are tempted to say that this is to be regretted, because it would be less expensive to have parish organizations. Still, there is something to be said on the other side: since every bit of literature sent out is a spiritual tract. It is giving the missionary message, preaching the missionary gospel and, in its own way, winning people to the cause of God. When you make a lax Catholic take an interest in missions, he is no longer lax. He becomes an enthusiast; and since the whole aim of the Church is to preach the Gospel, the money which is used to make people zealous for the spread of that Gospel, is money that could scarcely be better used. The blessing of a missionary appeal is that it works double: it gets the money and it makes the man. So, although we would be very glad, indeed exceedingly rejoiced, if we could, like other missionary societies, have parish branches and bands, so as to be sure of a regular and fixed income and an inexpensive method of securing it, yet we would even then hesitate to give up our appeals through the mails, and our frequent trips to "see" people who would not be reached in any other way.

The Church Extension Society is organized very much like a business corporation. Its chancellor has general supervision over its work. Its president is practically the chancellor's representative at the helm all the time. Its vice-presidents are assigned to departments, and each is responsible for his own work and does not interfere with that of his neighbor. Its accounts are kept like the accounts of any business concern. Follow-up systems, card systems, adding machines, addressing machines and every other aid to accuracy and good work are installed. Even its stationery is given consideration, with an eye to how it may feel to the touch of a possible patron when he pulls it out of the envelope, and how much of an appeal neatness and good typewriting will make upon his interest. Regular meetings of department heads are held to thresh over little things that might produce big things if they were properly looked after. Employees are taken not because they are recommended by friends, but because they show promise; and are kept only when the indications are that they are going to grow up with the work. A point is made to have even the youngest employee deeply interested. A big day's mail, which means a big day's work, always brings out smiles, because it also means a big day's success for something in which everybody around is interested. The accounts of the Society are audited every three months by certified public accountants. Annual reports are presented to the Board of Governors, and forwarded to Rome, where they have always received praise and have drawn out letters of commendation. Summaries of these reports have always been printed, sometimes in book form, and given to those interested; and even sometimes sent out at considerable expense, with an eye to results in dollars; for the reports, like all the other literature, must bring returns, or why spend money on them?

The present unfortunate situation in Mexico has shown another field of usefulness for the Society, which has been very generally recognized, especially by the bishops. The Society took up the cause of the exiled Mexican prelates and priests, secured $50,000, established a seminary to take care of the students, is establishing a Spanish Catholic paper now to make up for the destroyed Catholic press of Mexico, and is caring in general, at the request of the Mexican bishops, for the interests of the Church in that afflicted country. The usefulness of the Church Extension Society, in this special need, was because of its flexible organization, which can take up a great cause or question of this kind very quickly and very effectively, having at its command the means of reaching the people, the machinery for collecting, and a safe and sound method of checking disbursements. I believe that those who know, will say that it was a blessing for Mexico that the Church Extension Society existed when the trouble came about.

To sum up: in its nine years of work, the Society has collected and disbursed for missions and for the promotion of missions, over $1,500,000 in cash, and in property and securities over $300,000.

It has built over 1,000 chapels and it is building them still, at the rate, as stated, of three a week. It is educating students. It has established a seminary. It has three chapel cars and two motor chapels. It distributes nearly a million pieces of Catholic literature every year. It has established the most widely circulated Catholic magazine in the United States which, conservatively, is worth about $200,000. It has a children's magazine with 20,000 subscribers. It has done its share toward developing the missionary spirit in the country and is continuing to do it. It has tried to build itself up in a business-like way, and to keep its management in business-like control. It has never let anything get away from it that it thought was any good. It has not always been modest, but it has found that advertising pays. In a word, it has worked things out according to the original plans which were approved of by wise men; and in thus working, believes it has obtained a little wisdom for itself. No one of its members has personally profited through his connection with the Society. There has been no distribution of rewards and no cause for punishment. The Society was needed. It was thoughtfully planned out. It was kept within the straight and narrow way. It was a vehicle for the advancement of no man's ambitions; but for the advancement of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was blessed by the Pope and it was blessed by the poor. That is all.

So this is our little speech; and if you are pleased with it—well, you know what to do. FRANCIS C. KELLEY,
President.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The "Outlook's" "Correction"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You have doubtless known people in this world whose apologies are more offensive than the original misdeed. I am compelled to call your attention to the way in which the *Outlook* makes "correction" of its statement of the facts concerning the "Achilli trial." In the issue of March 24 I find the following:

> In an editorial statement relating to bills before the last Congress, which, if passed, would give the Postmaster-General power to exclude from the mails any periodical which he might decide to be libelous as to church organizations, we reported the statement of a witness before the Congressional committee which was considering these bills, relating to the trial of Cardinal Newman for alleged libel against Father Achilli. The witness, Dr. Williams, stated that Newman was convicted of the libel and was fined £12,000. A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that this is a mistake. The facts as stated in Dr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Cardinal Newman" and in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" are, that he was fined £100, but that his expense for the trial was something like £14,000. *Of course, the question of the amount of the fine does not at all affect the principle involved.* (The italicization is mine.)

You will remember that I pointed out in your issue for March 27 that the facts of the Achilli trial when correctly stated—in the "Catholic Encyclopedia"—proved exactly the opposite of what the *Outlook* and Dr. Williams thought they proved. The facts were that the polecat Achilli grossly libelled the Church; Newman told the facts about the polecat; the polecat prosecuted Newman for criminal libel; the jury convicted Newman and he was fined £100 and costs; the *Times* sharply criticized the verdict as tending to show that Catholics had good reason to assert that there was no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries.

I wrote the editor of the *Outlook* to the same effect. And now this "Christian" paper in the face of these facts publishes the "correction" quoted above!

I hesitate to characterize this sort of thing as it ought to be characterized in the interest of truth. But I think it is really necessary to point out that as an example of the "strictly Protestant" habit of mind with its bad logic, bad scholarship and bad taste the *Outlook's* treatment of this matter leaves little to be desired.

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In recent issues of your paper I have noticed some correspondence discussing the statement of the *Outlook* and others "that the existing laws are quite sufficient to protect the Roman Catholic Church and its priests and clergy from any scurrilous and libelous attacks which may be made against them by unscrupulous partisan journals." We have recently had an illustration in Nova Scotia of the efficiency of our laws.

Some time ago a paper of the *Menace* class published the bogus Knights of Columbus Oath. The Knights, acting on the advice of the very best legal talent in the province, took action for libel before a Supreme Court judge. The defence urged a demurrer, and the case was brought before the full bench, consisting of five judges, all Protestants. The judges unanimously conceded that, beyond all doubt, the publication was a most atrocious libel, but, in spite of this, the court, one judge only dissenting, dismissed the case, alleging as a reason that it was not, at the beginning, brought before the proper tribunal. The Knights wish to continue the prosecution, but are advised by eminent lawyers that it will be useless expense, as the animus of the judges make it clear that they will never be at a loss for some technicality to save the Protestant clergyman who publishes the paper from the punishment which would certainly be meted out to a Catholic priest were he guilty of a similar offence.

Sydney, N. S. D.

The Time of Death

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA of March 6 Father Coppens, S.J., criticized some opinions in "A Little Book of Comfort in Time of War," by Edward Ingram Watkin. Father Coppens quoted with italics the following objectionable statements:

> *As Catholics, we possess absolute certainty that every death* on a blood-drenched field of battle *was ordained* from all eternity, *as the best provision for each man* who there lost his life. God, foreknowing all that each would be and do, decreed that the thread of his individual life should be so interwoven with the web of public history as to break off at that particular point of time, for so *it would be best for that soldier's immortal soul.* Even if the man in question should alas! be lost eternally, even so would this remain true, for *had he lived longer, he would have added to his sin, and therefore to the intensity of his punishment.*

The second part of Father Coppens' criticism is not so plain as it might be. He says: "It is certainly not revealed that no one who is lost would not have been saved by God's grace if he had lived longer; nor is there any argument from reason to make such a statement probable. Rather the contrary is the case." Now these two sentences of Father Coppens were written to show that the last sentence in the quotation from Mr. Watkin is doctrinally objectionable, even on grounds of reason, for he says: "Nor is there any argument *from reason* to make such a statement *probable.* Rather the contrary is the case." Therefore I conclude Father Coppens has reasons so strong for proving his view that the other would not even be probable at all. I think the readers of AMERICA would all be benefited if Father Coppens would write an article clearing up all the difficulties surrounding this point of the doctrine of grace. For very many people think,

though of course not with the absolute certainty of divine and Catholic faith, that it is a good, pious opinion to hold, and not a little reasonable also, that God would be acting in accordance with His infinite mercy and goodness if He did cut short the career of a sinner who He foresaw would not make use of grace and would go on abusing it and so increase the intensity of his punishment. The sentence of Mr. Watkin might be interpreted that way.

Though it is not the common teaching, do not some few theologians hold that it is even probable that God, at a definite point in an obdurate sinner's life, does withdraw His grace altogether? This opinion, of course, goes a good deal further than Mr. Watkin's. As long as even the most obdurate sinner lives God does not abandon him so that it could be said there was no hope of forgiveness and that despair would be justified. In other words, there is always sufficient grace. If the sinner wills to cooperate with it he can be saved. But the point under discussion does not concern a sinner living on deprived of sufficient grace, but rather a sinner cut off in his sins because God in His mercy so decreed, seeing by His infallible foreknowledge that if He allowed that sinner to live longer and gave him other sufficient graces, that sinner would still freely refuse to cooperate with the grace of God and so go on sinning and increasing his punishment, "treasuring up to himself wrath, against the day of wrath."

St. Paul, Minn. J. C. H.

[In answer to the foregoing Father Coppens says:

A kindly and gentlemanly critic, in a detailed letter to your esteemed paper, referring to a communication of mine published in your number of March 6, says: "I think the readers of AMERICA would be all benefited if Father Coppens would write an article clearing up all the difficulties surrounding this point of the doctrine of grace." I must humbly confess that I do not consider myself capable of *writing an article that would clear up all the difficulties surrounding this point of the doctrine of grace.* It would be rash for me to attempt it. My modest purpose in the brief communication referred to was to correct the *misstatement that every man dies at the time it is best for him to die,* even though he be damned. My critic does not deny this, my main contention. But he asks whether I mean to deny the reasonableness of holding the pious opinion that "God would be acting in accordance with His infinite mercy and goodness if He did cut short the career of a sinner who, He foresaw, would not make use of grace, and would go on abusing it, and so increase the intensity of his punishment."

The question is not what God in His mercy might do if He wished, but what He has let us know He actually does in the present order of Providence. Now He has told us clearly, in equivalent terms, that Judas was eternally lost after a number of mortal sins, while his life might have been taken from him after fewer sins or before he committed any mortal sins at all. The statement, then, or opinion, that God always cuts short the career of a sinner who, as He foresees, would only increase his sins and his eternal punishment is not even probable, for Christ has told us it is not true. Would my gentle critic himself consider it probable that all the Jews who exclaimed, during Christ's sacred passion, "Crucify Him!" are better off for all eternity than if they had died some years sooner? There are vast numbers of obdurate sinners in all ages: is it probable that all of them die when it is best for them? God, no doubt, takes many out of life lest they accumulate more sins, or before they sin at all, as in the case of him of whom the Book of Wisdom says: "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul" (Wisdom iv, 11); but there is no solid reason for saying that the Lord always cuts short a man's life because He foresees that a longer life would only accumulate sin and increase eternal punishment. When there is no solid reason for an opinion, we can not call it probable.]

A Critic of the Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

No one will question the statement that a high-class daily would be exceedingly useful. So, too, would a hundred other good things, if we could only get them. The question is not its utility, but its feasibility. To the present writer it seems a dream or of stuff that dreams are made of. Mr. Michael McDermot, of Palm Beach, knows a man who is willing to give $1,500,000 unconditionally to a high-class Catholic daily. If Mr. McDermot knows such a benefactor, let him advise the prospective donor to use his money for a more useful purpose. I suggest, for instance, that it be given to the struggling Catholic colleges, or to the Extension Society, or to our impoverished parochial schools, but I don't advise that it be wasted on a Catholic daily which few will read. Think of a daily on the lines of AMERICA with the "requisite adaptations"! Read it? Why the average Catholic would not look at it. This is no reflection on AMERICA, which is by all odds the best Catholic weekly in the country. Though at times a little too academic, it is still something to be proud of. Is it read by the layman? Subtract the priests and the nuns from its subscribers, and I venture to assert that the sheriff will be at the door of the Jesuit Fathers within three months. I am not familiar with the finances of AMERICA, but I would wager a good deal, if I had it, that, after expenses are paid, little is left for salaries. I'd wager that if the Editor and his associates were paid for their work AMERICA would soon be bankrupt. Let Mr. McDermot induce that benefactor to give some of his $1,500,000 to the AMERICA Fathers. Let us make AMERICA faultless and flawless. Put it in the power of the editors to get and to give the best, and then it will be time to think of a daily. To accomplish this will require more money than comes in from their none too large list of subscribers.

Surely Mr. McDermot has seldom rubbed shoulder to shoulder with the ordinary American Catholic. High-class daily? Ridiculous! The vast bulk of our people are too hard worked, too tired at night to indulge in the luxury of a high-class paper and too ill-educated to be interested in it. Watch their faces, talk to them, as they pour out of our churches on Sunday, and you will soon be convinced that what I say is true. It is the church-goers surely who would be expected to read the high-class Catholic daily, not the hardy annuals or absentees. Go through the rooms of the Knights of Columbus, visit our various Catholic societies and you will find that the pool-room and not the reading-room is in highest favor. Scan the lists in the public libraries and see how few Catholics, judging at least from the names, are taking out books. This is no reflection upon our Catholic people; they are the best and the noblest in the land. We have not had time yet, as a class, to become educated. I think Lowell has said, it takes at least three generations to make a gentleman. It might be added that, as a certain percentage of educated Catholics have married Protestants or have eschewed our Catholic colleges and been trained at non-sectarian universities, we may presume that a Catholic daily will have few attractions for them. They hardly appreciate the Faith, since they've exposed their own and their children's to such dangers.

What we need is to push, popularize and perfect AMERICA. The weeklies have the tremendous circulation in the country: the *Saturday Evening Post,* 2,000,000; *Collier's,* 187,000. It is the weekly that our poor Catholic, tired out after his week's

work, would have time to read and time to ponder over, not the ephemeral daily which he merely scans. When we have made a success of a great weekly and educated our people more, then let us talk of a high-class daily.

New York. George Carver.

Catholics in the Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of America:

And now comes Mr. Farrell to the assistance of Mr. McCloskey, deprecating Mr. Hume's charge of disloyalty leveled at that class of young men which Mr. McCloskey represents. He resents the use of sarcasm and crisp retort. Read again with me the opening sentence of Mr. McCloskey's letter: "I have been sometimes amused and more often angered by the articles I read in Catholic periodicals regarding the 'baneful' influence of the Y. M. C. A. on its Catholic members." Could one give expression to a thought better calculated to draw forth the most stinging sarcasm? Catholic papers and periodicals are published to enlighten people at large and to reach, by the printed word, those who are not reached by the spoken word. They are edited by men who are qualified to supervise the publication of the latest thought on questions of interest to Catholics. Their editors and contributors come from the class best qualified to speak authoritatively on such questions, and when they all agree (and I think Mr. McCloskey will admit that they do) that the Y. M. C. A. is no place for a Catholic young man, it is safe to conclude that if, as Mr. Farrell says, Mr. Hume is "a master in the Church," he has plenty of company.

On the question of loyalty let me relate an instance that has come to my personal notice. A Catholic young man, who by the way is an office man and needs the exercise, was induced to join the Y. M. C. A. under pressure of the argument that he should devote a part of his time to physical exercise, and the "Y," of course, afforded the only opportunity in our city. Later on, discovering that a Catholic, though a member of the "Y," could have no voice in determining the policies of that institution, he promptly withdrew and, despite three or four personal visits from the secretary, he continued in his determination to sever his connection with the "Y." I submit this, first, as a study in comparisons and, secondly, I would like to press the query: Does Mr. McCloskey, Mr. Farrell or any one else imagine for a moment that this secretary was actuated in his persistence purely and simply by a desire to bring only physical benefit to this erstwhile member? No; as Mr. Hume points out, the undersurface method of proselyting in vogue in the Y. M. C. A. is the danger that every Catholic man should avoid. And when a man admits that he is moved to anger when advised of that danger, he can not, nor any one for him, complain if his loyalty is called in question. Anger of this sort is an evidence of weakness and, in this case, a recognition of his weak defence. Mr. McCloskey's anger should give place to an earnest appeal, and that, coupled with his own endeavor to correct the condition, will soon afford the relief demanded. If he is at all acquainted with the trend of the Catholic lay movement, he knows that this very condition is receiving the attention of the laity, right now, and has been. His province is not to defend aggressively but to assist aggressively. It is an error for him to defend Catholic membership in the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Farrell is in error when he says that "he (Mr. McCloskey) has a perfect right, under the circumstances noted in his letter, to avail himself of the privileges of his membership." No man has any right to place himself where he will encounter a danger to his faith, and if, perchance, he finds himself so located, even though through no fault of his own, he should persist in trying to remove the danger and, so long as he persists, we are justified in believing that his faith will not suffer. And herein lies the answer to the comparison drawn by Mr. Farrell in his letter in America's issue of March 27.

So now, let us admit that, among our young men, there is need of swimming-pools, etc., for their accommodation and physical uplift, my idea of real loyalty to Holy Church in this matter is that such enthusiasts as Mr. McCloskey should take the lead in securing that ideal and, through the merits of their enthusiasm and success, win the friends through whose cooperation such accommodations may be realized. In this way will they render a service, not only to themselves, but to their brother, and by their very success they will remove one of the strongest drawing cards which the proselyter possesses.

If we were to attach to the Methodist, Baptist or to any other Protestant Church the athletic attractions exploited by the Y. M. C. A., I am sure that Mr. Farrell would not encourage the Catholic youths to join. And his reasoning against the acceptance of membership under such conditions would exactly correspond to the reasoning advanced by Mr. Hume in the case of the "Y."

We quote Mr. Farrell: "The question is not whether a loyal Catholic can be an associate member, but rather why are there so many loyal Catholics enrolled in the Y. M. C. A.? It must exert a strong appeal to produce so large a response." Mr. Farrell, let me remind you that temptation has always been, and ever shall be, a sugar-coated pill. It always comes to one dressed in a most fascinating garb. Joining of the Y. M. C. A. "over parental objection and the maturer applicant's own reluctance" is disobedience pure and simple, for, if a reluctance exists, it is evident that the applicant's own conscience is asserting itself, and overthrow of the conscience creates at least the semblance of disobedience.

Now to summarize: my belief is that the proper thing for an athletic young man is not to join the "Y.," but rather to assist in bringing about in Catholic social circles those legitimate opportunities of which he wishes to take advantage. For him to join the "Y" only detracts from the possibility of obtaining our mutual desires. For him to refuse to join, even though he does not extend a helping hand, gives strength to the movement for Catholic "gyms," and if he will add his effort to the efforts of those who are in favor of Catholic "gyms," the more certain shall we be of getting them: far better occupation than to be enlisted in an aggressive defence of Catholic membership in the Y. M. C. A. Success comes not to divided forces, but, on the contrary, it perches upon the standards of real organization bent on preserving to the Church "the flower of her youth."

Monmouth, Ill. John J. Ryan.

To the Editor of America:

Mr. Farrell's letter in last week's America has caused a most disagreeable impression among many of my friends. The discussion about Catholic membership in the Y. M. C. A. has outgrown the boyish effusion of its first exponent, and now seems to be striking at fundamental principles. The question has been asked, Is Mr. Farrell a Catholic, or a secret agent of the Y. M. C. A. who thus slyly is trying to obtain new members from among the ranks of the Catholic faithful? Since his letter appeared, it has been remarked a number of times in my hearing that it would have the effect of confirming lukewarm Catholics in their resolve to avail themselves of any attraction, however insidious, as long as the Church has not directly and explicitly condemned it.

It seems almost a pity that the letter of Mr. Farrell appeared alone in America, since many who read that number

will not see any refutation, and it was dogmatic enough to be the decree of a plenipotentiary. He complains that Mr. Hume sets himself up as a teacher without any ecclesiastical authorization. If Mr. Farrell received a papal commission to champion the organization which he defends, he should submit his credentials. Possibly he never heard the Gospel text which warns us about scrutinizing the mote in our neighbor's eye and overlooking the beam in our own.

His comparison of the position of members in the Y. M. C. A. with that of British subjects is absurd to any one who knows that Catholics are not debarred from any position in the kingdom except the Crown, which is, of course, hereditary. It is not long since we had a Catholic Lord Chief Justice, and recently there was a succession of Catholic Lord Mayors of London.

Possibly Mr. Farrell did not intend the impression which his letter has created and, if so, I apologize for my vehemence. But if he did not, he should write again at once, and try to repair some of the harm he has unwittingly (?) wrought.

Rosslyn, Va. H. L. SEARS, M.D.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter that recently appeared from your Baltimore correspondent about the Y. M. C. A. was even more of a surprise than that of Mr. McCloskey. If the writer only saw it, the letter had a decidedly uncatholic ring about it and makes splendid capital for lukewarm Catholics and the Y. M. C. A. Let me call attention to a few of the fallacies in this letter:

Fallacy 1. "To charge him with disloyalty and to cast suspicion upon his faith because he avails himself of the only means at hand to meet his legitimate need is unwarranted, and beyond the point at issue." The writer forgot an important item: The means themselves must be legitimate. The starving Irish of Famine days had a legitimate need of food and the only means at their disposal were the Protestant soup-kitchens. Shall we draw the conclusion?

Fallacy 2. "The historical toleration of the Church which, though always aiming primarily at the spiritual welfare of the faithful, does not curtail needlessly their material opportunities." Truer word never was spoken. But she does curtail and must curtail and will always curtail them when they conflict with matters of faith.

Fallacy 3. "Mr. McCloskey and his fellows are the victims of changed economic conditions." So were the Irish lads of Penal days, so were the Roman lads before them, so were the English lads of half a century ago, who were forbidden Oxford and Cambridge by the Holy See. Does not the correspondent see that again he is justifying the means by the end?

Fallacy 4. "The question is not whether a loyal Catholic can be an associate member but rather why there are so many loyal Catholics enrolled in the Y. M. C. A. . . . There must be a real need for some such organization." Of course there is need, so was there need for food to the starving Irish, but the soup-kitchen was no legitimate remedy. So is there need for fraternal organizations, but Masonry and the I. O. O. F. are not legitimate means.

Fallacy 5. "Fallacy" is a feeble name for the misuse of Pope Benedict's words. Our Holy Father is speaking only of those open questions which are disputable points in Catholic theology, and have not been settled by the Church. I claim that the Y. M. C. A. is not a disputable point, and its status has been settled by the Church. It is not disputable, because it insults Catholics, is decidedly dangerous, and is a Protestant religious society. It insults Catholics for it classes them with non-Christians, Jews and Unitarians. The man to whom alone Christ Crucified is made a vital reality, is allowed the use of "gym." and swimming-pool and track, provided he allows himself to be classed as non-Christian, as one who does not acknowledge Jesus Christ as God. Proof? Read the By-laws and Constitutions of the Y. M. C. A.—*Catholic Mind,* March 22.

The Y. M. C. A., moreover, is decidedly dangerous for the organization is permeated with a spirit of indifferentism, the deadliest enemy of a vigorous Catholic spirit. One can maintain one's faith against open attack but rare is the man whose faith will not be worn to nothing by the constant attrition of the one-religion-as-good-as-another sophism. That this is the Y. M. C. A. spirit is abundantly evident from even a casual acquaintance. Its religious aspect is essential. It grew from the Bible class of George Williams of England, and it is "the distinctly religious character of the movement more than anything else that has contributed to its permanence.—*Report of Jubilee Convention, Boston,* 1901. It is a Protestant organization for the propagation of Protestant views "maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice."—*Portland Resolution.* Is it a disputable point with Catholics whether they can help spread heresy?

Lastly, the Y. M. C. A. position has been decided by the Church. The Pope, to be sure, has not given any infallible pronouncement, but that is not the only way the Church tells us what we should do and hold as Catholics. Other ways are the consent of the faithful and the teaching of her pastors. The faithful at large consistently and instinctively recognize Y. M. C. A. enrollment as something quite at variance with Catholicism. Catholic members of the Y. M. C. A., moreover, have been witness to this opposition by their constant apologetic attitude; they feel their position needs defence. Again the pastors of the Church have spoken. They warn the young men of their flocks against the Y. M. C. A.; they admittedly thwart that organization and are expected to do so by its officials.

One point in closing. A Catholic may be permitted by his confessor for grave reasons to join the Y. M. C. A., but in this case special precautions must be taken by the Catholic to protect himself against the insidious atmosphere of his surroundings. But that is toleration, pure and simple, in an individual case, and the associates are enjoying a privilege no good Catholic desires. I hope the day is not far off when the Y. M. C. A. will cease to be a lure to young Catholics because we shall possess our own gymnasiums. Till then, let us have manly self-respect enough to stand by our Catholic heritage and be willing to pay the cost of being Catholics.

New York. S. L. JONES.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Regarding the suggestion that our pastors should start in their parishes well-equipped gymnasiums for Catholic young men, we can hardly ask the Church to do this for us. She gives us such an excellent spiritual training that we should be able to despise the efforts of the proselyter to undermine our faith. But this tender mother, knowing the needs of her children and realizing that their physical training must be left in the hands of her laity, looks with sorrow on those self-complacent societies affiliated with the Church who pay no attention to this physical education of our young men.

When Catholic laymen devote their time and efforts only to establishing second-class club rooms and paying death benefits while our youths must seek physical training in gymnasiums supposedly tainted with Protestantism, can not these laymen be justly charged with shirking their duty?

The Y. M. C. A., recognizing that high morality can best be attained by means of physical training, began to establish gymnasiums and this movement has attained world-wide success. Why so successful? Because the need was so great. Meanwhile what have we Catholics been doing? Sitting impotently by, muttering against the Y. M. C. A.'s success; one by one deserting the ranks of the malcontents to join the Association's gymnasiums as our need became personal. The Catholic young

man has been made to feel that the Catholic laity ignores the wants and cravings of its youths. Therefore the young man must go where this recreation can be found outside the Church, provided, however, he can enjoy such advantages without endangering his religious belief.

When he applies at the Y. M. C. A. he is asked: "What is your religion?" On his answering, "Catholicism," he is not asked: "If we place you on our swimming team will you at least listen to our religious doctrines?" Or, "If you are hypnotized by external hospitality or shown any mark of special favor, will you tell your Catholic friends about it?"

No. He is asked: "Are you a good, practical Catholic? for we recognize a bad Catholic not only harms himself but is of no value to the association to which he is allied." Has a Catholic member of the Y. M. C. A. ever heard his religion belittled in their halls? Has any Catholic been approached argumentatively by any Y. M. C. A. official? Since the courts have decreed that the Y. M. C. A. is an educational institution rather than a religious one, and since, while safeguarding our own faith, we must accept from others what our own Catholic laity so shamefully neglect to provide us with, let us cease to rail at an unavoidable state of things.

Let Catholic members of the Y. M. C. A. pay for what they get from that organization. Surely any good Catholic can safeguard himself against the wiles of Protestantism should any appear. We must not blame the Church for the present conditions. They are due to the culpable neglect of the Catholic laity. Meanwhile we Catholic members of the Y. M. C. A. should force that organization to give us a just share in its government or, failing to secure that right, let us interest others in the foundation of a Young Men's Catholic Association. That would be a more profitable course than with only second-hand knowledge, writing to Catholic magazines about the baneful influence of the Y. M. C. A. on its Catholic members.

Philadelphia. Leo Paul McCloskey.

Is Anti-Catholicism an Anachronism?

To the Editor of America:

"A Ludicrous Anachronism," in your issue of February 20, interested me very much. I do not at all agree with Rev. Father Bull, and I think, in his answer (March 6) to Mr. Ronald, he is playing with words. True, Cotton Mather and his views would cut a strange figure on Broadway to-day, and if he got too boisterous about "Papists," some good Irish policeman might tap Cotton on the head to wake him up. But our anti-Catholicism of to-day would open Cotton's eyes; it is very different from the platform of his day.

What are some of the big things our Catholic leaders and Catholic press have been hammering at for years past? First, there is our American school system. Has it "injured Catholics, as Catholics"? (This, according to Father Bull, is what is required to make bigotry.) This system has injured Catholics to the extent that they have felt bound in conscience to build over 5,000 schools of their own, for God is being driven from our public schools. Did our broad-minded Americans do this? They are paying millions a year to help it along. "The thing behind the secularization of the schools," says Mr. Bird Coler, "is socialism." Socialism is a pretty big factor in this country. Is it anti-Catholic? We all know the answer. Then you have the famous Carnegie Fund. Has it injured Catholics as Catholics? No Catholic College that is true to its principles can touch a penny of it and, with few exceptions, none of our fair-minded Americans have protested.

Then there was the great Peace Conference. Did it injure Catholics as Catholics? It was a gross insult to millions of Catholics the world over; it left out him who represents here on earth the Prince of Peace. Again, there is the national daily press. Does it injure Catholics as Catholics? Is it even fair to Catholics? Its silence is at times crushing. Did it raise its powerful voice for the stricken Catholics of Mexico? Why not? But a year or two ago, however, it denounced, in furious tones, the persecution of the Jews in Russia. There are our State institutions of higher learning. Is any restraint put upon the tongues of professors who teach doctrines subversive of our faith? Are we not helping to support these institutions? Look again at our mail system. Are we injured here as Catholics? Father Bull seems to insinuate that the "open vileness of the *Menace*" is not a very subtle danger to contend with. Well, the filthy sheet may not be very subtle, but what about the Government that allows the distribution of the most scurrilous libels against all we hold dear? We Catholics are told there is no protection here against this ghastly indignity. Mr. Sunday got redress after one complaint against an objectionable cartoon; Catholics have made about a quarter of a million complaints, and the answer of the postal authorities, according to America of March 6, is only a smile. Why the difference?

Of course, while we go creeping along quietly, thanking everybody for being fair-minded toward us, we are not apt to be bothered. But start a Holy Name parade in Philadelphia and you must go into the courts to prove to some loyal Americans that Sunday band playing of religious airs is not a violation of the Sabbath. Or start another in Pittsburg and ecclesiastical authorities deem it prudent for one year at least to forego the procession in order to avoid friction. Let a few companies of small boys in regimentals turn out to welcome a Catholic Governor and you have a well-known paper trumpeting about Catholic boys being trained in the use of arms "in these days when there is so much sensitiveness upon race and religious matters." The Church refused to grant a divorce and you hear of Roman tyranny destroying individual liberty. Lastly, look at the clause barring "wines for sacramental purposes" in one of our recent "dry State" enactments.

The press, the pulpit, the platform, the schoolroom (the very heart of the nation to be), the State universities, the theaters, the literature of the land, the widespread socialistic spirit—these are the agencies that have influence; these are the things that form public opinion. They certainly are anti-Catholic. They reach the "man in the street" and the factory hand, the club man and the society woman, and Catholicism is ignored. True, it is not the brick-bat system; oh, no! they don't come in mobs to burn our churches, nor to tear down our homes and burn our convents. The anti-Catholic spirit of to-day is too wise for this. It smiles on you, goes hand in hand with you, and makes speeches from flag-decked stands and tells how much it loves liberty and religious freedom; and while you are agreeing and bowing, it quietly but surely ignores everything Catholic. Keep your eyes on the big movements of the country, movements which are supposed to be for *all* the people, and see how much attention is paid to Catholic interests. You may call this bigotry. Father Bull does not want to give it this name. "Peace be to him!" Call it non-bigotry, positive or negative bigotry; define it as being "anti-Catholic," and distinguish it, and show that others suffer, too (though they don't seem to worry much about it); but you can't get away from the fact that the big influencing agencies of this country have no regard for Catholicism; they ignore it, they snub it. If all this is "A Ludicrous Anachronism," then what is the meaning of the constantly repeated talk about Catholic organization, Catholic schools, a Catholic press, Catholic federations and so on? What on earth is it all for if not to fight the anti-Catholic wave of influence that is dechristianizing this country?

Woodstock, Md. Joseph S. Hogan, S.J.

AMERICA

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The Church's Easter Message

EASTER Sunday, this year, has given eloquent testimony to the fact that faith is waning in the United States. Half-filled Protestant churches, dechristianized pulpits, colorless non-committal sermons were the order of the day. Many a preacher congratulated himself on the day of Christ's Resurrection with having skilfully avoided all reference either to Christ, or His divinity, or His triumph over Death. Not that some of the pastors did not feel a twinge of conscience over their cowardly silence, for many of the pastors have not advanced as far as their flocks. They felt, however, that it would be more prudent, more expedient to steer a safe course, and not to insist on a mere dogma with which many of their congregation had lost sympathy. As a consequence they did not talk on faith or the crowning proof of faith.

In direct contrast with this outstanding fact was the character of the sermons preached in our Catholic churches. In them all emphasis was laid on the reasonableness of our faith, as viewed in the light of the Son of God's Resurrection. "Christ has risen as He said." Our faith therefore is not vain. Our faith is our trial, but it is at the same time our priceless privilege, a privilege that every day is becoming more exclusively our own.

The trial of the Christian is faith. Things he has not seen he believes not foolishly but wisely, on the word of Christ. In the midst of scoffers at things divine, in spite of the allurement of things of sense, he holds his gaze steadfastly toward the things of the spirit. He is content to wait for fullness of knowledge about the Resurrection of his Lord until he shall see Him face to face in the Kingdom of the Father. Not the doubting Thomas but the faithful Paul is his model. The foundation of his life is the word of Revelation, its staff is prayer and the sacraments, its hope is the vision, not present but deferred, of the unseen God. He knows that his Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day he shall rise out of the earth, shall be clothed once more in flesh and with his own eyes shall look into the eyes of Christ, his friend. The bitter-sweet of the joys of time are not, therefore, the anxious object of his thought, although he admits their insistent charm. His preoccupation is the overmastering desire that he may be true to the end, that when his years shall have fled and left as much trace as the flight of the bird, he may be able to say with the Apostle that he has kept the faith. If he is wise, he realizes that is not easy. The world, in which he must live, is a constant temptation. There is no heart so spiritual that is not in danger. What wonder, if with all those about him incredulous, he too should cease to believe! What guarantee has he that he shall be faithful where so many others, stronger and better than he, have proved false? Yet it is none the less true that the just man lives by faith. Only he that perseveres to the end shall be saved.

Trade Unionists in Socialist Schools

SOCIALISM has long been active in seeking to promote its ideals among American women of every rank and condition. It has labored with zeal to spread its doctrines among the middle and leisured classes in social and suffrage clubs, among pupils and teachers in educational establishments, and particularly among the members of women's trade unions. The radicalism which pervades our modern feminist literature is an admirable preparation for such propaganda. One of its most important recent successes has been achieved in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. It is the first step toward a movement which socialists have long sought to bring about: the education of labor unionists in socialist schools.

The union in question is one of the largest labor organizations in the United States. A number of its members have just completed a course of instruction in the history and theory of the labor movement, given by socialist teachers in a socialist school, and at the expense of the labor union. The attention of the students is at present devoted to practical work, and they are being carefully drilled in the art of public and extemporaneous speaking. The purpose of the New York Socialist school, to whose skilled agitators these women have been entrusted, is to send them back to their unions deep-dyed and efficient socialist propagandists. The teaching of history by socialist instructors and through socialist literature means nothing more nor less than a clever attempt to square all human events with the materialistic doctrines of socialistic determination. The socialist theory of the labor movement is woven from the same loom. Nothing can justify such an action on the part of any union. It is a sacrifice of all sane principles of trade unionism to the spirit of class-hatred and radicalism. That such a

step has been taken by the Ladies' Garment Workers is not surprising. The danger is that similar attempts may meet with success elsewhere.

Catholic laborers of every kind are surrounded with countless difficulties and dangers. We can not, therefore, be too zealous in offering them the assistance so necessary at the present moment. The welfare of the entire movement largely depends upon Catholic workers. It is their mission to inject Catholic doctrines into the labor movement. To be able to do this they themselves should get Catholic social instruction. Here is a mission to which the Holy See has frequently called attention.

"Everybody's" Christian

THERE was recently organized in *Everybody's Magazine* a competition which had certain elements of uniqueness, being nothing less than an invitation to answer the question, "What is a Christian?" From the five thousand and more answers received a synthetic definition of the term has been built up, which has this of interest about it: it shows what the general idea of Christianity in modern America is, and, incidentally, leads back to the older question: "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?"

Christians of the present day are evidently to be divided into two classes, the old-fashioned and the modern. The former believe in the historic Christ; that is, in Jesus Christ, who was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, buried, and rose from the dead; in short, they believe the Creeds, and are known as Catholics. The modern Christians believe in the "Christ of faith," in other words, in Christ as an ethical ideal, as an inspiration, aptly epitomized in the words of *Everybody's* synthesis: "If (a man) is perfectly moral he need not believe anything about Christ to be a Christian." It is the Christianity of the Catholics which, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, needs to be in harmony with modern science in order to be rescued.

Here is a twentieth century exemplification of the saying, *vox populi vox Dei,* which may be translated, "the biggest crowd that shouts the loudest is invariably in the right." But against this is the witness of a society which has borne a continuous testimony since the day when Christ said on Mount Olivet, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," down to the day when Pope Benedict XV called the whole Catholic world to prayer for peace. We do not apologize for the Catholic Church; we do not apologize for God. It is sufficient to point to an institution that teaches precisely the same doctrine it taught nearly two thousand years ago; which has embraced the learning of the ages, and ask, in the name of ordinary common sense, why its teachings need to be reconciled with modern science, whose chief function is the recording of observed facts, the very terms of which are more or less in dispute on account of the fluctuation of present-day philosophical nomenclature.

The root and ground of the difficulty is that the modern lay theologian has got ahead too fast; he needs to think upon the first article of his creed (?) "I believe," and having defined belief, the rest will fall into its proper place. In the whole realm of human thought there is, perhaps, no act more akin to pure faith than the acceptance of the description of ether. The Church possesses the testimony of eye-witnesses who touched and saw the historic Christ, but no man at any time has seen or touched ether or can describe it satisfactorily, yet what is modern science without it? Whence it comes to pass Christianity appeals more strongly to the intellect than a great deal of our modern science. And yet the former must yield to the latter!

Catholics and the Scriptures

THE introduction into the New York State legislature of a bill to make obligatory the reading of some verses from the Bible as the first daily exercise in the public schools, was by no means a surprising or unusual procedure. It has come to be an annual event for our legislators to discuss or repeal that particular measure, and doubtless the custom will go on for years to come. One of the regrettable consequences of this perennial incident is the fact that it is made the occasion for the reiteration of the old, many times refuted calumny that Catholics are opposed to the reading of the Holy Scripture. We quote from the letter of one of our correspondents an instance of the kind of writing to which the bill invariably gives rise:

> The *Reform Bulletin,* a small weekly paper published in New York by Rev. O. R. Miller, State Superintendent of the New York Civic League, contains the following statement regarding the proposed bill: "The chief opponents of this bill are the Roman Catholic hierarchy, whose policy has long been to discourage the reading of the Bible by their laity. . . . Evidently they fear for their children to become too familiar with the Bible lest it would make poor Catholics." Well, if the reading of the Protestant Bible would make as many "poor" Catholics as it has made "poor" Protestants, the objection to the reading of it would be well founded. The mutilated Bible is in parts a false translation. Mr. Miller does not seem to know this fact, or the other fact that the Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures can be found in almost every Catholic home, and is quoted every Sunday at the eight or nine Masses said in every large Catholic church in the world.

The remarks of our correspondent are just and correct. The strictures of the *Reform Bulletin* are almost too absurd to be taken seriously. They do, however, offer an occasion of appealing to Catholics in behalf of more frequent reading of the Bible. Our laity do not read either the New or the Old Testament with the frequency that the Church desires and advises. The Gospels especially should be read oftener. Our people would be more Christlike, if they were more familiar with the works and words of Christ. The Church would be better pleased, were the family Bible more worn with the daily turning of its sacred pages. Christ's Vicar and His

bishops are opposed to our children listening to passages taken from a false version of God's Word, but they have only commendation for the frequent perusal of the life of the Saviour, in which there is no danger of wresting the sacred text to their own destruction.

The Short Way Around

WENDELL PHILLIPS was fond of telling the story of a certain Czar of Russia. Taking a map of his country and pointing out to his engineers the two terminals of a proposed railroad, the Czar drew a straight line, let us say, from Petrograd to Tschaikowsky, and said: "There, build the road along that line." If every man had as many subjects as Russia and had the Czar's supreme power, we might abolish Institutes of Technology and blue prints and elaborate specifications, and teach civil engineering and surveying in one lesson by means of a ruler and a lead-pencil. Czars, however, are scarce; mountains are more amenable to dynamite than are men; at least, when they are blown down, mountains can not stand up again. In a word, a straight line may mark the shortest distance between two points in geometry or in Russia, but wherever you have to do with immortal souls, free wills, theoretical minds and dyspeptic stomachs, then not rarely the cut across lots must be avoided, because the longest way around may be often the shortest way home.

This process of indirection, as it might be termed, has been perfected by the Irish and by speakers, and especially by a perfect blend of the two. Alexander may swing a sword and sever the Gordian knot; modern Czars may build railroads by a ukase; the mailed fist of militarism may hit out straight, but poverty, weakness, centuries of persecution must have recourse to other arts. Only one nation has a Blarney Castle; only one people has invented so many terms of endearment and words for the idea of taking a soul—not by storm—not by siege, but almost by surrender of the attacking party. When a person is said to be good at the *comether,* or to have a wheedling, cajoling, palavering and sootherin' way with him, every one knows his nationality.

Public speaking is so weak in its instruments, having no sword or mailed fist, and public speaking is so often exorbitant in its demands, that it is no wonder it has made a special study of the art of indirection. Speaking must achieve great results by weak means in a brief time. The art of rhetoric should be taught more widely, and many a good parish-priest would receive fewer criticisms if he had more rhetoric. His reproofs would be more effective because more prudent. His appeals for support would have, on his part, more encouragement, more eloquent gratitude, more kindly condescension, and—here's the point—more returns on the part of others. Yet it must be confessed that to insinuate one's way into a pocket book is harder than traveling in lower Belgium or upper France at this writing. Oratory can get a man's vices away from him more easily than it can get his money.

Indirection is not necessarily unworthy toadying; neither does condescension always mean cunning. It is true that the first orators became the first sophists, and that rhetoric and even oratory may make a man suspect, as that famous adept in cleverness, Mark Antony, well knew when he styled himself no orator, but only a plain, blunt speaker. However, the plain, blunt speakers off the stage are usually the arrogant and offensive, who think politeness pettiness and condescension cowardice. The more delicate the machinery the more delicate should be the instrument to touch and handle it. Indirection takes a camel's-hair brush or a gentle breath to clean the works of a watch; bluntness would use a crowbar.

Nothing is more delicate than the soul, nothing more sensitive than freedom. The soft answer is more potent than the thundering ukase. The blustering north wind was defeated in its efforts to tear away the traveler's cloak; a cheerful whisper from the south wind, out of a smiling sky, won the victory. It was the gentle patience of a young religious which mastered a crowd of unruly boys when stronger, more irascible disciplinarians were unsuccessful. What is the best so-called psychotherapy but indirection reduced to a fine art?

LITERATURE

The Poetaster's Friends

THERE come from the press nearly every month nowadays a dozen slender little books of verse, prettily bound and tastefully printed, indeed, but branded, to a volume, with the unpardonable crime of mediocrity. Those most to blame for this regrettable state of things are the poetaster's friends. They have much to answer for. If it were not for their sinful encouragement he would probably have been content to remain till the end of his days an inoffensive member of the choir inaudible whose silence is the comfort of the world. But chancing to discourse one day most eloquently—but in plain prose—on shoes, or ships, or sealing-wax, among a circle of admiring friends, one of them, perhaps, exclaimed rather "bromidically": "You have a ringing message for our day and generation! Would that you could express it in verse!" "I can!" he answers with determination. Whereupon the Muses lament and moan and the slopes of Helicon resound with cries of grief. For that fell resolve means that another poetaster has been made: *made,* not *born,* for poets and poetasters are very distant relatives.

Even now the disaster that threatens can be averted if but one judicious friend—only one!—is found who can persuade our minor poet to leave his metrical lucubrations in innocuous manuscript and content himself with reading them on solemn occasions to a very select audience. *Dis aliter visum!* The verses are read, indeed, but only to a coterie of flatterers who, perhaps, have just dined sumptuously at the poetaster's expense. Like men and women rapt they listen to the reading and, when it is over, throw themselves with streaming eyes at the versifier's feet and piteously implore him—or more often her—not to be cruel enough to withhold from the world such striking and beautiful poems. They entreat him to let the publishers vie with one another for the privilege of bringing out this "epoch-making" volume.

So the poetaster, of course with becoming reluctance, promises to open a correspondence with our representative publishers, discussing type and binding, contracts and copyrights, royalties and advertising: nay, even the translation of his *magnum opus* into all the European languages, "including the Scandinavian." Much relieved, his admirers then rise from their knees, dry their tears and plead to be honored with a present of an autograph copy of the coming book's first edition.

The minor poet then gathers together his wretched lines, dedicates them, "with permission," to A. B. C., "who was kind enough"—the villain!—"to see some good in them," writes in the distressingly modest preface that the "author ventures to hope the following verses, the fruit of rare hours of leisure in a busy life, may be received with indulgence by the patient reader," and ends with the protest that it is much against his will and only at the urgent entreaty of friends whose literary judgment he values highly that he has consented, etc., etc.

So the neatly typed manuscript of the volume is forthwith dispatched to a publisher, but, strange to say, is promptly returned. Another is tried, and again the book comes back. Then the author, if he is a man of perseverance and does not mind a large stamp bill, collects a highly interesting variety of letters of rejection, ranging from the curt "Declined with thanks" to the more considerate "We wish to express our gratitude for the privilege you gave us of reading your interesting MS. Unhappily, however, the book market" . . .

Chastened by such experiences, our poetaster would now be content to leave the reading public in everlasting ignorance of his verses if friends and relatives would only second even half-heartedly this noble resolution. Far from doing any such thing, however, they protest instead that these selfish publishers should not be allowed to keep the world from harkening to the herald of an entirely new poetry movement. To prevent such a misfortune his misguided friends urge the poetaster to bring out the volume at his own expense. In an evil hour he heeds the counsel, opens negotiations with a venerable publishing house, and in a few months a little book, attractively bound in green and gold, lies on the reviewer's desk.

We know what happens then. A writer in the *British Review* thus describes the familiar process:

> Sycophantic papers whose policy it is to keep on good terms with publishers praise such points as they can by any means make laudable; the author acclaims the notices as seasoned judgments, cries contempt upon the dullard public that will not buy, and promptly writes another book as bad as the first. A clique of friends shuts him in with a hedge of compliments. He claims the privilege of genius all his life, and dies at length surrounded by his unread works, an unspoken *qualis artifex pereo!* consoling his spirit.

O the tragic pathos of such an end! But who is the real criminal? Not the poetaster, poor soul, for

> 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print:
> A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

Not the poetaster, for had he been let alone he would have passed his days in mute and inglorious contentment, and died at last with "all his music in him." No, not the poetaster, but his hollow friends are most to blame, for they wickedly persuaded him that he was a poet, though in reality he was nothing but a poetaster.

W. D.

REVIEWS

Loneliness? By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

The reading of this book leaves somewhat of the impression experienced by Mr. Arthur Benson at the moment of his brother's departure: "It was simply as though he had left the room, when he died—no sense of *death*, only of life passing on." It seems as if he had come back to talk with us a while about some phases of modern life and their lessons, after his later manner, as in "The Coward," "The Average Man" and "Initiation," and then departed cheerfully, having quieted us with the assured conviction that for all who sacrifice self to maintain the standards of Christ, the question-mark in the title demands a negative answer. It is a story of an English convent girl of ordinary antecedents and appearance but with an extraordinary voice, who is taken up by a family recently ennobled, when she becomes a singer. There are sidelights on snobbery, as in "The Average Man" and "The Coward," and on the religious emptiness of Protestantism; but the matter and manner are quite different. The Merivale heir falls in love with Marion and her music, and Marion's religion succumbs to music and Merivale—while they remain with her. His description of Lohengrin, presented as Wagner conceived it, and other vivid pictures of musical effects again illustrate Mgr. Benson's marvelous versatility. We learn from an admirable review of his character and work in the April *Bookman* by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, that he made a scientific study of music toward the end of his career; but he utilizes it in the story, like his many other gifts and acquirements, not for its own sake but merely as an instrument. Music is the most imaginative and spiritual of the arts.

> Therefore it is by far the most exciting of all, and becomes, if the artist is not careful, a kind of forcing-house for the emotions; and a forcing-house, it must be remembered, develops equally all the seeds that happen to be in the soil under treatment.

The reader will prefer to discover for himself how the forcing-house brought a forbidden marriage to the surface and a stronger force arrested its development and transmuted loneliness to joy. He will also find much humor and pathos and keen analysis of character and motives, and a narrative so developed as to hold his interest for its own sake; and only at the end will he realize that he has read a masterly exposition of the Church's authority and the drawing power of grace. "Loneliness?" is a fitting climax to Mgr. Benson's modern novels. There is a peculiar pathos in the final words: "Jesus! My Knight! . . . I am ready now." Soon he spoke them himself for the last time; they were his life's epitome.

M. K.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Year Book of American Poetry. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Cambridge, Mass.: Issued by W. S. B.

The Congo and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Present Hour. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Path Flower and Other Verses. By Olive T. D'Argan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Philip the King and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

We wish Mr. William Butler Yeats would leave our young poets alone. He cheers on Mr. Ezra Pound and the *Poetry* magazine, of Chicago, to commit all kinds of amazing extravagances. Imagism, *vers libre*, and polyrhythmic verse are becoming, under the cunningly applied encouragement of Mr. Yeats, a veritable epidemic. Does Mr. Yeats think that American poetry is of an inferior grade, fit only for laboratory trials? *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.* Clever Mr. Yeats! He is scanning the horizon for something new, individualistic, revolutionary; and he has a score of young

Americans standing on their heads in order to engage his flattering notice.

Mr. Braithwaite exercises rare self-command in his selection from the current verse in American magazines. For we think he has a secret sympathy with bizarre performers. He includes a number of their vagaries in his anthology and rates them, in the reviewer's opinion, too highly in his interesting estimates of the year's publications in verse. Otherwise his book is a notable record of American activity and achievement in the field of poetry.

Mr. Lindsay has fallen under the spell of Mr. Yeats's blandishments. He is trying his best to do something new; and Miss Harriet Monroe is at hand, with a preface, to interpret seeming incongruities as parts of a solemn ritual, the expression of human aspiration for a new art which will "revitalize the world." Mr. Lindsay has an idea, which he believes is new, that poems should be chanted and recited; and in pursuance of his theory he apparently thinks that poems must be constructed after the manner of Gilbertian operas. It is too bad; for Mr. Lindsay clearly has talent.

If Miss Lowell strains after originality of form, it can not be laid at Mr. Yeats's door. For she tells us in a preface that the French poets, especially those of the Parnassian School, have influenced her. It is not easy to see how Hérédia, whose reputation rests mainly on his use of the sonnets, the most rigid of art-forms, can be coupled with M. Paul Fort, the inventor of *vers libre,* as Miss Lowell's teachers. The author's verse has a certain Gallic deftness and grace. It has also a Gallic license which is repulsive. He who commits a crime is not so bad as he who defends it. Miss Lowell defends hers. "We do not ask the trees to teach us moral lessons," she observes very complacently. The universe, she says, has no morals. Well, neither have her poems: they do not pretend to be better than trees or the universe. Does she really see no difference? A tree can not talk or sing at all: but a man, or a woman, can. And a man, or a woman, can talk or sing obscenely. Is the only crime of the lewd loafer on the street-corner his inability to frame his lascivious concepts in artistic form?

Mr. Percy Mackaye is on the right road. His mental poise seems to be sufficient to guard him from fantastic capering in by-ways. But we get the impression from the "Present-Hour" that he is traveling too fast. Haste is not always a guarantee of progress. A volume largely of war-poems, published within a month or two after the opening of the war, suggests a journalistic expansion of power at the cost of scrupulous cultivation. The suggestion is not altogether destroyed by a careful reading of the poems. But we are left with great respect for the poet's capacity and inspiration. The vein struck in "School" is one we should like to see him occupied with. His antiphonic sonnets in response to Mr. William Watson are very eloquent: but Mr. Watson's rhetoric is a bad influence for young poets.

Miss Dargan and John Masefield both strike the rare note of poetry without going beyond the accepted laws of art. The former would have done better if she had trusted to her own instincts instead of taking hints now and then from Francis Thompson. It is not every one who can wield the club of Hercules. We can overlook the Thompson influence in "Path Flower"; but not in "Magdalen to Her Poet," which has Thompson's mannerisms with little or none of his great redeeming excellences. Exclude this occasional reminiscence and all the sociology, which has not fire enough to blaze into the clear bright flame of poetry, and the volume of Miss Dargan's verses claims serious attention. More impulse and a finer gift of natural poetic speech are displayed by Mr. Masefield. The title-poem is dramatic in form and deals with the Spanish Armada. Although the subject has been a favorite one with many English poets, living and dead, Mr. Masefield can here confidently challenge comparison with the greatest, and gain by the comparison. In freshness of inspiration, dramatic insight, and comparative freedom from the ordinary English writer's parochialism on Spanish topics of the sixteenth century, Mr. Masefield's poem, "Philip the King," is worthy of a high place among the achievements of contemporary poets. It furnishes a good object-lesson of the way 'genius' can be original and still observe the rules. Mr. Yeats's yearning for a new poetic dispensation does not seem to have affected Mr. Masefield. Perhaps Mr. Yeats has not cared to meddle with the young English poets. J. J. D.

The Renaissance. By EDITH SICHEL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

It is no easy matter to give in 250 pages 16mo. a satisfactory account of such a movement in Europe as the Renaissance. A specialist like Miss Sichel will write above the level of the ordinary reader and an advanced student will find the treatment inadequate, owing to the limits imposed. The author shows a wide knowledge of the writers, painters and sculptors of Italy, of those of France, too, especially its writers, laudable or otherwise; but the long catalogue can receive but little elucidation, a few words, a sparkling remark and a skip to the next name. The painters and sculptors have but little cause of complaint. As a critic of the writers Miss Sichel is less satisfactory. She misses the quest of the schoolmen, which was truth, not "logical results," and gives undue credit to their degenerate successors. The corruption of manners following the Black Death, the confusion of mind and weakening of faith following divided papal allegiance, the increase of luxury consequent on the expansion of commerce, exerted a stronger force than did barbarism of expression among the schoolmen in turning Sybarites from the pursuit of truth to the cult of the beautiful. There is no distinction drawn in the book between the pagan and Christian renaissance. There is but little reference to the corruption of morals among those who belong to the former class, unless they happen to be cardinals or popes, and these receive more than their due. This is particularly true of Pius II whose heroic and pathetic death is worthy of record in a history of the Renaissance. Why is not Nicholas of Cusa mentioned among the German Humanists? Why is there not a single word about Ximenes and his university? Nor of the host of Spanish painters, architects, writers? Are they too clean and too Catholic? P. J. D.

Commentary on the Psalms. By REV. E. SYLVESTER BERRY. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

The new law, which obliges priests to read all the Psalms almost every week, has resulted in a number of excellent attempts to interpret the Vulgate version of the Psalms without a scientific reconstruction of the original text. Such endeavors will necessarily fail to satisfy the devotion of the few priests who are really desirous to know what the original Poet of Israel was inspired to say, and how he said it. To satisfy such inquirers, Father M'Sweeney's work on the Psalms is still of service. To most priests, however, what is important is to get some idea of the meaning of the Vulgate Psalter—the Gallican of St. Jerome—without any thought of the reconstruction of the original text, its meters and various Semitic characteristics. Such an idea of the meaning of the Vulgate Father Berry gives.

The Latin Vulgate is printed side by side with one of the editions of the Douay version. Lines and strophes are clearly marked off without any intricate system of strophic stricture in accordance with quantity or accent or both. The

titles are neatly explained. Each psalm is preceded by a compact and illuminating synopsis. In the interpretation enough reference is made to the Hebrew text for the clearing up of the Vulgate and the great commentators are judiciously drawn up. The notes are so brief and yet full that they will be very serviceable to all priests who desire to say the Psalter with an understanding of its meaning, and yet have no time to bother with the variations between the Massoretic text and the ancient versions.

A few corrections should be made in a future edition of this work. For instance, it is scarcely fair to the thirteen Oriental rites in union with Rome to say that "the official text of the Church" is the Latin Vulgate. Trent decreed nothing about the authentic versions of the various rites that have sprung from the Byzantine, Syriac, Coptic, etc.; but merely made the Latin Vulgate to be the authentic version for the *Latin rite*. The purpose of Trent is clearly stated—"To make known which of the Latin editions of the Sacred Books that are in circulation should be held as authentic" (Session iv). Moreover, it would be well to state what revision of the Douay is used—Murphy's, Benziger's, etc.; certainly, we have not here the original Douay. Moreover, it is misleading to say: "Both texts are given with the spelling, punctuation, and use of capitals exactly as found in approved editions." Episcopal approbation has no direct bearing on spelling, punctuation and capitals; the proof-reader, *Pro dolor!* is given undue authority in these matters. Finally, to speak of the Latin of the Vulgate as *impure* is almost on a par with the Englishman's accusation that we Americans speak impure English. Vulgate Latin is pure, but it is the spoken Latin of the time and place of the translators. W. F. D.

I Gesuiti dalle Origini ai Nostri Giorni. Cenni Storici. P. Rosa, S.J. Roma: Civiltá Cattolica.

In some respects, if not in all, this is probably the best compendious history of the Society of Jesus that has yet appeared, based as it is upon the researches of the numerous experts who have been engaged upon the history of the Jesuits these twenty years or more. Abounding in interesting facts and bringing into relief the more important ones, it will serve as a valuable ready-reference book, while at the same time it is graced by a style and manner of treatment that will make it a very readable account of a very important phase of modern apostolic labor. But the author's aim is to present only a rapid survey of the work of the Society, and as such the book must be judged. He might have given us a more distinctive portrait of the Jesuit in the classroom or in the field of missionary labor, or he might have impressed the reader with the large share which the early Jesuits had in rolling back the tide of heresy that threatened to engulf the whole of Europe. To the latter service of the Society Macaulay alludes when he says that the Reformation, which in its first century felt itself secure on the shores of the Mediterranean, was unable in its second hundred years to hold the shores of the Baltic. But perhaps the author regarded this as beyond the scope of his work. He does, however, throw considerable light on the period of the temporary destruction and final resuscitation of the Society. The usefulness of this little volume would be increased by the addition of a general index. M. P. H.

Origin and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Germany, France, Russia and Islam. By Heinrich von Treitschke. With a Foreword by Geo. Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The two books which are here under consideration merit the utmost attention and careful reading, not so much for what they say, but rather on account of what they indicate. Professor Cramb has produced a masterpiece of English literature, a prose-epic with a noble theme, a theme none other than the vision of a world-wide empire. Von Treitschke, too, is no whit behind in inspiration, although the series of addresses which constitute the volume appearing under his name are more concrete in their application, and do not approach so near to the idealism of Professor Cramb. The fact remains, however, that both these writers, professors of history, the one a German, the other an Englishman, find their ideal in the same theme.

The points upon which these two historians disagree are of no great importance; their ground of agreement is vitally important and if either may be said to express the opinion of his nation the lines of contact are such that they will affect the welfare of both the empires concerned. As a matter of fact Cramb voiced, in the first place, the ideals of the imperialistic party in England, and, secondly, that spirit which is associated to a considerable extent with the modern English universities, and the same may be said to a certain extent of Treitschke. Both have a great deal to say of God and divine destiny, and both, upon examination, have rather vague conceptions of what God is: a God evolved from the inner consciousness of man is the nearest approach to the apparent concept of either.

The ultimate summary of both Cramb and Treitschke is bound up with Protestantism. By Protestantism came "spiritual freedom and enlargement of soul"; both the writers have too much scorn and contempt for the Catholic Church to condescend to hate, and both, consciously or unconsciously, show how well-nigh impassable is the gulf between modern Protestantism and the Catholic Church. This, after all, is the all-important question. The war is not going to last for ever. When it is over we shall all have to settle down to repair the breaches made in civilization. If these two historians are right in their forecasts, are Catholics to drop out of the progress of the German and British empires? Are Catholicism and progress incompatible? Yet this is what both Cramb and Treitschke imply, though in no crude manner, but with a subtle appeal to the finer feelings of patriotism. Ultramontanism, Jesuitism, Romanism are the enemy, and freedom and national greatness are the outcome of man's revolt against these, and the realization of his own conscious superiority to all creeds, dogmas and formulas. Meanwhile, the finer element of Britain is drawing closer to the Church, which shows either that Cramb's theories are untenable or that the British Empire is on the decline. H. C. W.

Institutiones Theologiæ Fundamentalis Quas in Usum Auditorum Suorum Accomodavit Aemil. Dorsch, S. Theologiæ in Universitate Œnipontana Professor. Vol. II, De Ecclesia Christi. Neo-Eboraci: F. Pustet. $3.50.

Father Dorsch has produced a treatise upon the Church which combines as far as possible the freedom of the lecture style with the conciseness and orderly arrangement of the text-book. It will consequently be of value and interest to the reader seeking to widen his knowledge of this important subject no less than to the student consulting it in preparation for his future work. The thought and expression are always clear. Historic retrospects are ample, but not diffuse, while account is taken of modern difficulties. Thus the genuineness of the texts, ***Tu es Petrus,*** etc. and *Euntes ergo docete,* etc., is carefully vindicated and recent references are given to the question of St. Peter's stay at Rome. Practical suggestions are made for using in various ways the arguments drawn from the notes of the Church. Questions such as that of the mystical body of the Church are beautifully treated. Classical sources too have been amply laid under contribution and modern references are not neglected. The book can be heartily recommended. J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the *Catholic Mind* for April 8 is published the address on "Catholic Sociology" that the Editor of AMERICA delivered at Baltimore in February. He shows that the Church has always been, and now is, the only teacher of true sociology. When Dr. G. F. Williams, of Washington, asserted before a Congressional Committee that "Cardinal" Newman was once "mulcted to the extent of 12,000 English pounds" for using "scurrilous" and libelous language, Mr. Paul Bakewell examined the statement, and his answer is entitled "Newman's Alleged 'Scurrility'" and is the second article in the present number of the *Catholic Mind*. "Why don't Catholics go to hear 'Billy' Sunday?" is a question often asked just now. Father Patrick H. Casey, S.J., here gives an excellent reason why.

"Dr. Syn" (Doubleday, $1.25) is a rollicking tale of Romney Marsh, in Kent, the smugglers and the King's men, a parson who was not a parson at all, and a mulatto. The story is quite one of the old sort, with plenty of thrills, and is a complete change from the plethora of dreary fiction with which we have been overwhelmed. Smugglers have no "problems."——In the "Ex-seminarian, or Plain Talks for Plain People." by Will W. Whalen (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $1.00), the incidents are many and the emotions varied. A fuller motivation, giving depth to the characters and linking the events more adequately, would impart greater strength and distinction to the author's vivid imagination.——How that mighty hunter, Allan Quatermain, managed to crowd into his life such a multitude of thrilling adventures is truly marvelous. H. Rider Haggard, his tireless biographer, has now published, under the title "Allan and the Holy Flower" (Longmans, $1.35), the story of all the perils into which Quatermain's passion for orchids led him. Those who have conscientiously read the author's forty other novels and romances will have little trouble in forecasting the happy issue of the present quest.

Mr. Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff's "An Outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology" (Chas. Merrill Co., New York) covers a broad field. The author's aim is to present in a clear and concise manner all the proper psychological phenomena; and though at times he seems to sacrifice clearness to conciseness he has attained his rather difficult purpose with considerable success. Practically all the important questions of psychology are touched upon and the many theories advanced in explanation of the hard problems of the subject are at least noted. The book is scarcely intended for the advanced student, yet no one else will be able to fill in the details necessary for a clear understanding of all the author says. The best chapters are those that deal with the experimental side of psychology. In the few lines devoted to the most important question of the freedom of man's will, the point at issue is hopelessly confused. Mr. Wenzlaff treats scholasticism with respect, but his index gives scant recognition to Catholic psychologists. Father Maher has by no means been supplanted.

In "The American Girl" (Harper's, $0.50) Miss Anne Morgan has written a useful little book. She discusses, from the purely natural point of view, the education, responsibilities, recreation and future of her countrywomen. Her suggestions are sound; and for women of her own class, for its appeal and interest are mainly for them, it compresses into a brief space much wholesome and sane advice. Catholics will find in it a good deal that is helpful. The essential lack in the book is its careful avoidance of religion, although the whole tenor of its teaching is quite free from anti-religious bias. We wish Miss Morgan had been wiser or braver.

Longmans, Green & Co. have just issued a new impression of the works of the Abbé Constant Fouard, as translated into English with the author's sanction and cooperation by George F. X. Griffith. The set, which sells for the reduced price of $7.50, comprises six volumes: "The Christ, the Son of God," in two volumes, "Saint Peter and the First Years of Christianity," "Saint Paul and His Missions," "The Last Years of Saint Paul," and "Saint John and the Close of the Apostolic Age." It would be hard to overpraise the Abbé Fouard's work. We should like to see it make its way into every seminary, every rectory, and every Catholic family. Apart from its literary and scientific value, which is by no means slight, it would inevitably make for a more intelligent and more enthusiastic appreciation of the Faith.

Here are some five-cent pamphlets recently issued by the *Irish Messenger*, all of which can be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn: Father McDonnell's meditations on "Our Lady of Dolors" and new editions of his devotional pamphlets on "The Holy Hour," "Scenes from the Passion" and of his novena of meditations on St. Joseph. Father George C. Hungerford Pollen, S.J., has a good paper on the "Domestic Virtues," "S. M. M.," a booklet of prayers and stories entitled "Easter with Christ and His Friends"—for His *young* friends in particular. The Countess de Courson writes with enthusiasm about "The Soldier Priests of France." Father Edward Masterson, S.J., contributes an equally timely paper on "The Ethics of War." E. Leahy has out a new edition of his "Life of St. Patrick" and a particularly useful pamphlet entitled "How Eileen Learned to Keep House." An anonymous author gives a sketch of "The Little Flower of Jesus," and Gerald O. Sherrard tells "How to Work a Laborer's Cottage Garden" in a climate like Ireland's.

"In the Day of Battle" (Longmans, $0.90), by the Right Reverend H. L. Paget, D.D., Bishop of Stepney, is the answer to a request on the part of the Anglican Bishop of London that his fellow-bishops apply the Lord's Prayer to actual war conditions. So Bishop Paget wrote these seven essays on the seven petitions. All that a Catholic desiderates is the Catholic flavor, for "Give us this day our daily bread" means much more to us than to this Anglican bishop. The war-time thought it suggests to him is that the idle rich should give over idleness and take to toil. Then there will be food enough for all to eat. But the thought this petition suggests to the French priest in the trenches is to get the men of his regiment to receive Holy Communion—the "supersubstantial Bread."

"In the Service of the King" (Putnam, $1.25), is by Joseph B. Dunn, who seems to be an Episcopalian clergyman of the broad school of Christianity. At any rate, what he calls "A Parson's Story" gives the experiences of a minister in the country, the town and the city. A fixed creed such as the Catholic is an abhorrence to his hero. It is a vague idea of the King that appeals and does the work of conversion. Conversion means to love the King, but just what that means is hard to find out by reading this story. For this service of the King is a principle of unity of faith that the parson would allow to be quite consistent with any and all religions. His is the broadness of Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham: "The Spirit

of Truth is in all religions or in no religion." The book is introduced by Betty O'Connor: this name together with that of Joseph Dunn, sets us thinking.

"In der Schule des Evangeliums" (Herder, $0.70), by Herman J. Clodder, S.J., and Karl Haggeney, S.J., is the first in a series of seven small volumes which are designed to offer priests and seminarians solid matter for mental prayer. After an excellent introduction treating of the value and the method of meditation, twenty-two sets of points are given, based upon the first four chapters of St. Matthew. His is the only Gospel to be used in the work, so all "harmonizing" will be avoided. A new translation of the evangelist's text has been prepared and they follow the words of the Gospel verse by verse.

Elizabeth A. Reed's worthy purpose in writing "Hinduism in Europe and America" (Putnam, $1.25), she explains, is to present a "correct view of this corrupt cult" and to furnish American women "with some scientific data concerning the real purpose of the system into which they are being so adroitly drawn." With the money of these deluded creatures, heathen temples are being erected in our large cities, and the priests of this abominable superstition, who are called Swamis, make helpless slaves of our Occidental Krishna worshippers. But those who stand in direst need of a book like this will probably be the last to read it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:
Benziger's Juvenile Library: The Little Lady of the Hall; In Quest of Adventure; The Ups and Downs of Marjorie; An Everyday Girl; The Little Apostle on Crutches; The Little Girl from Back East. $0.35; The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough. Edited by J. Scannell O'Neill. $0.50.

F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia:
America's Greatest Problem—The Negro. By R. W. Shufeldt. $2.50.

Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. $2.50; The Rediscovered Country. By Stewart Edward White. $2.00; Pierrot, Dog of Belgium. By Walter A. Dyer. $1.00; Ruggles of Red Gap. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.25; Victory. By Joseph Conrad. $1.35.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Little Mother Who Sits at Home. By the Countess Barcynska. $1.00.

Jewish Publication Society of America:
In Those Days. By Jehudah Steinberg. Translated from the Hebrew by George Jeshurun.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia:
Her Heart's Desire. By Henriette Eugénie Delamare. $0.75.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Allan and the Holy Flower. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.35.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Commercial Work and Training for Girls. By Jeanette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens. $1.50; Bealby. By H. G. Wells. $1.35.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:
Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter. $3.00.

The Page Co., Boston:
The Spell of Southern Shores. By Caroline Atwater Mason. $2.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
In the Oregon Country. By George Palmer Putnam. $1.75.

Rosary Press, New York:
Beautiful Ireland. By Rev. T. L. Crowley, O.P.

Smith, Elder & Co., London:
The Man of the Mask, a Study of the Byways of History. By Monsignor A. S. Barnes, M.A. $1.65.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:
Fairyland. By Brian Hooker. $1.00.

EDUCATION

A Papal Document for Teachers

A LETTER was recently sent from the Vatican to the American Cardinals. It contains important references to the teachers in all our schools and colleges. It is a direct expression of appreciation on the part of the Holy See for the encouragement and support given to the Association of the Holy Childhood. In it Pope Benedict XV expresses his "lively and strong desire" to see this undertaking established "in every school and college of the United States and Canada." As a conclusive argument to awaken in particular the interest of our teachers in this work he strongly insists upon its high educational value. The citations here given are taken from the document addressed by the Papal Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff. He writes:

> His Holiness, while continuing to show toward this pious work the paternal benevolence so generously bestowed upon it by his immediate predecessor of holy memory, has not failed to manifest his own lively and strong desire that the Association of the Holy Childhood be established *in every school and college* of the United States and Canada. His Holiness, moreover, calls attention to the fact that this society is not only helpful to the missionaries in making our dear Lord known to millions of pagan children, but also most useful in the sound moral education of Catholic youth.

This last point would seem to be sufficiently obvious in itself. Yet Pope Benedict XV, like his predecessor, has not failed to bring it into special prominence. "It will admirably contribute to their good education," was the pithy recommendation given by Pope Pius X. While therefore counting upon the "sturdy and valued support" of cardinals and bishops, the present Holy Father "confidently" looks to see their efforts seconded "above all by the teachers, in whose zeal and true Christian charity he places the greatest hopes." The application could not be made more directly.

Educational Advantages

It is the apathy of Catholics for Catholic causes that must primarily be combated everywhere in the Catholic classroom. To correct this weakness it is evident that we must begin with the children. We must teach them the significance of their mission as Catholics. We must implant in them zeal for the salvation of souls and the propagation of their Holy Faith. We must bring home to them the important lessons of unselfishness and sacrifice. We must prepare them to labor for the promotion of Catholic interests in the missions afar as well as in the extension of the Church at home. We must instruct them to rely upon prayer no less than upon material means for their future service to mankind. For all these purposes the Holy Childhood will prove itself of incalculable value, if prudently and zealously fostered according to the mind of the Holy See.

From a civic and social point of view, it is equally important for the Catholic educator to have at command this splendid means of preparing his pupils to take in due course of time an active, intelligent and Catholic interest in public undertakings. "It is a work," as Cardinal O'Connell rightly says, "that not only benefits those who receive financial aid from the Society, but it also helps to train our young people to take an active and broad interest in charitable work." It is thus, therefore, that we can hope to fill the ranks of our Ozanam societies, our conferences of St. Vincent de Paul and of all the Catholic organizations engaged in the countless enterprises of Christian charity and zeal. It is to be noted that the countries most advanced in Catholic social and civic organizations are likewise, as a rule, most conspicuous for their support of the Holy Childhood.

New Zest for Old Studies

There is still another consideration of no slight importance. The promotion of this work, intelligently and tactfully undertaken, will lend new zest to the class-room studies. Thus in the lessons devoted to geography the unfamiliar foreign countries will now mean more than merely Asia or Africa, China, India or Japan, as it has been well said. "They are part of the Lord's

vineyard." The children have no longer a purely remote and impersonal interest in the strange names of distant cities, streams and mountains. They are taught to understand the interests of their holy religion involved here. They not only behold these lands with the eyes of Christ, as fields white for the harvest, but they realize how their own alms and daily prayers, as part of the world-wide work of the Holy Childhood, are active here, accomplishing great things for the glory of God.

There is in all this no fiction, no mere imagining. They are in very truth uplifting the hand of the missionary as it pours the saving waters; they are building out of their own funds the schools and asylums for their little brothers and sisters far away; they are sending forth the catechist upon his labors for souls and are seeking, with the good Samaritans of Christian charity, for the infants abandoned by their pagan parents. Along the banks of the Ganges and the Nile, in the streets of Algiers and Pekin, and in our own Indian missions nearer home, they are constantly at work, filling Heaven with souls. Through them their little charges, saved from death or slavery and from darkest paganism, are being taught the Gospel truths and the ways of God's commandments in as many languages as the Apostles were heard to speak when the Holy Ghost descended upon them on the first great Pentecost Day.

Similar opportunities will present themselves in other classes. Special text-books have even been prepared to serve as aids to teachers in their various branches. (Mission Press, Techny, Ill.) Thus, as Cardinal Gibbons says, will the Holy Childhood "foster both the spirit of self-sacrifice and the apostolic mission spirit." It will lend new zest to old studies and will prepare our children for active Catholic enterprise in the future.

Doubly Educational

There is another reason, already hinted at, why teachers, as a class, and all interested in the training of children must necessarily take a special delight in this work. It has the peculiar advantage of being doubly educational. It educates our children at home, and through their sacrifices, alms and prayers, it helps to educate in thousands of orphanages, schools and workshops the otherwise abandoned children in pagan countries and makes of them new apostles for their own tribes and races.

We are here, therefore, presented with the opportunity of accomplishing a vast educational mission. The Holy Childhood not merely unites our own children about their one true Head, the Divine Christ Child, but gathers to His love the children of foreign lands, moulding them all to His likeness, and thus fulfilling the supreme aim of Christian education. It advances our children in the virtues most required for effective Catholic work and raises up apostles to Christ "from the land of the east and from the land of the going down of the sun." Cardinal Gibbons surely voiced a common conviction when he wrote: "To have the children of Christian lands securing the blessings of Faith to the children of pagan lands is an inspiration from Heaven itself."

We are living in the days of educational fads and fallacies. Here is a true, solid educational factor urged upon us, from an educational point of view, by the Holy See. No other inducement, it is true, should be needed for our hearty cooperation than the often and ardently expressed desire of successive Pontiffs of the Church, and the almost incredible good accomplished by the Association itself in the salvation of millions of souls, but the fact that we are likewise satisfying our own educational interest in the training of God's little ones will lend additional zest to a work undertaken in obedience to the wish of the Vicar of Christ.

For All Classes

It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that no class of children will be found so poor that it can not receive the advantage of this training. A diocesan director tells us of a conversation with a first-grade teacher of a large parochial school. Without any pressure whatsoever she had collected the handsome sum of fifty dollars from her little charges during one school term.

> Upon the tip of my tongue was the observation: "You evidently have a very well-to-do class of children." She read my thought and, quick as a flash, said: "I know what you have in mind. No, my pupils do not come from wealthy or even comfortable homes. Two-thirds of the little ones have their lunch at a near-by day nursery." "Which means," I added, "that their poor mothers go out to work." "Exactly," she replied.

Here is the material out of which true Catholic men and women are made. Those pennies, so generously sacrificed, were more to them, in proportion, than a million dollars to Carnegie. If our well-to-do classes in so many schools and colleges can be taught to give in like measure, according to their means, our missions may well look forward to a hopeful future, and the Church to a generation of Catholics such as the world sadly needs to-day.

Joseph Husslein, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Your "Kid Brother"

YOU didn't know you had one? Oh, yes, you have; and not one only, but dozens of them. That group of chaps fighting over their ball game among the rocks and refuse of the vacant lot, they are your brothers. That gang of young "toughs" swirling around the street corner to get away from the "cop," they are your brothers. That pathetic group of voluble little liars trying to hoodwink the judge in the juvenile court, they are your brothers, too. Perhaps it doesn't make your bosom swell with pride to acknowledge them, but acknowledge them you must, if you wish to claim kinship with that Elder Brother who is not ashamed to call them His.

Now if you had sufficient tact and sympathy to win the confidence of these youngsters, you would find that they are composed of plain, uncontrolled human nature, lacking no element of that unpromising composition which is the raw material of heroes and saints. You would find much good in them, and learn that most of them really prefer being good to being bad. You would realize, if you never did before, why "Lead us not into temptation" was inserted in the prayer of prayers. And you would discover in almost every one of them a certain something which, under your hands, would act as a leaven, transforming the whole boy into such a younger brother as your bosom *would* swell with pride to acknowledge, especially on that day when you could present him to his Elder Brother and yours, confident of hearing the words, "Well done!"

The Chief Need

Too many little brothers are going wrong, and too few big brothers know or care where they are going. This is especially true of Catholics, in regard both to the little brothers who are on the wrong track and to the big brothers who are asleep at the switch. There are many admirable Catholic institutions and organizations wrestling with this problem of juvenile delinquency. They want to go to the root of the matter, but for lack of means can but pluck and prune at the branches bearing evil fruit. By "means" they do not indicate only, or even chiefly, money, but men. They want Catholics to know that about two-thirds of the children brought before juvenile courts in the cities of this country are Catholics, and that most of these are boys. They want Catholic men to develop a social conscience that will spur them on to giving their personal service toward correcting the conditions underlying these facts. They are calling on

you to acknowledge these unfortunate little brothers of yours, and to reach out a helping hand to deliver them from evil.

The Origin of Evil

The evil of this condition lies chiefly in the fact that, in crowded districts, so many boys are turned out of such homes as they have upon the streets of the city, to find there what companionship and occupation they may. They are turned out of discipline, of control, of correction, of occupation, through the carelessness, irresponsibility or incapacity of their parents, many of whom are constantly at grips with poverty, and are therefore not to be too harshly judged. There is nothing to prevent these boys from following their natural tendency toward mischief, their love of excitement, their instinct for companionship, no matter where they lead. They easily form "gangs" dominated by irresponsible, vicious, sometimes even criminal, youths. By a perversion of their innate capacity for hero-worship, they follow and imitate these captains of evil; for want of decent and harmless occupations, they busy themselves first with mischief and rowdyism, then with infractions of police regulations, and finally, only too often, with the commission of some crime. At any of these stages they may be brought into the juvenile court, and here they meet, usually for the first time, with some kindly and intelligent efforts to protect and reform them. In this great work Catholics are well represented by able and devoted men and women, yet it is from these that we hear the plain truth that their efforts must be expended to repair a damage already done, much of which could have been avoided if there were men to devote themselves to the work of prevention. There is need of this work in every parish in the land. The mute though gripping appeal that is made to every heart by the sight of a little brother hurrying heedlessly to the devil, should rouse every Catholic man who is fitted for the task to do his share toward preventing this waste and loss of men.

Means of Reform

But how? you will ask? It is clear that what these boys suffer from is the constant force and pressure of bad influences, and an almost total lack of influences that are good. Remove them as much as possible from these bad influences, and substitute good influences. Both objects will be accomplished by the same means; for it is evident that every time you add an hour to the account of "Well-spent" you prevent the addition of an hour to "Spent-ill." The good influence required is your personal influence, executed with the utmost tact and delicacy. No man can, in any sense of the word, be "too good" for this work, in intellect, in education, in social position, in business experience. In fact the more of these things you can bring with you to the labor, the more will you be able to do for the cause, provided always that your heart is in the right place and your motives are pure. Perhaps you have received a goodly portion of life's blessings only that you may share them with these younger brothers who have received so little.

The Ozanam Association

Inspiration and encouragement may be drawn from the Ozanam Association of New York. Founded by sixty Catholic laymen in 1908, under the active patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, and assisted by the General Conference of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, this association now has six club-houses in various parts of the city where the need is greatest. These elder brothers have not been asleep at the switch; by their personal service thousands of boys have been shunted off the wrong track onto the right track that leads to self-respect, good living, and decent, useful citizenship. For the rowdy, sometimes criminal, occupations of the street corners they have substituted the games and exercise of the cheerful rooms and gymnasiums of their club-houses; for the vacant lots and docks of the city, they have substituted the use of athletic fields and armories; for the bad influence of gangs and the leadership of young criminals, they have substituted the good influence of their clubs and the spirit of religion and the leadership of their own Christian manhood.

These men are doing their work. Are you doing yours? Without doubt there is a work for you to do. It is not necessary to start with sixty men, or to form an association, or to secure a club-house immediately. If the idea of "doing something for the boys" has got hold of you, it has probably also got hold of two or three others in your parish. Find out who these others are; get together; go to the pastor and explain your idea; he will tell you the boys that need you; and it will not take long to find some means of providing for them. Write to the Ozanam Association, 5 Beekman street, New York, and get the officers to tell you how they did it. In this way you will in a few days have the benefit of their experience of seven years.

The Right Man

It takes a real, all-round man to do this work. These rough-and-ready citizens of the streets will have nothing to do with shams and imitations. If you hope to succeed, you must have insight into human nature and sympathy with it; you must be eager to justify your pride in being a Catholic by transforming these boys from being a reproach to the Church into being a credit to her; you must, as an American citizen, be so much interested in your city, your State, your country, that you will give some part of your time and ability to the task of making good citizens out of unpromising material; you must understand clearly that your holding your place in the highest fellowship of all is conditioned upon your acknowledging your fellowship with these "little ones." Are you qualified for this service? Then turn and look your younger brother in the face; reach out your hand, and speak to him.

Nelson Hume.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Missions to non-Catholics have taken a decidedly new and novel turn. A zealous Redemptorist, Rev. Charles J. Burger, has just given a week's instruction in Catholic doctrine to the Protestant deaf-mutes of Pittsburg. The experiment was a decided success; the services were well attended, and the audience was most attentive. It is to be hoped that this work will be extended throughout the United States, for many of these Protestant deaf-mutes are the offspring of Catholic parents. These afflicted children are victims of circumstances. Catholics neglected to attend to them, Protestants were only too glad to wheedle them into their fold. Indeed in some cases the latter obtained zealous "preachers" from the ranks of the deaf and dumb children of Irish Catholic parents.

The war is still keeping prohibition prominently before the public eye. England is now discussing the question with the usual British ardor. France has forbidden absinthe, thus sacrificing the yearly revenue of $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 derived from its sale. Berlin has forbidden the sale of strong intoxicants to soldiers. Russia took measures to restrict the drink evil over a year ago. Then it was that the Czar issued this rescript:

> I have come to the firm conviction that the duty lies upon me, before God and Russia, to introduce into the manage-

ment of the State finances and of the economic problems of the country fundamental reforms for the welfare of my beloved people. It is not meet that the welfare of the exchequer should be dependent upon the ruin of the spiritual and productive energies of numbers of my loyal subjects.

In 1913 the revenue from the manufacture and sale of vodka, a Government monopoly, was $463,000,000, nearly one-fourth of the total revenue of the empire.

Some one disturbed over the critical attitude of young men of a scientific turn of mind toward the Bible writes the *Outlook* for guidance in dealing with problems raised. The whole answer is illuminating: this part of it is amusing:

> The old-time view regarded the Bible as an infallible book about religion, if not dictated to the writers as amanuenses of God, at all events imparted to them as private secretaries. The modern view regards the Bible as a book of religion. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man: the Bible is the expression of that life, by men of different temperaments and intellectual abilities.

This old-time view raises a smile; the new-time view knocks Protestantism to pieces and replaces the "infallible" guide by shifting quicksands. Agnosticisim and infidelity follow as the day the night. Such the glory of the "glorious" Reformation.

The decline of religious belief in countries long considered the stronghold of Protestantism is strikingly illustrated by a discussion now under way in Holland. The Dutch penal code provides that witnesses must be sworn, "according to the way prescribed by the religious creed to which the person belongs." There's the rub. Many Dutchmen have no creed. Commenting on the law a writer in the New York *Evening Post* remarks:

> All this was very well as long as all people were believers and an avowed atheist or an agnostic were exceptions, which caused an immense popular amazement. But the times in which Holland could be said to house religious people only are past now, and every census shows an increase in proportion of people belonging to no creed. Of course, such people are not inclined to attach any peculiar value to the words, "So help me God, the Almighty." Not believing in a God, they either refuse to take the oath or utter a mere formula, void of any significance.

In other words Calvinism is losing its grip on the nation. The Dutch have become too jolly to believe that any among them are predestined to fire and brimstone.

"Irreligion decreases in direct ratio with the proximity of the firing line" is a truth formulated by a close observer of the French soldiers who are fighting in the present war. The Very Rev. A. Walsh, O.S.A., in an interesting paper he contributes to the March *Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* cites instances like the following to prove that a "Religious Revival in France" is now taking place. A chaplain writes:

> From a trench near at hand a little soldier, . . . crawling like a worm, makes headway toward his neighbor. He gets on without being hit by the fire, and is, at length, at the opening of the underground lodging of his Reverence the sergeant. Once there, with his nose in the ground, he calls in a whisper: "Are you there, Salvan?" "Yes," said the priest-sergeant. "What do you want? . . . If the Germans see you, you're done for." . . . "Could you hear my confession?" "Yes at once." "All right; but I can not go on my knees, they would knock over my skittles." "It is not necessary; stay as you are." And right there, leaning over his trench, where the priest-sergeant stood, the little fellow received God's pardon, and then made off, crawling slowly, slowly until he reached his post.

A soldier writes:

> They say there is no faith left in France; but you should assist at Mass in the open air or in some poor church ruined by the enemy's guns. You would then see what crowds there are. You would feel the sense of the faith that animates these men, so recollected during the Holy Sacrifice, and you would have been comforted by the sight. . . . We fight like lions, but, without the precious help from above, there is nothing achieved. And hence we are all praying. . . . Our return home is doubtless far off, but when it comes it promises a rich harvest for the faith. You will see how people are changed, and I believe that France will become worthy of her title, *la fille aînée de l'Eglise.*

If the votes of these soldiers when the fighting is over drive from office the clique of persecutors who have grown rich by plundering the Church, the war will have been a great blessing to France.

The clamor raised against the Sisters of the Good Shepherd by a few brawling fanatics has just called forth a splendid defence of these devoted women. A Lutheran of Omaha, who admits that he was filled with prejudices, determined to investigate a convent. Here is the result:

> Instead of a prison-like reform school, with wayward girls held to their tasks by rod and iron discipline, I found a place very much resembling any girls' school with dormitories—the only difference being the workrooms in connection. And for order, cleanliness and kindness in discipline, I doubt if any school averages higher. . . . We saw the girls at school and at work, inspected the laundry, sewing rooms, dining rooms, dormitories, infirmary, lavatories, kitchen, storerooms and parlors. And everywhere we saw the same perfect order and spotless cleanliness. Each girl has a separate bed, towel, soap, comb and brush, and dishes which she washes herself. All girls of school age must spend half of each day in study and recitation. Last year there were eight graduates from the eighth grade. Special attention is given to music and at present the girls have an orchestra of fifty pieces and a class of twenty beginners. A good library is also at their disposal.

After proceeding in this strain for some time the writer closes his long letter with this sentence: "After seeing the work these gentle, refined ladies are doing for humanity it is hard to understand how any one can stoop to make their labors greater by petty annoyance and abuse."

In the early morning of April 2, there died in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, a man whose life was a shining example of unselfish devotion to the education of boys. The Reverend James Smith, S.J., was born in New York sixty-five years ago. On completing his preliminary education, he entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained at Woodstock, at the end of the usual course of studies. Soon after ordination he entered the classroom and never left it again, for more than a month or so, until he was completely broken in health by years of hard, unremitting labor. For some time he lectured first on philosophy and then on theology at Woodstock; thence he was transferred to Holy Cross, Worcester, where for a decade or more he taught philosophy with most remarkable success. He was master of both the art and science of pedagogy. His intellect was clear; his soul, sympathetic; his zeal, unbounded. He gave his best to his pupils, striving with all his talents to make them Christian gentlemen, and they in turn repaid him by a loyalty and reverence that was akin to hero worship. Throughout New England and wherever there is a Holy Cross man, the name of Father Smith is in benediction: it stands for all that is noble in man. He is dead, but he lives in his work and in the memory of a host of manly, upstanding men whose souls he touched into a higher life with the consummate skill of a master. This is his reward on earth: there is another and greater one in heaven for this choice spirit who, scorning the bewitchery of folly, fled the face of man, and in the silence and obscurity of the lecture hall, dedicated himself to the noble ideal of instilling into the souls of youth all that is high in life, lofty in thought and noble in aspiration.

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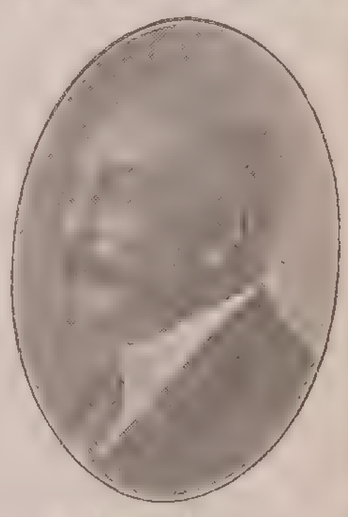
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G. F. Williams, D.D., of Washington, recently accused John Henry Newman of being "mulcted" in $60,000 for using "scurrilous" language. In

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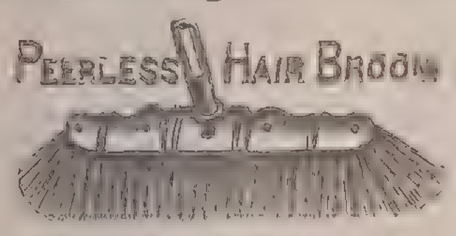
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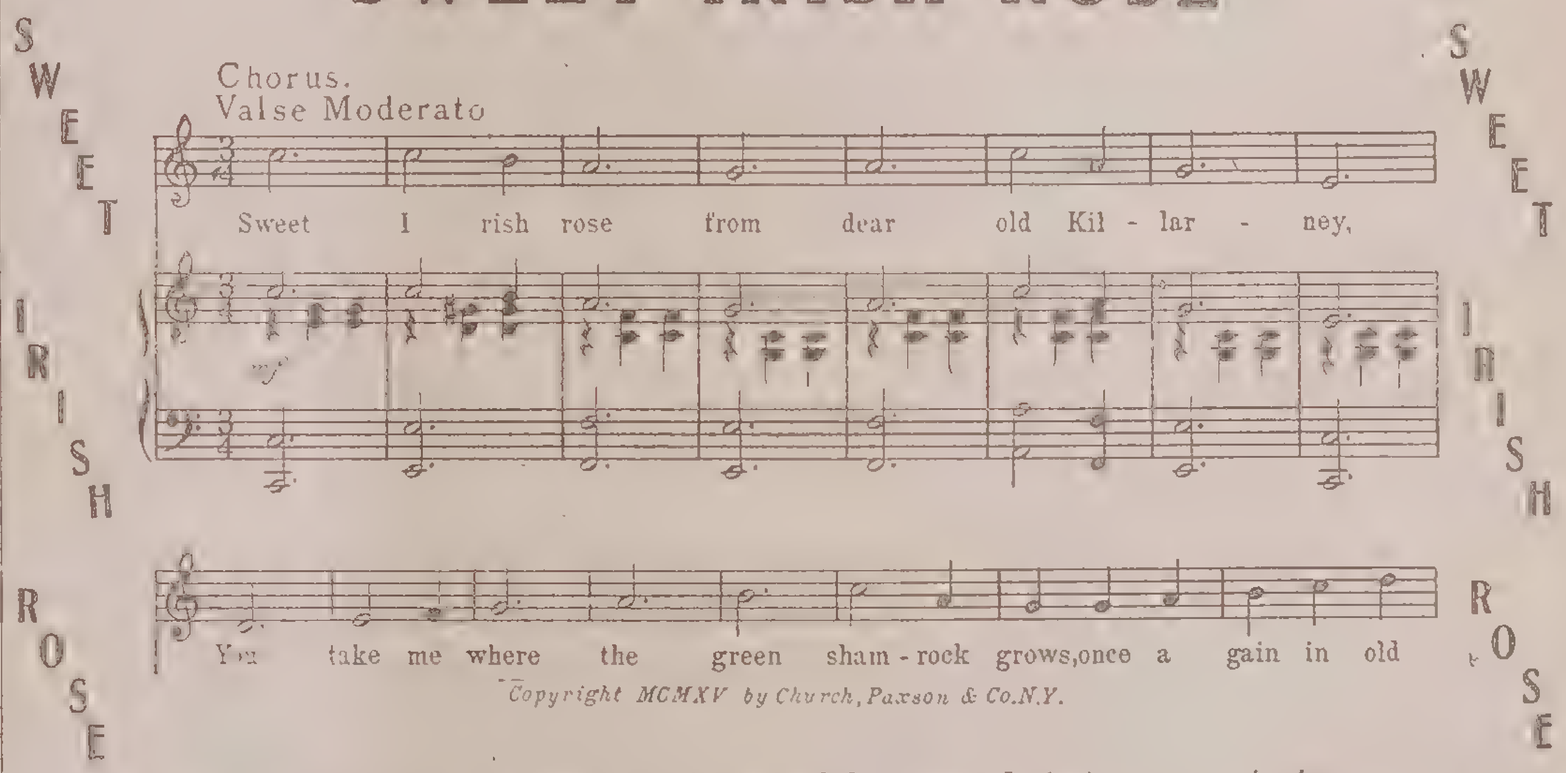
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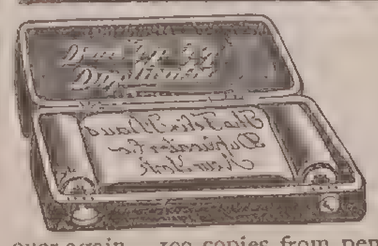


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